

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY



A FRONT-ROW-CENTER  
LOOK AT OH! CALCUTTA!

A MEDICAL AUTHORITY  
CALLS FOR THE  
LEGALIZATION OF POT

THE DECISION MOLDERS  
BY ELIOT JANEWAY

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS  
ROWAN AND MARTIN

THE CRISIS IN  
PSYCHOANALYSIS

YOUR PLAYBOY JAZZ &  
POP POLL BALLOT

FALL & WINTER  
FASHION FORECAST

PLUS HARRY BROWN AND  
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

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**PLAYBILL** DESPITE considerable evidence to the contrary, the 20th Century so far has been the golden age of communications—for man with his environment and for man with himself. Heraldng *PLAYBOY*'s recognition of that fact is our phone-calling cover girl, Paulette Lindberg. Even as information technology grows more sophisticated, the very media that make growth possible often obsolete themselves in the process. Such, allege many critics, is the case with that once widely acclaimed avenue to self-discovery, Freudian analysis. But in *Crisis in Psychoanalysis*, Morton Hunt detects signs of life in that supposedly deceased discipline. Hunt—whose latest book, *The Affair: A Portrait of Extra-Marital Love in Contemporary America* (World Publishing Co.), will be released this month—has written over 60 articles dealing with psychology. Marijuana, an even headier medium of self-communication, is probed by Dr. Joel Fort, who argues the need for a re-evaluation of public attitudes and repressive legislation in *Pot: A Rational Approach*. Nonsmoker Fort has scientific rather than personal reasons for advocating revision of the nation's drug laws. A physician who specializes in drug abuse and public health, he is the author of *The Pleasure Seekers: The Drug Crisis, Youth and Society*. He is also on the faculties of the University of California at Berkeley and San Francisco State College.

The manner in which U.S. Presidents communicate with their advisors reveals much about the men behind the office to economist-author-columnist-publisher Eliot Janeway. Janeway's article, *Experts and Expertise*, which will be incorporated into his forthcoming book of the same name,

validates a quote borrowed from French president Georges Pompidou, who claims, "There are three ways to go broke: gambling, women and experts. Gambling is the quickest, women the most fun and [reliance on] experts the surest." Financial expert Janeway's most recently published book, *The Economics of Crisis* (Weybright & Talley), is credited with contributing to Wall Street's changing attitude about the profitability of war: Until Vietnam, Janeway writes, wars were thought to stimulate our economy—but peace now produces the same effect.

Satirist Larry Siegel adds to his decade-long list of *PLAYBOY* credits with the escapades of a sports superhero known as *Baseball Joe*. Recently, Siegel signed with CBS to develop a new series. He has also finished an original screenplay, *The Book of Ralph*. For his initial offering in these pages, Saul Braun impressionistically sketches events and characters in a commune known as Alice's Restaurant. This enclave—eulogized by Arlo Guthrie's lyric, and dramatized in Arthur (Bonnie and Clyde) Penn's movie (reviewed on page 40) about dropouts and their spiritual allies—is recaptured as it really was in *Alice and Ray and Yesterday's Flowers*. Television's most hilariously communicative duo, Rowan and Martin—subjects of this month's *Playboy Interview*—rap risibly with *PLAYBOY* Assistant Editor Harold Ramis.

October's fiction line-up is headed by Harry Brown's *The Truth*, a comic commentary on the underrated hazards of peacetime service to country and commanding officer—and the perils of over-communicating with the C.O.'s wife. *The Truth* will appear in Brown's latest book, *The Wild Hunt* (Harcourt, Brace & World), to be published next year.

Author Isaac Bashevis Singer's *On the Way to the Poorhouse* is a darkly humorous tale of a homewrecking whore in a Polish town. Singer's newest book, *The Estate* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), has just been published. In *Revelations*, Asa Baber details the fatal fantasies of a speedballing truck driver. Baber's forthcoming novel, *The Land of a Million Elephants* (William Morrow & Co.), is slated for serialization in future issues and release in book form in 1970.

With an epidemic of ecdisiasm now raging in the lively arts, the longest queues in many a New York theatrical season are in evidence—and the longest of all are outside the Eden Theater, where *PLAYBOY* Contributing Editor Kenneth Tynan's erotic extravaganza, *Oh! Calcutta!*, has been playing to record crowds since June. Six pages of eye-filling uncovrage take us front-row-center—and critic Bruce Williamson's cogent commentary invites us backstage—without a wait at the box office. Though his films are usually bristling with birds, Michael Caine's latest flick—*Too Late the Hero*—is devoid of distaff roles. To compensate for that dearth, we have surrounded the star with a sizable flock in a pictorial parody of that movie's wartime theme. Completing this communicative editorial package are our annual *Jazz & Pop Poll*, including your ballot for the brightest names in sound; our annual *Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast*, delivered with *PLAYBOY* Fashion Director Robert L. Green's customarily astute clairvoyance; *New Haven Haven*, a *Playboy Pad*; and *Smoke Dreams*, an assemblage of princely smoking gear. All this, plus ring-a-ding Playmate Jean Bell, makes our October issue the medium for a memorable message.



GREEN



WILLIAMSON



SIEGEL



BABER



BRAUN

# PLAYBOY



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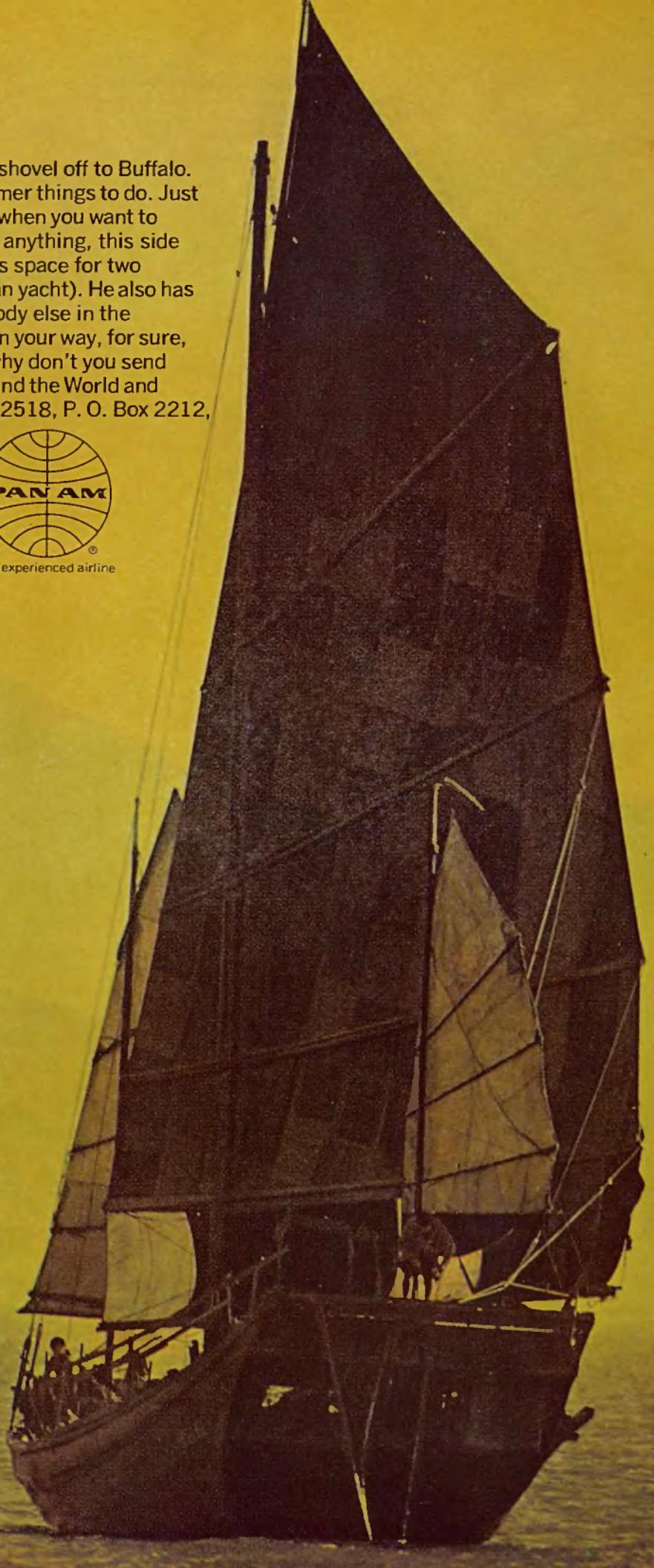
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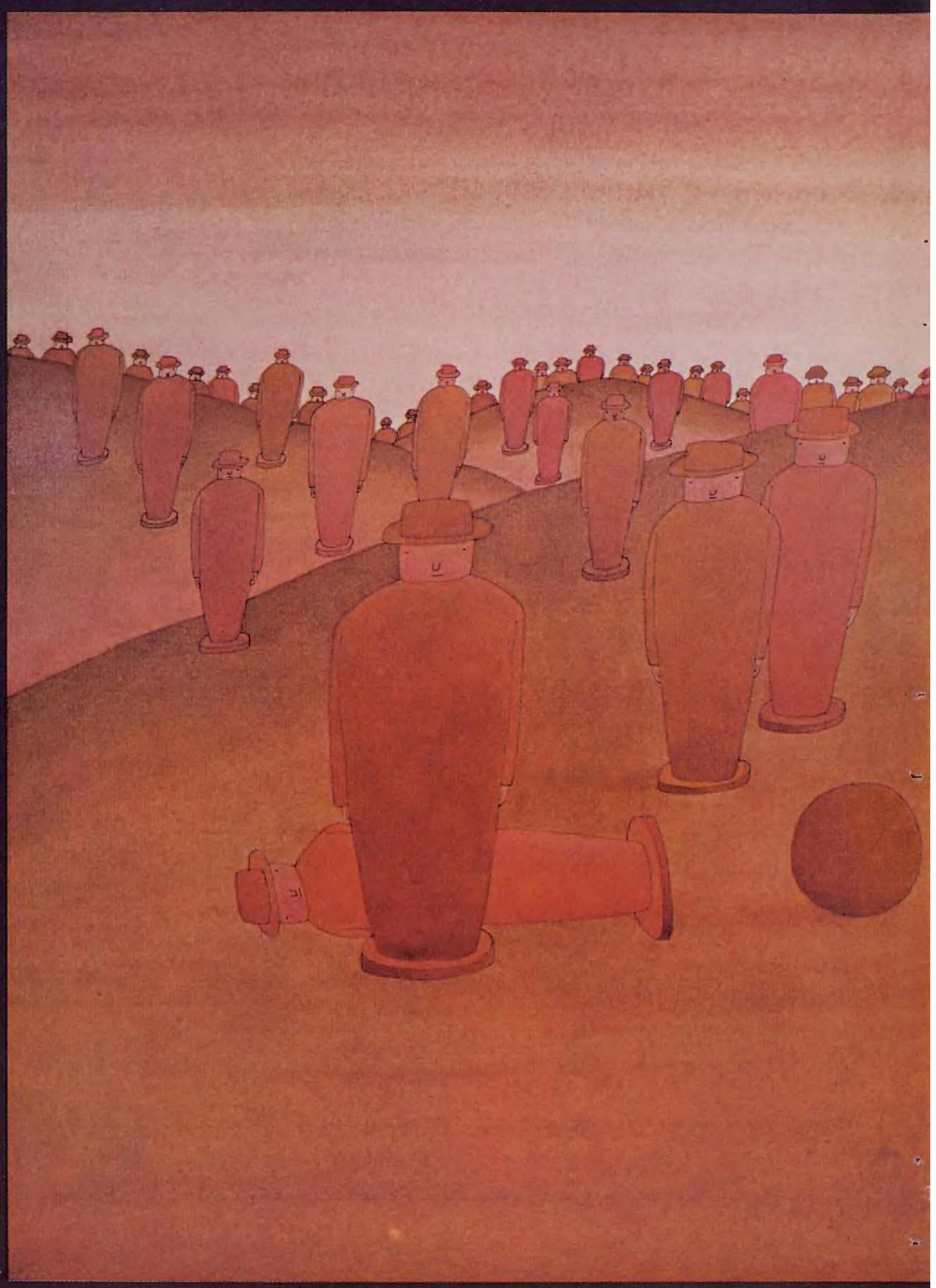
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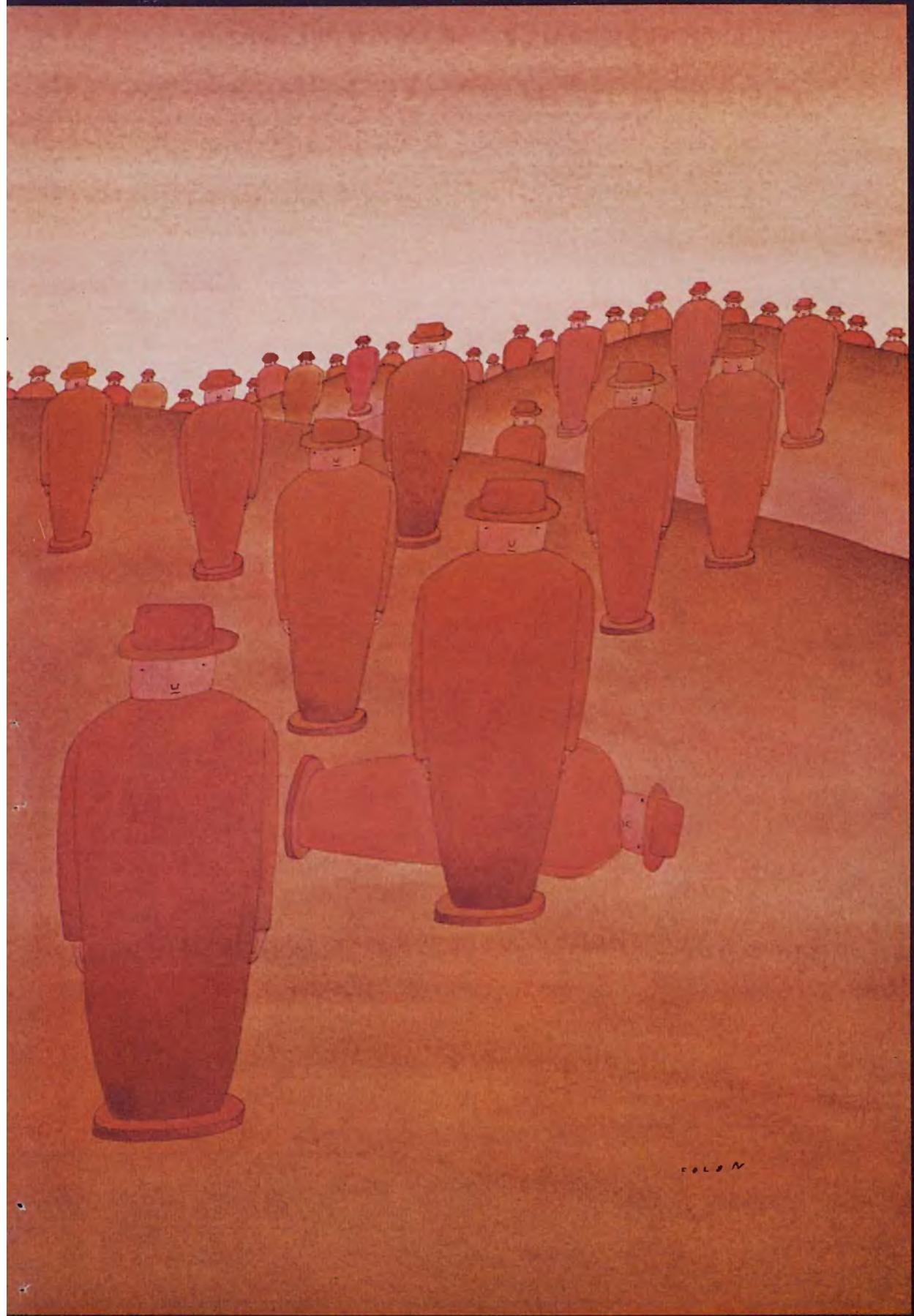


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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### TOUCH AND GO

Robert Kaiser's *Letting Go* (PLAYBOY, July) was an excellent investigation of the relatively unknown world of sensuality and the language of touch. Tactile experience is by far the most interesting form of all human communication. Probably the first sensory process to operate in the unborn child is tactile: the heartbeat of the mother magnified by the womb's amniotic fluid; the pressures and constrictions during childbirth; the slap on the rear by the hand of a doctor. The touch relationship between mother and baby, studies seem to indicate, will determine to a great extent how that child feels about tactile communication later in life, especially in regard to sexual experience. But, unfortunately, the child learns a societal code that determines whom he may and may not touch, and those who break the code are subject to severe punishment.

As we grow older, we put aside this tactile language in favor of words; we begin to isolate ourselves and expect touch to enter into very few of our relationships. If we brush against someone else, we become embarrassed; if a man covers another man's hand with his own in order to be better understood, people cast a critical eye on him. By eliminating tactile stimuli in favor of verbiage, we may be sacrificing a great deal in human communication.

Bruce E. Parmley  
Ohio University  
Athens, Ohio

Amazement and shock! In the closing paragraphs of his article, Robert Kaiser has in half a page written a better analysis of female psychology than has appeared in all the women's magazines put together in the past ten years. It is another irony for women that this has been published in a men's magazine. Women have been appallingly ignorant of how they have been "mutilated by their cultural conditioning," but we are now slowly coming to an understanding of the process. This understanding is the basis of a new feminism that is determined to eliminate the cultural patterns that are crippling females. We now have an awareness of what we believe is women's potential to become really free hu-

man beings, "capable of truly being the beloved." It is true that the future of letting go in America is tied to the future of women: the problems of women are the problems of the whole society. To solve these problems is a task almost too great to be contemplated. But there is freedom in the striving.

Gainesville Women's Liberation Group  
Gainesville, Florida

I was glad to see that PLAYBOY is exploring the letting-go movement; but it's too bad that so much space went to the A.C.D.C. girls and others who go—or come—in somewhat bizarre ways. At least, Bob Kaiser did get the idea that man can break out of fixed dogmas (political, social or religious) and experience the personal fulfillment of growth, change and development. Change can be so frightening, and growth so scary, that he was right to underline the importance of growth centers—with special mention of the Esalen Institute, which helped screw my head on (or around).

The Rev. Paul Hilsdale, S.J.  
Hollywood, California

*As Kaiser notes in his article, Hilsdale is a Jesuit priest who is deeply involved in the letting-go movement.*

Kaiser confuses two important developments in the American scene. One is a therapeutic approach to personality problems through the mobilization and integration of feeling. This approach, which has been promoted by the Institute for Bio-Energetic Analysis, is neither anti-rational nor anti-cerebral. It aims at restoring an individual's biological capacity to feel and to express feelings by releasing the muscular tensions that block these vital functions. It seeks to integrate feeling and thinking.

The second development is an acting out of perverse, negative and rebellious feelings under the guise of self-expression. Impulsive behavior of this kind is neither rational nor emotional and is self-destructive rather than self-affirmative.

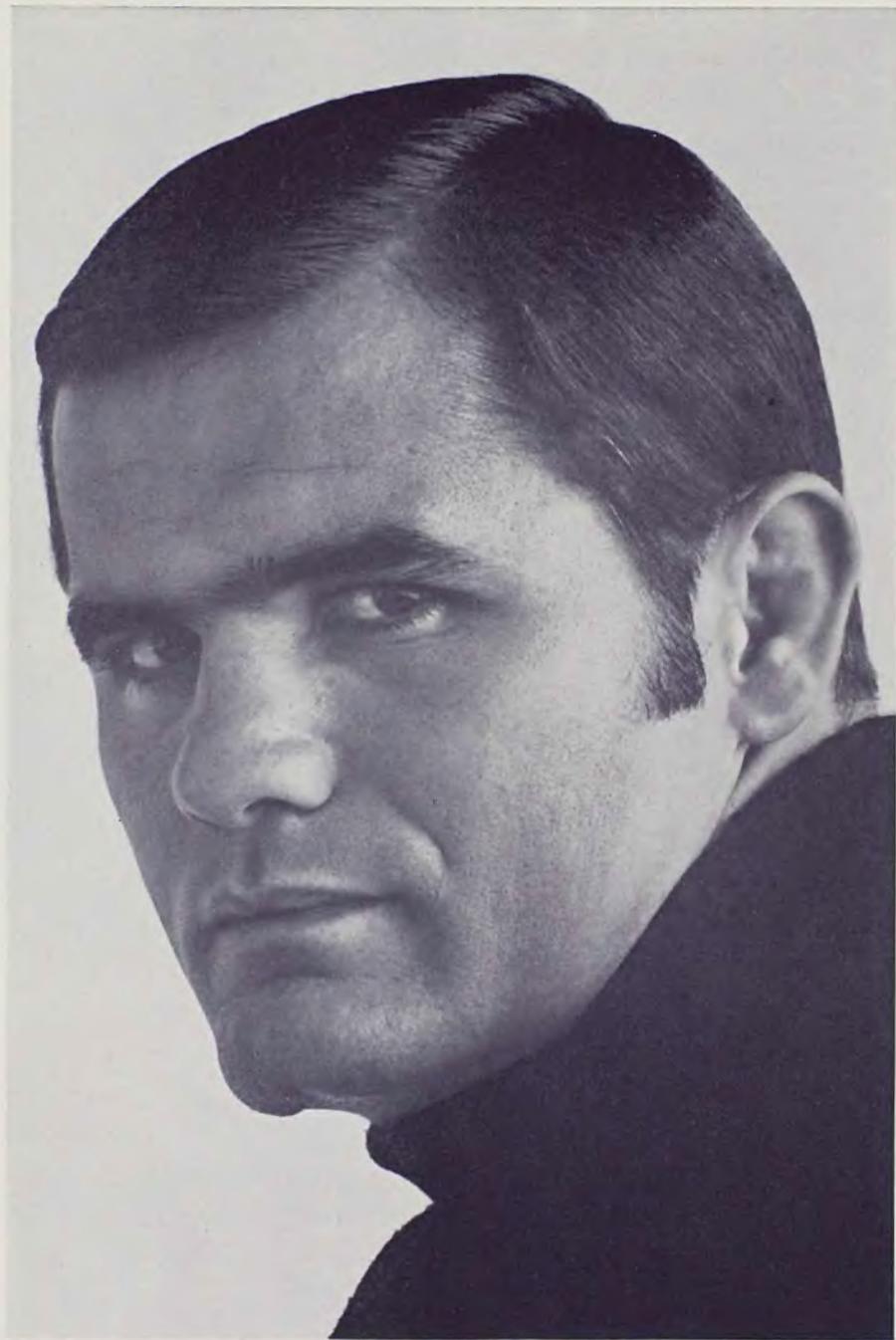
The emphasis on the body, pleasure and letting go is not intended to deny the value of the ego, achievement and self-restraint. Without a polarity between the two aspects of personality, there is no movement. Without movement, life

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is flat and boring. If we negated the values associated with cerebration, discipline and prestige, we would be committing the same fault as those who extol the superior virtues of the ego functions at the expense of the bodily or unconscious processes.

Alexander Lowen, M. D.  
New York, New York

As a onetime group leader and organizer, I found *Letting Go* distressing. I have become increasingly opposed to this kind of activity, because it is organized around a highly structured dictatorial system that is a reflection of our sick middle-class culture. True freedom will never be realized in a therapy group—only dependence and addiction to the group. It amounts to letting go of one thing only to latch onto another.

Mark Pugner  
Berkeley, California

I'm a journalist who has written extensively about the hippie and the human-potential movements and I wish to take issue with Robert Kaiser and his recent PLAYBOY piece, *Letting Go*. I do so out of the strong belief that Kaiser has done a great disservice to the people whose activities he has reported and to the readers of your excellent magazine. He claims, for example, that "hippies may have [a cohesive] sense of identity to a notable degree," while clinical evidence gathered by physicians at the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic and elsewhere indicates precisely the opposite. He lists the therapeutic successes of encounter-group and sensitivity-training leaders at the Esalen Institute and other centers, without ever enumerating the therapeutic failures to which these individuals readily admit. And he constantly implies that cultural conditioning is responsible for all our problems, something an educated man would never do.

Kaiser owes it to the people about whom he writes and to your readers to take a longer and more sober look at today's letting go phenomena. He should talk to some of the casualties of the hippie movement, who crowd the Haight-Ashbury clinic with drug problems, and to some of the doctors who treat them. He should look beyond the momentary breakthroughs experienced by encounter-group participants, to see if any have achieved psychological improvement or emotional gain. He should interview—rather than ogle—some of the women who have had multiple orgasms at the hands of professionally unqualified gurus, to determine whether they can feel as much joy with their husbands and lovers as they can in front of an anonymous, and therefore less intimate, sensitivity-training crowd.

Kaiser might learn something else in the process of his research, as I did after initially praising all efforts at letting go. He might realize that people who jump

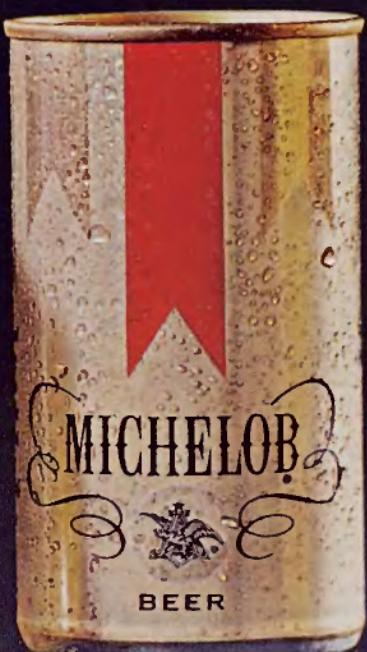
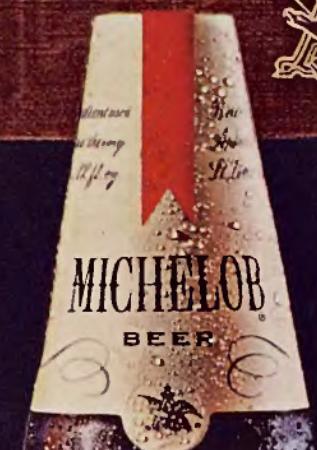
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into movements or report glowingly about them are looking for answers to personal problems that all the gurus and encounter groups in the world could never solve. He might also see that those individuals who apotheosize sensitivity training and condemn our society for being uptight are most often uptight themselves.

John Luce  
San Francisco, California

## RIGHT FROM THE START

Since I am from the Greater Providence area and am a recent graduate of Southeastern Massachusetts Technological Institute, I was engulfed by Evan Hunter's *Beginnings* (PLAYBOY, July). To me, the story is a recollection of my college days, as well as a sincere account of two college lovers living in our hypocritical society. Although the story is fiction, the reality of life can be seen in every line.

Sp/4 Barry L. Rioux  
APO New York, New York

## OVER THE DAM

Americans owe much to the honest and informed judgment of Justice William O. Douglas, as a jurist, as a conservationist and as a spokesman for the forgotten man. His article in your July issue, *The Public Be Dammed*, puts us even more in his debt. He has written an accurate and hard-hitting assessment of the factors that have pushed the Army Corps of Engineers into prominence as "public enemy number one." It is beyond dispute that the Corps wields a powerful and often unfortunate influence—both on the public and on the Congress. I can testify from personal experience that unwary members of Congress whose views differ from those of the Corps tend to find themselves incorporated into the roadway. It smells like a steam roller, it sounds like a steam roller and you had better believe that it does the same job—quietly and efficiently.

For years, the Congress has been unable to control the Corps; periodically, attempts are made by individuals or groups to assert some force over the decision-making process. Until now, these attempts have largely been frustrated, although I hasten to add that the present inclination of the Congress to exercise some influence in assigning rational priorities may have welcome and startling fringe benefits in this area. If it does not, however, then public opinion is the only ally that we in the Congress can rely on in our fight to protect what little remains of our natural heritage.

Representative Richard L. Ottinger  
U. S. House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.

I was shocked to see how blind and biased Justice Douglas could be. The

Army Corps of Engineers may have its faults, but it has also made remarkable improvements all over the United States. For example: The Corps built Glen Canyon Dam, which is both beautiful and useful. The dam backs up a 186-mile lake that provides excellent boating, fishing and all other forms of water recreation. The generators in the dam send out millions of kilowatts of power to Arizona and Utah. Is this "damming" the people? The Corps has also built hundreds of flood-control dams that have saved lives and prevented destruction. The question of whether we should save rapids or lives does not need to be asked, because the answer is obvious. Many of the numerous flood-control dams also provide parks, beaches and facilities for water sports.

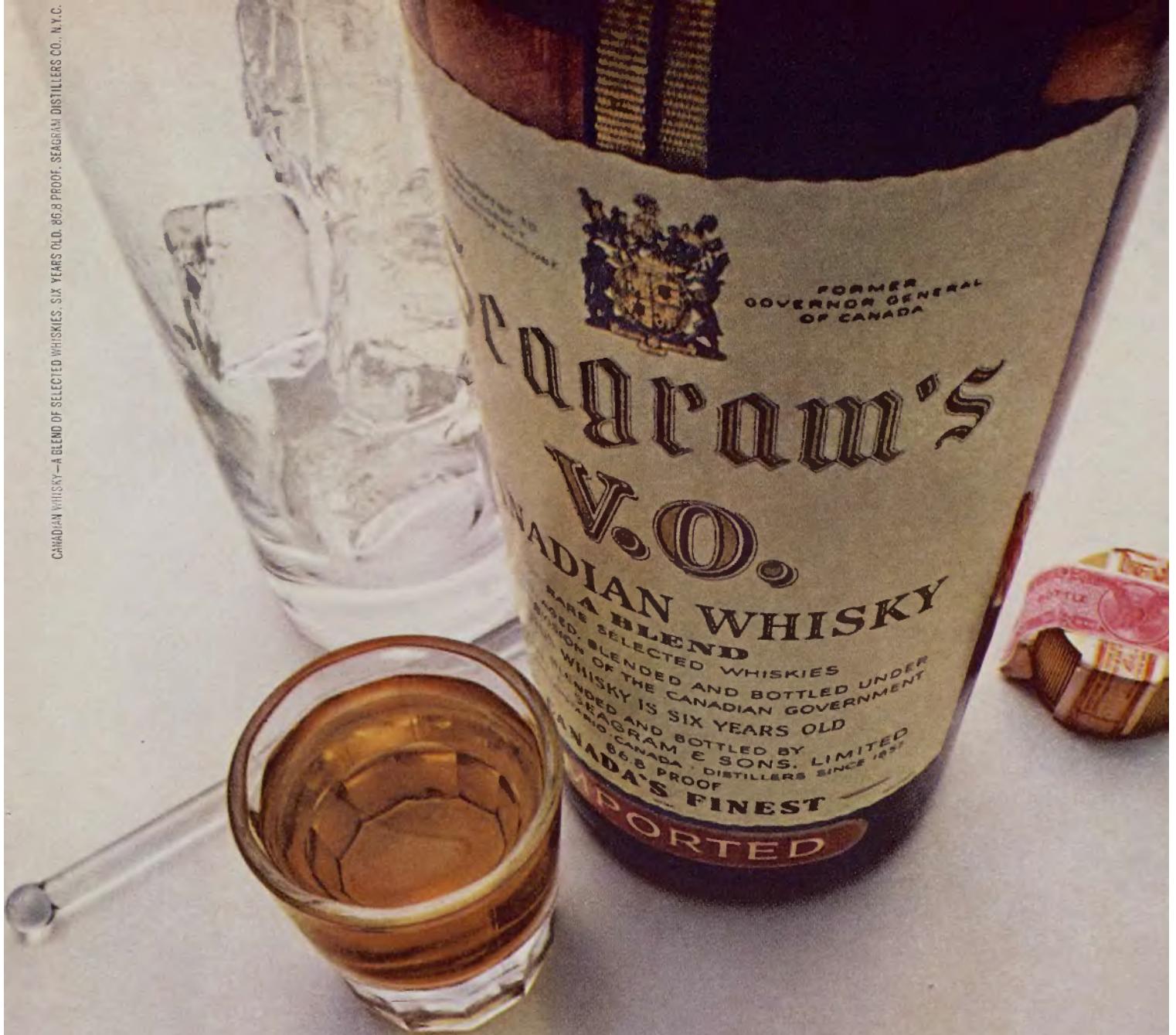
2nd Lt. Thomas N. Rumney  
Army Corps of Engineers  
University of Arizona  
Tucson, Arizona

Being a fishery biologist has put me in a position to see many of the ecological disasters created by the Corps under the guise of flood control. The total ineffectiveness of most of these control measures is beyond comprehension. The damage done by these projects far outweighs what little short-range good they do. The best answer to flood control lies in the placement of housing projects, etc., away from natural flood plains. Anyone with the remotest understanding of ecology knows the result of ecological succession to impounded bodies of water. This process is so rapid that in some cases, the impoundments may have a useful life of only a few years, depending on the watershed, of course.

I wholeheartedly agree with Justice Douglas that the efforts of these well-meaning men can be put to better use in the control of pollution and waste, to remedy our past mistakes and to prevent the spread of more Lake Eries.

P. J. Pfister  
Lynchburg, Ohio

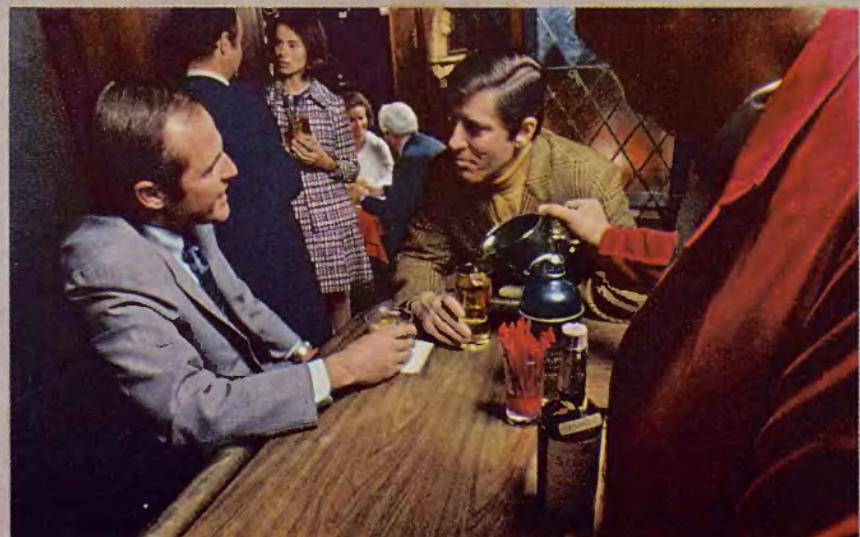
A gutsy man, this Justice Douglas. The Army Corps of Engineers does not enjoy criticism at any level. I'll be surprised if much Corps-initiated harassment is not directed at Douglas. One additional note to his article: Perhaps the most phenomenal boondoggle in politics that the Corps has conceived to date is the Rampart Dam Project in Alaska. Apparently, America has to have the biggest and best of everything—and so it is with dams. Nasser has his Aswan, so we must have our Rampart. If constructed, this dam would be the largest power generator, remotest and most costly in the world. It would create a lake roughly the size of Lake Erie (280 by 80 miles) and it would completely inundate the Yukon Basin, a prime nesting area for the Pacific



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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 233.

flyway—which, if we must speak in terms of dollars and cents, is responsible for a multimillion-dollar industry in the form of money spent hunting the ducks and geese that frequent the area. The flooding of this river valley would also destroy one of the last major big-game areas in North America. The dam would create enough hydroelectric power to supply more than a *third* of the lower 48 states—in a state with a population of 250,000! But the Corps argues that the dam would control floods, where there are no people, improve navigation, where there are no boats, and enhance recreational opportunities—presumably by placing the hunting grounds several hundred feet under water.

It is ironic that with our sophisticated technology, we are unable to dispose of our waste and refuse, that as "progress" continues to "improve" the planet, places where living things may find breathing space, food and cover are diminishing. Every time a dredge or a bulldozer moves, another eviction notice for *life* is written across the landscape—and, with it, the value and importance of every remaining sanctuary is increased.

Tom Hallick  
Hollywood, California

When we invited Justice Douglas and his wife to Kentucky's Red River Gorge to lead more than 700 people in a protest hike against an Army Corps of Engineers dam that would destroy the gorge, we were just beginning to learn about how the Corps operates. We have learned a lot since then. Kentucky's scientific community helped supply information about the gorge that was missing from the evaluation and justification of this project that the Corps placed before Congress. It now appears that the effort to save this rugged and ecologically unique wilderness environment might be successful. What we have learned from our effort shows without doubt that what Justice Douglas has written about the Engineers is correct. Fed by politicians who seek pork-barrel projects within their Congressional districts, the Corps operates with engineering principles but without conservation standards. It seems insulated from all criticism, even from the scientific community.

PLAYBOY and William O. Douglas should receive a national standing ovation for this masterful, overdue accounting. As Justice Douglas suggests, the Engineers' entire structure of operation should be redefined by the Congress.

James E. Kowalsky  
Sierra Club  
Barbourville, Kentucky

Justice Douglas has indicted the Corps of Engineers as "public enemy number one." I disagree. The reader should note the last eight paragraphs of *The Public*

*Be Dammed*. Justice Douglas expressed a need for the Corps, but under new, conservation-oriented direction. Can we continue to urbanize our flood plains, pollute our rivers and demand commercial and recreational navigation improvements, and then condemn the Corps for the structural measures it proposes in answer to our cries for help? The Corps of Engineers functions at our request. Our society is public enemy number one.

Robert W. McIntosh, Jr.  
Broomall, Pennsylvania

## YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES

As an actor myself, and as a friend and admirer of Rod Steiger, let me congratulate you on a fine July interview with him. His candid, revealing comments are a fresh breeze in a somewhat stale atmosphere. Whether you agree with Rod or not, his honesty is most refreshing. With a phrase here, and a word there, he wipes away the phoniness that appears to be inherent in our business. The pretense that exists on both Coasts is, as he says, a sick game that people in our industry play.

Rod cares for his work and is concerned about people; and to understand people is what keeps an actor on top. I doff my cap to him for having the guts to let it all hang out, to strip off all the outer layers and show himself as the man he really is. Perhaps people now will understand a little better what makes actors do what they do.

Ray Walston  
Hollywood, California

I was disappointed to see an interview wasted on Rod Steiger. He seemed pompous, trying mightily to convince everyone (mainly himself) of his humanity and artistic talents. I felt sorry for the interviewer—his questions seemed to be merely cue lines for Steiger's self-inflating prose. Let's hear more from real people and less from the "Look at me—I'm young, beautiful, artistic and hip" frauds.

G. Guidera  
San Francisco, California

## MECHANICAL MEN

To have fun in writing a letter to the editor, one should be able to defile some author's narrow-minded blunder. As a professional builder of robots, I find no such opportunity in David Rorvik's *Slaves or Masters?* (PLAYBOY, July). He has hit all of the high spots in robot lore and he has reasonably restrained himself in conjecturing on the future. Yet, on this latter score, it seems that he has been gently led astray by professional dreaming. The creation of an artificial intelligence competitive with that of a human has been far more elusive than was predicted by the computer pioneers a decade ago. Today, almost

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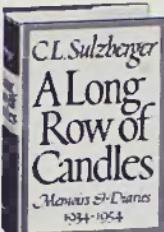
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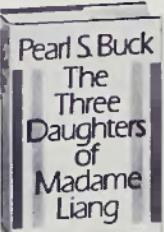
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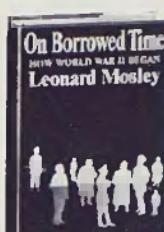
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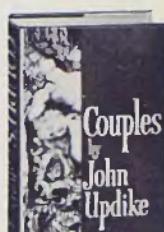
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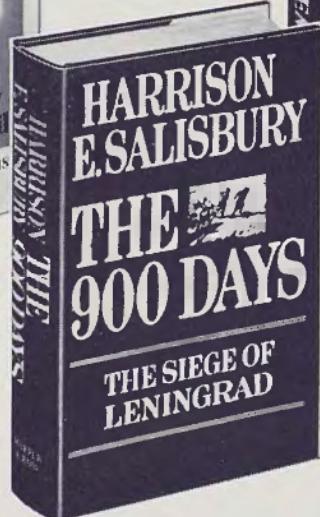
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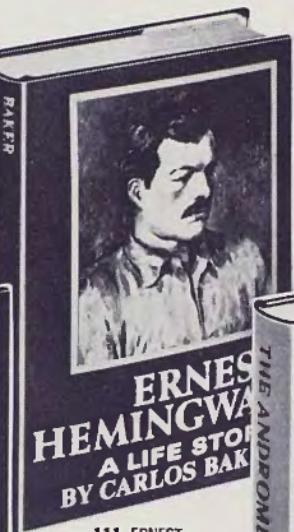
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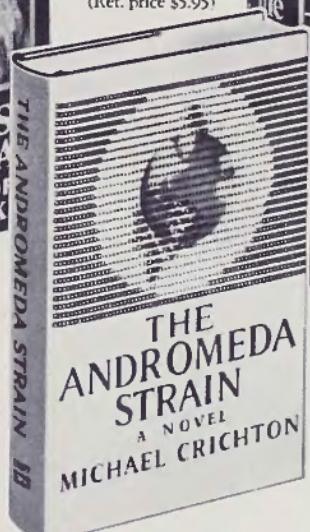
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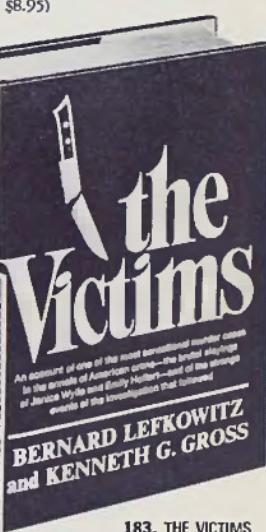
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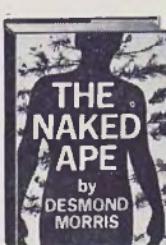
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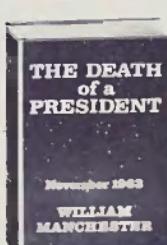
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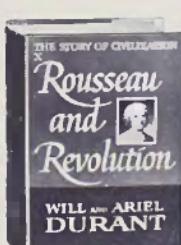
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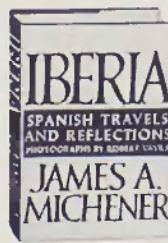
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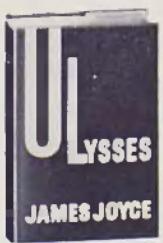
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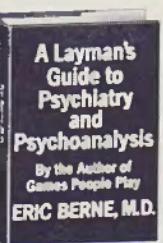
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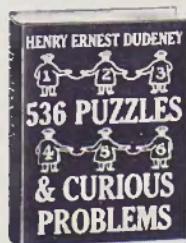
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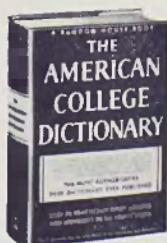
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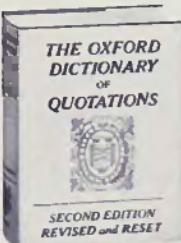
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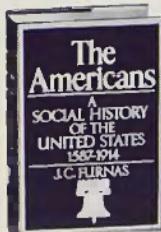


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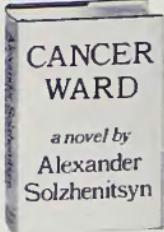
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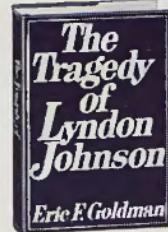
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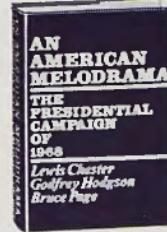
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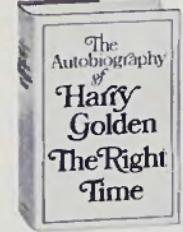
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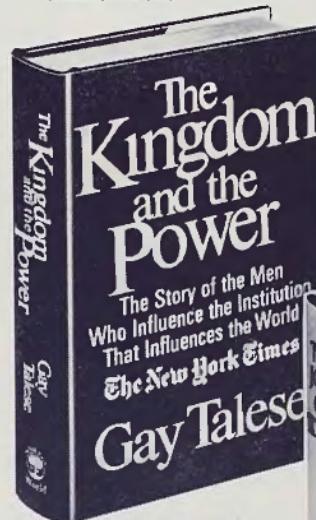
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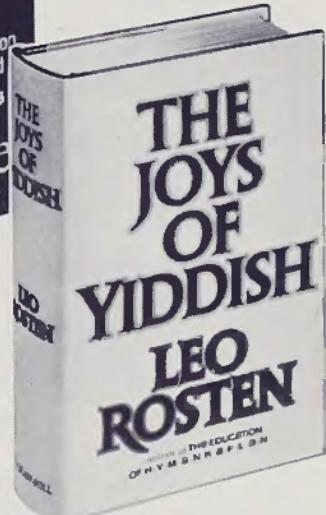
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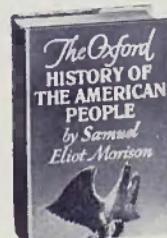
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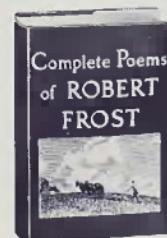
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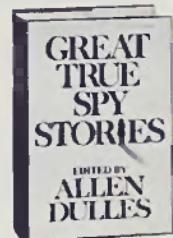
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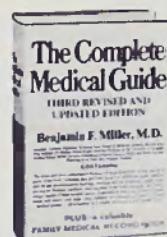
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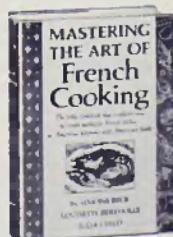
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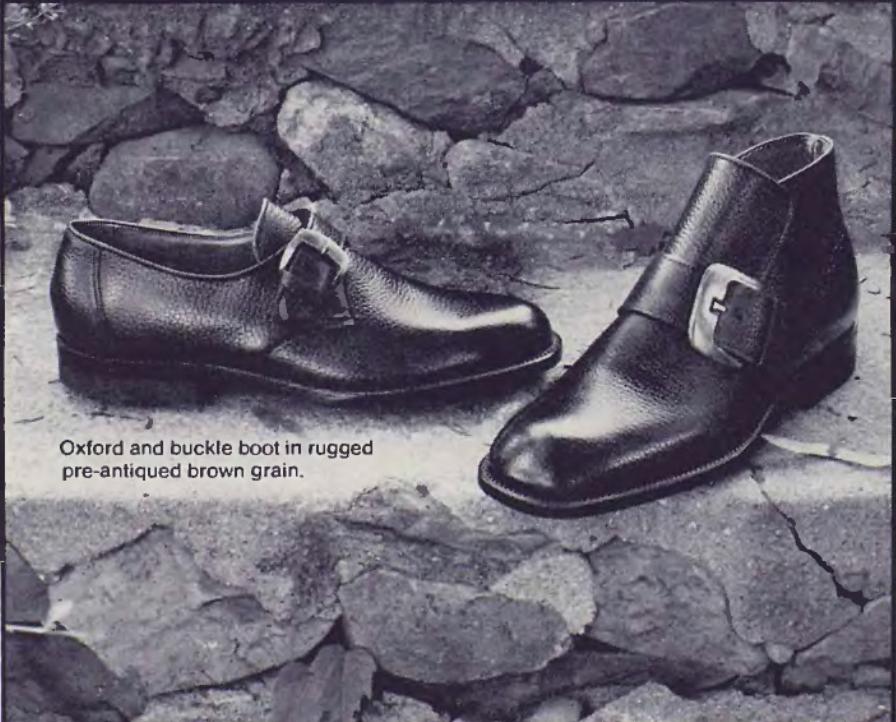


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every laboratory has some sort of impressive specialized gag that is trotted out for visiting dignitaries. A \$1,000,000 computer, a vidicon camera and a Rube Goldberg arm can be nursed into the semblance of intelligent action, such as finding two white cubes on a black background and stacking them one atop the other. Is this a true harbinger of a robot capable of handling even a limited variety of useful tasks? I think not.

Two years ago, Professor John McCarthy of Stanford and I discussed how he might extend his laboratory experiments into a useful industrial product. To pique his enthusiasm (and to pull his leg), I sent him an unassembled child's wagon, suggesting that he construct a robot that could perform a task that has bewildered fathers for years—the assembling of a child's wagon. Such a robot, I told him, could be adapted to deal with any number of everyday household objects and would overcome a basic problem in the area of artificial intelligence—namely, that industrial robots normally cannot cope with parts of the size used in a wagon.

I don't know what Stanford's Artificial Intelligence Project is doing with the wagon—if it ever did get assembled in that eyrie of first-class natural intelligence; but I do suggest that McCarthy and all the others face formidable barriers to the creation of an economically viable robot that will contend with anything but subhuman tasks. To a roboticist, even a moron is a fantastically fashioned creation. The mind boggles at trying to match this trade-off between earthly competence and production cost.

J. F. Engelberger, President  
Unimation, Inc.  
Danbury, Connecticut

Besides making fascinating reading, *Slaves or Masters?* has the inestimable virtue of mentioning me. Rorvik alludes to my modesty, and I suspect that he is surprised a man of my attainments can manage to be modest. He need not be. The lovable modesty with which I am imbued is but one of many qualities that make me so great.

Isaac Asimov  
West Newton, Massachusetts  
*Asimov is the humble author of "I, Robot," "The Naked Sun" and many other books.*

Some of my best friends are robots. If I were one of them, I would have felt that *Slaves or Masters?* was condescending and primitive, to say the least. However, my robot friends are concerned about something they consider much more serious. Having assimilated successfully and having lived useful, quiet, productive lives for many years, they are distressed about such articles, which tend to focus attention on their existence. Although Walter Reuther has



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given his blessings to the industrial robot, they fear that he and others of humanist leanings might respond quite differently if they were to discover that some of my friends have gone far beyond jobs that aren't fit for men. For example, one good robot friend of mine is currently producer of a well-known television series. My friends have seen the effect of backlash brought to bear against groups or philosophies that are thought to have moved too far too fast. Publicity is, therefore, anathema to their existence, and they have asked me to urge you to turn off the spotlight. Under the circumstances, that is the only humane thing we can do for them.

Leonard Nimoy  
Hollywood, California

Nimoy is known to his human friends as "Star Trek's" Mr. Spock.

When robots have achieved a level of neohuman perfection, we will know it without hesitation. They will get unionized, go on strike and picket plants where they are manufactured—and they'll carry signs protesting automation and the employment of human labor.

Raymond Loewy  
Paris, France

Among industrial designer Loewy's many creations are the Coke bottle and the Princess telephone.

### DARK REQUEST

I'm sure I needn't list the advantages of military life, but I do have one minor complaint. My friends and I never get to see *Playboy After Dark*. I can think of nothing I'd like better than to relax in front of a television set and watch Hugh Hefner living it up in L.A. Vicarious pleasure is better than none at all. How about showing *Playboy After Dark* overseas? There must be a way.

Sp/4 Joseph Flaherty  
Saigon, Vietnam

There is and we are. The Department of Defense asked us to make the show available to military personnel serving outside the United States, and it is now being telecast through the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service to land bases and certain ships at sea. So fall out and drop in on "Playboy After Dark."

### GAMES COMPANIES PLAY

Lawrence Linderman's excellent July article, *The Executive Stiletto*, provides cogent evidence of a most corrupting phenomenon in American life. What underlies man's inhumanity to man is the subject of this insightful article—man's disingenuousness to his fellow man. Our refusal or inability to be straightforward in our dealings with one another has crept into virtually every walk of life—particularly, as Linderman points out, into the very heart (assuming there is one) of the elite world of the business executive. Here, a

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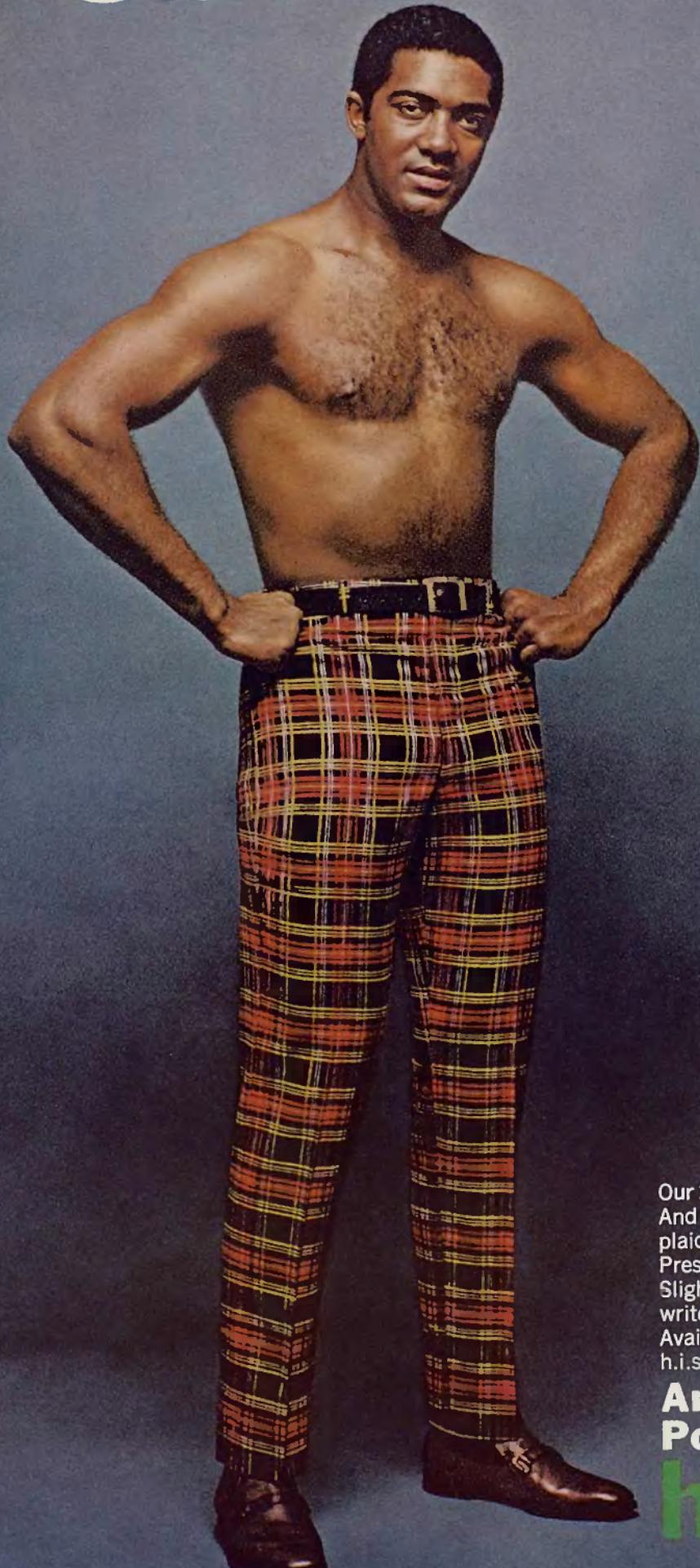
However, Leilani does cost a little

more. That's because we make it in a small distillery. And we make it slowly. Carefully. In small batches. On a remote island. So we can't make much of it.

But we think you'll find the taste so pleasant, you won't mind paying that little bit extra.

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lack of candor rises to a level of sophistication that borders on being cruel or, at the very least, degrading. We don't tell a man he is fired. Instead, we take away his executive parking spot or move his desk away from the action or give him less and less to do—acts designed to cue him to begin looking for another job. Does the superannuated executive appreciate all the subtleties and euphemisms that cloak his getting canned, or is he left with irreversible wounds—wounds that can be smelled festering by our younger generations? Is it any wonder that the youth of today are turned off by our methods? These are the questions we must ask ourselves if we are to continue to make dishonesty and deception the pervasive art forms that they are becoming in America. I thank the editors of *PLAYBOY* for permitting a frank look at this insidious illness.

Thomas J. Madden  
*The Philadelphia Inquirer*  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Several years ago, I had been employed by a law firm for more than three years and felt that I was entitled to a partnership. I considered my work good to excellent and, although I was vaguely aware that I hadn't bowled the senior partners over by my performance, I felt the many, many nights I'd plugged away for them would be rewarded. When nothing happened in the way of a partnership, I finally got up the nerve to discuss the matter with my superior. I still remember his answer: "Well, to tell you the truth, we really haven't made any plans to offer you a partnership." Translation: "You might as well get the hell out of here." I did, have founded my own firm since, but still wish my former employers had been honest enough to tell me my services were not necessary. It would have saved me a lot of time.

Gordon Wilson  
New York, New York

#### BIRD WATCHERS

I immensely enjoyed your pictorial on the *Birds of America* in your July issue. My compliments to Ben Rose on an utterly fantastic job of photography.

K. Haven Metzger  
Columbia City, Indiana

The plumage of the *Birds of America* is, indeed, fine. But you've got the anatomy all wrong.

Les Line, Editor  
*Audubon Magazine*  
New York, New York

What a fine selection of game birds! But it's too bad you left out the gamest of all—the redhead, double-breasted mattress thrasher.

R. G. McDonald  
Warsaw, Missouri

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## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In a day when hyperbole has become the standard idiom of the travel agent, it is understandably difficult for the average wayfarer to find out—before it's too late—the often indelicate realities that lie beneath the glittering promotional prose. In brochures about the subtropical islands, the native men are always lithe-limbed and handsome, the native women slim and ravishing, the food a piquant blend of exotica, the forests spectacular canopies teeming with game for the hunter, the native sports and music unique in their grace and fascination. But when the unwitting traveler hies himself off to some vaunted Shangri-La—excluding our own, of course—he may well find that his time is spent lying prone under a snakeproof net, fending off voracious viruses and flying beasties that bring lumps in the night.

But honesty has not been entirely abandoned in the world of travel literature, as evidenced by a short but refreshing guidebook recently distributed to a party of American travel writers by the tourist board of the Spanish-owned Canary Islands. One writer in the group, stunned by the jarring passages of candor that lace the book, felt inspired to bring this incongruity to our attention. The self-dellating tone of the volume, we discovered, is set by the introductory pages, entitled "To the Reader," in which the author realistically concedes that few people will read his opening remarks, since all prefaces addressed "To the Reader" are studiously avoided. Pressing on, we learned that "A relatively large number of tourists who have spent a short time in the islands complain of having suffered a mythical illness which they call Canary fever"; the symptoms include "violent headaches accompanied by high temperatures and looseness of the bowels." Scrofula, syphilis and elephantiasis—which ravaged the islands a few seasons ago—have, we were relieved to learn, "practically disappeared."

Undismayed by the prospect of contracting Canary fever, we turned to those pages that described the no-doubt lush topography and wildlife of the islands—

only to be informed that the wooded regions of the Canaries "have very poor fauna and no undergrowth." The pickings for would-be hunters, furthermore, are slim, indeed, since "the bustards have died out, rabbits are getting rarer every day, the wild dove has taken refuge in rocky ravines" and both the partridge and the quail "have been literally decimated." Fortunately, while there are few animals still worth stalking, the visitor can at least be secure in the knowledge that few dangerous beasts are likely to be stalking *him*: "The only really offensive creatures are flies and cockroaches. . . . The flies bite much more fiercely than in Europe, but the cockroaches, although repulsive in appearance, do not bite and are not destructive like the African cockroach." If one has a morbid interest in marauding insects, we are advised, one can always head for the outlying islands, which are "liable to attacks by plagues of locusts."

The original inhabitants of the Canaries, according to the guidebook, were "essentially a troglodyte race," which may have accounted for the unprepossessing physiognomy of their descendants. In many cases, the author uncharitably notes, "the lower half [of the face] is rather gross, slightly prognathous with thick lips and a badly shaped and brutish chin"; the women "have beautiful figures but, unfortunately, they have the propensity common also to Mediterranean women of soon running to fat." The communities and customs of the islanders are also given a singular hatchet job by this downbeat Baedeker. Its invitation to visit the fish market is accompanied by an admonition not to "let the smell put you off." Shoppers are told that Canary lace-work resembles that of Venice, "but is no longer found, since the last lacemaker died a few years ago, leaving no pupils." And enthusiasts of folklore are touted onto "a mournfully monotonous dance called the tajaraste."

Further cataloging of this testy tome, we think, would be a no less mournfully monotonous exercise for us. The conclusion is inescapable that truth is not only stranger than fiction; it frequently has

all the seductive appeal of an impacted wisdom tooth. The emulation of such admirable but unappetizing experiments in honesty—summoning up, as they do, such adages as "the grass is always browner on the other side of the fence"—could lead only to economic disaster in the tourist business, and to the untimely demise of that evocative literary genre whose works always close with those immortal lines, "And so, as the golden globe of the sun sinks slowly in the west, we bid a fond adieu. . . ."

As long as we're island-hopping, be advised that—according to *The Montreal Star*—"the museum in Suva, Fiji, is worth a visit. The rudder of the Bounty is there, and a case of wooden forks once used by Fiji cannibals when ceremonially eating human flesh. Forks for cannibals? 'Certainly,' said a Fijian museum attendant. 'We aren't savages, you know!'"

San Francisco's garbage is slated to travel the scenic Western Pacific Railroad beginning in 1971, as you might have heard. Some 1500 tons of swill a day will be hauled about 300 miles and dumped in the wilderness of Lassen County, California. Feeling that the 35-car rubbish shuttle shouldn't go unnamed, the *San Francisco Chronicle* sponsored a name-the-train contest. Among the losing entries were The Onion Pacific, El Crapitan, El Trash-in-Can, Odorient Express, The California Mold Rush, The Garbageville Trolley, The Offal Express, The Downwind Zephyr, The Crud Commuter, The Daily Dumper, The P. U. Choo Choo and The Super Slop. Runners-up were The Smells Fargo and The Raw Trash Cannonball. The winner: The Excess Express.

A Toronto pet shop that sells only cats has the following sign in its window: **BIG CATS ARE DANGEROUS, BUT A LITTLE PUSSY NEVER HURT ANYONE.**

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the elderly London widow who applied to her insurance company for the

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The first 100mm.  
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proceeds from four small policies maturing on her 75th birthday, and received these instructions: "We cannot attend to this for you until we receive your death certificate."

Charles Reilly, executive director of the National Catholic Office for Radio and Television, wants to promote religion with spot advertising. In an article in *Newsday*, Reilly said, "Sunday is no time for God; God ought to be in prime time."

The sexual revolution would seem to have reached a new frontier, according to the *Chicago Sun-Times* headline that proclaimed, "CITY GIRL SCOUTS WILL SOLICIT IN \$125,000 DRIVE."

A new and crowd-pleasing solution to the Vietnam problem overheard during a radio debate: "There will be no peace until the United States recognizes the N.F.L. as the rightful government of South Vietnam."

South Carolina's *Greenville News* recently took note of changes in the state's rural residents and observed astutely, "In South Carolina a few years ago, half the people lived on farms, but today only 50 percent do."

Business is booming for an Encino, California, lingerie shop that calls itself The Booby Trap.

In *Elements of Style*, an English textbook by Strunk and White, the authors make this stylish recommendation: "The subject of a sentence and the principal verb should not, as a rule, be separated by a phrase or clause that can be transferred to the beginning."

Calling it the "Ultimate Imperialist Penetration," *The Militant*—voice of the Socialist Workers Party—indignantly reports that "H. J. Heinz is peddling pasta in Italy."

**To Whom It May Concern:** As a service to those who missed it, we reprint the following ad, placed by The Bible Baptist Church of Sarasota, Florida, in the local *Herald-Tribune*: "Teachers wanted. Must be born again, Bible-believing, fundamental conservative Christians, able to teach grades 1-6 or 7-8. Must be informed patriots or willing to learn. True liberals need not apply."

Smoking more and enjoying it less? According to an A.P. dispatch from Bloomington, Indiana, local police have found a cache of four pounds of marijuana and three pounds of horse manure in a suitcase, along with a recipe for mixing the manure with the pot to "stretch" it.

The late plumber to Queen Victoria is the subject of a forthcoming biography, entitled *Flushed with Pride*. His name: Sir Thomas Crapper.

From Ohio comes the news that the Sheraton Cleveland Hotel hosted two conventions at the same time—the National Association of Laymen and the Ohio Federation, Mothers of Twins.

## BOOKS

What could be more timely than a book on the stock market, except, perhaps, a book on how to stay out of the stock market? Well, John Brooks hasn't exactly written either, but his *Once in Golconda: A True Drama of Wall Street 1920-1938* (Harper & Row) may nevertheless have timeliness for those who can read between the lines as cleverly as they imagine they can read the stock tables. What Brooks has done, in that cool *New Yorker* manner, is to recount the Stock Exchange's highflying 1920s and bellyflopping 1930s with such circumspection that the reader is often left dangling for a conclusion. Despite this fault, there is much of strong interest in the tales of the Morgans, Lamonts and Kahns (the gentlemen of the Street) and the Ben Smiths, Jesse Livermores and Joe Kennedys (the rough-and-tumble types). Here are the somewhat familiar but well-told sagas of the stock-juggling pools, the market-cornering bull and bear raids and the gargantuan short-selling coups. The near-incredible story of F. D. R.'s muddled attempt to cure deflation by beating down the value of the dollar in relation to gold is so tangential to a stock-market social history that it might have been tossed off parenthetically; but "Gold Standard on the Booze" leaps out as the most engrossing piece of writing in the book. There's a lot to mine in this *Golconda*, despite its dry veins—but in the end, Brooks sells the reader short by doting overlong on the personal tribulations of Richard Whitney, a fallen idol of Wall Street, instead of attempting to discover what the regulatory consequences of the 1920s craziness might mean if the market should flip its lid again today. Brooks writes extremely well; he just doesn't seem to want readers to know much of what he *thinks*.

Richard Condon's notion of writing a novel about an evil genius who foresees Prohibition and makes a multimillion-dollar killing out of it turns out to have been more inventive in conception than in execution. The first half of *Mile High* (Dial) is a prolonged anecdote about the consummation of this monolithic business deal—an anecdote that becomes a story only when Edward West's wife gets a series of poison-pen letters revealing her husband's penchant for beating

# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



## OLA HUDSON

HOME: Laurel Canyon, California

AGE: 25

PROFESSION: Fashion designer

HOBBIES: Interpretive dancing

LAST BOOK READ: British edition of *Vogue* magazine

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created "Skitzo," a wildly successful, very original boutique shop on Sunset Strip

QUOTE: "I'd like to make something new happen. The Paris influence is weakening. Everything looks alike. Women need some new ways to look pretty, simple, and stylish."

PROFILE: Talks softly. Works intuitively. Brushes aside the work of major designers with an engaging modesty.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

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Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

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BUT—You must return your Lucky Number on the card attached to find out if it matches one of the winners.

Nothing To Buy To Enter—Nothing To Join

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The described gifts are reserved for Lucky Number holders under the direction of an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Contests open to all applicants except employees of the Capitol Record Club, its affiliates, media and suppliers. Subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Entries must be received by March 31, 1970. Nothing to buy or to join to enter, but you must return your Lucky Number to claim a prize. Prize winners will be notified by mail. If you do not wish to accept the Club offer, you may enter the sweepstakes by printing your name and address in the upper left corner of the entry card. Do not fill in the reverse side. Prizes not claimed will not be awarded.

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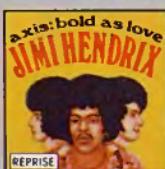
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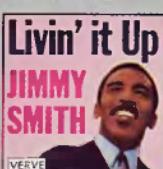
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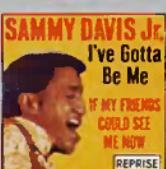
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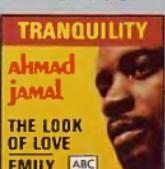
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up whores (who, she learns, happen to work in houses he owns). Irene West reacts as any wife would in a novel of this kind: She throws herself at the most repulsive man she can find (a character based on Twenties gangster Arnold Rothstein). West naturally counteracts by raping her, burning down their Long Island mansion and having its site cemented over. But this is by no means the end of the story. Using his elaborate Government, labor and Mafia connections, West unleashes the most criminal culture the world has ever seen, but he spends most of his time frothing in a frenzy of fear and hate about the "Commies" and the "niggers." Still with it? Well, when his good-guy son marries a black woman, West really zaps out. In an Ian Fleming-like climax, he stalks her through a mile-high reproduction of a Swiss resort village (his weekend pad in Upstate New York), with rape and murder in mind. No shortage of plot here, obviously, but it's dammably difficult to give a damn about a single character in Condon's cast of two-dimensionals.

Some famous men fulfill the mathematical definition of a point: They have position without magnitude. Lord Beaverbrook, the press lord of England, had both position and magnitude; and although he is not as famous now as, say, a lead singer with the Animals, he was not long ago one of the moving forces in British social and political history. *G for God Almighty* (Stein & Day) is a Wartime portrait by David Farrer—who worked for him—of this generous, brutal, driving, inspiring, prejudiced, dangerous and useful man. He clearly was someone who applied Professor Irwin Corey's great axiom: "Hatred is good, because without hatred, there is no joy in revenge." And yet, in his vacillating support of Winston Churchill, in his bellicose identification of the fate of England with his own ego, Beaverbrook proved to be one of the sublime amateurs of English history, one of those growling and inefficient brutes who made glorious even the sunset of British power. In the guise of a casual memoir, all imbued with *le sang-froid* and *le understatement anglais*, David Farrer has drawn a complex portrait of a holy monster, one of E. E. Cummings' delectable mountains. He has put him in the setting of the touching hope of "carrying on" during the dark days of World War Two. Very delicately and almost negligently, Farrer has also recorded something graceful and admirable of that terrible time in history that is, oddly enough, still with us.

If Philip Roth is all ten plagues to Jewish sensibility, then Chaim Potok must surely be the relief of Exodus. In continuing the story of Reuven Malter in his latest novel, *The Promise* (Knopf),

Potok is building on the solid base of interest created in his first novel, *The Chosen*. The further adventures of Reuven (Orthodox) and his friend Danny Saunders (Hasidic) divide into three parts: religious, romantic and Freudian. Young Reuven's struggles are with Rav Kalman, a Yeshibah instructor whose battles against the Nazis have left him with little faith in anything except the inviolate truth of the Torah: Reuven, a 20th Century American product, is trying to reconcile his era and his intellect with the words of the ancients. Result: conflict. Meanwhile, Danny Saunders, the Hasidic psychologist, is striving to bring a young acquaintance back from the outer darkness of psychosis by modern therapeutic means. Everything works out fine for everybody. Reuven gets his *smicha* (academic accreditation) from the reluctant Rav Kalman. Danny saves the boy. And there is even a symbolic syncretism of ideas in the marriage between modern Rachel Gordon and Hasidic Danny Saunders. All this should be very interesting, but it isn't. The promise offered by *The Chosen* is not fulfilled by *The Promise*. As shadowy as are the Talmudic penetralia, so shadowy is Reuven himself. If there is any feeling involved in giving up Rachel to his friend Danny, the reader is not made aware of it. If there is any feeling involved in Reuven's opposition to Rav Kalman's purism, it is devoid of fictional dimension. The words fly up, all right, but the spirit stays below.

The barriers keep falling. Now two books are available with photographs that illustrate the act of intercourse: *The Photographic Manual of Sexual Intercourse* (Pent-R Books), by L. R. O'Conner, and *The Picture Book of Sexual Love* (Cyber-type), by Robert L. Harkel. Both represent earnest efforts at instruction and neither can, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered salacious. A comparison of the two is not only inevitable but revealing, since the merits of each volume highlight the failings of the other. The photographs in O'Conner's book, for example, are flatly clinical—using as models a couple (promotional brochures sanctimoniously stress the fact that they are married) who seem bored with the whole business. Harkel's book, on the other hand, has tastefully erotic photographs by Arnold Skolnick, with a feeling of spontaneity in a few that suggests that the young man and woman are actually experiencing sensual pleasure. Unfortunately, the Skolnick photographs fail to illustrate specific positions for intercourse, as in the O'Conner manual, and so the reader is obliged to behold a tangle of arms, legs and bodies impossible to unravel unless the particular position has already been mastered by the reader. Both books leave much to



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# One guy got her on the first try.



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Walter Herstatt, photographer, caught this doll—in just one exposure. Without a flash!

Nice work, if you can get it. You can. With the Yashica Electro 35, the camera that has the revolutionary solid state electronic shutter. It lets you take great color shots in any light by computing the exact exposure in a range of 1/500th to 30 full seconds.

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be desired as far as the writing is concerned. O'Conner, besides being a graceless writer, is simplistic in his thinking ("Are you a frigid woman? A frigid man? Nonsense. There is no such thing. You are sick."). Harkel has a better command of the language, but he is at heart an old double-standard thinker, an advocate of the superior-male philosophy. Yet, both books are capable of teaching a few things to a lot of people. But because they are expensive and not easily available, they will not reach the young men and women who most need reassurance that all nonexploitative variations on the theme of sexual intercourse represent healthy strivings on the part of consensual individuals.

Perhaps the most obtuse line ever devised to cure the public's insatiable curiosity about Greta Garbo was written in a 1932 *Vanity Fair* piece by Clare Boothe Luce, who predicted, "Garbo will be forgotten as a woman in ten years, and as an actress her memory will be dead when Helen Hayes', Lynn Fontanne's and Katharine Cornell's are beginning to grow greenest." A more accurate appraisal of the lady's charisma was offered in a famous 1954 article by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Kenneth Tynan: "What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober." Both remarks are quoted in Norman Zierold's *Garbo* (Stein & Day), the sort of publishing event that will cheer those worshipers who require a new biography of their idol every four or five years, at least. Since all Garbo biographers are severely handicapped by the subject's reticence, which she transmits to her closest associates, there are no fresh revelations to fire the legend, and Zierold is reduced to the humiliating task of repeating familiar stories, naming all the illustrious people he talked to who refused to say a word and, at last, chitchatting about the nameless hordes of New Yorkers who have seen Garbo shopping in Bloomingdale's. Zierold's one insight—and his primary theme—is that Garbo, born Greta Gustafsson, has shrewdly promoted her image as a brooding, mysterious recluse while giddily jetting around with the great and near great of two continents. As celebrity gossip, *Garbo* misses some of the choicest anecdotes about the world's most celebrated lady in retirement. As critical biography—despite an appendix of all the films that few of us would care to remember but for the presence of the luminous Swede—the book is merely bland, lacking Miss Luce's opinionated bitchery and Tynan's swift perception.

Pascal, Kierkegaard, Simone Weil and Tolstoy go a long way toward explaining the sanctification of one of the liveliest journalists of this century. By his own admission, Malcolm Muggeridge is a theological ignoramus and, to judge

from the collection of pieces in *Jesus Rediscovered* (Doubleday), his grasp of history is only slightly firmer than that of a fairly bright college graduate. What he does share with these four luminaries, however, is an unerring nose for cant and a radical distrust of "accepted" ideas. It is for his candor—and his pugnacity—that one enjoys Muggeridge. He endears himself to us because of the people he annoys. For example, to point out, in reference to heart transplants, that only living hearts can be transplanted and that, therefore, the donor cannot be dead in the hitherto accepted sense was enough to incur the ire of the Archbishop of York. Similarly, when Muggeridge made the commonsensical observation that the distribution of free contraceptives is apt to occasion increased sexual promiscuity, he was informed by the Roman Catholic chaplain at the University of Edinburgh that elderly journalists with a gift for invective were not useful allies in maintaining Christian standards. Some of these pieces are rare comedy ("My True Love Hath My Heart" and "Consensianity," the first on heart transplants and the second on the World Council of Churches). Muggeridge's Christianity is another matter. He is a believer in Christ but not in the churches; indeed, he foresees the early demise of institutional Christianity. He is also quite indifferent to dogma; like Kierkegaard, he dismisses as irrelevant any attempt to verify the historicity of Jesus. For him, legend is more relevant and, in that sense, more "factual" than history, which is merely the "propaganda of the victor." Thus, the book of *Genesis* is more prescient than the theory of evolution. Old friends, he tells us, shake their heads over him; old enemies speak of aging lechers. But the sprightly style of a Muggeridge covers a multitude of sins in a journalist, young or old, lecherous or chaste.

The Victorian era has been stereotyped as a time in which hypocrisy prevailed and the flame of human sexuality flickered feebly in the dark. Not so, maintains Ronald Pearsall in *The Worm in the Bud* (Macmillan), a 523-page study of the period. It was a cruelly suppressed and distorted society, symbolized by the corsets women wore, which forced their bodies into unnatural shapes with such brutality that "autopsies often confirmed that livers were nearly sliced in two by overtight lacing." The Victorian strictures on sex had a similar emotional effect on members of the English middle and upper classes. Because their private needs and hungers were contradicted by public attitudes and beliefs about sex, many Victorians struggled desperately to live as they thought normal people should. This lifelong effort to throttle their own drives led, not infrequently, to emotional disintegration

# CRICKETEER PRESENTS 19 THINGS SOMEONE SHOULD GIVE CONSTRUCTIVE THOUGHT TO.

The United States has no tin mines.

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The telephone area code system follows no discernable pattern.

More of Manhattan's one-way avenues run uptown than downtown.

Some psychiatrists claim that constipation is repressed miserliness and a headache is suppressed rage. So what's hayfever?

Are there really schools of albino alligators living in the sewers of New York?

W. C. Fields owned one of the world's largest private libraries of theological works.

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Is this sufficient evidence of a Generals' Plot?

Trial Marriages.

Why is being a woman sufficient grounds to be excused from jury duty in some states?

If the worst thing in the world isn't a warm martini with a hair in it, what is?

What if the first woman President of the U.S.A. gets pregnant in office?

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1972.



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If you think you're lazy, forget it. You're probably a speed demon compared to your pipe tobacco.

and even madness, as in the case of John Ruskin. But Eros in Victorian times had two faces looking in opposite directions. Some men resolved the conflict by cultivating subterranean sex, refining perversions with great skill. And among the poorer classes, sex flourished with a raw, amoral vitality that makes today's sexual revolution seem like a popgun going off in the nursery. Despite Pear-  
sall's proclivity for clichés, his cool, detailed chronicle makes history come alive and portrays authentic and recognizable human beings not much different from ourselves. By contrast, *The Memoirs of an Erotic Bookseller* (Grove), by Armand Cop-  
pens, ostensibly a true account of a Bel-  
gian bookdealer's traffic in pornography, proves to be a witless exercise in self-  
expression by a man who probably  
knows how to read but certainly not how  
to write. Going through his memoirs is  
like looking at an atrocious amateur  
photographer's family album; few of the  
subjects were worth photographing and  
all the pictures are out of focus.

If ever a book deserved to be called dirty, it's *Life on Man* (Viking), by Dr. Theodor Rosebury. Bacteriologist Rosebury goes beyond sex to write about the last of the taboo topics: human excretion. In dealing with what must surely rank as one of the most unpromising subjects imaginable, Dr. Rosebury achieves a near miracle. His book is a delight. With wry humor and flawless taste, he takes the reader on a journey that at first seems to be merely a fascinating and instructive exploration of the invisible world of the microbes that live in and on man's body. But gradually, the author zeroes in on the specimen he is really after—not man's microbes but man himself. He reveals a creature who is profoundly self-deceived and desper-  
ately intent on denying the truth about the organs of his body, how they function and what they produce. Man, how-  
ever, has not always been so alienated from his biological nature; and Dr. Rosebury draws on science, history and literature to document a curious evolution—from natural primitivism to unnatural civilization. The idea of dirt as earth is replaced by the idea of dirt as filth; and by failing to discriminate between dirt and disease, modern man cuts himself off from a true understanding of the world of nature. To Dr. Rosebury, nothing that is natural—and not diseased—can be obscene. Obscenity lies in the perver-  
sion of biological truth by social manipu-  
lators. "Is it you who 'offend' or the adman who offends against you? Is it the healthy body . . . or the exhalations of automobiles and smokestacks? Is it the 'obscenities' hurled by unarmed civilians or the swinging night sticks and billowing nausea gas of helmeted and masked police? Is it normal microbes or pervert-  
ed men?" *Life on Man* argues for a

rejection of hypocrisy: uninhibited use of all honest Anglo-Saxon words, unembarrassed acceptance of all our natural functions and an end to the cult of cleanliness. To any collector of graffiti, a new phrase can be suggested: DR. THEODOR ROSEBURY DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT FOR MR. CLEAN.

In May and June, 1968, an ominous event took place—the trial in Federal Court in Boston of five men on the charge of engaging in a "continuing conspiracy to aid, abet and counsel violations of the Selective Service Act." They were Dr. Benjamin Spock, Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin, writer Mitchell Goodman, graduate student Michael Ferber and Marcus Raskin, a codirector of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D. C. These were five among many adults opposed to the war in Vietnam who also felt it their responsibility to support any young man who had decided to resist the draft. The importance of the trial was the use by the United States Government of the vague language of a conspiracy statute to punish present dissent and to inhibit future dissent—or so the accused and their supporters saw it. Nonetheless, except in *The Washington Post* and a very few other places, coverage of the trial was sketchy. For the general reader, this defect in the historical record has now been admirably remedied by Jessica Mitford's *The Trial of Dr. Spock* (Knopf). Swiftly, lucidly and with mordant wit, she fills in the individual backgrounds of the five defendants, the context of active resistance to the war, the genesis of the Government's decision to act against "the Boston Five" and the cramped events of the trial itself, at which four of the five defendants were found guilty. In analytic narrative and in interviews with many of the major figures, including some members of the jury, Jessica Mitford has placed this trial in animated perspective. In July of this year, the Federal Court of Appeals reversed the convictions of the four who were found guilty, but ruled that Coffin and Goodman would have to stand trial again. One of the three judges on that Court of Appeals, Judge Frank Coffin (no relation), dissented, insisting that all the defendants should have been wholly acquitted. "No one, I take it," he warned, "supposes that this will be the last attempt by the Government to use the conspiracy weapon. The Government has cast a wide net and caught only two fish. . . . There is the greater danger that the casting of the net has scared away many whom the Government had no right to catch."

When Billy Tully, a broken-down boxer, stops in a bar to eat a pickled pig's foot accompanied by a glass of port wine, you can be sure that Leonard Gardner, the author of *Fat City* (Farrar,



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Straus & Giroux), didn't just make up Tully or that meal. It is the quality of total, intimate, multidimensional knowledge of people and places that gives his first novel its impact. In the flophouse hotels, skid-row bars and basement gyms of Stockton, California, the lives of Tully and a would-be fighter named Ernie Munger intersect for a brief, pathetic time. Under the aegis of a well-meaning but barely competent manager, Tully essays a comeback and Munger tries to start a ring career. In a series of searing scenes—a fighter's dressing room in a seedy arena, clumsy lovemaking on a river levee, a backbreaking day of farm labor—author Gardner lays his people's lives open to the bone. Like characters in some club-circuit Greek tragedy, Tully and Munger struggle for their manhood against what they dimly sense is the bleak destiny ordained for them by whatever gods may be. What redeems them—though they cannot ever win in life—is the indestructibility of their delusions. Gardner's tough prose, sometimes as jolting as a left jab, makes vivid both men's dreams and the dusty drabness into which they are crushed by reality.

In order to pry out the truths of an American Presidential campaign, the good reporter has to be a spy. He ought to be invisible. Unfortunately, Theodore H. White blew his cover long ago. Now when he comes along, the politicians are ready for him, playing to him, perhaps even using him. Or so it seems from *The Making of the President 1968* (Atheneum). The Robert Finch episode is one example. White's book created a news break by reporting that Finch had actually been Nixon's first choice as Vice-President. Finch, fearing a cry of political nepotism, refused. Hence, the selection of Agnew—according to White. Now consider the version in *An American Melodrama—The Presidential Campaign of 1968* (Viking), by three bright young Englishmen, Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson and Bruce Page, whose cover stayed intact throughout the operation. They assert that Agnew was in Nixon's mind as early as June. "John Sears, Nixon's delegate reconnaissance man, subsequently told us that Nixon finally decided on Agnew ten days before the convention." Thus, the possibility suggests itself that the Finch story was handed exclusively to Teddy White. Why? Well, how could it hurt if it came out six months after the Inauguration (from a best-selling source) that Finch, a liberal, had always been Nixon's first choice? That just might succor the liberals of the country at a time when they needed to be succored (suckered?). The forgotten man of 1968, Hubert Humphrey, is the only one of the central political figures who is covered with more depth by White than by the three Englishmen. In a demonstration of group journalism at its best, Messrs. Chester,

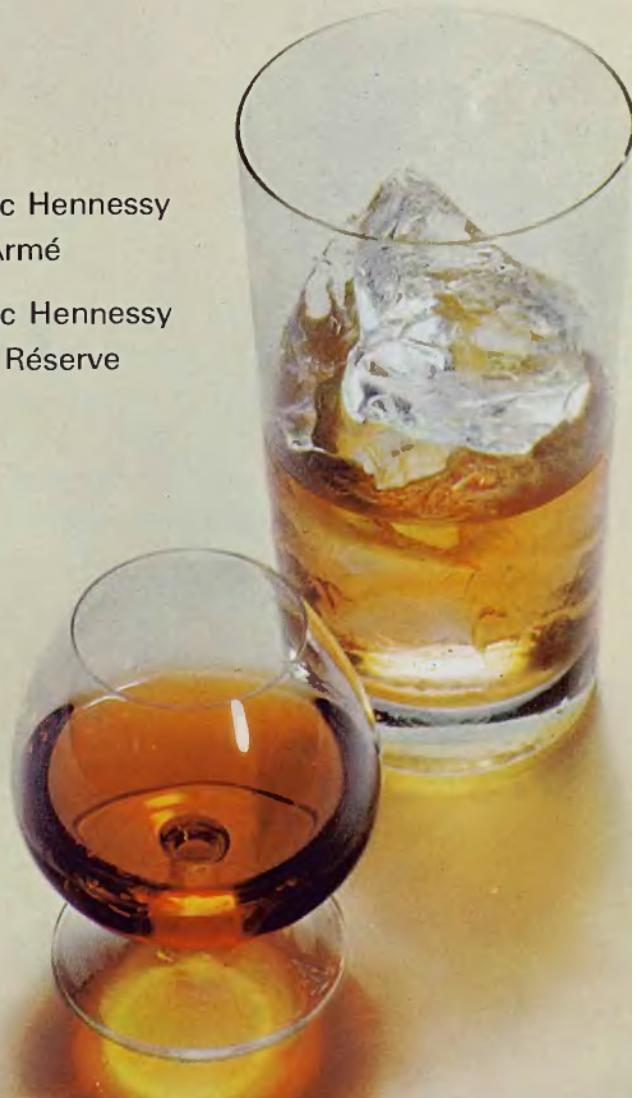


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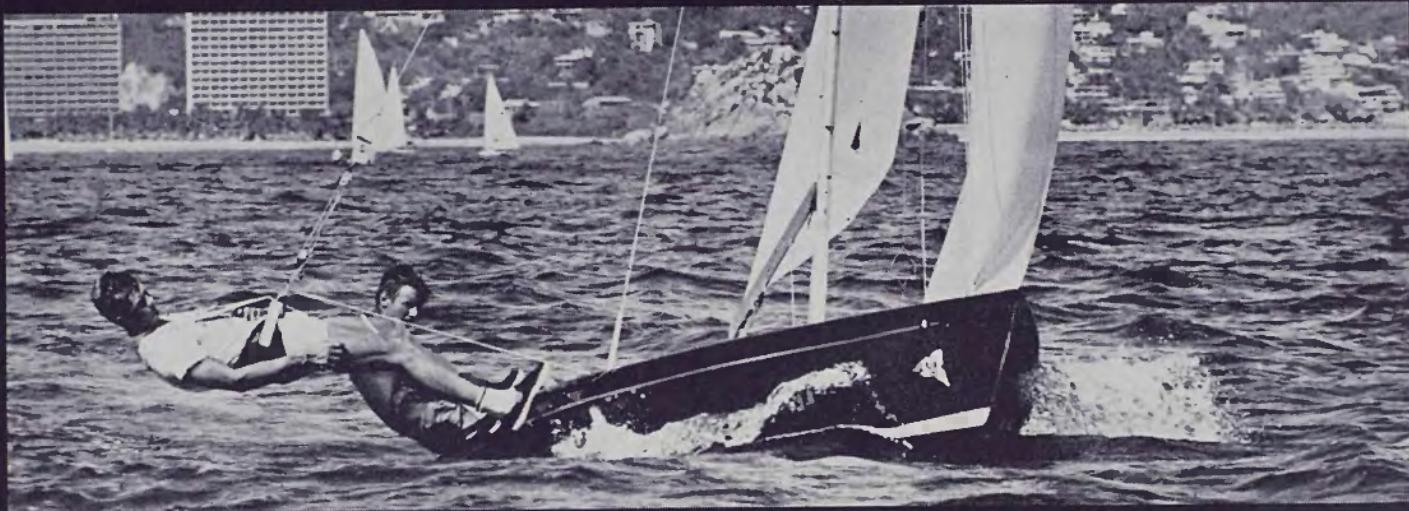


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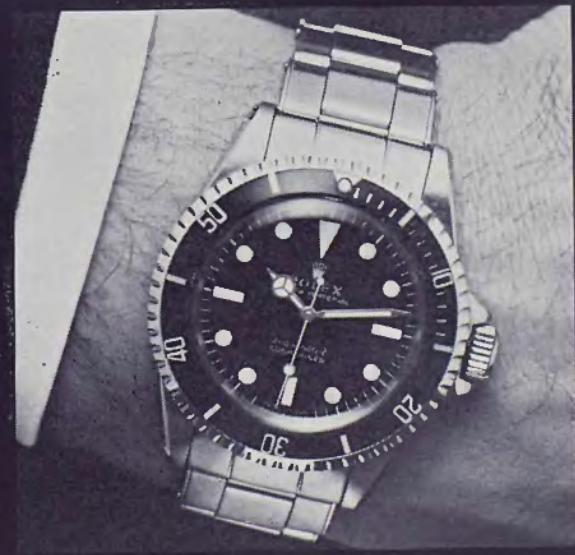
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Hodgson and Page outdo White on all other fronts—in their dissection of the candidates, the issues and the mood gripping the American public during the tumultuous year. Part of Teddy White's problem is that he seems constitutionally unable to say a bad word about any of the leading actors in the 1968 psycho-drama. He even took notes dutifully as Nixon's TV man, Frank Shakespeare (now head of USIA), explained how it was decided to show Nixon "spontaneously, with no rehearsal, in a serious posture, with a mixed bag of questions, letting him get down to that one-to-one approach where he is more relaxed, and which is what TV is all about." This does not exactly square with what we saw of those Nixon panel shows staged after the nomination, which were about as spontaneous as a George Wallace smile. Nor does it square with Joe McGinniss' account of the Nixon campaign in his sassy book, *The Selling of the President 1968* (Trident). McGinniss was the most successful spy of them all. The Nixon people, in a colossal suspension of judgment, took McGinniss, an ex-Philadelphia newspaper columnist, to be one of them. They provided him with personal staff memos, let him sit behind the scenes at TV productions and permitted him to listen in on indiscreet conversations. The result is a hilarious *Nixon Confidential*.

An imaginative writer on the processes of youth, psychoanalyst Erik Erikson (*Young Man Luther, Identity: Youth and Crisis*) has achieved a remarkable synthesis of psychoanalysis and history in *Gandhi's Truth* (Norton). The book is a challenging examination of multiple themes—"the origins of militant nonviolence" (its subtitle); the responsibilities and dynamics of middle age; the nature of charisma; and the affinities between Gandhi's "truth force" and "the insights of modern psychology." Erikson has chosen as the focal point of his study an event that took place in 1918 in the industrial Indian city of Ahmedabad. It was there that Gandhi, involved in a labor dispute between textile workers and millowners, first used in India—in an intensive, disciplined way—the nonviolence that was to make him a national leader. Erikson goes further back to explore Gandhi's initial experiments with civil disobedience in South Africa, and he is enlightening about Indian cultural and psychological modes of thought and behavior. Rigorously, though with generosity of spirit, Erikson underlines fundamental contradictions in Gandhi's life and thought. But he ends by plumbing the essence of the continuing potential in what has been taught us by this "Indian man engaged in politics but aspiring to sainthood." In a too-short summing up, building on psychoanalysis and animal behavior as well as on



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Gandhian precepts, Erikson has written what is surely the prolog to another book in which he will try to demonstrate how man can eventually transcend tribal, regional and racial "pseudospeciation" and finally recognize that "mankind is one species." Obviously, man is not yet capable of an "all-human identity"; but if this condition is ever achieved, a primary precursor will have been Gandhi. And for an understanding of that man, Erik Erikson's *Gandhi's Truth* is indispensable.

**Waiting for the News** (Doubleday) is the second book by Leo Litwak, a writer who has been much praised for stories, reportage and his first book. This one gives him an important place among the writers of his generation. It's an intense, grinding and relentless story of hope and revenge, based firmly on the reality of labor wars and family struggle. Elements of the stories of Oedipus and Jimmy Hoffa have been paradoxically linked: There are blindness and family longing, and there are fat-rumped racketeers sloping over their stools in the Cream of Michigan, a Detroit hangout for mobsters, murderers for hire and murderers for fun. Women crawl and grovel, sons howl and cringe, the world turns toward war—and Litwak's strict prose keeps these matters in proportion, unpretty and uncomplaining. The novel gives a vivid sense of growing up in that time just before World War Two, not through nostalgic recollection but through a strongly knit tale; and it tells the gritty and somber side of the labor battles of those days. It does this, without doctrine or theory, by means of story and, therefore, has deep meaning, in more ways than one. Men disappear into concrete or into a lake—or into sulky self-indulgence—and the differences are made clear. It's a unique achievement to have distilled the experience of labor wars into a pattern that is both original and classic, devoid of bitterness but with strong feeling, with a deep desire for a decent world and an unflinching regard for the world that actually exists. *Waiting* is strongly masculine and melodramatic in tone. Its truth value is high and its staying power will be considerable.

Twenty-seven of Alberto Moravia's more recent short stories, all penned without frills or flourishes, have been collected in *Command, and I Will Obey You* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). PLAYBOY readers will recognize four of the lean, hard tales as having first appeared in these pages.

## DINING-DRINKING

Four wise (and young and hustling) men of Manhattan—Al Stillman, Ben Benson, Ernie Kalman and Larry Horton—are slowly, inexorably and profit-

ably arranging the days of the week to program maximum pleasure for New York's easily bored young singles and doubles. First to open was *Friday's*, a make-out bar *d'estime*; then *Thursday's*, a class restaurant that avoids being vulgarly "classy," then *Wednesday's*, an underground version of Copenhagen's Tivoli and, most recently, *Tuesday's*, where patrons wax nostalgic over the Good Old Days that ended before they were born. *Friday's* (1152 First Avenue), the "swinging singles" bar that started off the rearranged calendar, serves some food but specializes in draft beer. On Sunday, *Friday's* serves a champagne brunch for \$2.50, and the waiters and bartenders all change into clean Rugby shirts in honor of the occasion. *Thursday's* (334 East 73rd Street) strikes a more serious note, with first-rate Continental cuisine and moderate to high prices. The decor leans a bit too heavily in the direction of alienated chic, but don't let the stainless-steel and black walls get you down. The food is good and the service is not only prompt and precise but downright friendly. *Thursday's* features some very Babylonian desserts; but after the main course, you may be just as happy to try a piece of their strawberry custard pie, which is absurdly delicious. Open for dinner only. You should, of course, make reservations. Moving on back through our reversed week, we come to *Wednesday's* (210 East 86th Street), where the whole concept is a stunner: It's a huge MGM musical set of a European village, with the prerequisite cafés, shops, promenades and all the other trimmings stretching through a block-long basement. The dancing areas and the eateries are set off by authentic street lamps that once helped keep Gramercy Park mugger-free. A bandstand with plaster cupids is at the far end of a village square. Fanning out on either side are: The Garden of Bucci, an Italian café in stuccoed arches; The Cellar Door, an English pub serving breads, cheeses and wines of all sorts; Louie's Seafood Bar, which offers shrimps, crab fingers and lobsters in a bucket; Jeudi's, a dimly lit den finished in Jean-Luc Godard stainless steel; and Harry's American Bar, where you can eat a \$1.50 hamburger under Tiffany lamp shades and feel like an expatriate. You and your date can also meander across the square to the penny arcade and fool with *Wednesday's* bowling machine, computer quiz games and nickelodeons, or put a penny into a "movie-star machine" for an autographed picture of Vera Hruba Ralston. As for *Tuesday's* (190 Third Avenue), it's the kind of musty moosehead joint that Evelyn ("The Girl on the Red Velvet Swing") Nesbit might have frequented after a hard day of testifying at the murder trial of her husband, Harry K. Thaw. In fact, *Tuesday's* has its own red-velvet



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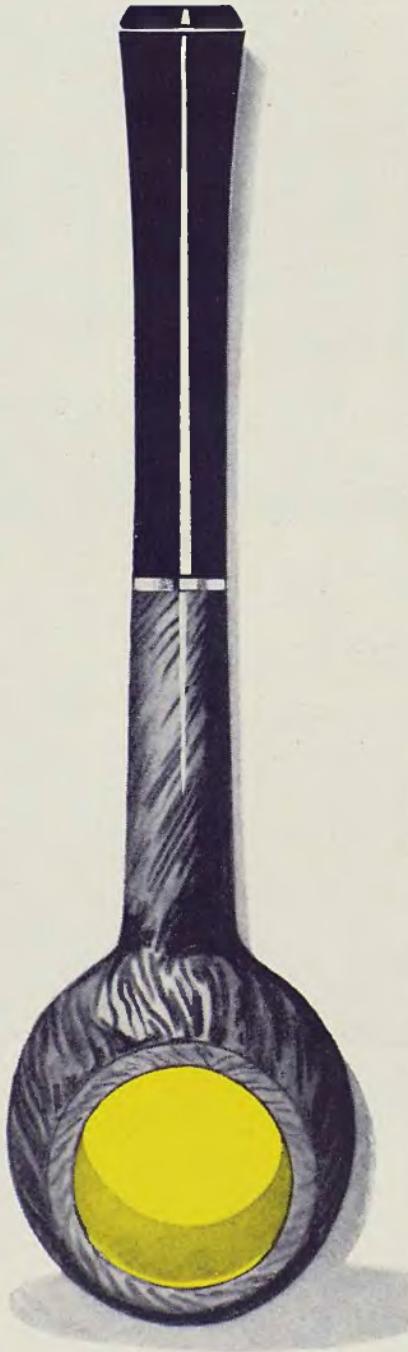
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## MOVIES

Italy's formidable Federico Fellini directed the final segment of *Spirits of the Dead*, a three-part omnibus film based on stories from Edgar Allan Poe. Leaving Poe to the mercies of a motley Franco-Italo-American crew is the sort of inspiration that springs forth, soaked in Campari, when international film folk linger too long at café tables on the Via Veneto. All the same, Fellini's sequence is memorable, a cinematic tour de force titled *Toby Dammit* (or, in stumbling translation, *Never Bet the Devil Your Head*) and starring England's Terence Stamp as drunken movie star Toby, who travels to Rome to play a Christlike character in a religious western. Freely adapted for Fellini's high purposes, the tale is a neat put-on of films and filming, celebrity cults and social disorder, combined with a horrific sketch of Satan as a blonde, leering child who looks like Alice in Wonderland and bounces a large white ball across the actor's path while she contrives to relieve him of his head. Fellini here creates a nether world so richly fantastic and so entirely his own that one surrenders to it without question and gets hooked fast on a hypnotic performance by Stamp, who can stack this against anything he has ever done. The remainder of *Spirits* is amateur night compared with the Fellini-Stamp showpiece. In *Metzengerstein*, director Roger Vadim casts his wife, Jane Fonda, opposite her brother, Peter, and wraps her in a number of outrageously campy medieval costumes to flesh out a yarn filled with burning barns, galloping steeds and fiery sexual symbolism. It seems to have been patched together with rejected footage from *Barbarella*. Writer-director Louie Malle's dubbed version of the Poe classic *William Wilson* goes awry, too—with Alain Delon as the tormented sinner who ultimately slays his alter ego and Brigitte Bardot as a girl who gambles her favors in a game of cards. With Malle manhandling the suspense, both performers run out of luck. Malle's piece is leagues ahead of Vadim's erotic *juvenilia*, but still only a curtain raiser for the master, Fellini.

Rich in texture and so headily spiced with erotic adventure that one can al-

most inhale the stuff, *Justine* is superb movie entertainment, a pop classic all the way, though it will undoubtedly appall readers who consider Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* to be one of the great literary achievements of the century. To do absolute justice to Durrell would require a complex four-decker film, each with a different hero or heroine dominating the author's investigation into the nature of modern love and diplomatic intrigue, as practiced by some fascinating characters whose destinies collide in Alexandria, Egypt, circa 1938. Adapter Lawrence B. Marcus and veteran director George Cukor wisely chose to preserve the sense of mystery and excitement, unfolding an exotic tapestry without pausing to disentangle every thread of plot, and topping it all with Anouk Aimée in the title role—a smoky presence who need only flick an eyelash to establish her identity as a swinging soul sister to the ancient queens of Byzantium. As Durrell's provocative Egyptian Jewess, a "sexual turnstile" who dallies with a number of distinguished men while she and her husband (John Vernon) are smuggling arms into British-held Palestine, she is perfectly cast. Well aware that Durrell called *Quartet* "a big-city poem," Cukor uses modern Tunis and its splendid environs as stand-in for the teeming Alexandria of three decades ago—a mosaic of gilded palaces, voluptuous carnivals, dens of iniquity, back alleys, seascapes, muddy estates along the Nile, seedy meeting places for passionate strangers and, in one bizarre sequence, a bordello employing child prostitutes. A viewer who tries to catch every nuance of sociopolitical chicanery will find *Justine* elliptical at times, but may nonetheless be seduced by it, like the Englishman Darley (strongly played by Michael York), that "sensitive young poet trying to cope with a city that has come to terms with human obscenity." Playing familiar roles in a superlative supporting cast are: George Baker as Mountolive and Severn Darden as Balthazar, both removed to the periphery of the tale; Dirk Bogarde, brilliant as the ill-fated Pursewarden, whose woes include an incestuous attachment to his blind sister; France's Philippe Noiret, in rare fettle as the blundering Pomial; and Auna Karina as the sickly belly dancer, Melissa, puffing hashish, ruefully selling herself and often threatening to walk away with the picture, even in this accomplished company. While *Justine*'s virtues hearken back to an old tradition of melodramatic moviemaking, they deserve our gratitude for keeping that tradition intact.

Before seeing *Alice's Restaurant*, directed and co-authored by Arthur (Bonnie and Clyde) Penn, moviegoers who are out of touch with the pop-music



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scene should listen to Arlo Guthrie's long-playing record hit of 1967, *Alice's Restaurant Massacre*. On the disc, a shrewd folk monolog that begins and ends with the doggerel title song, Guthrie describes one memorable Thanksgiving Day visit with some flower people who owned a restaurant and lived in an abandoned church in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Before the day is out, Arlo is arrested for littering, clapped into jail and subsequently convicted—thereby acquiring a police record that comes in handy when he is called to be examined for the draft. You can read all about it in this issue, *Alice and Ray and Yesterday's Flowers*, on page 120. On film, all the original material retains at least a trace of its quirky charm (because the movie was shot in Stockbridge, with Guthrie playing himself, as does William Obanhein, the celebrated Chief Obie, who made the pinch in the great litterbug scandal). Though less than an actor, Guthrie is certainly a contender as the most disarmingly oddball movie hero of our time, his face a map of the open road, creased by a childlike grin and surrounded by kinky shoulder-length curls. More's the pity that Penn, who had a lot going for him, chose to compromise the easy impudence of Guthrie's ballad by using it as the springboard to a sad little soap opera (set to a pleasant country-music score). Penn devotes several sequences to the death of Arlo's father, the late Woody Guthrie—a name writ large in the pantheon of American folk song—from a disease known as Huntington's chorea. The rest of the film explores the hapless existence of Alice and Ray (played with hearty good humor by Pat Quinn and James Broderick), a hippie couple whose efforts to establish a community of kindred souls are as disheartening as their venture into the restaurant business. Alice's infidelities complicate life, for she tends to be distracted from home cooking by attractive males who use her church as a crash pad. Her particular weakness is for a straightened-out junkie (Michael McClanathan) whose relapse and death take the edge off everyone's illusions about freedom and joy. *Alice's Restaurant* is two movies in one, so unnaturally grafted that it is impossible to like both of them. Admirers of Guthrie may respond on principle to the film's apparent acceptance of free love, anti-war protests and marijuana; but a closer look will reveal that Penn subtly patronizes his hippie characters, commenting on their strange clothes and tribal rituals, rather than joining the celebration. (Persons impelled to try the dishes served at the famous restaurant are directed to *Alice's Restaurant Cookbook* [Random House], wherein the original Alice Brock sets forth her down-home recipes in funky style. We don't guarantee the

cuisine, but Alice comes across as good people.)

A year or so ago, a fine thing happened to Charlton Heston on the way to the Forum. Shucking sandals and toga, he teamed up with writer-director Tom Gries to deliver the performance of his career in a dandy western called *Will Penny*. This season, Heston and Gries almost do it again, each putting his best foot forward with *Number One*—the story of a jockstrapping star quarterback, aged 40, who begins to drink a lot and chase around a little as he nears the end of his career in pro football. The question is, will big "Cat" Catlan quit the league while he's still a sometime winner, or play out his aching muscles and fading luck as long as they last? There's not much more to the plot than that, but Heston brings crisp intelligence to his role as the hung-up middle-aged hero who starts looking back and wondering whether the best years of his life were all that good. Filming in and around New Orleans, on and off the field with the New Orleans Saints—whose players add some authentic team spirit—director Gries (abetted by scenarist David Moessinger) casts a critical eye on the world of big-time professional sports. The men who really love the game, or need it for ego support, are used up and thrown away, while the smart ones go into computer programming or invest in an auto dealership. In the case of *Number One*, life is complicated by problems at home with a glossy wife (Jessica Walter) who prefers a career in fashion to being a football widow, and spends too much time whipping up yardage with her faggot friends. One complaint: Haven't we had enough of the helicopter ending—that long, long receding shot at a climactic moment, when the airborne camera moves up, up and away into the cosmos?

Peter Falk, during his latest outing as a cynical sergeant in *World War Two*, leans toward an unidentified sound and asks, "Did you hear a scream—a woman, or an eagle or a world coming to an end?" That sort of talk is spread out wall to wall in *Castle Keep*, which begins as a macabre anti-war comedy, a fairy tale sprinkled liberally with four-letter words, and ends in a barrage of pretentiously poetic pieties. To speak the eternal verities—beauty vs. destruction and all that—Patrick O'Neal plays a famous art historian, one of a handful of American GIs billeted in a Tenth Century Belgian castle in the Ardennes Forest. The time is winter, 1944. Hitler's troops are moving up fast, yet virtually every Yank takes time out to dramatize the hypothesis that men (well, Americans, at any rate) instinctively choose the vagaries of life over the certainties of death. One soldier becomes hopelessly enamored of a captured Volkswagen; several

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others opt for the more conventional pleasures of a baroque whorehouse in the nearest village; and Falk moves right in with the local baker's wife (because bread is life, or something like that). Meanwhile, back at the castle, an impotent French nobleman (Jean-Pierre Aumont) shares his wife (lissome Astrid Heeren) with the American major, indolently played by Burt Lancaster in a black eye patch. Based on a novel by William Eastlake, *Castle Keep* was filmed in Yugoslavia, where a real castle and a sizable Belgian village were constructed, then blown to smithereens in a surrealistic battle scene.

Freshman director Bernard (*Krakatoa, East of Java*) Kowalski attempts a complete change of pace in *Stiletto*, adapted from the Harold Robbins novel about love and lust in the Mafia. As the professional killer who discovers that an occasional knifing acts as a stimulant to his sex life, laconic Alex Cord is blade smooth. He'd have to be, to cut through the psychological thicket of his role as an ordinary Sicilian kid who beats a rape charge in his youth, and owes an open-end debt to the Mafia chieftain (Joseph Wiseman) who saved him and set him up in Manhattan as an importer of luxurious foreign cars. Thoroughly enjoying his penthouse, his swimming pool, his triumphs in racing and his women (blonde Britt Ekland and black-is-beautiful singer Barbara McNair), it's small wonder that Cord decides he would like to sever his Mafia ties and settle respectably into the jet set. Thus, the hit man himself becomes a mark, pursued by an unknown gunman and an embittered detective (Patrick O'Neal again) from the glittering top of Manhattan to luxury resorts in Puerto Rico. Director Kowalski, saddled with a script that is plainly headed nowhere in particular in search of some plausible violence for the climax, helps *Stiletto* get there with considerable dash and style. Grabbliest scene is a showdown between Barbara and members of the Mafia's Harlem franchise, who make the Panthers look like tame tabbies.

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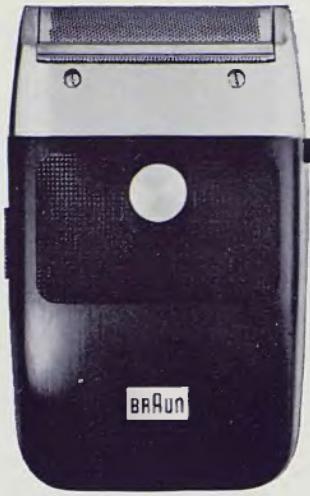
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For aesthetic tastes, Garbo's *Camille* remains the definitive movie version of the 1848 potboiler by Alexandre Dumas. For lustier appetites, or moviegoers who merely crave an occasional slumming expedition, *Camille 2000* changes the time from then to now, the place from *La Belle Paris* to decadent modern Rome, which appears to be crawling with refugees from a dream sequence filmed by Fellini (see *Camille Turns On*, in PLAYBOY's May 1969 issue, for specific examples of how to uncover a period piece). Sultry Danièle Gaubert portrays Marguerite Gautier, the celebrated courtesan. Danièle has a marvelously sensual mouth and a photogenic torso—at its best when her flesh tones are the only

44



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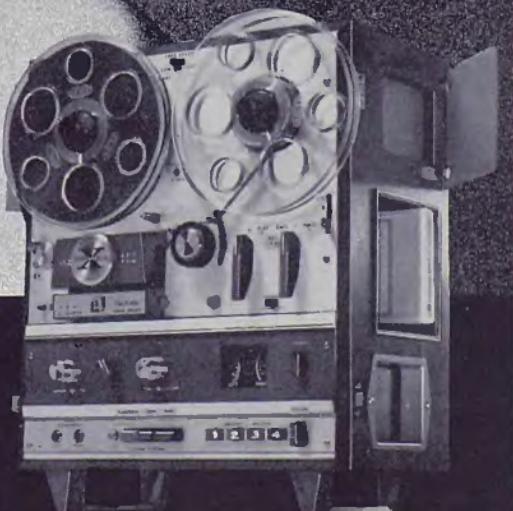
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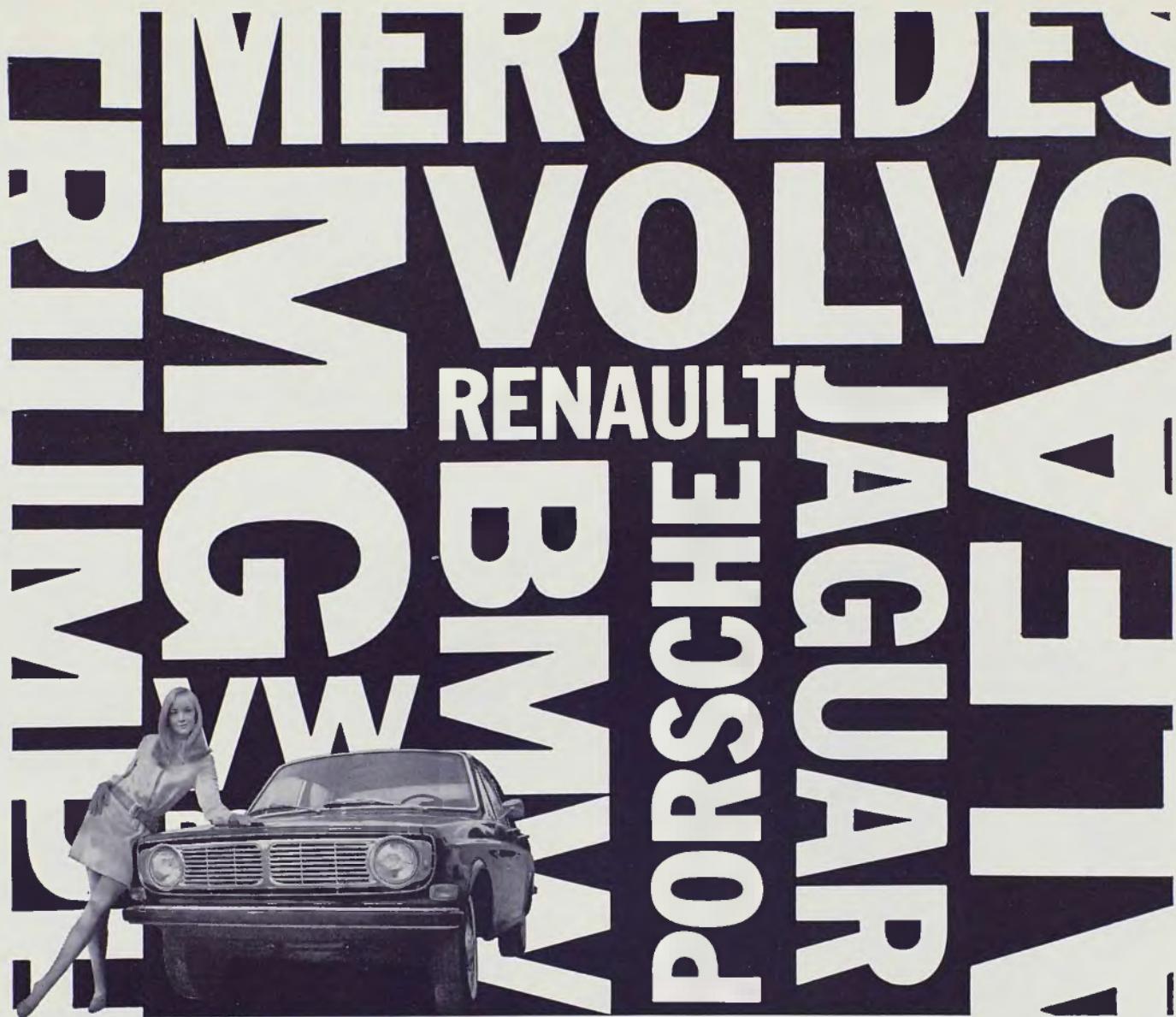
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color in a roomful of mirrors, see-through sheets and an inflatable clear-plastic bed. The wild environment inspires some fairly stirring peephole art. Camille and her nude lover, Armand (Nino Castelnuovo), in sitting position on an illuminated plastic cube is an image that lingers if you'll let it—and demonstrates conclusively that U.S. producer-director Radley Metzger (*Therese and Isabelle*) has an eye for eye-catching erotica. Less can be said for the quality of the dialog in a Metzger work, which ranges from mock-literary archaisms ("The hills are covered with the bodies of men she has ruined") to outright guttersnipy. Sometimes the latter is rudely amusing. Stewig about a rival and a former lover, Camille says, "She gave him the clap." To which a jaded friend replies, "Nobody's perfect."

A smashingly beautiful English girl (Jacqueline Bisset) arrives at a château in the French countryside, pretending to be the daughter of a long-lost wartime compatriot because the master of the house is loath to introduce her as his mistress. It's France, of course, so the truth is soon known to the philanderer's wife, his grown son and everybody but a ten-year-old orphaned nephew (Jean-François Maurin) who falls madly in love with the visitor—because she reminds him of his late mother. Although the dialog is in English, *Secret World* has a decidedly French manner—one of those small, delicately phrased dramas that glides from nuance to nuance and seldom speaks above a whisper. Under director Robert Freeman, even the camera behaves like an eavesdropping conspirator, moving upstairs and down, around corners, taking its time, pausing over the fine provincial decor with confidence that the natural pressure of circumstances will bring out every human problem in due course. Freeman's method commands a certain respect despite the absence of dramatic fireworks, just as Jacqueline's exquisite presence makes a viewer believe that a troubled lad might easily succumb to her charms while he is still on the shy side of puberty.

*The Rain People* is yet another promising movie by writer-director Francis Ford Coppola, whose work from film to film shows signs of perpetual promise never quite fulfilled. While trying to find himself, Coppola is interested in people who want to find *themselves*—which would be fine if he could resist having his lost souls—"rain people"—define their condition with lines such as, "Rain people are people made of rain, and when they cry they disappear altogether, because they cry themselves away." When it isn't mired in such philosophical shallows, *Rain People* shows spurts of wayward vitality, particularly in the performance of Shirley Knight as



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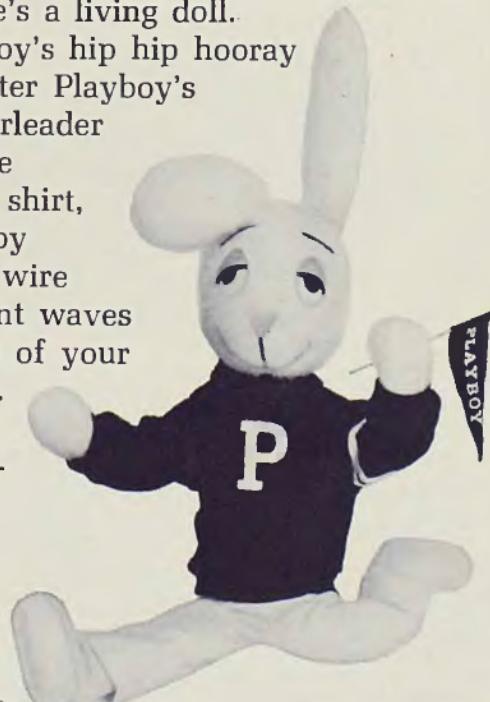
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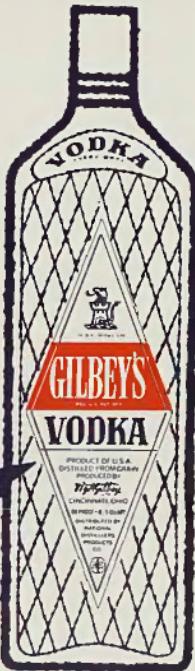
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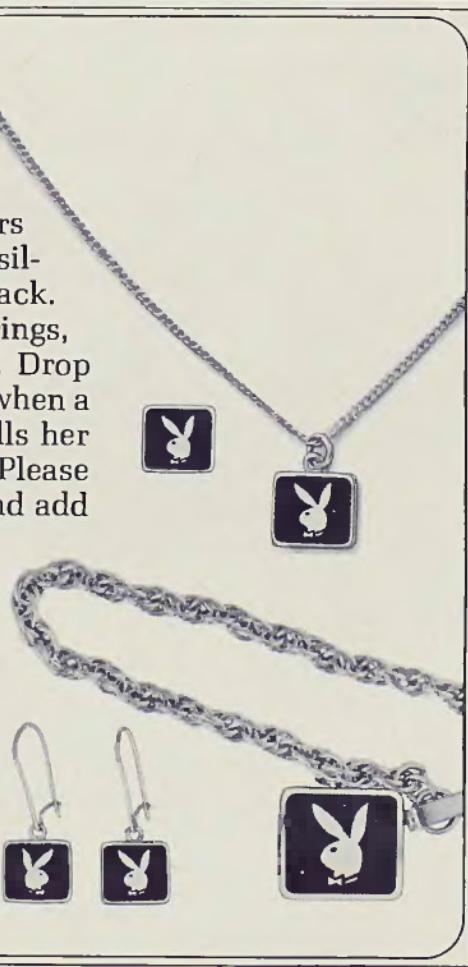
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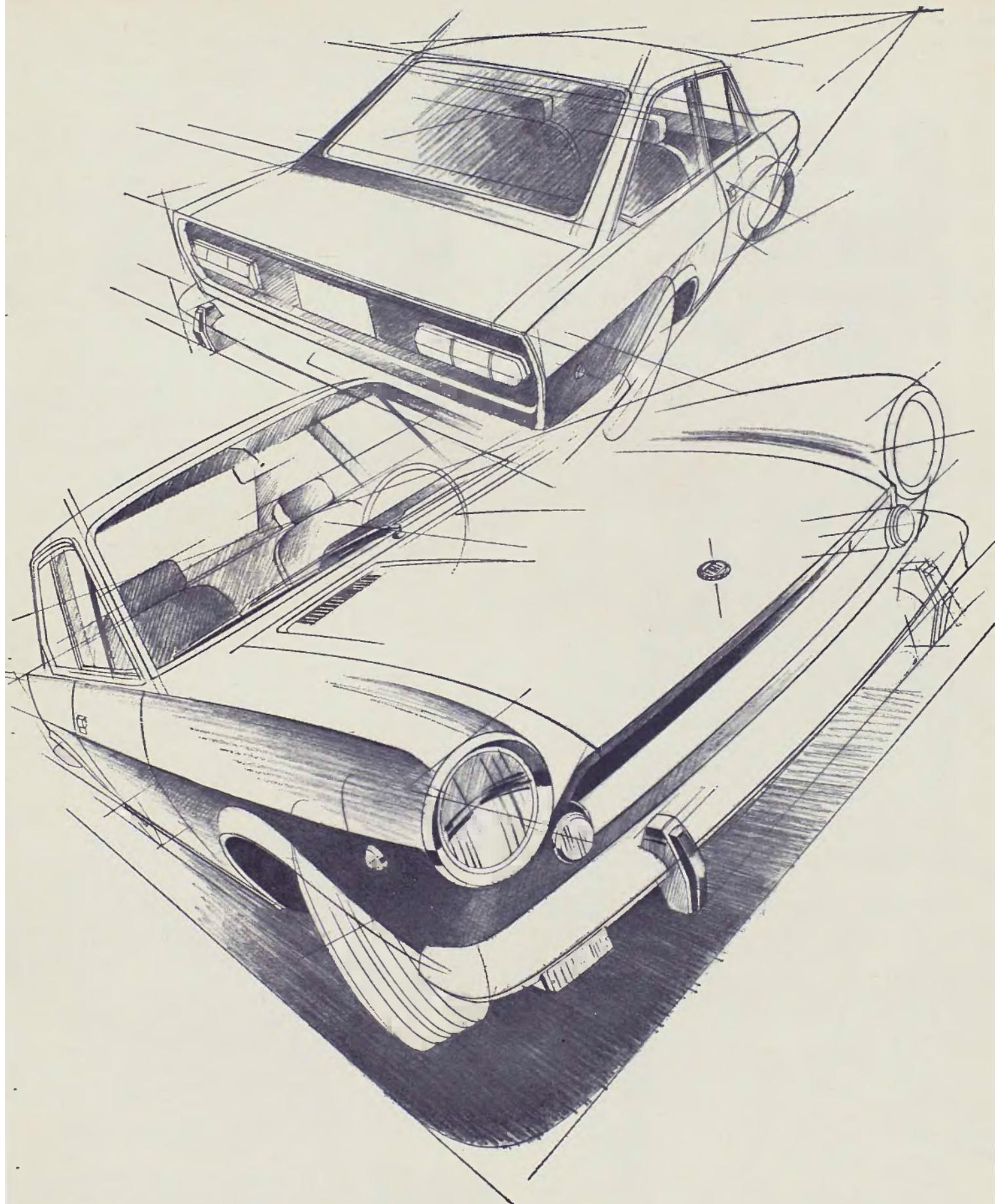
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a pregnant Long Island housewife, so desperately frustrated in the search for self that she climbs into the family station wagon and undertakes an American odyssey, heading toward the Pennsylvania Turnpike and points west. En route, amid fine location shooting, she picks up a traveling companion, a former college-football hero (James Caan) who wears a silver plate in his skull as the result of an injury that left him somewhat feeble-minded. Before her search comes to a disastrous halt, she also tries making it with a horny traffic cop (Robert Duvall) whom she encounters out in the Great Midwest. Duvall is ballsy in his minor role, Caan arresting but shackled by an underdeveloped part, though both make excellent foils for Shirley, who says all that need be said about the kind of girl who has nursed her neurotic compulsions through years of unsuccessful therapy. Whether Coppola intends to characterize his *Rain People* as victims of society or simply as their own worst enemies is a well-kept secret of the scenario, which dwells on swift flashbacks, erratic intercutting and all the modern mannerisms that pass for "new cinema."

Setting up Madison Avenue in black-face as a target for satire saps the energy of *Putney Swope*, which is recklessly advertised as "the truth and soul movie." In fact, it's a sophomoric effort designed to tickle the hell out of audiences willing to bend over blackward. A black cat named Swope (gravel-throated Arnold Johnson) takes charge of a mammoth advertising agency, hales in a black brother to shake things up and, finally, without meaning to, makes the point that all establishment institutions are essentially damaging as well as idiotic. In other words, the system cannot be saved by an account exec of another color. Nor can a black comedy be saved by the obvious switch of putting whites into inferior roles as harassed parlormaids and messengers. The funniest bits in *Putney Swope* are the spoofs of TV commercials—an integrated couple plugging skin creams in Central Park, a black workingman muttering profanities over his breakfast cereal—and some lighthearted obscenity concerning an agency eccentric known as Sonny, whose misdeeds provoke a flood of interoffice communications ("He exposed himself on *The Dating Game*"). But writer-director Robert Downey, who in the past has improvised such impudent underground movies as *No More Excuses*, mostly thrashes at his subject with the frantic zaniness of an amateur, shooting any old thing any old way, and to hell with pace, timing and polished performances. A hilarious statement about black power is no doubt possible, but Downey misses it this time.

U. S. A., 1968, provides the backdrop for *Medium Cool*, with scenes filmed in a



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Los Angeles hotel kitchen, in Appalachia, in Washington, D. C.'s Resurrection City and in Chicago during the bloody Democratic Convention riots. Movies have taken to firming up their fiction with hard facts, and *Medium Cool* relies on documentary footage to quicken a drama that is unique, uneven, eye-grabbing and, in its special way, triumphant. The up-to-the-minute method of the film is to pluck out the livid thread of violence in American life and weave it through the sensibility of a Chicago-based TV news cameraman. It is a method pursued with high intelligence and originality by writer-director Haskell Wexler, making his debut behind the megaphone after a string of notable successes as a Hollywood cinematographer (capped by *In the Heat of the Night* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, for which he took home an Oscar). Wexler's hero (Robert Forster) is initially a less than sympathetic character, serious about his work but often insensitive to the deeper human truths in the events he covers. At the scene of an accident, he photographs a female victim in the carnage, before phoning for an ambulance. Wexler sees the violence in virtually everything, even a boisterous nude love scene between the cameraman and one of his steady lays (Marianna Hill), a nurse who is turned on sexually by watching bruisers at the Roller Derby. *Medium Cool* blows a bit of its own in trying to relate large social issues to the photographer's affair with a penny-plain deserted wife from Appalachia, who is living in the slums of South Side Chicago with her young son. As the lonely woman, busty Verna Bloom plays to perfection opposite Forster, who comes on like a latter-day John Garfield. (PLAYBOY readers will note that Playmate China Lee has a role in the film.) Despite the photographer's assignment to the convention amphitheater, the tragedy that befalls the pair in the last reel seems dramatically arbitrary and scarcely pertinent to the depredations of Mayor Daley's shock troops. Yet the film's flaws as a story become secondary to its effectiveness as fleeting, jagged mirror images of a society in conflict.

If it accomplished nothing else, *The Learning Tree*—produced, directed and adapted for the screen by award-winning photographer Gordon Parks from his own autobiographical novel—would mark out a new frontier for black aspirations in the arts. Parks, who also composed a rather literal symphonic suite for the sound track of his first film feature, did everything he could on his project except load and shoot the cameras and develop the film. Ironically, the strongest criticism that might be leveled at the movie is that the pictorially stunning color cinematography (by Burnett

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# PICASSO'S ENGRAVINGS

**O**n March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful

satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandes cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars*. This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of *Skyline*. *LIFE*: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." *Herald-Tribune* (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." *TIME*: "A virtuoso performance." *Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris*: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." *Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News*: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography

of today." Brian Fitzherbert, *Nova*: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, *Art Institute of Chicago*: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, *Chicago Sun-Times*: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, *Plexus*: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

**I**t is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of *Avant-Garde* announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the *Societe de la Propriete Artistique*, has appointed *Avant-Garde* as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of *Avant-Garde* have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of *Avant-Garde*—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of *Avant-Garde* will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of *Avant-Garde* are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

# S E R O T I C N G S

Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Garde will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—*free*—as a gift to all new subscribers to Avant-Garde.

In case you've never heard of Avant-Garde, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as the outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from Avant-Garde's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. Avant-Garde steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to Avant-Garde their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. Avant-Garde serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." Avant-Garde is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to Avant-Garde include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Borocon, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.I. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Montagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over Avant-Garde. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! Avant-Garde has arrived bearing mind-treasures

of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "Avant-Garde is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Avant-Garde is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "Avant-Garde's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "Avant-Garde is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

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Guffey) often works against Parks' scenario—though it may be only that we are too used to seeing grim truths spelled out against unyieldingly stark scenery. Growing up black in Cherokee Flats, Kansas, during the 1920s is the problem of *Learning Tree*'s teenaged hero (played by a straightforward young actor, Kyle Johnson), a boy who learns the shape of things as he progresses from childhood to manhood without an anesthetic to dull the pain. His sexual initiation is undertaken by a dusky whore, while the first girl he really likes falls prey to a rich, cynical white boy. He learns about hate from a rebellious chum who goes to reform school for beating up a white farmer, and from the town sheriff, who shoots "nigras" as casually as other men shoot stray dogs. Yet Cherokee Flats never seems obsessed with bigotry. It's just a Kansas country town, where most blacks know their place and live with whites, both good and bad, on a comfortable first-name basis, keeping a measure of pride intact. In this milieu, a boy's best friend is his mother—if she happens to be a wise, strong and affectionate woman who has a sense of her own worth and who teaches her children to know theirs. Whether or not the film synthesizes the Negro experience in a manner that the ghetto's militants consider relevant today is itself an irrelevant question, but one almost certain to be raised. It is enough that *Learning Tree* is Parks' experience, delivered without prejudice in a movie too honest and personal to flaunt credentials as social commentary or to phrase its simple humanity in message form.

## RECORDINGS

A longtime favorite of a few blues performers and *aficionados*, virtuoso guitar picker Albert Collins gets national exposure for the first time on *Love Can Be Found Anywhere (Even in a Guitar)* (Imperial; also available on stereo tape), and it makes us wonder how many other boss bluesmen are wasting away in the boondocks. Collins plays single-riff tunes, with admirable economy; unlike most of his peers, he allows his combo plenty of space in which to cook; and when the moment is right, he breaks out of his rhythm bag with startlingly incisive solo lines. It's all accomplished with ease and confidence.

Never was the international language of music more apparent than on *Françoise Hardy/Mon Amour Adieu* (Reprise) and *Aznavour! Charles Aznavour* (Monument; also available on stereo tape). Even if your French is limited to *bon jour* and *merci*, you'll get the message on these LPs. It is one of sweet melancholy—love that might have been, love that was and is no more, love that is yet to come. Mlle. Hardy's voice is that of resilient

youth, Aznavour's is suffused with world-weariness—a fatalistic resignation that accepts both joy and despair as the fabric of life.

Assisted only by Ray Warleigh on flute and Terry Cox on African drums and finger cymbals, Britain's guitar wizard John Renbourn comes up with a thoroughly satisfying set on *Sir John A lot of Merrie Englandes Musyk Thynge & Ye Grene Knyghte* (Reprise). The fare includes old English refrains (*The Earle of Salisbury*), Afro-American themes (Charles Lloyd's *Transfusion*) and Renbourn's own compositions—such as *Forty-Eight*—that effectively combine both genres.

Pianist-composer Burton Greene has a rep for being one of the New Thing's wild men, but each of the six selections on *Presenting Burton Greene* (Columbia), from the "early" *Ballad in B Minor* to the atonal *Voice of the Silences*, is painstakingly structured—no matter how nerve-jangling the dissonance might be. Altoist Byard Lancaster is a strong but limited soloist; the quartet is dominated by the leader, who manages to make the piano sound as flexible as a saxophone.

It's something of a puzzlement why Freddie Hubbard, who has to rank among the top trumpet men around, hasn't achieved the status he deserves. *A Soul Experiment* (Atlantic) is exciting, heady stuff, as Hubbard gets down to the nitty-gritty with a vengeance. His backing is right out of the rock-soul bag and his sound is filled with bite, tenderness and an endless inventive stream. From the opening *Clap Your Hands* to the capper title tune, this is a recording to keep your adrenals percolating.

*John Hartford* (RCA; also available on stereo tape) is undeniable evidence that at least one songwriter hasn't been dulled by success. Hartford's ingenuous lyrics are consistently on target, whether he's talking strife (*Orphan of World War Two*) or love (*I've Heard That Tear-stained Monolog You Do There by the Door Before You Go*). Another troubadour who hasn't been altered by wide acceptance is Nilsson; and *Harry* (RCA) is a butter-smooth offering of soothing, wistful tales—*The Puppy Song, I Guess the Lord Must Be in New York City*—plus odes by such eminent bards as Randy Newman and Jerry Jeff Walker. It's guaranteed not to remind anyone of reality.

Larry Coryell, the guitarist who is all things to all men, is off on his own with *Lady Coryell* (Vanguard Apostolic), an LP that has much merit and a few irritating flaws. To dispose of the annoyances first: The technical quality of the album is distressingly low, and as a vocalist, Coryell is an exemplary guitarist. It is the latter who prevails, fortunately, as he



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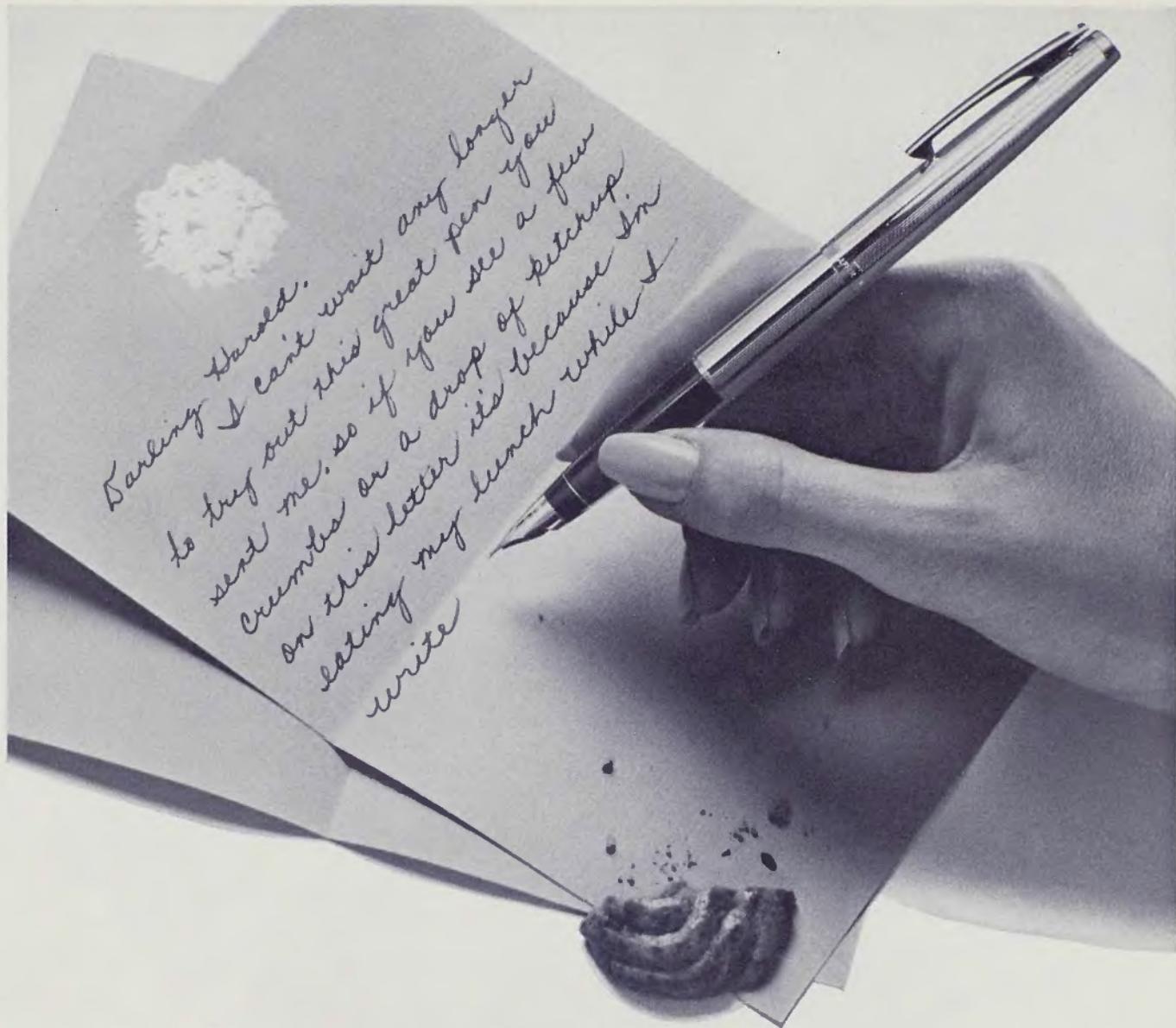
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delivers an amazing variety of sounds and conceptions encompassing almost every permutation of the jazz-rock spectrum. On most of the tracks, Coryell has only drummer Bobby Moses for support; on *Stiff Neck* and *Treats Style*, Elvin Jones replaces Moses and, on the latter tune, bassist Jimmy Garrison is added.

Andy Williams is only flawless on *Happy Heart* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), his umpteenth side for the same label. It's obvious that Andy is still playing a hot hand. The tunes are first-rate and tasteful, and the arrangements by Al Capps contribute considerably to the proceedings. Our only objection is to the all-stops-out finishes Capps seems to favor. On hand for the outing: *Wichita Lineman*, *Gentle on My Mind*, *Little Green Apples* and *Abraham, Martin and John*. Not bad company to keep.

Billed in advance as a supergroup, *Crosby, Stills & Nash* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) lives up to expectations on its first vinyl venture. Steve Stills (formerly of the Buffalo Springfield), David Crosby (the Byrds) and Graham Nash (the Hollies) eschew high-voltage sounds and depend on subtle shadings to put across their well-considered lyrics; among the high spots are Nash's tender *Lady of the Island*, Crosby's socially pertinent *Long Time Gone* and Stills' country-inflected *Suite: Judy Blue Eyes*. Two other ex-members of the Springfield—Richie Furay and Jim Messina—are currently the mainsprings of Poco, a lively quartet that shows on *Pickin' Up the Pieces* (Epic; also available on stereo tape) that it's a master of the modern country sound.

For anyone sunk in the slough of despondency, no more effective antidote could be prescribed than Prokofiev's ebulliently zany *Love for Three Oranges* (Melo-diya/Angel). This delightful comic opera, wherein a hypochondriacal prince goes off in search of citrus fruit and ends up instead with a pert princess, is at last available in up-to-date stereo, recorded by an uncelebrated but thoroughly competent cast of Soviet singers under the direction of conductor Dzhemal Dalgal. Their performance, taped in Moscow, gives full due to the composer's bittersweet sentiment and sparkling fantasy as well as to his sardonic satire and tart wit. An accompanying booklet contains the text in transliterated Russian and idiomatic English.

*David's Album* (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape) is Joan Baez' gift to her husband—and to the 5000 or so other Americans in jail for their anti-draft activities. Recorded in Nashville with an all-star ensemble, the program includes such familiar fare as *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* and *My Home's Across the Blue Ridge Mountains*, plus a timely love

song, *If I Knew*. The simplicity that made for dullness in Joan's previous Nashville effort is redeemed in this case by the extra feeling that apparently went into the performances.

Bobby Timmons is a pianist who makes a point of saying more by saying less. *Do You Know the Way?* (Milestone) provides a perfect example. Accompanied by Jack De Johnette on drums and Bob Cranshaw on electric bass, with guitarist Joe Beck along for most of the session, Timmons demonstrates a spare, cerebrally funky approach to the likes of *Last Night When We Were Young*, a pair of Bacharach ballads (the tune capsulized in the title and *This Guy's in Love with You*) and the Strayhorn-Ellington ode *Something to Live For*. Timmons plays only enough to make his point, something he always succeeds in doing.

The packaging is tasteless, as usual, but we gave a listen anyhow—and *From Elvis in Memphis* (RCA; also available on stereo tape) is the best effort by the seminal rock-'n'-roller in nearly a decade. There are some rough spots—the chest-thumping *Power of My Love*, the hypocritical *In the Ghetto* and the mawkish *I'll Hold You in My Heart*—but the rest are solid tunes (*Only the Strong Survive*, *Gentle on My Mind*, *True Love Travels on a Gravel Road*) delivered with a vitality reminiscent of Presley's pre-Hollywood days.

*Johnny Cash at San Quentin* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) inevitably suffers a bit from its similarity to Cash's recent Folsom Prison sing-in; furthermore, this program doesn't have as much impact as the earlier set. Even so, Cash gets a rise out of his captive audience with the mad humor of Shel Silverstein's *A Boy Named Sue* and the bitter eloquence of his own ode to *San Quentin* ("I hate every inch of you").

*Tommy* (Decca; also available on stereo tape), the Who's four-sided rock "opera" about a deaf, dumb and blind boy who becomes a preteen messiah, is worth listening to—but just once. The story, disjointed but vivid, has a comic-book charm, and the music maintains a strong beat all the way through; yet, the group's limited conceptions of harmony, rhythm and tonality become gratingly obvious after a while.

The trend toward big-band rock continues with *Lighthouse* (RCA; also available on stereo tape), a 13-member ensemble from Toronto that contains not only brass, electric instruments and percussion but a string section as well. Skip Prokop's songs and vocals are competent but forgettable; the group's merit lies in its big sound, which is cleanly delivered.



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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In conversation, I have heard references to French intercourse; but not wanting to seem naïve, I have never asked what it means. Can you tell me? Also, are there other kinds of intercourse with nationalistic names?—S. J., Royal Oak, Michigan.

*In common parlance, French intercourse refers to oral-genital contact, Greek intercourse refers to anal insertion and Roman intercourse indicates simultaneous sexual activity among three or more people. These sex practices have no national boundaries, of course, and are of greater interest as part of sexual mythology than as a guide to international sexual behavior.*

I believe I could further my career as a chemical engineer by working overseas for a few years. How do I go about finding such a job, and can I expect to make more money than on the domestic scene?—H. F., Newark, New Jersey.

*For openers, you might try your local U. S. Employment Service, which can refer you to jobs with both the Government and private firms. If you favor a specific area, write to the United States Department of Commerce, Bureau of International Commerce, Washington, D. C. 20230. It carries leaflets (at one dollar each) on 94 countries, ranging from Aden to Zambia. Although you may make more money abroad, this could be offset by greater living costs in some areas. In any event, a position with an American company will generally be better paying than one with a comparable foreign firm.*

My girl has been putting off our wedding date for a variety of odd reasons. Her latest one has to do with the fact that we both have blue eyes and she has always wanted a brown-eyed baby. What kind of an excuse do you call that?—H. T., Scottsdale, Arizona.

*An evasive one. For while the genetic odds predict that a blue-eyed couple will not produce a brown-eyed offspring, due to recessive genes, we suspect that she's trying to tell you, without hurting your feelings, that she doesn't love you enough to want to spend her life looking at your baby-blues.*

During the Democratic Convention last year, the Chicago police department reportedly stationed officers at the city's three water-filtration plants because of rumors that the Yippies were planning to turn on the whole city by pouring LSD into the water supply. Recently, some friends and I were discussing this and one guy said the Windy City gendarmes had been hoaxed. Acid sells for around

five dollars a cap, he pointed out, so a quantity sufficient to blow the minds of the 4,000,000 citizens of Chicago would cost \$20,000,000, a sum well beyond the finances of the Y. I. P. movement. This led to a heated discussion about the chemistry and economics of LSD manufacture, most of which was over my head, and I left thoroughly confused. What are the facts?—F. J., Columbus, Ohio.

*There are chemicals that can do the job if placed in a city's water system, but LSD is not one of them. However, it's not the cost of the venture that makes it impossible. A resourceful chemist could manufacture enough of the well-known psychedelic (right in his own garage and for only a few hundred dollars) to turn on a major city. But the culprit would have to find some means other than the water supply, because it would not deliver the payload to its intended victims. Exposure to light and air (as well as to the chlorine and other chemicals in metropolitan water) would render the acid inert and inactive.*

For some time, I've been dating a girl I'd known in high school, and we now realize we're in love. She works in a travel agency and the assistant manager, who has a wife and a family, has been making a play for her. He says he's getting a divorce and has sold his home without his wife's knowledge. He also claims he's bought stock in the firm that he has put in my girl's name. She wants none of this, but he won't see it that way and I'm afraid he's going to pull her into some ugly mess. She has asked me for help, but I don't know what to do. Can you help me help her?—D. G., Salt Lake City, Utah.

*First, have her tell him exactly how she feels about him and about you. If that doesn't help, have her consult an attorney and place the matter in his hands. It might be settled by a warning, or it might require an injunction to keep him from bothering her. Obviously, a new place of employment would be desirable for your girlfriend.*

Now that silver certificates have been withdrawn by the Government and there seems to be an increased interest in silver bars, stocks and coins, I'm wondering about the significance of "sterling" in connection with this precious metal. What does it mean and what's its origin?—D. B., Bristol, Connecticut.

*Since pure silver is too soft to be used in most tableware or serving accessories, manufacturers combine it with another metal—generally copper—in order to create a harder alloy. When the proportions*

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just  
mention  
my  
name

are 92.5 percent silver to 7.5 percent copper (or approximately 12 to 1), the substance is called sterling, which has come to mean of standard or excellent quality. The word dates back to the early days of England, when the natives of any country east of the Channel were called easterlings. Among these were merchants of the Baltic coast who engaged in trade with the islanders. The latter called the silver coins they used easterling pennies; later, the first two letters were dropped.

**A** buddy of mine has been getting a bit too friendly. We're both in our late 20s and have had some good times together wherever our mutual interests have taken us; but lately, he's been sending me small presents and insisting on picking up the tab for our drinking, admission tickets, and so on. My girlfriend thinks I should end the friendship, but I'm reluctant to do so. What do you advise?—R. G., Boulder, Colorado.

*The kind of gift giving you describe is probably either neurotic or erotic. If you can't or don't wish to maintain some kind of material quid pro quo, you may wind up with a mounting sense of obligation, or a budding romance, or both. Tell your friend that you'd like neither, and see how he responds. In any case, tell your girl the problem is between you and him.*

**I**n a restaurant with a banquette on one side of the table and a straight chair on the other, why is it proper for my date to sit on the couch and face the room? Not only is it tougher for me to catch the waiter's eye but I always have the feeling that some guy is flirting with the lady behind my back.—P. G., Annapolis, Maryland.

*Your mild paranoia notwithstanding, it's the lady who takes the couch after the maître de swings the table forward; otherwise, he'd be forced to seat her escort first. Furthermore, a banquette is often more comfortable and provides extra room for her coat and purse.*

**N**ot long ago, I became involved in a "battle of the generations." A classmate of my father's said that in his era, college students had been much less foolish than those of the present day. I said I doubted it, and found an ally in my father, who mentioned the goldfish swallows. When I asked for details, he said he couldn't remember too much, except that some guys ate the fish alive. Do you have any additional information I'll be able to use when I next have to defend my generation?—J. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

*According to Paul Sann's book, "Fads, Follies and Delusions of the American People," the goldfish craze was first*

*kicked off by a Harvard student who impulsively ingested a finny friend. Subsequently, he was challenged to repeat his stunt in public and from then on, other nuts got on the fish wagon. Students set out to beat one another's records, the final 1939 champion being a Middlesex University sophomore who swallowed 67 live goldfish. The lad enjoyed a brief comeback in 1967, and a St. Joseph's College undergrad—who wasn't finicky—slipped out and gulped down 199.*

**W**hile I was away on my three-month stint with the Naval Reserve, my girlfriend (with whom I had been intimate for over a year) and my best friend had an affair. She confessed this to me when I returned, and we have since reconciled. My erstwhile friend is now away for his three months with the Air National Guard and has written me several letters of abject apology, which I have not answered. He is due home soon and I can't decide whether to welcome him back with open arms or a clenched fist. I find it hard to forgive him, but at the same time feel it's immature not to. Have you any counsel?—R. A., Troy, New York.

*We suggest you opt for maturity. The affair was hardly one-sided; and if you've forgiven the girl, extend the amnesty to your apologetic friend as well.*

**I**s it true that at one time the Federal income tax was ruled unconstitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court?—G. D., Yakima, Washington.

*Yes. The tax was first imposed in 1862 to help pay Civil War costs, then faded quietly into oblivion. In the late 1800s, when the Government attempted to revive the levy, the Supreme Court ruled it in violation of the constitutional provision that direct taxes must be apportioned among the states according to their population. But in 1913, Congress passed the 16th Amendment, which, when ratified by the states, made the Federal impost legal.*

**A**t 19, I am still a virgin, and I want to change my status. I do fine up to a point, but when I get the opportunity to go all the way, I always take some kind of evasive action. The reason is that I'm unsure of myself and don't want to be a failure my first time out. I also want the girl to have as much pleasure as possible and not be the victim of my inexperience. How can I prepare myself for the plunge?—G. H., New Orleans, Louisiana.

*By the time you're in a position to change your virginal status, the girl will know whether or not you're experienced. Having gone that far with you, she'll presumably like you the way you are. So the only preparation you need for "the plunge" is the willingness to take it.*

**T**he building in which I live has ample parking space, and when I entertain in my apartment, my guests have no problem. However, I don't drive; and when I take a small group out for dinner and the theater, one of my friends transports us in his car. Who pays the parking fees?—R. T., Honolulu, Hawaii.

*Your friend.*

**W**hat's the difference between lager and pilsner beer?—G. J., Quantico, Virginia.

*None. In this country, both words are now used to identify the light beers that Americans prefer. In the brewing process, the suds are aged in "lager" tanks, from the German verb lagern ("to store"). Pilsner derives its label from the city of Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, where it originated. It is light, pale and dry, like other lagers.*

**B**oth my girl and I had colds last summer, and she insisted that we abstain from sex on the grounds that the drain on our energy would lower our resistance and prolong our illnesses. I argued that sexual intercourse is refreshing and can't do a person anything but good. We compromised and reduced our rate of activity until both of us had recovered. I'd still like to know if there's any medical basis for her opinion.—C. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Her feelings are certainly understandable. A severe cold with attendant malaise, fever, scratchy throat and runny nose can be so emotionally and physically debilitating that it is difficult to think of anything more desirable than aspirin, liquids and lots of rest in bed—undisturbed. To set the medical facts straight, however, intercourse does not lower resistance; it isn't that much of a drain on one's energy. But sexual activity can affect a cold sufferer in a much more direct way, since the nasal mucosa is a sexually responsive membrane. The effect is variable: It's hardly apparent in some people; in others, congestion of blood vessels is so intense that nasal passages feel totally stopped up; still others may find that increased circulation causes temporary relief of cold symptoms. Next time you've got a cold, see which category applies to you.*

*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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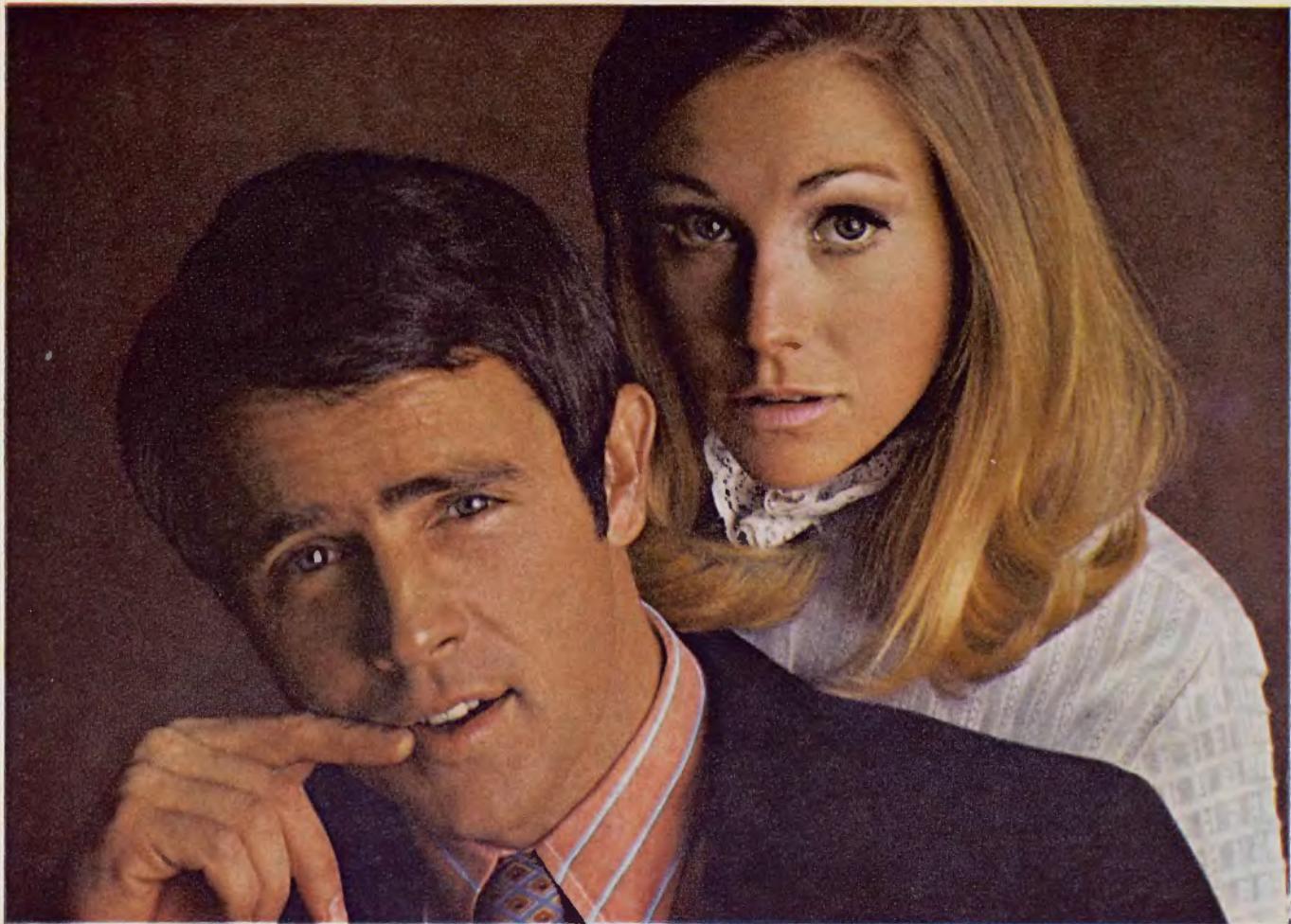
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## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### THE TOWNSEND PLAN

PLAYBOY has performed a public service by exposing the antics of the right-wing cranks who oppose sex education.

Here in Anaheim, our sex-education program has been all but destroyed by these ultralightists, under the leadership of Jim Townsend. In fact, Townsend seems bent on destroying *all* education here: The schools are virtually broke because he always mounts a massive campaign to prevent passage of a bond issue whenever one is needed to keep the schools alive. In the past five years, many services have been dropped by the school officials because of sheer lack of money, as a result of Townsend's activities.

A. C. Rice  
Anaheim, California

PLAYBOY knocking opponents of sex education will have just about as much effect on the parents as did the *Los Angeles Times* endorsing Thomas Bradley for mayor.

Jim Townsend  
Citizens Committee of California  
Fullerton, California

### SEX-EDUCATION CONTROVERSY

The movement of the radical right wing to block family-life and sex-education programs in the schools of Illinois is in full swing in the Springfield legislative arena. Under the guise of concerned parents, the enemies of sex education have been able to persuade legislators of both parties that children are being debauched and are in grave moral danger because of sex-education programs. They declare that the programs are a Communist device to destroy American family life. These concerned parents troop to the state capitol to present exhibits of shocking materials they claim are being used in Illinois schools. Those who are directly involved in teaching or developing family-life and sex-education programs have never seen or heard of the exhibited materials. Two of the most able, dedicated and rational legislators in the Illinois General Assembly, who have always supported the best in education programs, described testimony they heard and exhibits they saw. I checked and could only conclude that what was shown in legislative hearings as the product of a certain publisher was a complete fabrication. Such tactics as this and the Birch Society's technique

of disrupting school-board meetings, distributing all types of propaganda materials and whipping up waves of phony hysteria are creating widespread havoc in Illinois and in many other communities across the nation.

As an experienced observer, I believe that sensible parents, educators, doctors and clergy must rise up in numbers and speak their piece now. A small minority is making noises like a majority, and the only way to defeat their irrational movement is an avalanche of rebuttal from the real majority, who recognize the value of family-life and sex-education programs for all children as part of the regular school curriculum.

The not-for-profit agencies, such as the one I head, are prevented from making any effort to overcome the activities of the right wing, lest, by being charged with attempting to influence legislation, we lose the tax-exempt status we need to keep going financially. Not a cent of our budget money, therefore, can be expended against the anti-sex-education movement and, unfortunately, voluntary contributions for this purpose do not fall upon us like rain from heaven.

The real losers in this controversy are the children and their parents. One can only hope those who are aware of the importance of understanding human sexuality in a rapidly changing society will communicate their views to educators. Otherwise, the right wing will force either the withdrawal of family-life and sex-education programs or the resignation of teachers, principals and school-board members who support these curriculums. Only time will tell whether the real majority or the loud minority will win out.

Sally E. McMahon,  
Executive Director  
Association for Family Living  
Chicago, Illinois

It is interesting to compare the caliber of arguments being offered for and against sex education in schools. One opportunity to see which side makes more sense was afforded by an article in *The Washington Daily News* describing a public hearing on a sex-education curriculum held by the school board of Prince Georges County, Maryland.

In favor was a clergyman who spoke of the "anguish and fear of a 12-year-old because of misinformation from friends"

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and his "temptation to experiment with ignorance. . . . Without this program, it would be a long time—or never—before he could learn the truth." A lady from the county council of P. T. A.s said, "Parents may be inadequate to present it [sex] in all truth and honesty." She considered a school program "basic for children to develop the necessary responsibility." A student said, "Sex is a part of everyday life and shouldn't be glossed over. It is far better to get this information from an informed teacher rather than a misinformed friend."

Now hear the voice of the antis. One lady implied that sex-education programs involve the showing of filmed acts of intercourse and, therefore, are "too progressed for children." She went on, "Children have a right to be innocent during childhood." Another parent said, "I am opposed to teaching animal love along with human love and charging our children's atmosphere with sex. I feel I have been robbed of a very precious possession—the right to teach my children these sacred subjects." Still another lady called sex education "nothing but communism," and said further, "I do not approve of my son being taught masturbation in school." A man said he was "a patriotic American who will fight to the death for my country," and that sex education "is a move by the Devil himself to bring us down from within."

The oddest opposing statement came from a clergyman. As reported by the *Daily News*, here it is: "I may be a nut, but I screwed on the right bolt."

William R. Roman  
Suitland, Maryland

I'm opposed to sex education in the schools—for a different reason than that of the John Birch Society.

Have you taken a good look at today's schools? They are designed to stifle and inhibit our exuberant youth as much as possible; emphasis is placed on discipline, not on academic values. Instead of knowledge, children are fed propaganda. Obviously, it wouldn't be any different with sex education.

I'm teaching my children that sex is a beautiful gift and a part of life, such as eating and sleeping. I don't want some narrow-minded school official indoctrinating them in the kind of medievalism that would taint a sex-education course before the school board approved it.

Mrs. Gem Logan  
Orange, Texas

I am a fifth-grade teacher in Prince Georges County, Maryland. The boards of education of Prince Georges County and adjoining Montgomery County are attempting to introduce a program of sex education into the schools, which is being fought by many of the parents in the area. Following is a list of objectives

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### THE CRIME OF FORNICATION

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY—"I saw a crime being committed when a single woman walked into my court pregnant," said municipal-court judge Ervan F. Kushner, who charged the criminal—the pregnant woman—and her accomplice with fornication under a 1790 law prohibiting sexual intercourse between unmarried persons.

The case began in 1967, when the woman, then 25, sued the father of her three children for child support—a prerequisite to obtaining welfare assistance. When she reappeared in court some months later, the judge, noting she was pregnant again, sent the case to a grand jury, and the couple was ultimately convicted under the state's fornication law, which had not been enforced in over 100 years. The woman received a six-month suspended sentence, and the man was sentenced to three months in jail.

### CHIP OFF THE OLD BENCH

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—Municipal-court judge Earl Warren, Jr., son of the former U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice, made some legal history of his own in ruling that a particular erotic dance performance was protected under the constitutional right of free speech. It was not the first such court decision, but it was probably the first one reached through re-enactment of the alleged crime performed on location by nude defendants.

In order to examine the evidence in its natural environment, Judge Warren and his aides set up court in the Fig Leaf A-Go-Go tavern, sans customers, and watched two female dancers do their thing to the tune of "Wooly Bully," illuminated by a psychedelic light show. In his ruling, Judge Warren found the performance did not appeal "to a prurient interest in nudity, sex or excretion" and was not "utterly without redeeming social value."

### A MAN ALONE

PORT WASHINGTON, WISCONSIN—"We print newspapers here," said William F. Schanen, Jr. "I don't feel I have to pass on their copy. I'm not a censor." Schanen's ideas about free speech and freedom of the press caused no trouble for him or his 29-year-old firm, Port Publications, while its output was restricted to suburban weeklies, school newspapers and the local Veterans of Foreign Wars newsletter. Then, about two years ago, Port Publications began to print underground papers, including Milwaukee's *Kaleidoscope*, which featured an "unpatriotic" article

titled, "What to Do Until the Revolution Comes." It advised readers last spring on how to harass policemen (call them homosexual), churches (use obscene language to accuse Jesus of pacifism) and banks (set your money on fire and give a talk on the difference between burning paper and burning people). A local manufacturer, Benjamin Grob, immediately began a campaign to force Port Publications to stop printing *Kaleidoscope* and organized a massive advertising boycott, which has already led to an 80 percent drop in accounts and may finally drive Schanen's small company out of business entirely. "I will not yield to economic pressure," Schanen says, admitting that he has already lost \$100,000 in advertising revenue. "I do not think a printer should deny his facilities to a justifiable use, a proper use, a legal use. How can there ever be any opinion or comment if those who write and those who publish cannot get their work printed?"

### HOMOSEXUALS' RIGHT TO WORK

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled two to one that Federal Civil Service employees may not be fired merely because they are homosexuals. Dismissal is justified only if a worker's performance or his department's efficiency is affected. The opinion, written by Chief Judge David L. Bazelon and joined by Judge J. Skelly Wright, said the Civil Service Commission could not justify discharging an employee "merely by turning its head and crying 'shame' . . . The notion that it could be an appropriate function of the Federal bureaucracy to enforce the majority's conventional codes of conduct in the private lives of its employees is at war with elementary concepts of liberty, privacy and diversity." A similar ruling affecting homosexual job applicants had come earlier from New York's Civil Service Commission and was upheld by Federal Judge William B. Heirls. It stated, however, that each case would be examined individually to decide whether an applicant's homosexuality would have the effect "of rendering him unfit to assume duties of the position." This would probably disqualify him from jobs such as prison guard, children's counselor or playground attendant.

### QUEENS VS. "QUEENS"

KEW GARDENS, NEW YORK—Alarmed because their neighborhood park was becoming a camping ground for homosexuals, some 40 Queens residents formed a vigilance committee to patrol the wooded area with flashlights and walkie-talkies

to drive off any deviates lurking therein. When the homosexuals insisted on their right to lurk, a new tactic was devised. Under cover of darkness, a group of men, presumably the vigilantes, entered the park and cut down the trees and hedges. This made the park unfit not only for homosexuals but also for local residents, many of whom condemned the action as vandalism. Some saw the cutting in progress and called the police; but the police, they said, only chatted amiably with the choppers and left. The officers in one patrol car reportedly shrugged off the complaint on the grounds that the vigilantes "were doing a job which the police were not able to do to the satisfaction of the community." An assistant in Mayor John Lindsay's office told a New York Times reporter, "Frankly, it may be a lost cause to find out who cut the trees down. The residents feel that things are now quiet, so why stir up a hornet's nest?" In fact, though, complaining citizens have stirred up the Queens district attorney, the Park Department, the American Civil Liberties Union and the city's Cultural Affairs administrator, all of whom promised an investigation. The police announced they had no clues as to the identity of the culprits.

#### PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT

According to an Associated Press report, there is no sex education offered in Russian schools, and young people have flooded Komsomolskaya Pravda with letters seeking answers to their questions about sex. The editors reply with stern, Ann Landers-style advice, warning that premarital sex can lead to "sorrow, pain and illness"; another publication for young people, Yunost, has declared that sex among schoolgirls often leads to "lives of crime." Any manifestation of sexual freedom is denounced by the authorities, the A.P. report adds, and is attributed to capitalist influence seeping through the Iron Curtain.

Meanwhile, back home, a local television poll in Oakland, California, found that a majority of citizens answered yes to the question, "Is sex education a Communist plot?"

#### DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

AUSTIN, TEXAS—A 42-year-old Polish-born psychiatrist succeeded, finally, in obtaining Federal permission to grow his own marijuana for purposes of research, only to have his back-yard pot crop harvested by irate state narcotics agents. Dr. Harry C. Hermon was cultivating the plants as part of a research project approved by the National Institute of Mental Health and authorized by the Bureau of Narcotics and the Internal Revenue Service, which had registered him as both a class-four and class-five researcher

allowed to grow, possess and use marijuana for experimental purposes. Supposedly, such permission is not granted when the intended activity would violate state laws. But the Texas law is somewhat vague with respect to actually growing pot, according to Sam Houston Clinton, Hermon's attorney, and Federal and state authorities seem to have interpreted it in different ways. In hopes of avoiding such trouble, Hermon had informed various law-enforcement agencies of his plans to grow his own pot; but the word apparently did not get to the narcotics officials who raided his garden and arrested him on charges of violating Texas marijuana laws.

#### AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—One of the amendments to the Internal Security Act of 1950—widely discussed lately in the radical and underground press—is a provision under which the President can declare an emergency and people can be placed in concentration camps "if there is reasonable ground to believe that such a person will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in, acts of espionage or of sabotage." Furthermore, a person charged under this act will not be given a trial.

Congressman Abner Mikva has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to repeal this law; concurrently, Senator Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii entered a similar bill in the Senate, which has received support not only from liberals, such as Eugene McCarthy and Jacob Javits, but from some leading conservatives, including Karl Mundt, George Murphy and James Eastland. Answering those who say the law need not be repealed since it will probably never be invoked, Senator Inouye points out that 109,650 Americans of Japanese ancestry were locked up in internment camps without trial during World War Two and that "widespread rumors" that the camps are about to be reactivated are creating serious fear of the Government, especially in the black ghettos. Last year, in an interview six days before his death, Martin Luther King, Jr., told Look magazine that black nationalists are "absolutely convinced" the camps are being prepared for them. More recently, Gary, Indiana, mayor Richard Hatcher charged that former Job Corps camps are being refurbished for imprisonment of dissenters, and The Atlantic Monthly quoted Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst as saying, in reference to student demonstrators, that those who interfere with the rights of others "should be rounded up and put in a detention camp."

The Justice Department quickly declared that Kleindienst had been misquoted—and the Job Corps labeled Mayor Hatcher's charges "nonsense."

for the program, which was distributed at our teachers' meeting.

1. To provide the individual with an adequate knowledge of his own physical, mental and emotional maturation processes as related to sex.

2. To eliminate fears and anxieties relative to individual sexual development and adjustments.

3. To develop objective and understanding attitudes toward sex in all of its various manifestations—in the individual and in others.

4. To give the individual insight concerning his relationships with members of both sexes and to help him understand his obligations and responsibilities to others.

5. To provide an appreciation for the positive satisfaction that wholesome human relations can bring in both individual and family living.

6. To build an understanding of the need for the moral values that provide rational bases for making decisions.

7. To provide enough knowledge about the misuses and aberrations of sex to enable the individual to protect himself against exploitation and against injury to his physical and mental health.

8. To provide an incentive to work for a society in which such evils as prostitution and illegitimacy, archaic sex laws, irrational fears of sex and sexual exploitation are nonexistent.

9. To provide the understanding and conditioning that will enable each individual to utilize his sexuality effectively and creatively in his several roles; e.g., as spouse, parent, community member and citizen.

Sounds subversive, doesn't it?

Mrs. Natalie Fishman  
Greenbelt, Maryland

#### "FREE PLAY" MENACE

The furor against sex education has reached Salem, Oregon, and heated criticism has been directed at the family-life program at the school where I am employed. Our harassed principal called an emergency faculty meeting, cautioning all teachers to play down family life until the school board clarified the matter to everyone's satisfaction. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "And please eliminate the expression 'free play' from your lesson plans."

Mrs. Dorothy Kliewer  
Salem, Oregon

#### CARS AND SEX

In light of the current sex-education flap, I'd like to show the kind of reasoning that our illustrious California leader, Max Rafferty, uses to discuss the issue. The following quote is from a

speech he gave in Fremont, California (reported in the *San Jose Mercury*):

Sex education will not cut down on venereal disease or illegitimate births any more than knowledge of the vehicle code will reduce the number of accidents.

Need we say more about Max Rafferty? Or shall we now go and abolish the vehicle codes of all the states, because they obviously don't solve the accident problems?

Henry R. Quintero  
Watsonville, California

#### OKLAHOMA OK

In the July *Forum Newsfront*, you commented on a bill proposed in the Oklahoma state legislature that would have banned sex education from kindergarten through grade six. You also mentioned a spokesman for Christian Crusade in Tulsa who went further and wanted sex education banned at all levels of the educational system, apparently right up to college.

Since some people might have received the impression that Oklahoma is a state of ignorant hicks, please inform your readers that although the anti-sex-education bill was passed in the state house of representatives, it was later shelved by the senate. Consideration of the bill was postponed indefinitely and it now lies dormant (read dead). Many people from diverse groups testified during the senate hearing and the good sense of the educators, psychologists and many church leaders who defended sex education won the day.

I would like to add that Christian Crusade is not typical of Oklahomans at all; most of us regard it as an organization of fanatics and extremists.

David Beach  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

#### EMBARRASSED SILENCE

Enclosed is a clipping from the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, *State Times*:

A House committee last night approved and sent to the House floor a bill to ban sex education below the ninth grade in public schools.

The House Education Committee, after a lengthy hearing spiced with showing of film slides on "How to Make a Baby," voted 13 to 2 to approve the bill and amend it to provide that any parish violating the measure would find its state education funds withheld.

A packed House watched in silence as Rep. Fred Hayes of Lafayette, sponsor of the measure, showed film slides on "How to Make a Baby" and read the film captions aloud. The many women in the audience for the most part watched in embarrassed silence as the film showed a man and woman in bed together, how the female is fertilized

by the male sperm and how dogs are born.

Rep. Lawrence Delaroderie of Baton Rouge supported the bill. He said, "I may be narrow-minded, but the pictures shown here embarrassed me. As far as I'm concerned, it all started out with Adam and Eve and now there are millions of people. It looks like they figured it out without being taught."

Obviously, our "leaders" would rather our children learned sex in the streets than be taught by competent educators. No wonder the literacy rate in Louisiana is one of the lowest in the U.S.A.

Jerry Schwehn  
Louisiana State University  
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

#### FIGHTING SEX WITH SEX

Not only are the Birch types continuing to fight sex education with their worn-out distortions and misquotations but they are now flooding the country with the very "pornography" they don't want children to see in the classrooms. Various right-wing groups are distributing ADULTS ONLY fliers (the ones I saw were picked up by children around their school) that contain excerpts and drawings from sex-education texts—out of context, of course, and complete with hysterical notations ("All material presented below has been taken from the San Mateo County teacher's resource guides. There is a great deal more in the program that is equally objectionable. Ask to see it!!!"). The whole thing is bizarre and the way this material is being distributed must constitute an invasion of privacy at least as vicious as that which they attribute to sex education.

As a result of my newspaper articles on this controversial subject, I've been called a Communist bitch, among other things, and have earned the hatred of the local C.A.U.S.E. (Citizens Against Unwholesome Sex Education) group. Its leader, who was former executive vice-president of National Citizens for Decent Literature, claims to "have spent ten years looking at pornography. . . . Believe me, I know it when I see it, and I say it's being taught in sex education." The names of these groups and their members' credentials are rather amusing, but the harm and confusion they are causing are not. For example, a local conservative state assemblyman recently secured an amendment to a state health-education law he claimed made sex education mandatory. There was no such requirement in the law, yet more tax money was wasted to get it changed and the ensuing publicity added to the confusion; half of the 59 county school districts reported in a poll that they no longer knew what was mandated and what was not.

To add to the growing roster of follies committed by these dubious do-gooders:

A local Catholic clergyman, who has done more than anyone else to advance the cause of sexual rationalism on Long Island, has been vilified and harassed (microphone snatched from his hand, tacks and glass littered in parking lots where he was speaking); I have on tape the words of a Baptist minister, proclaiming that Dr. Mary Calderone, head of S.I.E.C.U.S. (Sex Information and Education Council of the United States), and her associates "all have Communist affiliations, and I have documentary proof," which, of course, he never produced; and everyone knows about the disaster in Anaheim, California, where a voter-approved sex-education program was ultimately discontinued after the anti-sex-education nuts managed to capture school-board seats.

The great tragedy is that the screaming crackpots on the right are spewing out tremendous amounts of misinformation with hardly a peep of rebuttal from the rational but silent majority of Americans.

Milanne Rehor, Reporter  
*Suffolk Sun*  
Deer Park, New York

#### SEX IN SWEDEN

The author of "Lally's Alley," a column in the Toms River, New Jersey, *Shopper/Reporter*, opposed sex education on the grounds that it would destroy "religious values" and "the deep love relationship of family and God." He went on:

After ten years of compulsory public school sex education in Sweden, results can now be measured to an extent. As reported in *Sex and Society in Sweden*, by Birgitta Linner: 35 percent of all brides are pregnant on their wedding day . . . a catastrophic increase in venereal disease among youngsters (medical statistics indicate that gonorrhea and syphilis are more widespread in Sweden today than in any other civilized country in the world). Even 13- and 14-year-olds are found to be infected, with the number of girls exceeding the number of boys . . . 20 percent of those reaching adulthood never marry . . . and despite sex education in contraception, an alarmingly high incidence of premaritally conceived children.

Add those statistics to the facts that, in Sweden, reported rapes have risen 55 percent in a two-year period . . . drug taking among school children has risen sharply (student "undercover agents" are being used in the schools) . . . hard-core pornography is flourishing everywhere, even on public movie screens . . . clubs for homosexuals advertise openly in newspapers and magazines . . . the Swedish divorce rate is one of the

# THIS IS HOW THE ROMANS CONQUERED THE WORLD.

You want to believe the history books?

Or us.

The books, obsessed with accuracy, say it was all done with pitched battles, clashing swords, and Roman legions parading across bloody battlefields.

Stuff and nonsense.

Our own experts report it was all much nicer than that. After examining some new archaeological sites<sup>1</sup> they have pieced together the following account. We have no reason to doubt it.

Caesar, although best known as a soldier, emperor and ambitious man, was no slouch as an amateur psychologist.

"If you want to conquer a country without the mess and bother usually associated with empire-building, just give your enemy something better to do with his time than fight. Then walk in and take over."

The Forum greeted this bit of imperial wisdom with loud shouts of approval<sup>2</sup>, and directly, the best minds in Rome set out to discover that special something

that would give the enemy something better to do with his time than resist Roman aggression.

Night baseball, was out. It hadn't been discovered yet.

Embroidering club letters on togas was, then as now, women's work.

Then, just when all hope for a clean and easy victory seemed to be fading, the rumors began.

A retired biology teacher working in a disused chariot garage had formulated a clear, green liquid whose fragrance rendered ordinary men irresistible to women.

Caesar, always a man with an eye for new talent, summoned the aging savant to the palace. That very night, the mysterious liquid was tested. And, the next day, Caesar, tired but happy, marched on Gaul.

But in advance of the Roman armies, large shipments of the astounding fragrance were smuggled into enemy territories.<sup>3</sup> On the morning of the battle, hundreds of Gallic generals awoke to find

curious green bottles on their dressers.

By the time Caesar's armies arrived, the Gauls had discovered better things to do with their time than fight. And the Roman victory went by unnoticed.

Now, we ask you, could we leave an idea like that to gather dust in historical archives?

Of course not.

Using all the technology amassed by modern science, we have attempted to duplicate that empire-building green liquid.

We believe we've gotten closer than anyone before in the past 1,970 years. We call it Bacchus, in honor of the Roman god of wine, laughter and general fooling around. And we strongly suggest that you not squander it on your enemy but use it on yourself.

You, too, have empires to build.

You, too, should have better things to do with your time than fight.

You, too, in fact, all of us, should learn from history.

©COTY

<sup>1</sup> The Cafe Il Swinger, 143 Via Veneto; the penthouse of Prince Vittorio Rospigliosi, 9 Avenida Maximo; and eight parked Ferraris on the Appian Way.

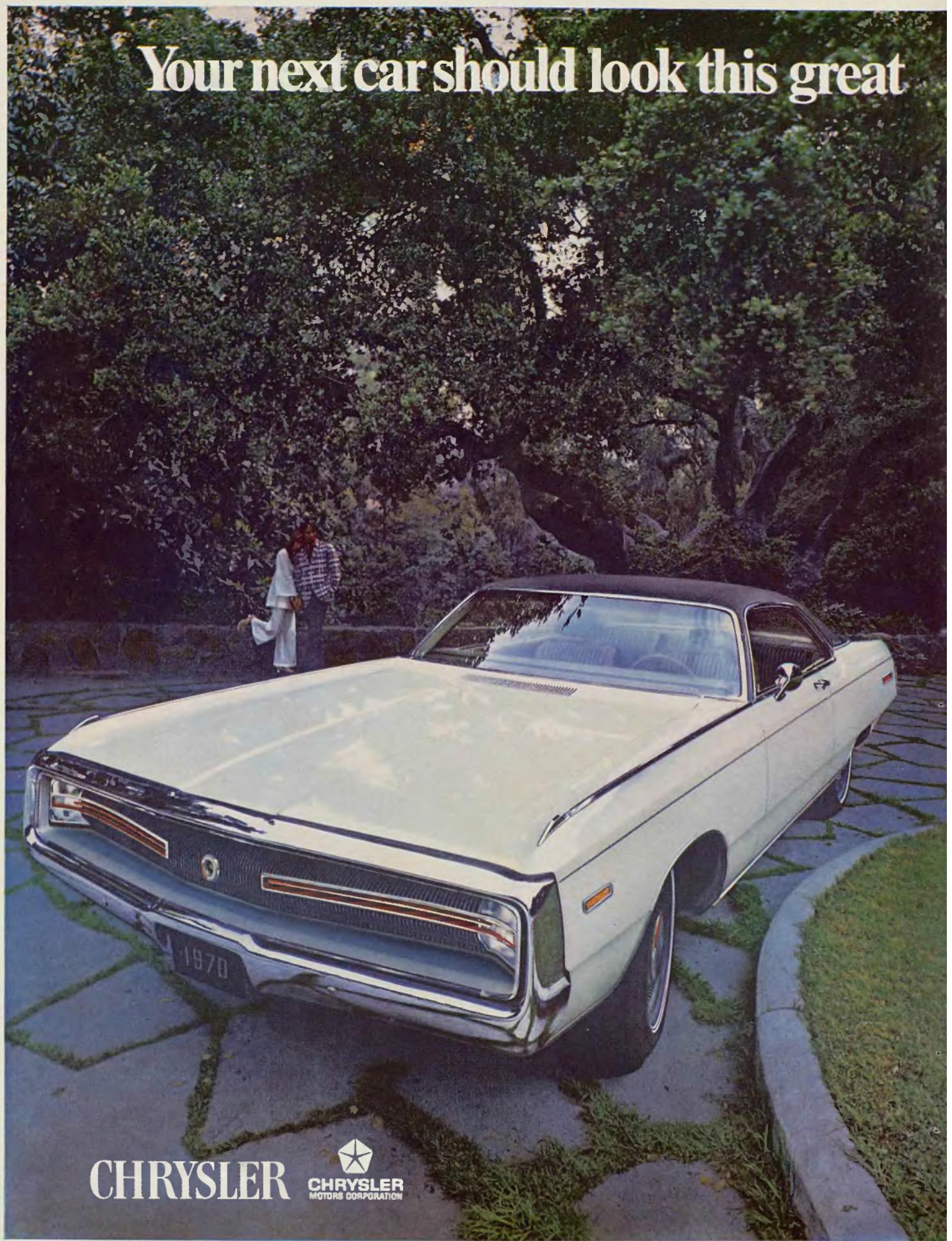
<sup>2</sup> "Approbo, approbo," interspersed with cries of "Vocem mittite, non vos audimus in tergo!" or "Louder, we can't hear you in the back!"

<sup>3</sup> You have, no doubt, heard of the Roman Bottle, often miscalled the Trojan Horse. It recalls the night a 40 ft. high bottle of cologne was left outside the gates of Corinth, where the Corinthians found it, dragged it in, and fell prey to its power. Corinth fell at 10 A.M. the next morning.



Bacchus. After shave and cologne.  
It gives you something better to do with your time than fight.

Your next car should look this great



CHRYSLER



# ...and have all this.

The muscle. 440 cubic inch 350 horsepower V-8. Standard. Speaks softly . . . passes on command.

"Of course it's not for your 300 alone, silly. I'd love you no matter what 1970 Chrysler you drive."

Chrysler's unibody construction. 5,000 individual welds produce a unit of unusual strength . . . silence . . . and durability.

Your ignition is conveniently located on the steering column. One turn of the key locks the ignition and the steering column.

The quiet car gets quieter for 1970. New rubber body mounts, new suspension system isolators and 25 sq. ft. more of sound insulation. Chrysler's new Sound Isolation System.

Headlights. Beautifully concealed. Until you need them. Then your Chrysler 300 turns night into day.

Front torsion-bar / rear-leaf suspension. Gives the 1970 Chrysler all that sure-footed agility and confident handling.

This year the rear wheels have a new wide stance. To make your Chrysler even more stable.

Fiberglass-belted tires. Wider. Standard. To give you longer life and better traction. They may even last as long as you own the car.

See the new Chryslers September 23.

You can get quiet rides with other cars, but with Chrysler cars you get the ideal combination of quietness, stability, and control . . . all from the blending of torsion-bar suspension, unibody construction and Sound Isolation System.

**Your next car: 1970 Chrysler**  
with Torsion-Quiet Ride

# Meet the man who took the bare knuckles out of bourbon.



One of the medals won  
since 1872 for being  
honest bourbon—  
but with manners.

When I.W. Harper first came to the Bluegrass Country, men were men and the drink was bourbon. And in those days, bourbon was like the sprawling land it was born in. Lots of natural attraction, but it lacked polish. Which led I.W. Harper to ask himself: "Why not a bourbon without the bare-knuckled taste?" Today, people are enjoying Mr. Harper's answer in his fine whiskey. Honest bourbon—but with manners.



highest, and the suicide rate is the highest in the world! . . .

I would be interested in knowing PLAYBOY's reaction to these facts.

Kay Carr

Toms River, New Jersey

Some of the facts in "Lally's Alley" are correct, some incorrect; but all are stated in a misleading and biased manner. In the first place, Lally's primary source, Birgitta Linner, emphasizes in her book that Swedish sex education is still far from adequate. William Edward Mann summarizes her criticisms in *The Journal of Sex Research*:

Dr. Birgitta Linner . . . estimates that only 50-60 percent of the students get a thorough sex education. Among the probable causes she cites are the difficulty of the subject, the inadequacy of the teachers' training, the embarrassment and moral bias of some instructors.

Dr. Linner makes it clear that, since 1938, sex education has been alternately moving forward and backward in Sweden, in reaction to various pressures from conservative and liberal groups. She quotes one mother as complaining, "Why did I receive a better sex education in the eighth grade back in 1944 than my daughter is getting in school now? She is getting none at all." Thus, insofar as there is a causal relationship, Swedish sexual behavior can't be considered exclusively the result of modern sex education and liberal laws but, rather, the product of a continuing conflict between forces of freedom and repression.

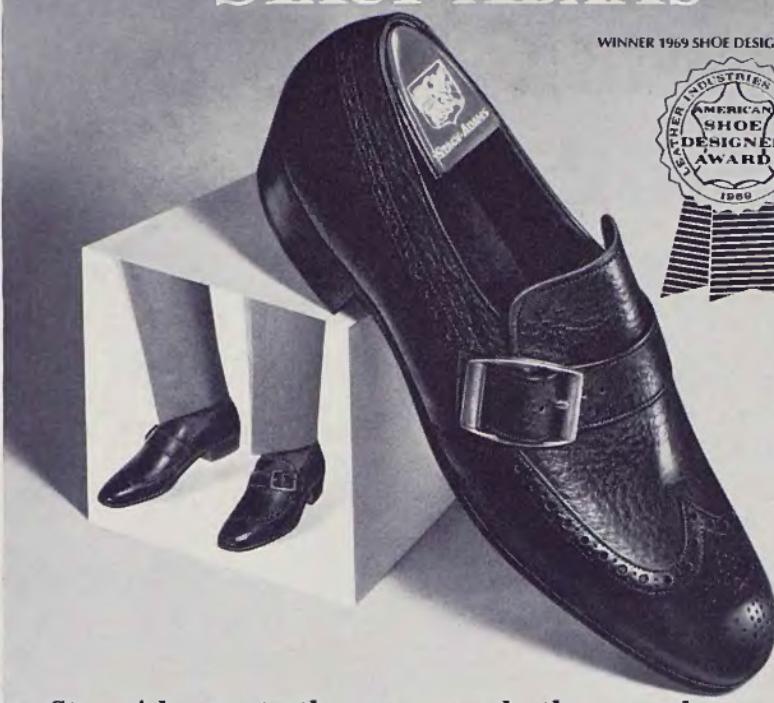
It is true that 30 to 35 percent of all Swedish brides are pregnant at the time of marriage and that there is a rather high rate of premarital sex. This must be understood within the framework of the Swedish attitude toward sexuality—which is not the product of modernism but part of the tradition of the country, as Ewald Bohm points out in "The Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior":

In general, then, ancient tradition gave social sanction to premarital sexual relationships. The legal responsibilities of marriage, however, began with the promise to marry. Such forms of "trial marriage" have persisted in some rural regions of Sweden from the ancient past . . . [and] also in some regions of Finland, the Baltic Sea provinces and other parts of the European continent, especially Austria and Bavaria.

As for premarital pregnancies, the Swedish rate is no more astonishing than the American rate: Dr. Alfred A. Messer has estimated that, in one large city, one third of the brides were pregnant at the time of marriage, and Dr. Alfred Auerback states that 50 percent of all our teenage brides are pregnant on their wedding day. The difference is that in

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The buckled shoe makes a dashing entrance in softly textured calfskin. Stacy-Adams styles this wing tip slip-on with all the ease and elegance that your active life demands. Fashioned from the finest materials on the finest lasts in the world. Style 477 in black. Style 478 in deep amber brown. Stacy-Adams Company, Brockton, Massachusetts 02403. Established 1875.

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She's on hand to make certain your party's a success when you hold it at The Playboy Club\*. And a success it will be—whether it's to celebrate the season, sell your product, cocktail your conventioneers, honor a birthday or bridegroom-to-be. Superb food, drinks, entertainment if you like, and, above all, fun in the glamorous atmosphere of The Playboy Club are yours. Learn why firms like RCA Victor, Clairol Corporation, Chrysler Corporation, Eastman Kodak and others return again and again to host Playboy Club parties. (The cost is less than you'd think.)

Contact your Club's Catering Manager or use attached coupon.

Miss Marilyn Smith, Catering Director  
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919 North Michigan Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois 60611  
I am planning a party for \_\_\_\_\_

persons on \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send me more information on parties at  
The Playboy Club.

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Playboy Clubs are located in the following cities: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, London, Los Angeles, Miami, Montreal, New Orleans, New York City, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Jamaica and Lake Geneva, Wisc.  
\*In Massachusetts, it's Playboy of Boston.

9313

# Jaguar. Tame it's not.

Fiercely male.  
As different from women's  
perfume as men are  
from women.  
Comes on stronger,  
stays longer.  
Jaguar® Cologne,  
After-Shave, and other  
Jaguar toiletries.

by *Yardley*



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*Sweden, the marriages are not caused by the pregnancies but by a real desire to marry, since there are no stigmata on illegitimacy there. As Dr. Linner points out, "It is perhaps typically Swedish that many of those who become pregnant prior to marriage are not forced into an undesired marriage." This seems to us wiser and more civilized than the shotgun-wedding tradition prevailing elsewhere.*

*As for venereal disease, Dr. Linner, after giving the figures quoted by Mr. Lally, points out:*

*But Sweden's V.D. problem is by no means a unique one—countries all over the world are facing similar difficulties. At an international V.D. conference in Lisbon, Portugal, in 1965, delegates were reminded that the gonorrhea incidence is rising in most countries. The syphilis picture is about the same, with an upward trend in about 75 percent of the countries investigated.*

*Anthropologist Margaret Mead, writing in Redbook magazine, agrees with Dr. Linner that surviving puritanical traditions cannot be underestimated in interpreting such anomalies in Swedish sexual behavior, saying that many Swedes still seem to feel "that the wages of sin is death or . . . unwanted pregnancy or disease." Dr. Mead adds, "It is hard to remodel a puritanical society in one generation."*

*As for rape, Mr. Lally's statistics are incorrect. For 1965 and 1966 (the latest years for which records are complete), the arrest figures were, respectively, 87 and 78—a decline of 10 percent, not a rise of 55 percent. In a population of 7,847,395, this works out to approximately 1.1 per 100,000 in 1965 and 1 per 100,000 in 1966, one of the lowest rates in the world. (The United States, by comparison, had 10,734 rape arrests in 1965, or 5.36 per 100,000, and increased 8 percent to 11,609 in 1966, or 5.8 per 100,000.)*

*Turning to drug taking, this refers chiefly to marijuana, which is increasing among youth everywhere and is relatively harmless, especially compared with alcoholism, the chief problem of the older generation in Sweden (and in the United States). As for freedom in publishing (including pornography), its existence has apparently had no adverse effect on Swedish life. We wonder if Mr. Lally is aware that where censorship does exist in Sweden, it is primarily concerned with violence.*

*The Swedish divorce rate is one of the highest in the world (but not nearly as high as that of the United States—one out of six Swedish marriages ends in divorce, compared with one in four here).*

*As for the oft-repeated allegation that Sweden has the highest suicide rate in the world—this was true 17 years ago but not since. Among European countries,*

*Austria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Denmark and Hungary all have higher suicide rates than Sweden, which has now dropped to ninth in the world. Furthermore, Frederic Fleisher points out in "The New Sweden" that the suicide rate in other countries may be higher than official statistics indicate:*

*[Swedes] argue that pressures for the concealment of suicide as a death cause are almost nonexistent. Their figures may seem high, but those in other countries would be much higher if the strong religious and moral reasons for concealment were removed.*

*A scientific viewpoint on Swedish sexuality, finally, would not state that their morals are worse (or better) than, say, America's but merely that they are different—produced not only by modern developments such as sex education and the welfare state but by the whole history and culture of the people over thousands of years. Dr. Phyllis Kronhausen, for instance, recently told the Chicago Sun-Times that Swedes worry too much about sex, are "very honest" and "very introspective" and are always afraid of hurting someone. It is this complex national character that explains why they can be tolerant of premarital sex and (according to a recent government study) 90 percent opposed to adultery. Similarly, Ira L. Reiss points out, in "Premarital Sexual Standards in America," that Swedish attitudes are not less "serious" than ours but equally solemn (about different issues):*

*The Swedish female will not usually indulge in "heavy petting" unless she is seriously affectionately involved and therefore intends to have intercourse; otherwise, she feels, such behavior is far too intimate. The American female pets with much more freedom. . . . In this sense, one might say that although American women are more virginal than Swedish women, they are still more promiscuous sexually!*

*In short, the attempt to evaluate an entire nation and understand its ideals, its realities, its inevitable conflicts between ideals and realities and how it evolved to its present state involves a great deal of scientific-sociological sophistication, a sense of relativism and an open mind—all of which Mr. Lally's dogmatic moralism prevents him from developing.*

## MATH AS A COMMUNIST PLOT

I received in the mail a leaflet titled "Is the School House the Proper Place to Teach Raw Math?" It contained, among other things, the following remarkable statements:

Communists, liberal intellectuals, godless rationalists and others of



There is a cigarette for the two of you. L&M.

©1969 Ligget. & Myers Inc.



dubious loyalty are now pushing something pretentiously called the new math in American public schools.

Not one American in a hundred can understand the so-called new math, and yet we have all been so brainwashed by comsymps in Washington and in the news media that we allow this vile and foreign form of mathematics to be poured into the ears of innocent children by insidious teachers. When are Americans going to wake up and realize what is happening?

How many realize that the foundations of the pinko new math are contained in an infamous treatise called *Principia Mathematica*, co-authored by the notorious pacifist Bertrand Russell? This is the same Bertrand Russell who . . . also wrote such blasphemous books as one called *Why I Am Not a Christian*.

Is this the kind of man whose mathematics you want taught to your little boy or little girl? . . .

The new math is only the first step in undermining traditional American values. Next, the conspirators plan to replace our fine old system of weights and measures with the metric system used in Europe. This system does not even use inches but instead employs a purely imaginary unit called the meter, thus causing confusion and disorientation, as is the case with rock music. The inventors of the metric system, it has been proved, were French revolutionaries, atheistic freemasons and Illuminatuses from Bavaria.

Is this thing for real or is somebody engaged in an elaborate joke?

Arnold K. Ravenhurst  
Chicago, Illinois

*It's a put-on by a group of young dissidents called the American Anarchist Association. But see the following letter.*

In our society, the rationalist eventually begins to feel like a one-legged man in an ass-kicking contest. The latest news is that the Communies are not only behind sex education and rock music but also athletics, the theater and the new math. I quote from a recent speech by the Reverend Raymond Hayden of Hempstead, Long Island, as reported in the *Suffolk Sun*:

The Reverend Hayden's proposed topic was "The Sanctity of Sex," but he spoke chiefly on what he described as an "inevitable Communist take-over" if sex-education programs were allowed. . . .

"We are engaged in the Third World War," the Reverend Hayden continued. "I'm not looking for Communists behind every door and bed, but they're in our churches, schools and politics.

"They work like this—get control of public institutions, get people's attention focused on sex, athletics and plays, get their minds off government. Your children will be separated from you, taken away from you, because you can't communicate with them due to new teaching methods.

"It was the same thing with the new math—we need to find out what is going on."

When will the Flat Earth Society stage a comeback and ban atheist geography from our schools?

James O'Malley  
Brooklyn, New York

#### GUNS, YES; SEX, NO

The following excerpts are from an article in "The Trib," a suburban section of the *Chicago Tribune*. The speakers show how reasonable and eloquent the right wing can be:

With strains of the Broadway musical *Hair* playing in the background, American Legionnaires of northern Illinois heard sex education in the schools equated with a Communist plot to destroy the country.

George Ray Hudson of Hinsdale, who spoke on "Sexploitation of the Young or Moral Disarmament," called the teaching of sex without moral values "wrong in the eyes of any Christian."

He warned, "God will not be mocked. Nations have tried this before. A judgment fell upon those people, and a judgment will fall upon us."

Hudson compared the present-day United States to Sodom and Gomorrah. "I think we are in a battle for existence as a nation, which very few people are aware of or understand."

Another speaker at the seminar, Gene Veseley of Chicago, discussed "Gun Registration and State Department Document 7277."

He said that Col. John Glenn's endorsement of gun control is unusual with his military background. "Don't forget he slipped and fell in the bathtub and hit his head before he made that endorsement," Veseley said.

D. R. Hickey  
University of Illinois  
Champaign, Illinois

#### PURPOSE OF REGISTRATION

The only possible achievement that registration of firearms can accomplish is to make it easier for reigning authority to confiscate all firearms. If registration prevents the acquisition of guns by the insane, the felon, the juvenile, the alcoholic and the otherwise incompetent, what guarantee is there that it will stop at that point? Confiscation can be

achieved through the use of registration lists, either by simply taking the guns from known owners or by taxing the registered guns so heavily that the owners are forced to dispose of them. The mere existence of registration records would ultimately destroy the ability of the private citizen to own his arms freely and secretly. If *PLAYBOY* favors confiscation, say so in virile fashion, please, and cut out the phony arguments in behalf of mere registration.

Norris M. Goodwin  
Attorney at Law  
Oroville, California

*See the answer to the following letter.*

#### PREVENTING MURDER

I support your position as stated in the *Playboy Forum* concerning gun-control legislation, but I was taken aback by the fact that about three fourths of all murders in the U.S. occur between persons known or related to each other. As I understand most proposed gun-control legislation, no law-abiding citizen would be prevented from owning a gun—just those whose past indicates some history of mental instability or criminality. If this is so, the law would not appear to be as effective as some of us had hoped. Since these probably law-abiding people would own guns for protection or for sport, I don't see how registration laws can prevent murders committed in the heat of passion. In this type of murder, the perpetrator usually gives himself up or, at least, is quickly apprehended. In three quarters of all murders, therefore, registration would point the finger but would not act as an effective preventive measure.

Capt. John P. Gagne  
Hampton, Virginia

*By and large, you're right. The problem is to prevent firearms from being misused or stolen while still making them available to law-enforcement agents and to sportsmen for legitimate purposes. A system that works well for the English police, who normally do not carry guns, is to check firearms out of police stations when needed. Similarly, on most military posts, weapons are normally kept locked in rifle racks or armories and ammunition is stored in ammo dumps to prevent accidents or misuse. By extension, we think a possible solution to the problem of gun abuse in America would be for firearms to be checked in local armories from which sportsmen could take them out for a specific purpose. In order to preclude the danger of such a setup becoming a Government monopoly on weapons, these armories could be administered by private sportsmen's organizations.*

*Sociology Professor Marvin E. Wolfgang commented in a letter to Time on the practicality of such a system:*

*Illegal possession would still occur, but availability of weapons*

## The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend  
that says you hear  
one Piper playing when  
you sip a good Scotch.  
Two Pipers, if the  
Scotch is smooth.  
Maybe five or six,  
if it's mellow.

But only when you  
sip a truly great, great  
Scotch will you ever hear  
one hundred Pipers.  
So goes the legend.

Seagram captured this  
legend in a bottle and  
called it 100 Pipers.  
Which tells you  
something about the  
taste of our Scotch.



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would be so limited that to obtain a gun illegally would be a most troublesome and expensive task. The domestic quarrel born from the high pitch of passion is less likely to end in homicide when a gun is not nearby. The annual 2500 accidental deaths due to guns would be reduced to a negligible amount. Occasional governmental requests for voluntary submission of all unauthorized guns, under amnesty, would be made, as in England.

**ABOLISHING THE DEATH PENALTY**

I believe that society must maintain some means of expiation for wrongdoing, but the sooner we do away with capital punishment the sooner we will have a better society. Attorney Louis Nizer has written:

Expiation, while desirable, is a theological concept. Punishment is a vengeance concept. Even reliance on the "eye for eye—tooth for tooth" principle of the Mosaic Code should be read in the light of the prior practice of killing whole families for the death of one person. "Eye for an eye" was actually a limitation of the revenge principle rather than a proclamation of it. It was an attempt to humanize the principle of retribution. Furthermore it should not be read literally, but rather as a confirmation of the old principle that the punishment should fit the crime.

Strapping a human being into an electric chair to burn him alive, hanging him by the neck until he's dead or putting him up against a wall so a group of soldiers can spray him with bullets—these are not humane acts. They are barbarous. As long as man continues to idolize the savage institution of murder by the state, he will fail to live up to his potential as a human being.

Joseph La Rosa  
Bristol, Pennsylvania

**INTELLECTUAL DOVES**

After reading many articles in various papers and magazines by those intellectual doves who favor the abolition of capital punishment, I just have to get a few thoughts out of my system.

They say the death penalty does not deter crime. Bah! I say they are wrong.

These smart people do not know it, but the trouble with this country is that there are too many educated doves and not enough plain ordinary folks with honest common sense. The whole nation is on the downgrade because punishments are not severe enough—in the home, in the courts or anywhere.

I'm an eighth-grade graduate, but my mind tells me these intellectuals are all wrong.

Al Siegrist  
Norwich, Connecticut

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#### LEGISLATOR OF THE YEAR

The following item from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* speaks for itself:

While a man who had just served three years in prison for a rape he didn't commit sat nearby . . . a Philadelphia legislator introduced a bill that would make rape punishable by death.

The bill was introduced by Rep. Harry R. J. Comer and cosponsored by Rep. Anita Kelly, both Philadelphia Democrats.

The victim of the miscarriage of justice was Gordon J. Ragan, a 22-year-old Philadelphian who was freed after serving three years for the rape of the wife of a University of Pennsylvania professor by a man who looked like him.

Asked what would happen in cases like Ragan's if the death penalty were involved, Comer replied:

"Tough."

I think Representative Comer deserves a Legislator of the Year award, but I'm not sure whether he should get it from the thuggee death worshipers of India or the Russian secret police.

Tina Malatesta  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### MURDERING THE MURDERER

I have read with some interest the letters to *The Playboy Forum* about capital punishment and, insofar as they argue for a complete banning of the death penalty, I find them rather unconvincing. I cannot grasp why a known murderer should not be executed, instead of being a charge of the state for life. Naturally, there needs to be a careful definition of exactly what a known murderer is. But, once that is established, why should the citizenry pay to feed, clothe and shelter a murderer for the rest of his life?

What annoys me most about the passionate pleas for abolition is the constant reference to the hypocrisy of society for doing what the individual is not allowed to do. Only if individuals are forbidden to commit murder is there any hope that collectives can eventually be similarly restrained. Nazi Germany showed what can happen when the taboo on killing is relaxed; and it illustrated why this absolute needs to be retained.

John B. Hayter  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Murderers serving life terms do not need to be supported by the citizenry. The fact that they often are is a defect of management and budgeting in our penal system; under intelligent administration, murderers and other convicts could perform enough useful work to pay the state for their upkeep. Even under our present system, it is still cheaper to keep a prisoner alive than to execute him. Dr. Hans W. Mattick, of the University of*

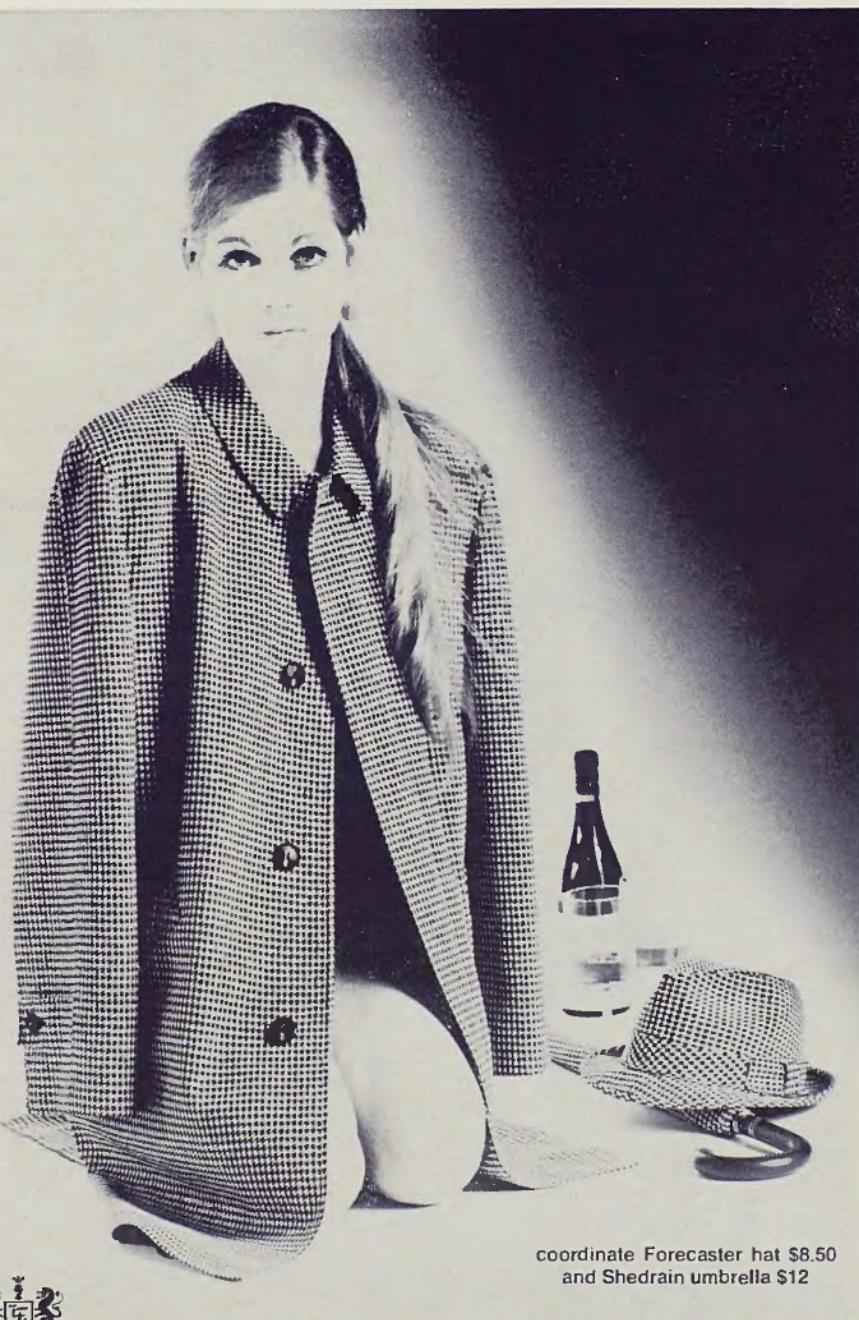
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Chicago, has calculated that the average cost of executing a man in America is around \$15,000 more than the cost of keeping him in prison for life (see "The Playboy Forum," September 1967). This is because growing public repugnance to the death penalty and the extreme difficulty of knowing that a man is really guilty (a problem you underestimate, we think) have led to a system of costly judicial reviews; cases like Caryl Chessman's (12 years on death row and eight reprieves before execution) are becoming commonplace rather than rare. Under the circumstances, it is economical, as well as humane, to abolish capital punishment.

Your second argument that society will learn to become less violent if it continues to execute people is implausible, to say the least. After all, you are basically arguing that the way to establish a rule is to violate that rule—a theory that implies we should rob the robber, rape the rapist and (if possible) defraud the fraudulent. We think it more reasonable to assume that societies, like individuals, can best create respect for a social norm by first obeying that norm themselves. In short, if our Government continues to preach nonviolence while practicing violence, it will continue to sound hypocritical—and unconvincing.

#### PRISON PROSTITUTES

The denial of any heterosexual relationships in prison is dreadful to contemplate. The present concern with a solution is imperative, but are conjugal visits the answer? Granted, any change is an improvement over the present system, but what about the men who have no wives or girlfriends? Their physical desires are as great as other men's.

Prostitution is ever present in our society, outside the prison walls. Along with conjugal visits, I see prostitution as an answer to the homosexuality problem within the prisons today, a solution hopefully encompassing the needs of a greater number of the prisoners.

Molly Caple  
University of Colorado  
Boulder, Colorado

#### SEX IN PRISON

Anything that can be done to stop homosexuality in prisons (with or without conjugal visits) would be a big step forward. I have done almost seven years in the Federal systems and am about to return, if found guilty when I go to trial here. In any case, I have to do another nine months for parole violation. Many a night I've lain in my bunk and watched love being made (if you care to call it that). I don't have anything against homos, but they do make it that much harder to do your time.

Denver R. Mathis  
Nez Perce County Jail  
Lewiston, Idaho

#### THE HOMOSEXUAL'S LIFE

Thank you for your efforts toward justice for all human beings, including homosexuals. My own life has been successful in all the traditional and socially accepted ways: I am a respected member of the community, a taxpayer, a Navy veteran, a business leader and an executive. But my life is also a charade that will end only with my death. Imagine a man who faces all the usual daily problems that everyone else has, but on top of that, is forced to lie about his deepest and most sincere feelings, even to members of his family. This is what the homosexual is faced with every day of his life. Hopefully, the day will come when misunderstanding will be replaced with understanding.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Diego, California

#### INFECTIOUS HOMOSEXUALITY

A reader wrote to the Charleston, West Virginia, *Daily Mail* asking whether or not there is any physical danger involved in homosexuality. And you know what they told him? "Definitely yes," says Dr. Page Seekford, city/county health director. "There exists a very great danger from the venereal-disease standpoint," he said, "as well as other aspects."

Nice to know that heterosexual love is always germ-free, "as well as other aspects."

(Name withheld by request)  
Charleston, West Virginia

#### "AMERICAN APARTHEID"

I have filed a complaint against the Internal Revenue Service. The basis of this suit is Section 1942.31 of the *Internal Revenue Service Manual*, under which IRS employees may be disciplined or dismissed for nonbusiness association with homosexuals. Under this rule, an employee does not have to be proved to have had sexual relations with a homosexual. Mere association in itself is enough to bring down the ax.

As an American citizen and a homosexual, I feel that this deprives me of my freedom to associate with any employees in Government (who are paid, in part, out of my taxes) and I intend to fight this case to the limit. I am joined in this suit by the Mattachine Society of Washington and the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations, acting on behalf of the homosexuals in America.

The three plaintiffs in the suit are represented by William L. Sollee of the American Civil Liberties Union. The A. C. L. U. has characterized the IRS policy as "a kind of 'American apartheid,' directed not at Negroes but at homosexuals."

Franklin E. Kameny, Ph.D.  
Washington, D. C.

#### OUNDING HOMOSEXUALS

A thought occurred to me while reading the letters in *The Playboy Forum*

regarding the persecution of homosexuals. My thesis is that those who habitually harass and persecute homosexuals have found the tendency to homosexuality to varying degrees within themselves. Their attack on others, then, is an example of what Freud called "reaction formation" or the manifestation of actions and emotions directly opposite to one's real feelings.

Mike Tigges  
Wadena, Minnesota

*Most Freudian psychoanalysts do, indeed, believe that anyone who shows pronounced hatred of homosexuals is fighting a battle against homosexual impulses within himself. Clinical psychologist Albert Ellis disagrees, however:*

*The psychoanalytical theory that when we hate something inordinately, our hatred is really a "reaction formation" against an underlying love is only sometimes true. More often, it is probably false: We hate because we have been taught to hate, not because of any complicated "reaction formation." Specifically, people who persecute homosexuals are typically rigid, bigoted characters who have a generally intolerant attitude toward all minorities. They were raised by strict, narrow-minded, very conventional parents and were indoctrinated from youth onward to be hostile to anything or any person that departs from the norms of their own household. In short, antihomosexual bias is only one of their many hang-ups.*

*In our opinion, the Freudian theory probably applies primarily to those who make an obsessive, personal crusade out of hounding homosexuals, but the average bias is best explained by Dr. Ellis' common-sense psychology.*

#### HOMOSEXUALS AND PSYCHIATRY

I disagree with some of the homosexuals who have written to *The Playboy Forum*, attacking psychiatrists. At the age of 18, after realizing that my own orientation was homosexual, I underwent therapy with a competent psychiatrist, spending eight months in weekly sessions with him. He did not immediately try to alter me into heterosexuality but spent the first months in helping me to discover why I was homosexual and how ingrained that preference was. When we both understood the nature of my particular case, we agreed—mutually—that adjusting me would be a long, difficult and probably impossible task. The remainder of my therapy consisted of teaching me how to live with my homosexuality and not torment myself with perpetual guilt, shame and self-hatred.

I will always be grateful to this psychiatrist, and I wish other homosexuals—whose shrill self-justifications are

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obviously a mask for deep self-doubt—could have the benefit of similar therapy.  
(Name withheld by request)  
Niagara Falls, New York

#### PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

I read with interest the brief description in the May *Forum Newsfront* of the experiences of psychologists Bohr and Steinberg, who became pseudo mental patients at Philadelphia State Hospital. Unfortunately, I am able to comment on the basis of firsthand knowledge, since I was a mental patient at Central Islip State Hospital on Long Island in two commitments totaling one year.

My first thought when I read that "all they really had to do . . . was notify an attendant that they wanted to see the head psychiatrist" was that they took one hell of a chance. I assume the statement refers to the head of the entire institution, not just of the building in which they were detained. Such administrators do not normally see patients. Attendants take for granted that their charges are not rational people and I doubt that an attendant would accept that two of the patients had a rational, legitimate reason for seeing the head psychiatrist. Their request would probably have been ignored.

In any case, all that these men could expect to find out was how it feels for a normal, sane, rational person to be a mental patient. Bona fide mental patients would perceive the same reality differently. Some of them wouldn't even be aware of being in a mental hospital. One's perceptions are also partially determined by previous experience. To a derelict without money, the hospital, with beds and three meals a day, is a paradise.

I am curious as to what type of ward or building the two psychologists were assigned. Assuming they behaved as normal people, they would quickly be assigned to a ward for those on the road to recovery and release. This would spare them from being surrounded by people incapable of speech, unable to control their bodily functions, making loud, incoherent sounds or conversing with internal voices. I gather also that they were not in a ward where the patients and attendants were constantly violent. There, the chief problem would be fear.

I agree that chronic boredom is the major problem in a mental hospital. There is nothing to do but watch television, and choice of program and volume are not in the hands of the average patient. Of course, one may be in a ward where card tables are provided and where there is at least one other patient able to play. But two-handed gin gets boring, too. Usually the chairs are very uncomfortable and there are too many distractions to permit much reading. A patient is lucky if he is assigned to a ward where there is someone with whom he can talk. Presumably, the two psychol-

ogists had each other to converse with. So they couldn't begin to feel the way a patient, totally alone and isolated, feels.

I wonder exactly how long Drs. Bohr and Steinberg pretended to be patients before terminating the experiment. I doubt that they stayed a year or even several months; therefore, I doubt that they found out how it feels to be a long-term mental patient. I am also wondering whether the psychologists imitated the inmates to the extent that they took medicine in the amounts normally given actual patients and whether they experienced any of the frequently occurring and disturbingly painful side effects.

Timothy Shackelford  
Blue Point, New York

#### SHOCK TREATMENT

During three out of the past eight years, I have been a patient in various mental hospitals. I was not railroaded; the majority of times I went in voluntarily. However, the treatment I received was nothing I would have willingly submitted to. I'm referring to what is known in my home state as Georgia power—in other words, shock treatment or electroconvulsive therapy.

This is the induction of a coma in a person by means of an electric current passed through the temporal area of the head. The majority of psychiatrists and medical textbooks say that this treatment is painless. From the viewpoint of one who has sustained about 40 of these sessions, I would say they are anything but. Imagine, if you will, lying on a couch with three or four attendants standing over you; a rubber gag is placed in your mouth (this is to keep you from chewing off your tongue during treatment); then large jolts of electricity are passed through your head, without anesthetic.

These treatments cause varying degrees of memory loss for different lengths of time. It is a terrifying experience to wake up and not be able to remember your wife's name, your address, what day or what month it is or where you are. I was on the dean's list in college, in a National Honor Society fraternity (Phi Eta Sigma) and quite a good student, prior to my encounters with shock therapy. It has been about four years since my last session, and I can barely recall the names of the universities I attended, much less anything about the subject I studied, which was nuclear physics.

This type of therapy is not only painful but it can have a disastrous effect on the life of the patient. I think shock treatment should be eliminated from mental hospitals; possibly it could be replaced by some sort of drug therapy. I hope other ex-patients will speak up and let the public know their feelings on this subject.

Charles S. Pennewell, Jr.  
Atlanta, Georgia

#### INSURANCE SNOOPERS

I must agree with your July *Forum Newsfront* item about irresponsible snooping by insurance companies. As a former insurance investigator myself, let me give you more of the deplorable details. In most cases, the insurance companies subcontract this dirty work to retail-credit companies. The sleuths who do the job are usually ill-trained and always rushed, so they turn in everything they hear without checking it for accuracy. One malicious remark by an unfriendly neighbor, even if untrue, can lead to your policy being canceled.

Worse: The report stays in the file of the retail-credit company after being shown to the insurance people. The next time you are rejected for a job, it might be because that report still haunts your tracks. Thus, one investigator's error could ruin your life for years and you would never know the source of your troubles. I don't see what all this has to do with selling insurance; that's why I am no longer in the business.

H. Allen  
New York, New York

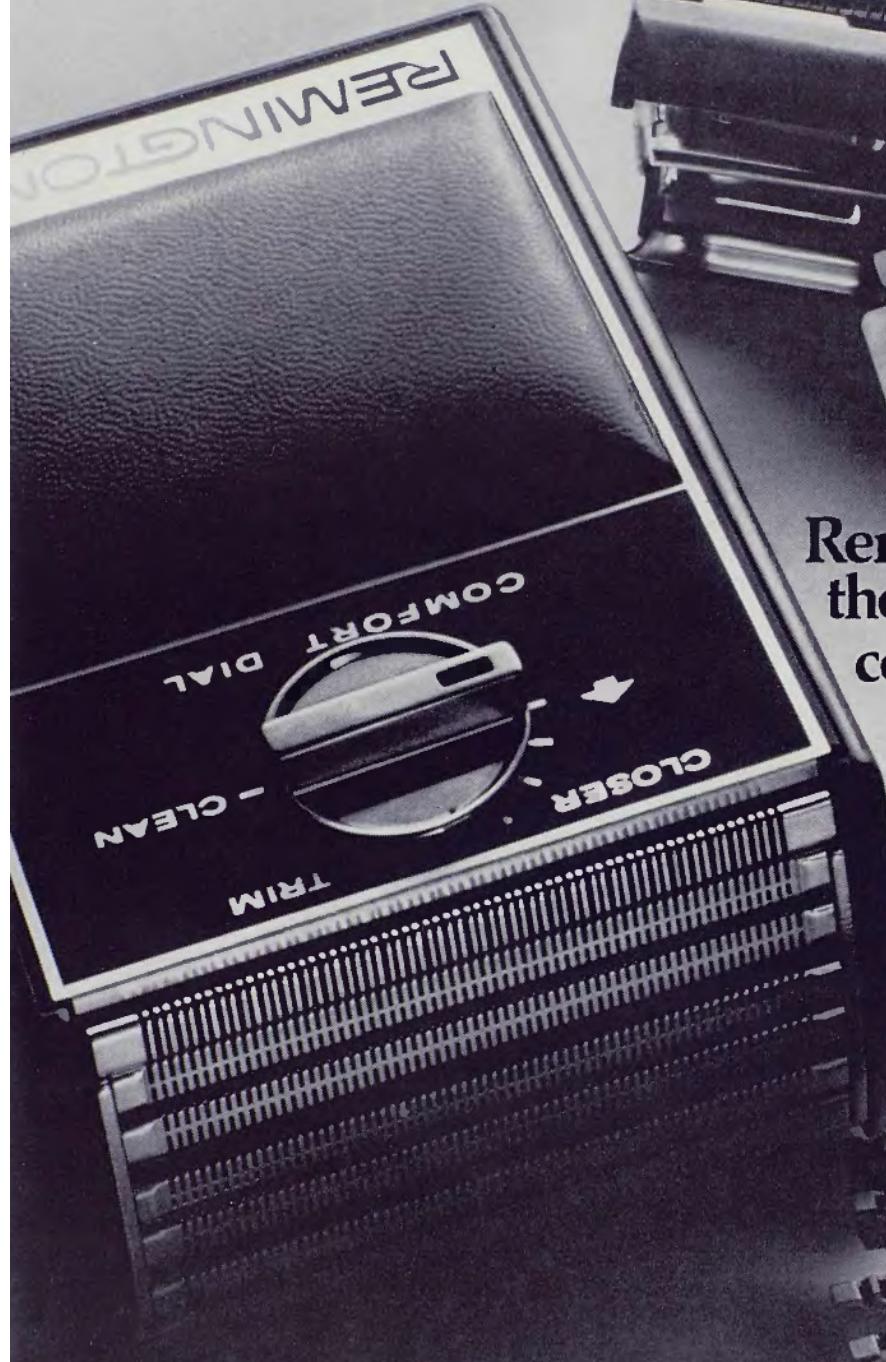
#### YOUR PAST IS SHOWING

An item in the July *Forum Newsfront* described several instances in which insurance policies were canceled for absurd reasons and remarked that "hundreds of similar cases" had been reported. The item referred to "the Big Brotherism of the insurance industry." Behind that Big Brother is a little brother—the insurance investigator, an occupation I worked at for some time.

All the insurance companies I know use investigating agencies, which are usually separate entities from their client companies. These agencies are extremely publicity-shy and their names are not known to the general public, but they have offices all over the country and they keep files on anyone likely to apply for insurance. If a person is arrested watching stag movies in New York and he applies for a policy at a later date in Miami, the information about his past will probably turn up in his file and his application will be rejected for so-called moral reasons. But he will never be told specifically that the arrest in New York was the reason for rejection. The information will simply follow him and be held against him wherever he goes.

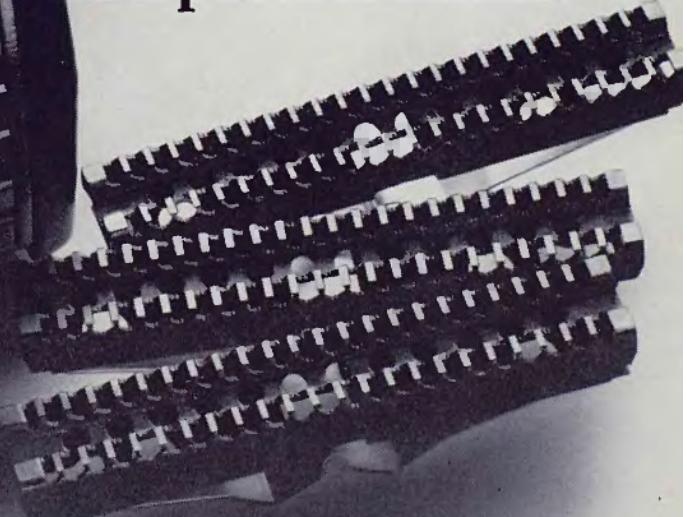
As is the case with any industry, there is a certain amount of slipshod work done in the insurance-investigating field. In my office, one had to report on 14 to 18 cases daily, and we were expected to find as many bad risks as possible. Like the traffic cop who gives out too few tickets, the investigator who does not find many bad risks is looked at askance by his superiors. The haste and pressure of the job lead to various kinds of dishonesty. If there is enough old

(continued on page 208)



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROWAN AND MARTIN

## *a candid conversation with the dynamic duo of television's "laugh-in"*

When "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In" debuted on NBC in January 1968, a sizable portion of the Monday-night audience sat gaping at the video-taped sensory assault of rapid-fire nonsense. Amid the flurry of one-liners, black-outs, sight gags, slapstick, knock-knock jokes and wacky non sequiturs stood the veteran night-club team that had made this dream of an all-comedy television hour a laughable reality—Dan Rowan and Dick Martin. Having perfected their craft in 15 years of club bookings, personal appearances and TV guest shots, they stroll on stage like a pair of tuxedoed pals at a country-club dinner who just stepped out onto the terrace for a smoke. "Skiing sure is tiring," sighs Dick, hands in his pockets, rocking on his heels.

"What's so tiring about skiing down a mountain?" Dan replies with reluctant curiosity.

"Down?" Martin gasps.

In this traditional idiot-straight man relationship, Rowan is the very essence of staid, mature wisdom, doggedly offering sane counsel to his nitwit companion, who seems unable to shake his preoccupation with sex. "You could use a little more weight," Rowan observes, noticing his partner's gaunt morning-after look.

"You shoulda been with me last night," Martin chortles. "I put on about a hundred and eighteen pounds."

"I don't want to hear about it," says Dan.

Despite the illusion of casual spontaneity they manage to create in these absurd exchanges, their timing suggests that this failure to communicate has been going on for years—and, indeed, it

has. In 1952, at the suggestion of a mutual friend, Dan and Dick collaborated on some comedy material that they then decided to perform themselves; they broke in their act without pay at a small Los Angeles night club. Though both had been professional writers in the Forties, they found that they developed their best material through improvisation, Dan offering a conversational premise and Dick twisting it through the convolutions of his sex-crazed perspective. After four years of playing such scintillating night spots as the Davonian Club in Hobbs, New Mexico, they were finally discovered in Florida by Walter Winchell, who alerted the national press to their existence; the results were better pay, better bookings and, eventually, a film contract at Universal Studios.

But their first release, in 1957, "Once upon a Horse," bombed at the box office and they spent the next several years back on the road, struggling to regain lost momentum. After ABC rejected their pilot for a "Laugh-In"-style comedy show in 1962, the constant traveling and monotony of the night-club circuit began to take its toll on their energies and they decided to confine their activities to the relative security of the big casino lounges in Reno and Las Vegas. It proved to be an excellent decision. Dean Martin liked their work and booked them as guests on his show and, soon after, NBC signed them up as hosts for Dean's summer-replacement series.

With this network exposure, Rowan and Martin were back on top, headlining in the main rooms and being courted

by NBC for a weekly television series of their own. George Schlatter, an independent producer with ideas as bizarre as their own, joined with them to develop a format based on their concept of cartoon humor; and together they managed to get NBC vice-president Ed Friendly interested enough to quit his network job and join their production company. Rejecting such titles as "Put On," "The Wacky World of Now," "On the Funny Side of Life" and "High Camp," they called the show "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In"—and within 12 weeks of its premiere, they found themselves fourth in the national ratings. By the end of the season, they carried off four Emmy awards. In addition to repeating their television success this year, they also completed their second film, "The Maltese Bifpy," for producers Bob Enders and Everett Freeman, and have contracted for two more.

If Rowan, 47, takes his success calmly, it may be because he was literally born into show business, when the carnival with which his parents toured made a stop in Beggs, Oklahoma. By the age of four, he was dancing and singing in the touring show, but his career terminated abruptly when he was orphaned at 11. After repeated attempts to escape from the Colorado orphanage that took him in, he was finally adopted and spent the next few years finishing high school and working at odd jobs. At 19, he hitched a ride to Los Angeles and found a job as a junior writer at Paramount; but he quit to join the Air Corps during World War Two. When Rowan's P-40 was shot down over New Guinea, he was seriously



ROWAN: There might be a case for censorship if people were forced to look at television. But no one holds a gun to your head and insists you watch "Laugh-In."



MARTIN: I belong to Bridesmaids Anonymous. Whenever I feel like getting married, they send over a lady in a housecoat and hair curlers to burn my toast for me.



ROWAN: If I had to step out of television today, I'd be broke tomorrow. It's a pottery empire built on the fragile underpinnings of a comedy team called Rowan and Martin.



MARTIN: We are actors playing comics. I am not what you see on stage. I am not inept, I am not bumbling and I am not dumb, but it's worked for me to play that character.

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*injured, and he spent the remaining years of the War behind a desk. When he returned to Los Angeles after the War, he married a runner-up in the Miss America Contest (the marriage ended in divorce 12 years and three children later) and began selling used cars, eventually going into partnership on a foreign-car agency. When his interest in automobiles began to dwindle, he planned a return to show business and began preparing for a career as an actor. At that point, he met Dick Martin.*

*Martin, also 47, had come to Los Angeles from Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1943, after giving up a job on the Ford assembly line. At 22, he was hired as a writer for "Duffy's Tavern," a popular radio show, but spent his evenings tending bar at various places in and around Los Angeles. In 1946, inspired by the work of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, he formed his own comedy act with an unemployed actor named Artie Lewis; though they claimed to be the real Martin and Lewis, the partnership dissolved within three weeks, much to the relief of everyone who caught their act. After another unsuccessful team effort with a young comedienne—this one lasted less than a year—Martin resumed his post behind the bar, met Dan Rowan and tried again, this time with obvious success. Today, having himself been married and divorced in the interim, Martin divides his time among a number of young ladies, plays golf almost daily and lives comfortably in a small Beverly Hills bachelor house. Rowan and his second wife, a former model, take full advantage of the tennis court and swimming pool at their spacious Holmby Hills hacienda; and his new Florida beach house provides a convenient anchorage for their two boats. Both men seem self-assured, secure and pleased with their success and the affluence it's brought them.*

*Five days before the world premiere of "The Maltese Bippy," PLAYBOY Assistant Editor Harold Ramis met Rowan and Martin at the cavernous Anaheim, California, Convention Center, the second stop on their between-seasons tour of 13 American and Canadian cities. The highlight of the evening came when the two did a very funny—and somewhat suggestive—routine on the birds and the bees; literally, on the reproductive systems of flowers. Despite the relative mildness of the double-entendres on which the dialog is based, it was clearly not the kind of material anyone would be likely to hear on television. With that in mind, Ramis began the interview after the show by questioning Rowan and Martin about the nature and extent of television censorship.*

**PLAYBOY:** Senator Pastore deplores what he feels is an overabundance of sex and violence on television. Do you think he's right?

**ROWAN:** There's plenty of violence on television, but not nearly enough sex. Of course, in America, we all realize that violence is acceptable but sex isn't. It would be a terribly dirty, ugly picture to show two people banging away in the bushes, but if you want to show someone blowing a guy's brains out, that's another story.

**MARTIN:** I once watched an episode of *Combat* and in one hour, 53 men were killed. If mild allusions to sex are more offensive than watching all that slaughter, then something's drastically wrong with our society.

**ROWAN:** That's the kind of absurd morality we abhor on our show. Let's say you wanted to show the film *I Am Curious (Yellow)* on TV. If people objected to it because it's one of the dullest goddamn movies ever made, that would be perfectly valid. But if they objected to the fact that it shows fornication, then I would fail to understand their reasoning. If God hadn't made it such a pleasant act, if it were really so distasteful, we obviously wouldn't be here to talk about it.

**MARTIN:** That reminds me of something my aunt once said.

**ROWAN:** Really? Why don't you include it in your memoirs?

**MARTIN:** She had gone to do a survey for the television networks to find out what American nudists were watching.

**ROWAN:** I'll bite. What were they watching?

**MARTIN:** Well, it wasn't television. Would you like to know what they were watching?

**ROWAN:** Maybe later, Dick. I just don't feel up to it right now.

**PLAYBOY:** Neither do we. How do you account for Senator Pastore's attempts to stifle free expression in television while the other media are enjoying unprecedented license?

**MARTIN:** I can't. Let's say that 75 percent of all Broadway and night-club humor is based on sex. If it's such an objectionable topic, why are people paying \$9 for a theater ticket, or \$25 to sit in a night club and listen to it? You can now say anything you want on the stage or in a film, and nobody's offended if Buddy Hackett says "ass" in his act. But somebody once told us that we shouldn't even talk about marijuana on our show. Well, we talk about it, because it's happening. A line's been drawn somewhere by somebody who thinks that real issues, important problems can be handled only on discussion shows. David Susskind has a talk show and conducts open discussions on subjects such as homosexuality, Lesbianism, narcotics addiction—things we wouldn't dare approach with any real frankness on our show. We've gotten some things on the air that surprise a lot of people, but I think that's only because the show is paced so fast that by the time someone realizes he's heard



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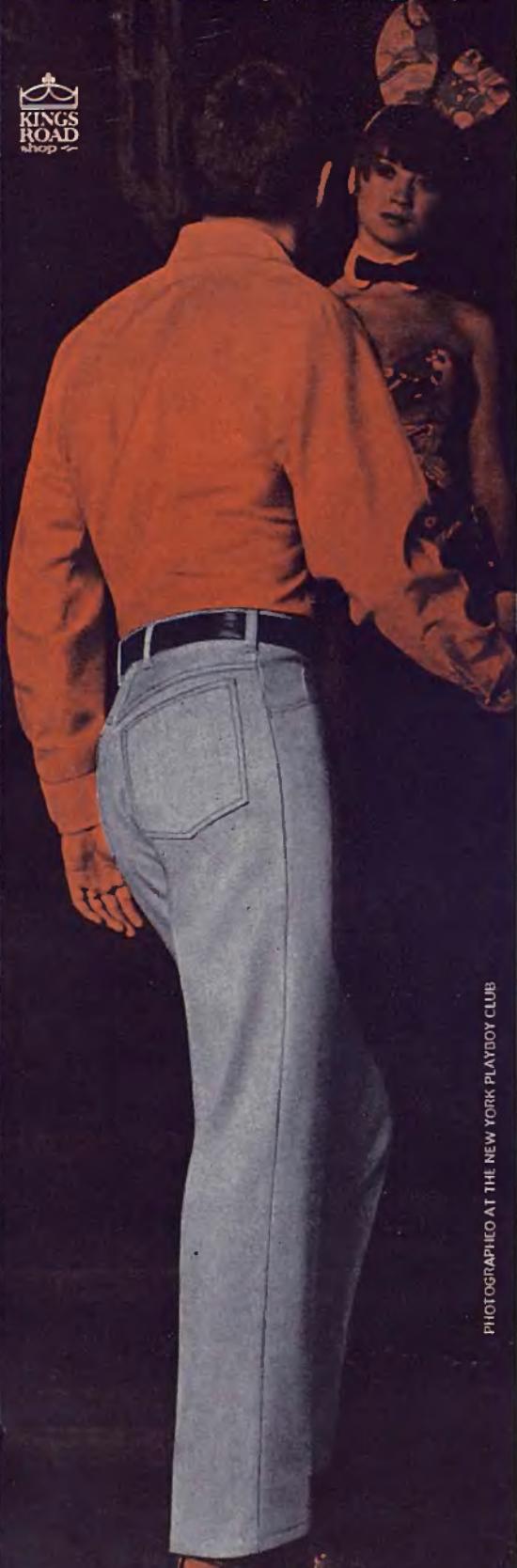
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something objectionable, he's forgotten what it was he objected to.

**ROWAN:** The sponsors have had a lot to do with inhibiting TV content. Do you know that you couldn't say the name Tennessee Ernie *Ford* on the Dinah Shore *Chevy* show? And when we worked on Dinah Shore's summer show, we couldn't use the word crazy in a sketch, because the sponsors were afraid we'd offend the Mental Health Institute.

**MARTIN:** One of the best things that ever happened to help our show was to have it multiply sponsored. When you're sponsored by one product, you're up against an advertising agency that's afraid of losing its client; you're up against a sponsor's wife who may or may not like what you're doing; and, in general, you're up against terrifying moguls who can inflict their will on the artists, the writers and the producers.

**ROWAN:** But we've got five or six participating sponsors in an hour and none of them has any control over the content of our show. There is one guy from Breck who hangs around, but he just happens to be a friend of everybody's. In fact, he really caught hell from his company over something we did, in spite of the fact that he had no control over it. Breck is a subsidiary of American Cyanamid and we gave the Fickle Finger of Fate to the drug industry one week. In the sketch, Jo Anne Worley has a prescription filled in a drugstore and the pharmacist says, "That'll be five-fifty, please." But she doesn't have enough money; so when the guy turns around, she leaves 50 cents on the counter and walks out. The druggist picks up the 50 cents and says, "Oh, well, I still made a quarter on it." The drug folks were very upset.

**MARTIN:** We also did a salute to smoking that was totally against cigarettes, though we happened to be sponsored by two cigarette companies at the time. That was considered a little daring, but, to their credit, we still have them as sponsors.

**PLAYBOY:** In the absence of sponsor control, what kind of limitations does the network impose on the show?

**ROWAN:** The network has been very good about the whole thing. When they decided to go with the show as a series, they assigned a full-time censor, Sandy Cummings, a very bright guy, and he understands the problem. We like to think that we've broken the bounds of regimented thinking.

**MARTIN:** In my opinion, the best censors we have are ourselves. Our head writer and coproducer, Paul Keyes, has extremely good taste; he's stopped an awful lot of stuff before it ever got into a script. Naturally, when you have 13 nutty writers, as we have, and you tell them that they're free to write anything they want, you must assume that they're going to come up with some pretty weird stuff. Television writers have never been as free in the past as they are on our show.

We don't have to assign them monologs or lead-ins to write. They don't have to think in terms of beginnings, middles and endings. Our scripts contain as many as 250 *non sequiturs*, totally unrelated bits, so it's really to our advantage not to put restrictions on our writers.

**ROWAN:** With so many separate bits in the show, it's impossible for the network to make any general restrictions, like, "You can say this; you can't say that." You can't lay down guidelines for a no-format format. As far as the mechanics of the thing go, the routine they follow at NBC is different from at CBS or at the off-Broadway network, ABC. The NBC people look at the first script the writers submit and then they make notes, sometimes rather voluminous notes, about different segments of it. For instance, they may write, "Item number 12—'Kiss my ass.'—Unacceptable." Well, we don't fight them on that, because we knew it was unacceptable when we put it there. Or else we may claim it's a typographical error. If it were a Cleopatra sketch, then we could say, "Look, it's supposed to read, 'Kiss my asp.'" Then they say, "That's still unacceptable. We don't like Egyptian humor."

**PLAYBOY:** Can you remember any other lines that have offended the censor?

**ROWAN:** Well, Jo Anne Worley is a rather buxom, well-endowed lady, and we once gave her a one-word cameo to do—"Jugs." Sandy Cummings said, "Wait a minute. Everybody knows that jugs is a euphemism for breasts. You can't say that, any more than you could say 'tit' or 'knockers.'" So our producer fought him on that and we finally did the bit with her holding a pair of earthenware jugs; we still got the point across, but this made it acceptable to the censors. I'd much prefer, of course, to let the public act as its own censor. If you object to something, you don't have to watch it, you don't have to read it, you don't have to listen to it. Censorship is an infringement on freedom. People are smart enough to pick and choose what they want to see. Other countries have adopted much more liberal attitudes toward the whole problem, and I don't think it's hurt the Danes or the Swedes.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of the one-liners you use on the air are punch lines to some rather explicit and well-known sex jokes. Do you refrain from telling them in their entirety because of the number of young people who watch your show?

**MARTIN:** Well, I wouldn't want to say on the air a lot of the things that are said in a night club or a legitimate theater, but I do think we have to realize that our whole concept of youth has changed since the *Andy Hardy* days. I'd bet \$1000 that most of the 14-year-olds watching could tell us those jokes. A young person today may be as alert, intelligent and sophisticated at 14 or 15 as we were at 19 or 20. But society still wants to judge

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**ROWAN:** If kids were being tied to their chairs and forced to look at the television screen, I think there might be a legitimate case for censorship. But no one holds a gun to your head and insists you watch *Laugh-In* or any other show.

**MARTIN:** What's really happening today is that kids have finally found out that fucking is more fun than baseball. We used to run around with the ball-and-bat thing. We were really dummies. The kids today don't have our hang-ups. They think it's bullshit to feel guilty about sex. Balling to them is just like shaking hands, and all we can think of to say is, "Oh, that's terrible. What's happening to the world?" Well, what's happening is that they're creating a guilt-free society. I'm not saying that everybody should jump on everybody else—although I can't find a whole lot wrong with that, either—but it's wrong for people to grow up thinking that sex is only for married people and, even then, only to have babies. How the churches ever got people to believe that, I'll never understand. But kids today know intuitively that nobody has to be hurt by sex. They just swing with it, groove with it and I, for one, say, "Good for them."

**ROWAN:** I don't think we can overlook the fact that these things happen in cycles. What we consider rather daring has been done openly and casually in other societies and cultures throughout the centuries. Sexual morality is really relative. There are places in the world where, if you discover a woman in the nude, the first thing she covers is her eyes. She doesn't want to witness your embarrassment at having seen her in the nude. Other places, the women may cover their kneecaps; they're kneecap freaks, I guess. Sexual morality should be left to the individual. If you don't hurt someone else by your sexual behavior, then that's where it's at. I don't think the case for heterosexuality has ever been made strongly enough to believe that some of history's great figures were bad guys because they happened to be homosexuals.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering the trend toward increasing sexual candor in the other media, do you think television audiences would welcome more realistic programming?

**ROWAN:** I don't know. The networks have historically followed rather than led the public, which is usually leagues ahead of corporate thinking. But trying to guess what the public wants is a fool's game. I'm inclined to view the public as an attractive woman who's sitting in the corner booth with a bottle of wine, waiting for someone to make advances to her. She isn't going to make the first move, so you do. In the end, you may stimulate her or you may lose her completely. I think it

was right for us to assume that the public was tired of standard situation comedies and variety shows.

**MARTIN:** Which is not to say that they were completely ready for what we have to offer. There were people who objected to our use of Negroes on the show. We had one dance number that ended with the guys kissing the girls—a little peck. Well, Flip Wilson was paired with Judy Carne and, naturally, at the end of the number he kissed her. That may have been the first time this happened on television and we got some mail on it. We've also gotten some mail on what people consider "disrespect." We did a salute to funerals that drew some comment; but, surprisingly enough, funeral directors themselves had some very nice things to say—things like, "Hey, it's about time somebody put a little levity into this business."

**ROWAN:** The National Rifle Association wasn't quite so pleased. We gave them the Fickle Finger of Fate one week for opposing the passage of gun-control legislation that the majority of Americans overwhelmingly favored. They're so well organized that whenever anybody takes a shot at them, they run a notice in their magazine, saying, "Write these guys and tell them to shut up about gun control." So we got a really well-organized response from them.

**MARTIN:** But, all in all, I think we've generated more favorable response than unfavorable. We felt compelled to give a Fickle Finger award, for example, to the California state legislature, which was actually considering a bill that would allow used-car dealers to turn the speedometers back to zero.

**ROWAN:** Yeah, can you imagine that? If a customer came in and asked how many miles a car had on it, the salesman could say, "Well, it's somewhere between 20,000 and 100,000 miles." After we gave the award, the guy who sponsored the bill stood up on the floor and really tore into us. He said, "These guys are interfering with due process." But the people who opposed it gave us credit for having defeated it on the floor. A similar situation occurred when the people of Youngstown, Ohio, decided not to increase their school appropriations at a time when they barely had enough money to keep the schools open at all. So we shot them the Devastating Digit, which made them feel like the whole country was laughing at them; and as a result, they relented and Youngstown now has increased school funds. Now, we didn't sit down and say, "Look, we're going to change their minds in the California legislature" or "We're going to change their minds in Youngstown." We don't approach issues that way. The Fickle Finger may be the most serious part of the show, but we do it in as light a way as possible. Nobody gave us the right or the time on nationwide network

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television to go out and pitch some political cause or to give the public our views on issues. They hired us to do an entertaining comedy hour; and in that hour, we've got to get a certain number of laughs or admit that we're not doing the job we've been paid to do. Now, if there's something we feel needs to be said, we'll say it—but only if it can be said humorously. We'd much prefer to put people on than to put them down.

**PLAYBOY:** The Smothers brothers were acting ostensibly on the same premise, yet their show was canceled by CBS. Does this reflect a difference in network policy?

**ROWAN:** I think it reflects a major fact of American life: if you've got enough clout, you can get away with a hell of a lot. Bob Hope has been doing political satire for years, taking shots at everybody. But he also brings in gigantic ratings. If the Smothers brothers had been number one, they wouldn't have been muzzled—or canceled. Practically speaking, if some guy comes to you from the network and claims that your show is wrong and doesn't belong on the air, you don't have to worry if you can tell him that half of the viewers in the country are watching it. But if the network can tell you that you're 58th in the ratings, well, then, they've got a pretty solid argument.

**MARTIN:** On the other hand, the Smothers brothers might have gotten away with it if they hadn't had such extensive press coverage. Anyone who owns a television network is a man of tremendous power and influence, and to challenge that power in the national press is a dangerous thing to do. Personally, however, I loved the Smothers brothers and I never saw anything offensive in their show.

**ROWAN:** Challenging power anywhere is a dangerous thing, and I think Tommy went about it all wrong. I've already told him this, so it's no secret. If he had ten things he wanted to do on the show and the network took one out, he fought, hollered and screamed about the one. On our show, if we have 20 things we want to do and the network takes 12 out, we're still happy to get the 8. It's their ball game and you've got to play it according to their rules. Of course, if you can steal a base while you're playing in their ball park, then you've accomplished something. But it's a cinch you can't steal a base if you're not even in the game. I think Tommy should have realized, and would have, if he were older and had been around longer, that it's their store. I personally am not prepared to be canceled in order to say something. I make no bones about that. I'll equivocate; I'll duck and dodge. I'd much rather be a working coward than a canceled hero. That may be a chicken-shit approach by Tommy's standards, but that's the way I am.

**MARTIN:** Duck and Dodge—that was a great act. Didn't we work with them in Pittsburgh?

**ROWAN:** Dick, we are talking about the Smothers brothers.

**MARTIN:** Did they know Duck and Dodge?

**ROWAN:** I'm simply saying that, although I agree with Tom's philosophy, I disagree with his intransigence.

**MARTIN:** I didn't know that!

**ROWAN:** Don't you ever equivocate?

**MARTIN:** I was told I'd go blind!

**PLAYBOY:** If you're both quite finished, may we go on? Despite your concessions to the network's demands, you still manage to convey a politically liberal viewpoint on your show. Is this confined to your public image or is it part of your personal philosophy as well?

**MARTIN:** I tend to hate politics, but I do think that part of living in America is involving yourself in the running of America. I should be more involved than I am, but I lost interest after Bobby Kennedy was assassinated. I respected both Jack and Bobby Kennedy, because they represented a youthful, liberal, vital approach to politics; but I couldn't bring myself to get involved in a Presidential campaign between the lesser of two evils this past year.

**ROWAN:** I felt the same way about the candidates. I campaigned actively for McCarthy and Rockefeller, but neither of them had a chance in hell, with both conventions locked up as they were. Although I considered Humphrey and Nixon unpalatable choices, I ended up voting for Nixon, not only because I grew so violently ill watching the Democratic Convention but because Nixon seemed cool, shrewd and calculating. I mistrusted Humphrey's emotionalism. He may be more fun at a dinner, but I'd rather have the cold bird at the helm. I'm really politically naïve, though, and I wouldn't want anyone anywhere to be influenced by my opinions just because show business gives me a platform to speak from. Gene Barry and Chuck Connors, for instance, want to run for the Senate; Ronald Reagan sits in the governor's mansion; it's enough to make a buzzard puke. These guys know as much about politics as I do; and if I were elected to the Senate, I'd probably have to jump off a building to save the world.

**MARTIN:** Why wait to be elected?

**ROWAN:** Slashed again by the keen edge of your coruscating wit.

**MARTIN:** So is mine.

**PLAYBOY:** So is ours, but let's press on. The violence surrounding the Democratic Convention seemed to shock most Americans into a new awareness of the youth revolution. What were your personal reactions to the demonstrations?

**MARTIN:** Speaking of the Democratic Convention reminds me of what my aunt said after being held as a hostage in Lincoln Park for three days by 22 naked



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field secretaries of the Peace and Freedom Party.

**ROWAN:** That's nice, Dick. Why don't you go tell Mayor Daley about it? Getting back to the question, the police in Chicago—

**MARTIN:** She went to Lincoln Park because she heard that gangs of sex-crazed freaks were getting stoned and having wild orgies and she wanted to try her luck.

**ROWAN:** Kind of runs in your family, doesn't it?

**MARTIN:** Well, she came crawling out of the park, chanting, "Make love, not war!" and a policeman stopped her and asked if she was all right, and do you know what she said?

**ROWAN:** No, but I have a feeling you're going to tell us.

**MARTIN:** She took the joint out of her mouth, looked him straight in the eye and said, "You bet your sweet Yippie."

**ROWAN:** May I answer the question now, doo-doo?

**MARTIN:** What question?

**PLAYBOY:** What are your personal reactions to the youth revolution?

**MARTIN:** Do you have to keep repeating yourself?

**ROWAN:** I'll answer it. There's no way in the world that I can really understand someone who's 20 years younger than I am, no matter how hard I try, how hip I feel or how liberal I would like to be. I don't think anyone can. As you grow older, you become more cautious, more restrained, more conservative. You can't know what's happening to young people and you can't really relate to how they feel. You can agree with them intellectually, but when it comes to the way they dress, the way they move, the way they talk, it's a foreign world. But I think we have to try to understand them. If I can't relate to them artistically, they won't watch our television show. If I can't relate as a parent, I'll lose my children. We damn well better learn to understand them; they outnumber us. And their point is well taken. Lord knows, there are plenty of changes that have to be made. There are terrible injustices, terrible things happening to the underprivileged and uneducated. But I don't think anarchy is the answer, and I'd bet that there are plenty of young revolutionaries who'd agree with me. There has to be some kind of established order, some law. If you're trying to land a plane in a heavy fog, you want some guy on the radar screen who knows his job and can talk you into an airport. That's part of the establishment.

**MARTIN:** What these kids object to is that our institutions are rapidly becoming archaic because they're run by reactionaries—people whose heads are always in the sand, refusing to admit that change is not only necessary but inevitable. I can't blame the kids for wanting to change our educational system, but I can't say I agree with some of their methods. Burning buildings has never

really solved anything. But at least they're interested in what's happening to our country. I know, when I was that age, all the kids wanted to do was play around and the only questions we asked were, "Which college should I go to? What fraternity should I join? Who are you taking to the prom?" That's all bullshit. If a 17-year-old kid has got something sensible to say, you can't tell him to keep quiet until he's 21. He must be accommodated; he must be heard. By the way, Dan, who are you taking to the prom?

**ROWAN:** Is your aunt busy?

**MARTIN:** She's going with my uncle, but I don't know who she's going home with. He usually manages to slip away from her.

**ROWAN:** How does he do that?

**MARTIN:** He's invisible, so she always forgets he's there.

**ROWAN:** How could anybody forget an invisible man?

**MARTIN:** Well, you know—out of sight, out of mind.

**PLAYBOY:** Sorry to interrupt, but we've got to move along. The youth revolution has centered on two major demands—an end to racial discrimination and the abolition of war as an instrument of foreign policy. Do you think these are reasonable expectations for the future?

**ROWAN:** Well, when you talk about racial tensions, I'm a little handicapped, because it's only since the civil rights movement that I've become aware of the problem. I was fortunate enough to have black roommates before anyone tried to tell me there was something wrong with it. But I understand the psychology of discrimination. During World War Two, for instance, my generation was taught to hate Orientals. We were at war with the Japanese; and if you're going to kill some guy and still expect to sleep at night, it's best to hate him before you shoot him. So I was trained to fear the "yellow menace." The same thing has been happening to the black people for as long as they've lived in this country; and now, even supposedly intelligent people, geneticists, are trying to tell us that people of African descent are mentally inferior to whites. Of course, that's a lot of nonsense, but there are an awful lot of people who'd like to believe it. I really don't know how the minorities have put up with this crap for so long. I guess the answers will take time. Things are better now than they were ten years ago and they should continue to improve. The solution seems pretty obvious to me. Black people need more money, more power and more influence. It's no longer a question of getting from the back to the front of the bus; they've got to own the bus line. It's no longer a question of having blacks and whites in the same classrooms; we need more black teachers and black principals. And it doesn't matter if you let black men work on an assembly line; we need a black

president of General Motors, a black president of U. S. Steel and a black President of the United States. If we can get to that point before we blow each other up, then maybe we won't have to blow each other up at all.

**MARTIN:** I'm afraid that whatever the black people achieve, there will still never be the kind of brotherhood everybody expects. Even if there were totally integrated marriages for the next 200 years and we wound up with a completely mulatto nation, there would still be people to say, "He's blacker than I am." They'd find something to hate, because that's the nature of man. Look at the racial violence that's already occurred. It starts with someone who has a true ideal in mind and it then turns into a militant demonstration. The minute the shit hits the fan, windows are broken and stores are looted. Greed and avarice are part of human nature. It's not just the black man. For most people in similar situations, the cause becomes secondary to personal gain. I'd like to see progress made, but not at the cost of anyone's life. Sniping, looting and arson have accomplished nothing and I really don't see what those kinds of terrorist acts have to do with race. They're just another expression of man's basic hostility. Fortunately, most of us, black and white, aren't driven to those extremes.

**PLAYBOY:** Most people say they would like to see progress made, but few people seem willing to do much about it. Do you think the majority of the public really favors liberal reforms?

**ROWAN:** In principle, yes; the only question now is how to make it happen fast enough. There are people who have been constitutionally deprived of their rights who now demand compensation. You can't let them starve to death in ghettos. If you're strong and healthy and capable of achievement, I think you've got to help those who aren't. Look, if you're playing golf with some guy who swings like he's killing snakes in a phone booth, you can't play him even; you've got to give him a few shots. It's a handicap system. Some people are better at things than others. But I think competition is good. I like to get into a contest and win. I get a kick out of that. Maybe that's dying out; perhaps competitive society is a bad thing. I was taught that hard work was the only way to get those things that are worth getting, but people today don't seem to care as much about achieving. It isn't as important to them as it was to me, and I'd be the last one to say they're wrong. Then, too, there are people who look at the welfare system and say, "These people get more money if they don't work than if they do. They could be working if they wanted to, so why should I give some of what I've earned?" Well, it's gotten to the point now where, if we don't take care



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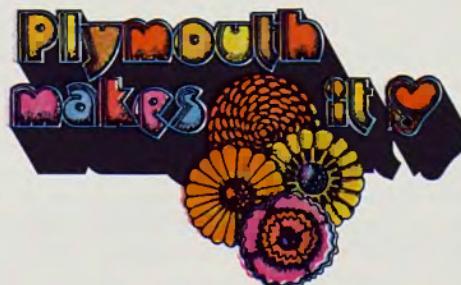
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of the underprivileged, tragic things are going to happen.

**MARTIN:** People are much too self-involved to expect that kind of social benevolence. Wherever there are two men and one woman, there will be a fight to see who gets the woman. If there are two men and one dollar, they'll fight over the dollar; it's never been any different. I don't believe the Arabs and the Jews will ever be friends, and I don't know how or why we even expect them to be. Under certain kinds of provocations, any man or woman is capable of flying into a rage and possibly killing someone. So is it any wonder that there's never been a period in history that didn't have a war?

**ROWAN:** People are still settling arguments with fistfights and shootings; and as long as that continues to happen in the family unit, I think it will probably continue to happen on a national and an international level. Men have just got to find different ways to settle problems, without resorting to violence. But I happen to be a pessimist, and I don't think they ever will. If the money being spent in Southeast Asia was used to prevent hunger and disease and not for killing, then I would say that maybe there's a chance. But we continue to do all the wrong things. We throw people in jail for no reason. We bust the heads of young people who just want to share our parks. These aren't very optimistic signs to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why you stopped wearing a peace button on the show?

**ROWAN:** No, I stopped wearing it because, all of a sudden, little old ladies in Pasadena were wearing them and I thought they kind of lost their effect. I'm now wearing a shark's tooth that happens to be 50,000,000 years old. I find it very reassuring to rub my fingers over something that's been around that long. Maybe the fact that this tooth still exists says something about the future.

**MARTIN:** Why don't you rub your fingers over *my* teeth and see if they say something about the future?

**ROWAN:** They probably say more about the past.

**MARTIN:** Like what?

**ROWAN:** Like what you had for breakfast.

**PLAYBOY:** Dan, your peace button seemed to characterize the anti-war theme that runs through some of your topical material. Have you both supported the peace movement offstage as well?

**MARTIN:** Yes, but not to the point of making a crusade out of it. I personally have never been much for crusading, but it's always been part of our humor to take swipes at the establishment. In fact, most comedians are anti-establishment, to some extent. It seems to be part of every humorist's psychological make-up to take on the powers that be.

**PLAYBOY:** In addition to being anti-establishment, according to Shelly Greene, most comedians are also manic depressives. Do you think that's true?

**MARTIN:** Comedians seem to have the same problem most people have—only more so. They're relatively insecure people and they're working in a relatively insecure business. If I thought that all I was capable of doing was working in a night club, I think I'd be pretty insecure, too. But we didn't start in night clubs until we were adults, whereas most of these guys started when they were still kids. Alan King was 15 years old when he started working the Borscht Belt; Buddy Hackett was 15; and it was a highly competitive business in those days. But I don't think it's really possible to generalize about comedians without putting them in certain categories first. Shelly is a night-club comic. He is exactly what you see on stage. Dan and I are not. We are essentially actors playing the parts of night-club comics. I am not what you see on stage. I am not inept, I am not bumbling and I am not dumb.

**ROWAN:** I didn't know that.

**MARTIN:** You had to find out sooner or later, Dan, and I'd rather it be from me. It's worked for me to play that character and it's made me a lot of money.

**ROWAN:** I can't imagine any similarity between my make-up and a comic's make-up. I'm an actor, and that's *all* I am. I have the ability to think and write comedy and I can act comedy, too, but I have done and intend to do straight things that have no humor at all attached to them.

**MARTIN:** Like *Laugh-In*?

**ROWAN:** Very funny.

**PLAYBOY:** What kinds of comedians do you yourselves like to watch?

**MARTIN:** Well, it's difficult to say, because there're so many varieties. I consider Buddy Hackett and Bill Cosby two of the funniest men in the world, and yet neither of them tells jokes. They sell attitudes. Lenny Bruce did the same thing. They talk about their own experiences and, through their attitudes, manage to make them extremely funny. Then there's the tradition of the "nut" comic, which was popular in vaudeville. Olsen and Johnson were nut comics. "Insult" comedians, like Don Rickles and Jack E. Leonard, have developed their styles to the point of total irreverence. Henny Youngman and Jack Durant do one-liners, a rapid-fire series of jokes; you just sit there, pick out what you like and laugh at it. Sort of like my aunt.

**ROWAN:** What's that supposed to mean?

**MARTIN:** She sits there, you pick out what you like and then laugh at it.

**ROWAN:** I should have known. The point is that all these men are funny. At any given time, any one of them can put me on the floor. For instance, I can watch Irwin Corey come *schlepping* out in his frock coat and tennis shoes and stand there staring at the audience, and I begin to feel the tears rolling down my cheeks. I laugh at all of them.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you learned anything from other comedians?

**MARTIN:** There have been many people who helped us. Not many people know this, but Lenny Bruce was our first writer and I think his influence is being felt everywhere on the stage today. Milton Berle has always gone out of his way to help us, writing material and helping to stage our routines. Buddy Hackett, Joey Bishop and Jack Carter have also been very helpful in offering advice.

**ROWAN:** A fine old sailor, Cornelius Shields, once said that he's never been on a cruise that didn't teach him something about sailing, and I don't think it's any different with me. Every time we've worked, every date we've played, every television show we've done has taught me something about this business I didn't know before.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you collected a substantial joke file over the years?

**MARTIN:** I really don't know any jokes. I swear to God, if I had to get up and tell jokes, I'd die. All I can do is get on the stage and react to whatever Dan does. On the other hand, if you threw together a panel composed of Bob Hope, Morey Amsterdam, Buddy Hackett and a few others, they could give you a derivative or a variation on any joke you could tell them. But we're not selling jokes; we're selling a gay, freewheeling attitude. We may do 250 or 300 jokes a show for 26 weeks, but the people are laughing because they enjoy watching a bunch of very warm people having a ball. They love to see the dirty old man trying to make Gladys on the park bench every week. Even though his line may be different each time, it's really the same joke on every show. Speaking of the same joke, I guess you'd like to know what my aunt said when she went to do that survey for the networks to find out what American nudists were watching. I was about to tell you that while she was at the nudist camp, she jumped into a sauna bath to watch *The Flying Nun* with 16 Weight-Watching tugboat captains and—

**ROWAN:** Go to your room, Dick.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with those who claim that there aren't really any new jokes?

**ROWAN:** No new jokes? Of course there are new jokes. It may be true that every new joke is a switch or a twist on an old joke, but as the old burlesque comic once said, "A joke is old only if you've heard it." Now, on our show we have a lot of old jokes, as well as a lot of new ones, but they happen so fast that even if you've heard a joke before, we're telling a new one before you have time to realize that you've already heard the last one.

**MARTIN:** It's really not a question of old or new material; it's the whole idea of *Laugh-In* that's important. In essence, what we're doing is cartoon humor. We



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set up a premise, present it visually, deliver the punch line and then go on to something else.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you arrive at this format?

**MARTIN:** Well, we really did a variation of this show as a pilot for ABC in San Francisco over six years ago. They thought we were crazy. For our opening, we got out of a car with a block of ice, walked into the studio and handed it to someone in the audience. Now, you know that when somebody hands you a block of ice, you immediately pass it on, and we held the camera on the audience as the ice made its way around. We had cameos, then, too: Lucille Ball, Joey Bishop, David Janssen and Milton Berle. We offered ABC the concept of an all-comedy show, but they said, "No, we don't think that's ever going to go." So they bought Les Crane instead. We suggested that Les Crane go on two nights a week and that we'd do the other three nights, but ABC, in their infinite wisdom, said, "No, Les Crane will make it. He's going five nights a week." Well, as far as I'm concerned, ABC is really A. & P. with an antenna. I'm glad we didn't start with them. Milton Berle once said that the way to stop the war in Vietnam is to put it on ABC; it'll be canceled in 13 weeks. They wanted a variety show, and we always thought that variety and comedy were two different things. We didn't want to use singers and dancers. We just don't believe in that mold. When we played the Riviera in Las Vegas, we booked another comedian with us. Everybody said we were crazy because it was against Las Vegas tradition—open with a chorus line, follow it with a dance team, then a singer and, finally, the comic. We wanted to use nothing but comedians, and it worked; but for the television show, ABC just wouldn't buy it. Fortunately, we ran into George Schlatter, who had wonderfully similar ideas.

**ROWAN:** He had not only the television know-how we lacked but tremendous energy and a wildly funny imagination as well. Once we'd decided on the total-comedy approach, we figured that cartoon humor would be very well suited to television as a medium. But television for a long time seemed to be more a product of radio than of film and, consequently, you would see commercials with a printed message and some guy with a pointer reading it aloud. There's nothing visual about that. The people who controlled television were, oddly enough, reluctant to take McLuhan's message to heart and make it a truly visual medium. But we were so bored with what had been going on that, in our crankish minds, we felt it was time to put all of that down and get some of our own stuff done. We didn't invent satire; we didn't discover the black-out and we didn't originate *non sequitur* humor, but the way we put it all together was our own

creation. Schlatter was primarily responsible for the photographic ideas, the quick cuts and editing that made the format work visually.

**PLAYBOY:** Other television shows have been borrowing heavily from your format. Why hasn't it worked for them?

**MARTIN:** Our own producers have already copied it twice but weren't very successful. They tried a show called *Soul*, which was supposed to be a black *Laugh-In*; and they tried *Turn-On*, which lasted exactly one week on network television. What they're doing is stealing from themselves or from us, when they should be trying to move on from there. Even though every variety show tries to copy some aspect of *Laugh-In*, they'll never get near it, because they refuse to commit themselves totally to it. They may try it for 20 minutes, but then it's back to the singers and the dancers. If we broke up our continuity for one minute, I think it would show. We could very easily have had Harry Belafonte sing a song, but we didn't. Sammy Davis has been on twice. Here's a guy who can demand anything he wants to sing or dance on a variety show; but if he tries to dance on our show, we drop him through a trap door.

**PLAYBOY:** Though none of your contemporaries has succeeded with it, didn't Ernie Kovacs explore this kind of purely visual comedy years ago on television?

**ROWAN:** That's part of our derivation. Ernie was definitely way ahead of his time, but he'd do 20- and 30-minute sketches—which, in our opinion, are much too long. What Ernie would do in seven or eight minutes, we can do in a minute and ten seconds. We don't think a good joke can be sustained for very long. But Ernie did recognize the visual possibilities of television and I would say that, if he were alive, he probably would have done our kind of show long before we ever did.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think television is the best medium for comedy?

**MARTIN:** No, I think every medium has its possibilities. Mike Nichols and Elaine May might not have made it, if not for their Broadway show. Bob Newhart, Shelley Berman and maybe even Bill Cosby owe a great deal of their success to record-album sales. Some people are best in cafés, some on television and some in motion pictures; *Laugh-In* happens to be a television show and couldn't work any other way. When we put it on stage during our summer tours, it's necessarily slower and much different. As a matter of fact, someone even offered to produce a movie version of *Laugh-In*. Their big selling point was that we could get some really big stars to do the cameos. But I wonder who they were planning to get who would be bigger than John Wayne or Richard Nixon. The beauty of cameos is that we don't have to pay big money to get these

people; we arrange for them through personal contacts. Paul Keyes got Nixon and Billy Graham, and I don't think any movie producer could have done that for us. So we really couldn't see any reason to make a movie *Laugh-In*. It's just a small-screen, fun-loving, Monday-night party.

**PLAYBOY:** You obviously enjoy the success of *Laugh-In*, but do you enjoy the work as well?

**ROWAN:** Well, it's difficult in many respects, but it's so much fun for us that we really never go to work saying, "Boy, what a drag!" It's harder than most shows because of the work load; we do so many different things each week and have a tremendous amount of material to put on tape. But we work with so many talented people that it's actually more like a party on the set. Some days it's a terribly long party—12, 13 or 14 hours—and by the 14th hour on a television set, you can get pretty tired. But when things start dragging, we can usually count on George Schlatter to break everybody up. George is known as C. F. G., which many people think stands for Cute, Funny George; but it's actually Crazy Fucking George. So he'll do some ridiculously funny thing and then we start all over again. That's the way it goes.

**MARTIN:** I've been to worse parties than our taping sessions.

**ROWAN:** You've given worse parties.

**MARTIN:** And I've filmed them, too.

**ROWAN:** And you're going to get busted one of these days.

**MARTIN:** My home movies can be seen at any P. T. A. meeting.

**ROWAN:** You must know some pretty swinging P. T. A. members.

**MARTIN:** Yeah, baby!

**PLAYBOY:** Don't the mechanics of producing the show ever interfere with the party atmosphere?

**MARTIN:** No. The way the show is set up makes it really a ball to do. We don't have to memorize anything, because the bits are all so short. We just read through the script once, put it on its feet in a kind of dress rehearsal and then shoot it. There's no homework to do and no reason to shoot everything two or three times. If we have a bunch of elevator jokes to do, we shoot them all in sequence and then place them where we want them in the editing process.

**PLAYBOY:** Then the studio audience doesn't really see the show as it appears on screen?

**MARTIN:** We don't have a studio audience in the traditional sense. We did for the first three shows, but since then, we stopped giving out tickets. Now, people can come and go as they please and stay as long as they want to. The house is still almost full for each show, but they're not just sitting there, waiting for their hour's entertainment, and we aren't obliged to provide it for them. As it

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turns out, the people who do come see ten times the entertainment they'd normally see, because they witness all the insanity that surrounds our production staff and cast. If we were doing it for a formal audience, we'd have to rigidly time the show for their benefit, whereas now, we can do the show for ourselves. **PLAYBOY:** You may be doing *Laugh-In* for yourselves, but 45,000,000 people watch the show. Did you think it would attract such a broad audience?

**MARTIN:** Of course there are broads in our audience.

**ROWAN:** Would you rephrase the question for him?

**PLAYBOY:** Did you think it would attract such a *wide* audience?

**MARTIN:** Oh. Well, we thought adults would like it, but we were surprised that it caught on so quickly with very young children—four-to-eight-year-olds. We were an instant hit with teens and preteens, because the pace is well suited to their attention span. In fact, we got a lot of letters from parents who said that, instead of spanking for discipline, they threaten the kids with depriving them of *Laugh-In*. Generally speaking, we were an overnight success in New York but kind of mild in the national picture. Then it started to balance out with the college and adult audiences and we kept getting bigger in the 30 key cities, until we made it to the top in all of them. Which reminds me of—

**ROWAN:** Something your aunt once said?

**MARTIN:** How did you know?

**ROWAN:** I'm clairvoyant.

**MARTIN:** A massive dose of penicillin should clear that up.

**ROWAN:** No doubt, but I'd like to talk about the show now, if you don't mind. The demographics of our appeal are very pleasing to the network and to our own producers. We have audiences ranging from moppets to senior citizens, and we hear from the entire range. When Geritol bought a piece of the show, we were a bit surprised, because we really didn't think that older folks were watching. I don't think they understand everything they're seeing, but I'm glad they're watching.

**PLAYBOY:** How does it make you feel to think that almost one fourth of the population of the United States is watching your show?

**ROWAN:** It's a terrible temptation to take your ratings and pin them up on your office wall, to start checking this week's ratings against last week's or to compare your ratings with other shows'. So far, I've managed to avoid doing that. We're glad the public likes it, but we really didn't set out to do it for them. We did it for ourselves, and I think that's probably how the best films are made and the best plays are done; a guy writes a play that satisfies him, and if it happens to become popular, that's great. The stuff that's good, the stuff that lasts usually

begins as a personal statement of someone who really has something to say.

**PLAYBOY:** You once told a reporter, "Even a good thing must become redundant, and redundancy leads to mediocrity." Will this happen to *Laugh-In*?

**ROWAN:** As fresh as our show is, its very freshness and originality are likely to become redundant. Mediocrity is the inevitable result when you do the same sort of thing week after week, month after month. Producing 26 hours of television programing every season is a tremendous job, and they can't all be of the highest quality. Some of the hours sparkle and some are just ho-hum; and the more shows we do, the likelier it is for them to become *more* ho-hum. Sooner or later, you simply run out of ideas. On the other hand, I think one of our ho-hums is about ten times as funny as the average situation comedy. I'm not a good enough prophet to predict when the public will become bored with us and, I must say, I've been wrong about the potential longevity of the show right from the start. I didn't think we'd last the first season, and here we are into our third.

**MARTIN:** One of the reasons we've been able to sustain its popularity is that we're constantly and subliminally changing the show. You wouldn't notice it if you watched the show week by week, but if I could show you the first show and the 26th show, you'd notice a tremendous difference. When we first went on the air, many of our severest critics said, "Well, the first show was good, but they'll never be able to keep it up." They said the same thing when we began the second season and they'll probably keep saying it this season, but I'm not too worried about keeping it up. If anything, we've quickened the pace and I really believe we can sustain it as long as we want to. We're selling fun, and that's something that's usually unavailable on television. Speaking of fun on television, though, reminds me of my aunt.

**ROWAN:** I thought it might.

**MARTIN:** If you've ever watched *The Flying Nun* in the sauna bath at a nudist camp with 16 Weight-Watching tugboat captains, you know how disappointed my aunt was when the police arrested them all for mainlining Metrecal. You know what she told the judge at the trial?

**ROWAN:** Can't this all wait till you're alone? As I was about to say, another reason for the show's continuing freshness is that each week features a different member of the cast. Arte Johnson may be fairly heavy in the show one week and the next week it may be Judy Carne or Ruth Buzzi. Of course, Dick and I are there every week doing some solid things, but some weeks we're quite light in it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your own participation in the show is somewhat limited, compared

with most television hosts. Why do you take so little time for yourselves?

**ROWAN:** We generally have a couple of guests, in addition to our cameos and the regular company; and considering that there are only 50 minutes or so available in an hour show, I don't think it would be very smart for us to take the major portion of the show each week. For one thing, the audience would probably get pretty tired of us and, for another, what would be the sense of hiring a fine company of performers if we were only going to do what many other hosts do and take the full hour for ourselves? I think we're doing about as much as we should be doing, and I think we're right.

**MARTIN:** Our idea is to exist mainly in the role of a catalyst—two relatively sane guys wandering through a ménage of madness. I don't think it would work if we were involved in everything, because then there would be no perspective for the madness. When Milton Berle had his own show, he appeared in every sketch, while we're on the screen no more than ten minutes every show. There aren't many comedians who could accept that. They think their shows can't survive without them on the screen constantly. But that's not where we're at. Our show is a group effort and we're selling the whole group, not just Rowan and Martin. **PLAYBOY:** Do you think *Laugh-In* could have been as successful with another group of performers?

**MARTIN:** Judging from our experience with the original NBC special we did, I really don't think so. I won't mention any names, but we were in the process of booking a lady star and a male comedian, until the lady star started making some rather unpleasant demands. Dan and I were getting pretty uptight, because NBC was demanding that we use these people. So we talked it over with George Schlatter and decided to throw them out. We figured, if NBC isn't buying what we want to do, then the hell with them. Had we compromised and gone along with the lady's demands, we might very well have been stuck with them and never done *Laugh-In* as we'd envisioned it. But we didn't compromise; Schlatter, Dan and I immediately agreed to forget the lady star and the comedian, hire a bunch of unknowns and have some fun.

**ROWAN:** I wouldn't presume to say that this is the only bunch of people who could have done this show, but I do think that the quality of the cast we were lucky enough to assemble helped the format work to its fullest potential. We were also fortunate enough to find the funniest writers in the business; they understood the spirit of the thing and were able to enlarge upon it. So a number of things fell nicely into place and a lot of people contributed significantly to the format.

**MARTIN:** Personally, I really love the cast



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we've got. No one's at all uptight, and it's really as close to a family relationship as I've ever seen in show business. Week after week, I go to the studio expecting someone to show some sign of temperament; and, instead, I find them coaching each other on lines or helping with costume changes. It's a throwback to vaudeville—everyone on the bill helping each other. My uncle tried to break into vaudeville, you know.

ROWAN: I thought he was invisible.

MARTIN: He is.

ROWAN: Then what kind of act could he do?

MARTIN: What do you think?

ROWAN: I mean on the stage.

MARTIN: Oh. He did a disappearing act.

ROWAN: Ridiculous. Who'd book an invisible man for a disappearing act?

MARTIN: No one ever did. He never showed up at the auditions.

ROWAN: I'm beginning to wish you were invisible—and inaudible. May I say something about our cast now?

MARTIN: Go right ahead.

ROWAN: From the standpoint of creativity, no matter what you give our gang to do, they'll add to it. Of course, some of what they add is unacceptable, but very often it's funnier than the written stuff they were given to do. Generally, they all just swing in whatever direction they feel like going. Simply putting costumes on them suggests material and they start doing bits together. All in all, they're damned fine comedy actors.

MARTIN: The fact that they're primarily actors, rather than comics, has been very important to the show. You can put them in any situation and they'll improvise the characters and the lines you need. Put a comic in an improvisation and he'll immediately start doing jokes. We found that out when we did ten-minute live improvisations on the *Dean Martin Summer Show*. People like Dom De Luise, Tommy Smothers and Pat McCormick could get into a character, stay with it and find humor in the scene, while the comics we used were absolutely no good at it.

PLAYBOY: Have you been playing the same characters since you started performing together?

ROWAN: No, not at all. Dick's original ambition was to be a straight man and I had no preferences either way, so we started out alternating back and forth—I would straight for Dick, then he would straight for me. Needless to say, the audience found this rather confusing, because they never knew who to identify with. Then, too, Dick's one of the worst straight men in the world. He couldn't remember any line unless it was funny; and I don't know if that was intentional or not, but I usually wound up saying, "Here, let me do that." That's the way it went.

MARTIN: We finally settled on the roles

we play now. To put it in capsule form, I'm cast as the inept, fun-loving lecher.

ROWAN: A brilliant example of typecasting.

MARTIN: And Dan plays the pedantic, crashing bore.

ROWAN: A masterful job of acting.

MARTIN: He's constantly trying to educate me or convince me to get married and mend my ways. Of course, I take everything he says and twist it into a kind of sexy *double-entendre*. I think it's an interesting relationship, and I've never seen one like it before.

ROWAN: And it's not likely to continue, if you don't stop hogging all the blankets.

MARTIN: We were trying to establish an attitude rather than just do jokes, and we found it very difficult to sit down and write the kind of stuff we wanted to do. Neither of us could sing or dance or do impressions, so we just stood there on stage talking to each other until a bit developed. Finally, after a routine was set, we were able to do it on stage and still make it sound like a spontaneous conversation.

PLAYBOY: How did the two of you get together as a team? We've read the studio-biography version, but we'd like to hear it from you.

ROWAN: I had been a junior writer on and off for Paramount, but after the War, one of the studio unions went on strike and I found myself out of a job. After that, I left show business and started selling used cars, then new cars, and I worked my way up to used-car manager and finally to general manager of a Buick agency. From there, I went into partnership with a friend of mine on a foreign-car lot, but I really got fed up with the world of commerce. So I sold my half of the agency, took my money, went on a diet, worked on my voice, got an agent and started making the rounds as an aspiring actor. That's when I met Dick. My best friend at the time, Tommy Noonan, was over at the house one night and we were doing some improvisations when he said there was a guy he wanted me to meet. We jumped in a car, drove down to Herbert's and he introduced me to the bartender.

MARTIN: I was tending bar at the time, so I'd have my days free to look for work as a writer. I used to write comedy material and then try to sell it, and I'd also written for *Duffy's Tavern* on the radio. Abe Burrows was the head writer on the show and he gave me a job at \$50 a week. I really got a kick out of going to meetings with all the big writers, and I was still able to moonlight as a bartender. When I saw Martin and Lewis working at Slapsie Maxie's, I took one look at them and figured that was a better way to earn a living than mixing drinks, so I decided to take a whack at it. When Tommy Noonan introduced us, Dan and I got together, wrote a couple of things and became an act.

PLAYBOY: Were you satisfied with your progress in those early days?

ROWAN: We worked some terrible toilets; but at the time, we thought any job we could get was damned good. We were happy just to be working. I'll never forget one place we played. We were desperate for an engagement and we finally got one just before the Christmas holidays at a joint called Hymie's Lounge in Albuquerque, for \$300 a week. The bill there always consisted of what they called a comic emcee and a stripper.

MARTIN: The show we were following was typical of places like this; but never having played a strip joint, we were a little surprised when we saw it. The comic emcee would make a series of phony song introductions, such as, "I'll now sing *Sweet Sue* or *I'll Meet You at the Pawnshop and Kiss You Under the Balls*."

ROWAN: And that was some of his milder material.

MARTIN: Then he introduced a stripper and said she was going to come out and play with her monkey. Well, sir, I was ready to leave.

ROWAN: Wild horses couldn't have dragged you away at that point.

MARTIN: And the girl actually did come out with a live monkey, who proceeded to disrobe her.

ROWAN: Dick immediately wanted to audition for the monkey's part. The day before our opening, we saw our picture up on the coming attractions, along with another stripper, a beautiful chick named Dreamy Darnell. Naturally, Dick was slavering at the mouth, waiting to meet this girl and, sure enough, the next day, during our rehearsal, a motorcycle pulled up and off stepped this leather chick. She had a deep bass voice and said, "All right, where's the band?" We said, "Where's Dreamy Darnell?" It turned out that this broad had sent her girlfriend's picture to Hymie's, so she and Dick spent the whole engagement fighting each other for the female trade that came to see the show. But opening night was the real highlight. There was only one dressing room and Dick and I got in there first to change into our tuxedos. Then in walked Dreamy, who proceeded to take off her clothes—every stitch. She sat down at the dressing table, scratched herself a few times and said, "All right, fellas, what time do we go on?" I still have a picture of Dick and Dreamy sitting there together. We've worked with a lot of people in our time, but none quite as colorful as that one.

MARTIN: You're forgetting the Spitback Queen. We were in Louisville, playing the Iroquois Gardens or something like that, and there was an act at a burlesque joint down the road that featured the most insane husband-and-wife team in the business; he was a comic and she was a tap-dancing stripper. Like all strippers,

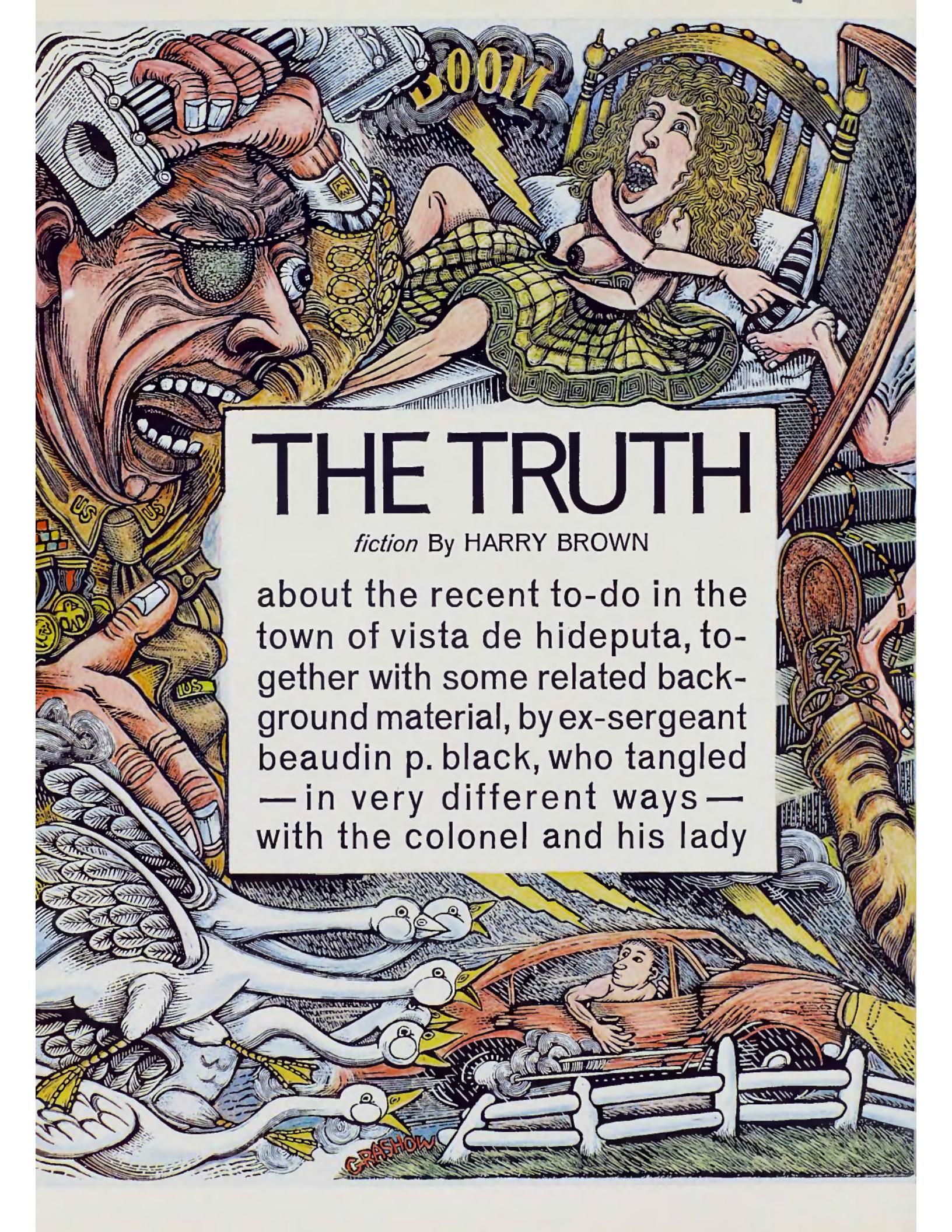
(continued on page 199)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's an entertaining young guy happily living the good life. And loving every adventurous minute of it. One recipe for his upbeat life style? Fun friends and fine potables. Facts: PLAYBOY is read by one out of every three men under 50 who drink alcoholic beverages. Small wonder beverage advertisers invest more dollars in PLAYBOY issue per issue than they do in any other magazine. Need your spirit lifted? This must be the place. (Sources: 1969 Simmons, Jan.-Dec., 1968 P.I.B.)

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# THE TRUTH

*fiction* By HARRY BROWN

about the recent to-do in the town of vista de hideputa, together with some related background material, by ex-sergeant beaudin p. black, who tangled — in very different ways — with the colonel and his lady



## CHAPTER 1: IN WHICH THE ENEMY APPEARS ON MY FLANK & I FIND MYSELF IN AN UNTENABLE DEFENSE POSITION

WHEN COLONEL ARTHUR O'BOWER caught me between his wife and their bedroom ceiling, his first reaction was to blow, through the pair of horns he'd just been given, a blast of fury in which fragments of *Charge*, *Sick Call* and *Retreat* each fought for and failed to get the upper hand. This brass-lipped blat was much, much louder than the thunderstorm that had kept me from hearing him double-time out of the downpour and into his leased California split-level.

The hideous noise at once seduced my interest from the other seduction, then in progress. I made a spur-of-the-moment estimate of the immediate terrain from an observation post hastily set up behind the siliconical right breast of Mrs. O'Bower, but my field of view was limited by a large, pink and erect nipple that, at such close range, had the symmetrical bulk and seeming capacity of a railroad water tank. The last reverberations of the colonel's monstrous fine bellow were still cracking dishes in the kitchen below. The colonel himself, the color of his anger-choked face almost matching his mauve eye patch (it was Thursday: Mauve Eye Patch Day), had come to stunned attention in midstairs, immobilized by the sight of a hostile force horizontally and fluidly deployed across his line of advance. It was a tactical situation neglected by every

classic authority on warfare, from Sun Tzu to Joseph Alsop.

Mrs. O'Bower, however, was a German Cold War bride who, before her marriage, had worked her way through Abnormal School in one of Hamburg's more predatory precincts; thus she knew when, if not how, to seize an initiative. The method she chose in this instance was to beat her sweaty fists on that sweatier drum, my head. "Rape!" she yelled. "Oh—he's!—Oh—ray—ping—me!—Arr-r-rr-rrr—te-e-EE!—Oh!—Rape!—HELP!" Every syllable was in sync with a crack on my cranium, and she was also trying to heave me off her damp belly with an intensification of the wriggles she had recently been making in lubricious delight.

She couldn't budge me. I, like the colonel, was stiff with shock—and in more ways than one. Immovable, the next best thing to a corpse, I continued to hold the high ground.

Little hailstones bounced like unbuttered popcorn off the window screens. Thunder used the O'Bower roof as an alley down which to bowl a ten-strike. And Mrs. O'Bower, desperate to unfreeze our three-character tableau whatever the consequences, and eager to betray any secret I'd shared with her if the melting process could be hastened by the betrayal, finally did a fast shuffle and trumped her ace in the hole. "Oh, *Arr-r-rr-rrr-te-e-EE!*" she screeched at the trench-coated, one-eyed, wet statue on the stairs. "He killed your lovely sweet geese, too, Artie! He murdered them *all*, he told me!—Rape!—Oh, *Arr-r-rr-rrr-te-e-EE*, your poor—RAPE!—darling dear old sweetie *g-e-ee-eee-eeee-s-ss-ss-SSSS—!*" It was the hiss of a thousand cobras, striking—or a hundred hungry, angry ganders, all set to peck me to death.

The colonel went into action then, by God. His—

## CHAPTER 2: IN WHICH THE FILM IS STOPPED WHILE THE LADIES IN THE AUDIENCE WHO ARE STILL FULLY CLOTHED REMOVE THEIR HATS & I REMOVE THE COLONEL'S GAGGLE

—love for those snake-necked, snickersneebilled, bibulous, bulbous, egged-on, ill-tempered, uncivilized, regurgitant, wicked, wet-arsed, ruthless and unrepentant waddlers was a wonderful and terrible thing, certainly passing the love of women, war and wealth, and damned near passing the O'Bower self-esteem. The only emotion that could ever have superseded the colonel's abyssal adoration of his paddle-footed potential *pâtés de foie gras* was the one that had already done so—a seething, no-quarter hate for their anonymous

killer. I had been present, four days previously, when he'd arrived at the scene of the crime in a commandeered half-track; and I'd heard him, as he straddled the central cadaver in a circle of slain birds, his bloodshot eyeball bulging heavenward as if even God were suspect, atavistically swear to extract an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a human liver for the livers of his done-in *anseres domestici*. This last hunk of Homo sapiens, it was made clear, would be ripped hot and palpitating from the criminal's living body, but not until the colonel had spent a couple of weeks goose-stepping back and forth across that particular body's threshold of pain.

Now, because I'd talked too much to a pneumatic and peroxidized Hun who lacked the brains to lock a door or two before indulging in a spot of amorous dalliance with a recent acquaintance, Colonel O'Bower had learned the identity of the wretch who had gigged his gaggle into the Eternal Goose Grease forever, the hypocrite, the dissembler, the smiler with the poisoned mash. Yes, here—sprawled the length of the former Rosa Sineschpiener's moist torso, doing yet another nefarious deed in the colonel's own bed, in the colonel's own imported wife—lay the dissembling, hypocritical, lascivious slayer on whom the hellish O'Bower vengeance would be wreaked.

Me.

### DESCRIPTION

(Write legibly, in ink, using only one side of the subject)

NAME? Beaudin P. Black.

AGE? 24.

HEIGHT? 6' 1".

WEIGHT? 183 lbs.

EYES? Blue.

HAIR? Brown.

VISIBLE SCARS? None. Slightly broken nose, though.

OTHERS? Area of lower left calf and Achilles' tendon shows damage caused by fragments of Viet Cong anti-personnel mine.

PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES? Minor limp, left leg, resulting from above.

PRESENT OCCUPATION? Screwing Mrs. O'Bower.

NEVER MIND THAT, JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION. Oh. Sorry. I'm a civilian. Have been since noon today.

LUCKY YOU. Yeah.

FORMER OCCUPATION? S/Sgt., U.S. Army. Gooseboy to you-know-who.

FUTURE PLANS? Staying alive in that contagious ward, the world. But right now the prospects don't look too good.

hair-raising confrontation interrupted above began when, with a year of my Army service still to go, I was

(*A few bars of background music, please, professor*)

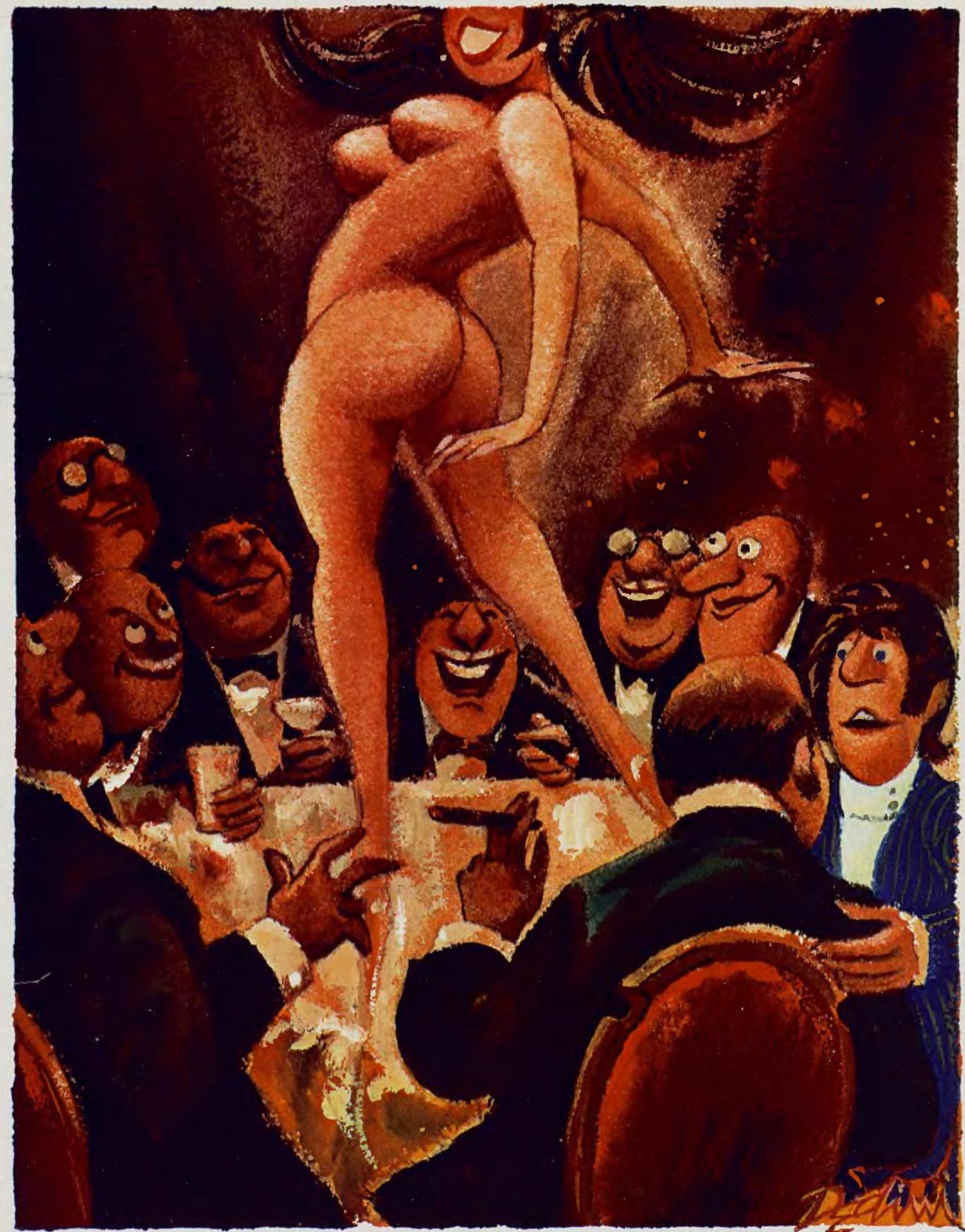
transported from Fort Benjamin F. Butler, within spitting distance of New Orleans, to Middle High Germany as a light-duty replacement, recommended for clerical work, in the 14th Q. M. C. Regiment (Armored), Colonel Arthur O'Bower, U. S. M. A. '43, commanding.

The 14th had set up shop in a former SS recreation center near Bad Gasthaus-am-Schmuck, a woodsy, watery, lethargic spot far enough from the East German border as not to worry the unwarlike Russians overmuch, but not far enough from the scatological delights of Hamburg as to allow randy NATO sailors on shore leave a complete take-over of that great port's amusing facilities.

Save for a cadre of crafty, alcoholic Regular Army misfits, the 14th was composed of draftees serving their time. These cheerful incompetents spent 90 percent of each month either on 48-hour passes or sacked out in barracks, staring at Danish nudist pinups as they lied about what they'd done on the weekend just whooped through, meanwhile conserving their bodily energy for the weekend to come. The remaining ten percent of their waking hours was devoted to finagling money that would be stashed away with the purpose of filling a future 15- or 30-day leave with memorable physical fun. The enlisted men of the 14th liked to leg it over the Alps to Rome on these orgiastic outings; and while marking time, they liked to hiper off for Hamburg every Saturday noon. Until shortly before I reported to the regiment, his men were always staggering into Colonel O'Bower there, and always in the most shockingly debauched places. It had been from one such nadir of love that, by the dawn's early light, the colonel led forth Fräulein Rosa Sineschpiener, to make her his fluidly-compliant-in-four-languages bride. "Well, ennyways," said a fifth-hitch lush who was temporarily a corporal, "ennyways, the fuckin' cooze took the fuckin' Ole Man's fuckin' mind offen his ge-fuckin'-eese for a coupla fuckin' weeks."

The raising of gross-livered geese, begun as the harmless avocation of a colonel at loose ends, had somewhere along the way become a fanatic's obsession. Schizophrenic extremism was a component

(continued on page 244)



*"I'm not rejecting you, Dad—I just said an evening like this is very, very straight."*



article  
By MORTON HUNT

# CRISIS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS

*is the imminent death of freudian therapy a predictable reality or a hostile fantasy?*

WORD HAS REACHED nearly everyone who knows anything and quite a few who know very little: Psychoanalysis is passé, dying, outmoded. Out.

And, hence, not to be mentioned publicly except in scornful, knowing tones. Cocktail-party pundits and stay-at-home intellectuals, the literary avant-garde and book-shunning social militants, New Left activists, pseudomasculine feminists and law-and-order conservatives all suddenly find it in fashion to sneer at psychoanalysis and to assert that what it labors long and ineffectively to do can be quickly and effectively done today by other methods: by drugs, for instance—Miltown to calm you down, Elavil to lift your spirits, Dilantin to check your rages; by behavior therapy—if rats, cats and dogs can be “conditioned” into a neurosis and then deconditioned out of it by laboratory “rewards” and “punishments,” so can you; or by such new, Now, turned-on techniques as encounter groups, weekend marathons, sensitivity training, awareness groups, hypnotherapy, touch therapy and other forms of instant breakthroughs, existential reality, therapy as fun.

News of the deathbed throes of psychoanalysis has gone around not only by word of mouth but in print—and lots of it. Without making a complete search, I easily found over 70 such articles in popular as well as technical publications in the past five years. Significantly, many had been written by psychoanalysts who were either flagellating themselves and their fellows with the whip of self-criticism or viewing the present and future of their profession with gloom. In *Harper's*, Dr. Donald Kaplan, a busy and respected practitioner in New York, pessimistically wrote about “The Decline of a Golden Craft” and asserted that psychoanalysis was fast vanishing. Dr. Thomas Szasz, a psychoanalyst and professor of psychiatry at the Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse, New York, and perennial gadfly to his own profession, has said in *The New York Times* and many other places that it is dying because, among other things, it was captured some time ago by the medical profession and thenceforth founded upon a “big lie”—the “myth” that mental ills are medical diseases. (They aren't, Szasz claims; they're just poor or unacceptable ways of handling life situations.) *The New York Times*, in a special roundup article last year, quoted a number of anti-analytic psychiatrists and renegades from analytic practice to the effect that psychoanalysis was all washed up; and some months ago, *Time* magazine, surveying “Psychoanalysis in Search of Its Soul,” did much the same thing.

Many loyal psychoanalysts who would never make such confessions or charges in public have done so within the closed circle of their compeers. Dr. Leo Rangell, addressing a meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association when he was its president, some years ago, told his audience that the profession was in a critical period of “drift and doubt.” Dr. Jurgen Ruesch, an eminent practitioner in San Francisco, wrote in *Science and Psychoanalysis* of the severe “status decline” of his profession, lamenting that in movies such as *What's New, Pussycat?* and *Casanova 70*,

psychotherapists are portrayed as “lecherous, effeminate, confused, ineffective, deviant and, above all, ridiculous.” Other psychoanalysts have told each other that their profession has made no important discoveries in many years, that the frontiers of psychology and psychiatry have moved elsewhere, that the institutes of psychoanalysis are having trouble getting enough high-grade applicants for training and that many practicing analysts are suffering from dwindling practices. Summarizing, Dr. Judd Marmor, a past president of the American Academy of Psychoanalysis, recently said, “The handwriting is on the wall for all to see. Psychoanalysis is in serious danger.”

With friends like this, who needs enemies? But psychoanalysis has plenty of them and they're currently in full cry. Psychiatrist William Sargent, writing a polemic in *Atlantic Monthly*, asserted that “the claim of psychoanalysis to be able to get at the cause and treatment of mental illness is based on blind Freudian faith engendered on the couch rather than by any proven scientific fact. . . . There has never yet been any really satisfactory evidence published to show the special types of patients who can be helped, let alone cured, by Freudian methods of treatment.” Psychologist James V. McConnell, proclaiming in *Esquire* that “Psychoanalysis Must Go,” terms it antiquated as a psychology and ineffective as a therapy. And not just ineffective; he actually portrays it as a *hindrance* to getting well, saying that while psychoanalysts are probably “nice guys” and well meaning, the therapy they employ interferes with the neurotic's natural tendency to get better by himself and makes his neurosis last longer than need be.

This charge is only a repetition of what other behaviorist psychologists have been saying for some years. Their brand of psychology, largely based on laboratory studies of animal behavior, is thoroughly anti-Freudian, and most of them reject in its entirety the vast body of clinical observations, therapeutic methods and theoretical constructs that psychoanalysts have accumulated over the past 70-odd years. Their most articulate and best-known spokesman is H. J. Eysenck, a British research psychologist (not a therapist) who has argued in books, technical monographs and even in popular articles in mass magazines that psychoanalysis is not only a fraudulent theory but a distinctly harmful therapy. He maintains that two thirds of untreated neurotics get well on their own within two years, while less than half of those who receive therapy do so—from which it would appear that therapy actually *retards* recovery. This would be a devastating attack on analytic therapies but for one major flaw: Dr. Eysenck has compiled his statistics by adding up the results of a number of different studies made by different people and using different definitions of “neurotic,” “recovery” and the like, yet he treats the figures as if they were all comparable. Even some of the most thoroughgoing anti-Freudians have been unable to accept his conclusions, much as they would like to.

Only one enemy of analysis has even more vigorously asserted that it is wholly lacking in value and validity. Dr. Albert Ellis, a New York psychologist and inventor of his

own brand of therapy, had used psychoanalysis for about three years; it didn't work very well for him, he says, and he has been criticizing it in print ever since. In a recent article, for instance, he says that probing the past is irrelevant and unnecessary, that psychoanalysis encourages the patient to wallow in feelings rather than *do* something about the mess he's in, that it makes him a conformist, that it makes him dependent upon the analyst, that it takes the best years of his life and a lot of his money and, in sum, that it does him not only no good but a lot of harm.

This should not upset Dr. Ellis, since he believes that psychoanalysis is practically dead already. Yet he and many other enemies of analysis continue to attack it energetically and to denounce it in savage polemics, which seems more than a little odd: If psychoanalysis is on its deathbed, already cold in the lower extremities and rattling in the throat, why bother to do battle with it? Why exert oneself to slay what is so nearly a corpse?

And even if it were not *in extremis*, why this elephantine alarm at the sight of a mouse? For such it is, in numerical terms. Only about 1700 physicians in this country—a mere ten percent of the nation's psychiatrists within the American Psychiatric Association—have taken advanced training and become psychoanalysts; in addition, only about 700 to 1000 psychologists—two percent of the total—and a smattering of social workers have done the same thing after getting Ph.D.s or M.S.W.s. All told, there are no more than 2500 to 3000 well-trained psychoanalysts in the United States. And since, on the average, each of them has only about eight patients in individual analysis (plus others in less ambitious forms of therapy), there can be no more than 20,000 to 24,000 persons in the whole country currently in the process of psychoanalysis. This is only one half of one percent of the total number of Americans currently receiving some form of psychological or psychiatric treatment and about one tenth of one percent of all Americans who have any major or minor form of emotional or mental disorder.

Why, then, the intensity of the attacks and the disproportionate amount of space allotted to hopeful obituaries of both theory and therapy? Because figures can and do lie: Psychoanalysis, despite its minuscule numbers and its recent bad publicity, has had—and still has—immense influence. Friends and foes alike agree that the training of American psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, psychiatric social workers (including marriage counselors) and pastoral counselors is largely dominated by psychoanalysts or people who are analytically oriented. Only psychoanalysts are trained to probe the unconscious and to deal with the explosive materials they may find there; but all the

others, though they are not directly concerned with the unconscious, are taught to think about their patients' difficulties in such "psychodynamic" (psychoanalytic) terms as repression, projection, sublimation, transference, regression, the anal character, the oral character, and many others. In sum, in America today, the diagnosis and treatment of emotional and mental ailments is very largely governed by psychoanalytic concepts.

Equally pervasive is the influence of psychoanalysis on American intellectual life. Educators, ministers, writers, literary critics, historians, anthropologists, sociologists and criminologists have all absorbed various Freudian concepts into their own disciplines. The truant pupil is viewed as a troubled child, not a naughty one; the Nazi mentality is seen, in part, as the outgrowth of a rigidly paternalistic family life; a growing number of criminals are adjudged mentally disturbed and sent to hospitals rather than prisons, or are imprisoned but given group therapy; and in many novels and films, the past is brought in as often, and fantasy and symbolism used as meaningfully, as in analytic sessions or dreams. Sociologist Philip Rieff sweepingly says that Freud's writings constitute "perhaps the most important body of thought committed to paper in the 20th Century" and that this body of thought "has changed the course of Western intellectual history."

And even the thinking of everyman. Virtually everyone who reads a newspaper, goes to the movies or watches television is quite at home with certain assumptions derived from analysis: for instance, that much bad behavior is caused not by wickedness but by emotional sickness, that physical diseases often have psychological causes, that even little children have sexual desires, that the real reasons for the way an adult acts are often the forgotten experiences of his childhood. Which is not an unmixed blessing; for along with increased understanding of ourselves and others, it has led too many of us to reject responsibility for our own actions. Criminals, militant blacks, student rioters—and everyday run-of-the-mill citizens who drink too much, or gamble, or commit adultery, or are mean to their kids—often use their childhood experiences and their unconscious as the easy cop-outs, the routine *apologia* for their aberrant behavior.

No wonder the barrage is so intense, the deployed forces so large: What is under attack is no minute subspecialty of medicine but the dominant force in the whole field of mental health and a major philosophic influence in our culture.

Incredibly enough, all this stems in very great part from the work of a single man. When Sigmund Freud was studying medicine in Vienna in the late 1870s, the prevailing view of mental illness was organic: Psychiatrists thought that each

kind of mental disorder had a specific (if still unknown) physical cause—a weakness of the nerves, a lesion of the brain, a toxicity of the blood stream. Freud himself accordingly began his career as a neurologist and, like his colleagues, administered cocaine, mild electric currents and other physiological therapies to his neurotic patients. Unlike his colleagues, however, he soon recognized that these did little good and turned to psychological methods. At first he and a collaborator, Dr. Josef Breuer, used hypnotism to eliminate symptoms through suggestion, but shortly they recognized that under hypnosis, a patient could recall painful repressed experiences that seemed related to the symptoms, and that ventilating their bottled-up emotions seemed to bring major relief. The results, however, were temporary, and Freud, working by himself, sought a better method both of investigating the patient's past and of maintaining the improvement in his condition. Freud found the answer in free association—a procedure in which the patient, not under hypnosis, lets his thoughts wander freely and says out loud whatever comes into his mind. The way he proceeds from one thought to another not only reveals the hidden interconnections of his mind and the structure of his neurosis but allows him to gradually remember his hidden feelings and to "work them through" consciously until they no longer exert a malign influence on him.

This "talking cure" (as one of the first patients called it, for want of a better name) is the heart of psychoanalytic therapy. Although it is slow, expensive, trying (involving a tricky and sometimes painful interplay between patient and therapist) and far from infallible, Freud found it much superior to any other then-existing way of treating the neuroses. Even more important, it was the first—and remains the most important—technique for investigating the unconscious workings of the mind.

Peering deep into areas of the psyche no one had seen before, Freud began to formulate a psychoanalytic psychology—not just of the sick human being but of the well one. Indeed, the most significant, the truly revolutionary aspect of Freud's psychology was his recognition that mental illnesses are not separate entities, like bacterial infections, but exaggerations of normal processes that go on within every healthy human being. We all begin life as selfish, aggressive, lustful little animals; we all learn that in order to live with our parents and with society, it is necessary to obey certain rules, set limits on the natural desires, forbid ourselves certain kinds of behavior. We all, therefore, experience painful inner conflicts as children, which we deal with by burying our unacceptable desires out of consciousness and denying that we ever had them, and by other similar

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# WAR GAMES

*michael caine, as a battle-wary british soldier, shows that stiff-upper-lip letters home can be pure tommyrot*

MICHAEL CAINE's latest starring role—in Robert Aldrich's *Too Late the Hero*—is, unfortunately, devoid of the feminine companionship that marked so many of his earlier screen appearances. Scheduled for release in December, the film also stars Cliff Robertson, Henry Fonda and Denholm Elliott, and casts Caine as a British-army medic serving in the Philippines during World War Two. However, preferring to make love, not war, Caine donned his uniform to help us depict the nonmilitary exploits of a universal soldier whose letters home barely begin to capture the pleasurable realities buried somewhere between the lines.



My Dearest Constance,

A high-ranking officer has selected me for a rigorous undercover mission and I feel it's my duty to carry it out to the best of my ability. I'll think about you all the while, luv, and about the smashing times we had in London. Even though the action may be hot and heavy....

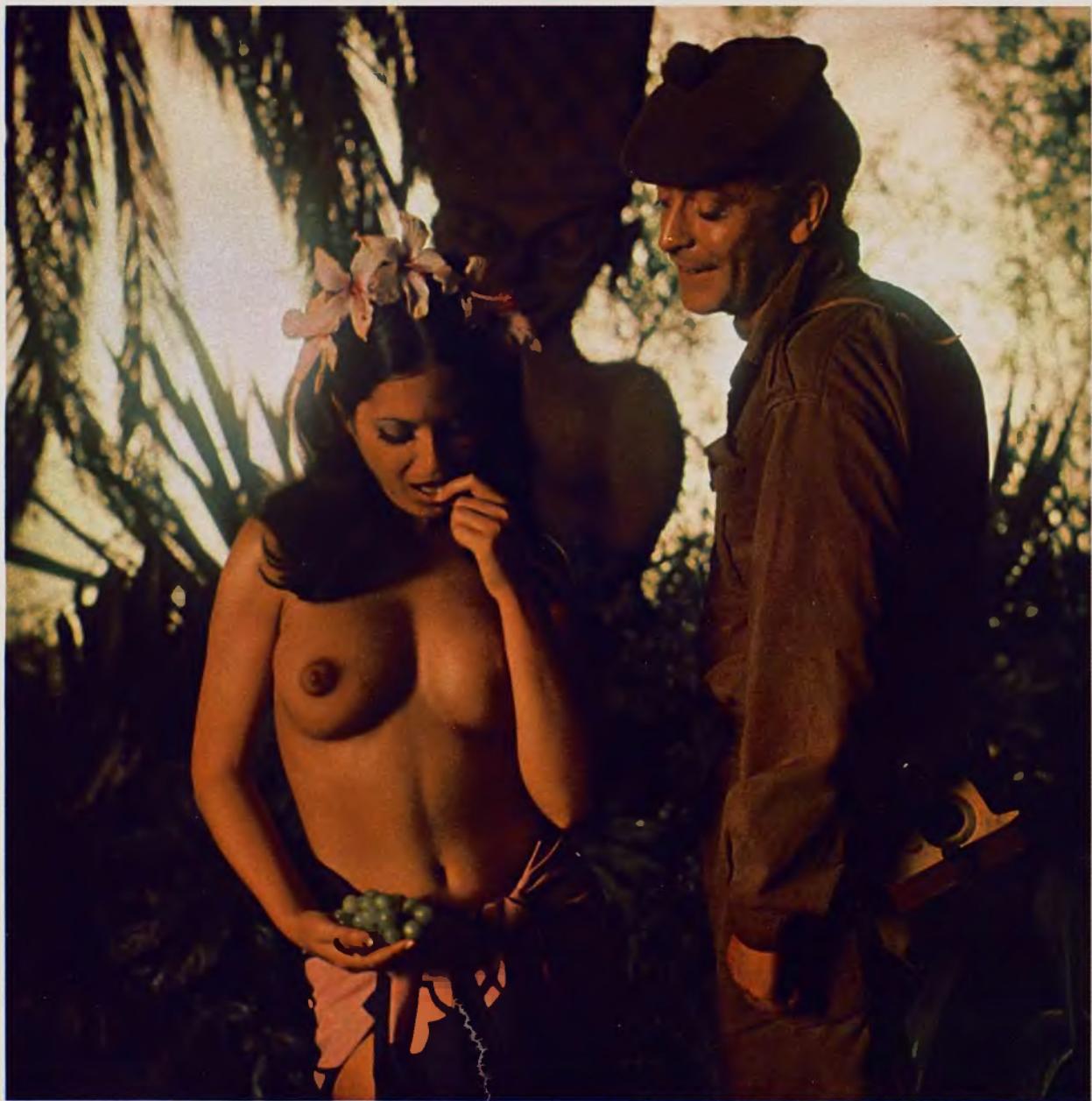
Dear Mum and Dad,

I know I promised to send you part of my pay every month, and even though I haven't yet, I don't think you'll mind when I explain the reason. You see, some of us servicemen have been pooling our money to start a fund to help the poverty-stricken natives of this island; and I'm sure that if you took one look at the condition their poor, deformed bodies are in, you'd want to do the same--especially you, Dad. So be patient and perhaps next month I'll be able to send....



Dear Aunt Edith,

I know how interested you are in foreign cultures, but I really haven't had the time to learn very much about the tribal customs here. I have engaged a native guide, but so far I've been shown only two interesting sights. I hope to see a lot more later. Until then, you'll just have to....





Dear Scoutmaster Ponsonby,

You may be interested to know that our motto, "Be prepared," really came in handy one day last week during a furious engagement with the enemy. Through no fault of my own, I got separated from my platoon in the dense jungle; but fortunately I had the foresight to take along my survival kit, which was well stocked with provisions. I'll never forget....



Teddy,

For a bloke who was judged unfit for military service,  
you've got a lot of nerve accusing me, a dedicated fighting man,  
of shirking my duties. Why, only yesterday I came very close to  
being captured by the enemy; and I would've been if some  
friendly villagers hadn't taken me in and concealed me until the  
danger had passed. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sitting  
there in your comfortable flat while I....



# Smoke Dreams

*an array of elegant equipage  
to kindle the gentleman's contentment*

1. Crystal pipe stand, fram Cartier, \$15, holds (left to right): briar pipe with meerschaum-lined bowl, by Kaywoadie, \$22.50; Playboy briar pipe, fram Playbay Products, \$15; "The Pipe" of pyralytic graphite, by The Venturi Company, \$15; and Danish hond-carved briar pipe, from Ramick's International, \$45. 2. Pipe knife of 9-kt. gold, fram Bergdorf Goodman, \$210. 3. Matchbox case of 18-kt. gold, fram Cartier, \$210. 4. Tortoise-shell and 14-kt.-gold lighter, fram Bonwit Teller, \$180. 5. Cigar cutter of onyx and malachite, from Bergdorf Goodman, \$70. 6. Brushed sterling-silver lighter, from Cartier, \$40. 7. Cigar cutter of 14-kt. gold with sapphire setting, from Bergdorf Goodman, \$105. 8. & 9. Matchbook caver of 14-kt. gold, \$200, and butane lighter of 18-kt. gold, \$425, both fram Cartier. 10. Marse Telegraph Key butane table lighter that's battery powered, from Berkshire Sales, \$30. 11. Two brass roach holders, from the Sight Shop, \$3 each. 12. Tortoise-shell and 18-kt.-gold cigar holder, fram Cartier, \$75. 13. Spring-operated sterling-silver cigar cutter, fram Bergdorf Goodman, \$17.50. 14. "The Barcroft" gold-plated table lighter, by Zippo, \$20. 15. Parcelain ashtray with revolvin caver can be used both indoars and aut, from Bonniers, \$19. 16. Marble cigarette case, fram Cartier, \$50. 17. Escort rechargeable AM packet radio also houses flashlight, Swiss watch and cigarette lighter, by Westinghouse, \$34.95. 18. & 19. Cigarette-pack-shaped case of 14-kt. gold, \$1070, and ultrathin cigarette case of 18-kt. gold, \$815, both fram Cartier. 20. Campy "Early American" lighter has solid-oak base that holds a striking stone and matches, by El Cid, \$7. 21. Ruby-glass antique cigarette box, fram David Barrett, \$300. 22. Sterling-silver ashtray and match holder, fram Cartier, \$12.50.

## PSYCHOANALYSIS

(continued from page 108)

"defense mechanisms." Some of these defense mechanisms do us no harm and even bring us rewards: A man with murderous impulses may, for instance, sublimate them in his career, becoming a driving, competitive and highly successful businessman. But some defense mechanisms are poor ways of solving the problems, being in themselves impairments rather than benefits. An example given by Dr. Franz Alexander: A man is furious at his father and would like to swear at him; this wish conflicts with his superego—his ingrained sense of right and wrong or, in a word, his "conscience": he unconsciously solves the dilemma by losing his voice—but this defense is costly, because he needs his voice in his business. Another example: A woman marries a man like her father; sexual pleasure with this father figure would make her feel unbearably guilty; she becomes frigid, thereby sparing herself the guilt—but at the cost of denying herself fulfillment. Such neurotic defenses, like scar tissue that hinders movement, involve "limitations of function." But at least they preserve sanity: It is when defenses fail, and the unconscious conflicts burst through suddenly upon the conscious mind, that the ego collapses and the person becomes psychotic or "mad." There is a madman within each of us, imprisoned by our defenses and glimpsed only in nightmares or when we are drunk or drugged.

Freud and Breuer published their initial findings in 1895; Breuer bowed out thereafter. By 1900, Freud had brought forth his epochal *The Interpretation of Dreams*, which opened up the whole subject of unconscious dynamics; and by 1905, he had published his theory of infantile sexuality and outlined the immense role it plays in our psychological development. But his books and his findings were shunned by the horrified prudes of that time. It took eight years to sell the 600 copies printed of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, and his writings on infantile sexuality did little better. Most physicians considered his ideas unscientific and, far worse, disgusting. When Freud's theories were mentioned at a psychiatric congress in Hamburg in 1910, one eminent professor pounded the table and shouted, "This is not a topic for discussion at a scientific meeting; it is a matter for the police!"

All the same, a small band of interested men gathered about Freud to study with him, and psychoanalysis began to grow slowly but steadily. In Europe, however, it remained a semiseparate specialty; only in the United States did it enter both the mainstream of psychiatry and the cultural life of the country. The American Psychoanalytic Association was founded in 1911; by the 1920s, psychoanalytic concepts were familiar to the intellectual avant-garde; and by the 1930s, it

was a "movement," with training institutes turning out analysts by the score. European analysts (fleeing from Nazism) arriving by the hundreds and patients enough turning up to keep them all busy.

World War Two gave psychoanalysis a further boost. Under the guidance of psychoanalysts, medical officers throughout the Army used "front-line psychiatry"—makeshift forms of mental first aid, consisting of reassurance, the freedom to talk out the soldiers' fears, and rest. This gave limited but immediate relief to those suffering from combat fatigue and salvaged large numbers of men whose brand-new neuroses, if untreated, might have cost them many months in hospital wards or left them emotionally crippled the rest of their lives. Vastly impressed, many medical officers turned to psychiatry after the War, bent on becoming psychoanalysts.

The 1950s were the high-water mark of its influence and prestige. Indeed, the tide rose too high: psychoanalysis became a fad, its tentative suggestions being uncritically accepted by enthusiasts, its principles being vulgarly used (and misused) to tell all to everyone, to play games of amateur analysis, to place all the blame for one's failures on one's parents. As Erik Erikson, the distinguished elder statesman of psychoanalysis, once said, "Even as we were trying to devise a therapy for the few, we were led to promote an ethical disease among the many."

Moreover, its early *succès d'estime* thrust it into the bright light, exposing contradictions and absurdities it had not had time to eliminate. For one, it had breathed life into the infant science of psychology, yet itself remained chronically unscientific; its practitioners, being participants in the process, could never be impartial observers and judges of it, but they would not let anyone act as observer, lest the alien presence alter the interaction between analyst and patient. Even today, research occupies only two percent of the collective working time of all American analysts, according to a survey made for the National Institute of Mental Health and the American Psychiatric Association.

An even more serious internal conflict is the perennial debate over what sort of thing psychoanalysis is—a medical therapy or a psychological re-education. Freud himself, rejected by the medical societies, trained psychologists as well as physicians to perform analysis and considered it as much a branch of psychology as of medicine. In this country, however, the medical profession took over analysis, while academic psychologists in the universities generally ignored it and clung to their nontherapeutic studies of intelligence, perception and learning. As

a result, the American Psychoanalytic Association, the largest body of psychoanalysts in this country, takes the official position that analysis is a subspecialty of psychiatry, that the analyst needs to know the body as well as he knows the mind and that no one but a physician should practice analysis. (Psychologists and social workers who want to study psychoanalysis are unacceptable to the 20 institutes affiliated with the association and have to get their training at any one of a dozen or more independent institutes or at the graduate schools of New York University or Tulane.) Yet the orthodox Freudians of the American Psychoanalytic Association—the very people who are most emphatic about excluding nonphysicians—would not dream of examining a patient physically, lest the psychological interplay between them be affected by it; many, indeed, would not even give an aspirin to a patient with a raging headache.

The nonmedical (sometimes called "lay") analysts, for their part, regard the orthodox medical Freudians as rigid, uncreative and power hungry, and scoff at the idea that analysis is a medical specialty. Nonetheless, nonmedical analysts call what they do treatment or therapy, call their clients patients and consider it only right and proper that the Internal Revenue Service classifies psychoanalysis as a deductible *medical* expense—even when performed by a nonmedical analyst.

Also troubling and disillusioning to the believer in psychoanalysis is the spectacle of the continuous schisms that afflict it—schisms within nonmedical ranks as much as within medical ones. From the beginning, psychoanalysis was plagued by a tendency to adhere rigidly to what the founder said—it is often remarked that "many of today's Freudians are more Freudian than Freud"—and to expel dissenters and innovators, or at least to be so inhospitable to their ideas that they would break away and found their own dikes. But each new heresy rapidly became an orthodoxy and led to new heresies and splits. Perhaps the hostility psychoanalysis originally faced has given it an undying legacy of defensiveness: though basically nonreligious, psychoanalysis, like Christianity, is afflicted with a multiplicity of doctrines, credos, apostasies and excommunications.

Some of the issues analysts disagree about seem substantive: How large a part do the unconscious, the instinctual and the infantile play in neurosis, and how large a part the conscious, the learned and the adult? But sometimes it seems much of the quarreling deals with procedural trifles. If the analyst lets the patient face him, sitting up, is it "real" analysis or does it so change the relationship that it becomes "only" psychotherapy? Conversely, is the use of the couch not genuinely therapeutic but a mere

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## ON THE WAY TO THE POORHOUSE

*the sleepy little town was suddenly becoming a sodom—and all because of the wicked woman it had taken in*

**fiction** By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

THE INMATES OF THE POORHOUSE all wanted to get rid of her. First of all, it's a shame to share sleeping quarters with a whore. And secondly, she didn't even come from this area. The authorities had confined her in the Janow prison, and while there, she became paralyzed. So what is her connection with the residents of Janow? Still, the Jewish community could not throw a Jewish daughter out into the street, no matter how depraved she was. So they put a straw pallet in a corner of the general dormitory and there she lay. She was dark-skinned, with a youthful face, black burning eyes, brows that converged over the bridge of her nose, prominent cheekbones, a pointed chin and black hair hanging straight to her shoulders. The paupers cursed her and she replied with ten curses for one. They spat at her and she spat back, hissing like a snake: Pox on your tongue, black in the head and green before the eyes, a behind swollen from sitting shiva. . . . Adept as she was at name calling and profanity, she was also capable of turning on the charm and telling lewd stories about herself to the men. Even though she could not use her legs, the women of Janow were fearful that she might seduce their husbands. Whenever there

was an epidemic of smallpox, measles, scarlet fever or croup, the pious matrons of the town went running to the study house, screaming at the elders that it was all a punishment for keeping the whore in a house belonging to the community. But what could they have done with a cripple?

Her name was Tsilka and her Yiddish had the accent of those who lived on the other side of the Vistula. The residents of the poorhouse avoided her like a leper and she ignored them, too. But when the men from the town came to visit her and brought her groats, chicken soup or a half bottle of vodka, she smiled at them sweetly and suggestively. She wore a string of red beads around her neck. Long earrings dangled from her ear lobes. She pushed the quilt down to expose the upper part of her breasts. Occasionally, she let her visitors touch her sick legs. She soon had a group in town who rallied round her. The town toughs warned Zorach, the poorhouse attendant, that if he mistreated Tsilka, they would break his neck. They asked her many questions about her past and she answered them, shamelessly boasting about her sins. She remembered every detail, leaving out nothing. After a while, some of those who were living at the poorhouse made peace with her, because through her they, too, got better food and even some liquor. Those who lay on straw pallets near her began to enjoy her tales. Although they wished her the black plague and eternal hell, they had to admit that her stories shortened the monotonous summer days and the long winter nights. Tsilka maintained that when she was eight years old, a horse dealer enticed her into a stall and there he raped her on a pile of hay and horse dung. Later, when she became an orphan, she began to copulate with butcher boys, coachmen and soldiers. Her town was near the Prussian border and the smugglers of contraband made love to her. Tsilka named all the towns where she was in brothels, spoke about the madams and pimps. Cossack officers preferred her to the other harlots. They danced and drank with her. A crazy squire made her bathe in a wine-filled tub and later drank from it. A rich Russian from Siberia proposed marriage to her if she would convert to the Orthodox faith. But Tsilka refused to become a Christian and to betray the God of Israel. She had no desire to marry that Ivan and bear little Ivans for him. What could he have given her that she didn't have? She wore silken shirts and underwear. She ate marzipan and roasted squabs.

For many years, she was fortunate. She never became pregnant, she never got the clap. Other whores, who began their profession later than she, rotted away in hospitals, but she remained young and beautiful. Suddenly, her luck turned. In a brothel in Lublin, a girl poisoned her procurer. At the investigation, she accused Tsilka of the crime. Tsilka was charged with murder and sent to the Janow prison because the women's section of the Lublin jail was overcrowded. There she spent nine months in solitary confinement in a damp cell full of bedbugs and other vermin. The Lublin investigators had forgotten her. Her papers were misplaced somewhere. The trial never took place. They had to free her. But a few days before her release, her legs lost their power and became like wood. Tsilka bragged that the prison guards had affairs with her. In a cell next to her sat a bunch of thieves. One night they gouged out a large hole in the wall and, through this,

they copulated with her. Hodel the widow, whose pall was close to Tsilka's, began to wince, raised her fists in a fury and shouted, "Shut your foul mouth. Your words are deadly venom."

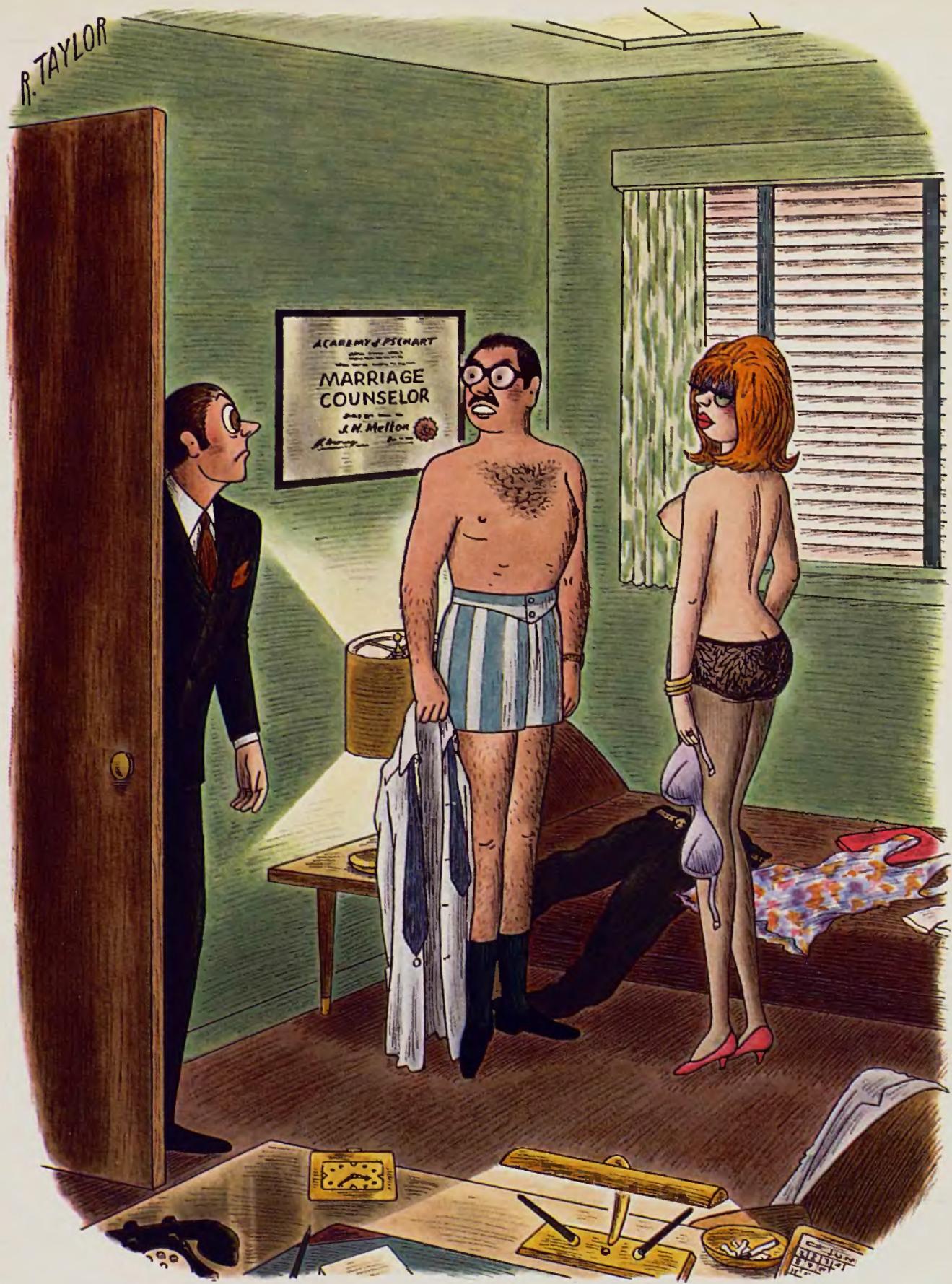
"Sweet venom."

"God waits long and punishes well."

"For my sake, he can wait a little longer," Tsilka answered mockingly.

There was quarreling in Janow because of Tsilka. The community leaders held a meeting on what action was to be taken. She defiled the town. Even the boys in the study house discussed her. After lengthy debates that lasted until dawn, it was decided to send her to the poorhouse in Lublin. The Janow community was ready to pay for her upkeep there. Lublin is a big city and they have many like her there. The old Janow rabbi, Reb Zeinvele, admonished his congregants that one leprous sheep can contaminate the whole flock. He remarked that Satan's aides were everywhere—in the market place, in the tavern, in the study house, even in the cemetery. The situation in Janow had come to such a pass that respectable tradesmen, fathers of children, stood for hours around Tsilka's bed, listening to her obscenities. They brought her so much food and so many delicacies that she gave gifts to those who flattered her. The children in the poorhouse she treated with cookies, raisins, sunflower seeds. She no longer lay on a straw pallet but on a bed with linen. In Janow, it was unheard of for a female to smoke. Tsilka asked for tobacco and cigarette paper and she rolled her own cigarettes and blew smoke rings through her nostrils. How long can a town like Janow stand for such loose conduct? After prolonged negotiations, a letter came from the community of Lublin, stating that Tsilka would be given a cot in the room where the moribund are kept. A screen was to be placed near her bed, so that the others wouldn't have to see her insolent face. Besides the expenses for her maintenance, the Lublin community asked the Janow community to pay for her burial fees in advance, even though Tsilka would be buried behind the fence. When the contents of this letter became known in Janow, the Tsilka followers also gathered at a meeting and one, Berish the musician, who was known as a scoffer, a woman chaser, a vituperator, instigated the rabble. "The so-called upright citizens," he ranted, "are supposed to serve God, but actually they serve only themselves. They have appropriated the best of everything—the brick houses, the eastern wall in the synagogue, the stores in the market place, the fat women, even the best-located graves. However, the moment a shoemaker, a tailor or a comber of pig bristles tries to raise his head, he is immediately threatened with excommunication and a bed of nails in Gehenna. We will not allow them to send Tsilka away to Lublin, where she will rot away while alive. We can take care of her here. It's true that she's a fallen woman. But who are those who fall into sin? Not the pampered daughters of the rich, may they be consumed in fire. It's our children who are fair prey to every lecher. Our daughters work as servants in the houses of the wealthy, and their sons, who are supposed to study all day long, creep into their beds at night. The mothers of these privileged boys pretend not to see. Sometimes they even encourage them." Berish spoke with such zeal and with such violent gesticulations (continued on page 269)

R. TAYLOR



*"Now, see here, Mr. Woodworth—I asked you to wait in the reception room while I talked to your wife privately. If you always go about spying on her this way, no wonder your marriage is going on the rocks!"*

# ALICE & RAY & YESTERDAY'S FLOWERS



Alice Brock—she owned the restaurant

Arlo Guthrie—he dumped the garbage

Geoff Outlaw—he helped start the commune

Kid named Arlo  
Guthrie went up to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a few years back to spend Thanksgiving with some friends named Alice and Ray Brock; and because he is deep into the habit of writing songs about what happens to him as he goes through life, just like his daddy, the late Woody Guthrie, did, he worked up a long rap and guitar-chord thing called *Alice's Restaurant*, which just a few high hip knew about and dug and only FM stations played all the way through, because, friends, it's 25 or 30 minutes long. Then everybody began to like it, it seems, because sales went up to almost 300,000 LPs; and now this 21-year-old kid Guthrie gets \$3000 a shot, plus a percentage of the box office. That's pretty weird. I mean, that's *weird*. What happened up in Massachusetts was that Alice and Ray lived in a church—the former Trinity Church on Division Street in Stockbridge—and were used to inviting people into their home just as if they were early Christians. I mean very early ones. And, in a way that few churches are, their church was a real sanctuary. Everybody was welcome; there was room for everybody. It was a real love family. Ray had previously been married and had three grown children of that union—Rebecca, Fletcher and Jono—



*a lyrical look at arlo guthrie, gentle baladeer, and the folk who transformed an obscure restaurant into a cause célèbre*

article BY SAUL BRAUN

Ray Brock—he was everyone's father figure

Chief William J. Obanhein—he busted Arlo

Ralph Pinto—he dug motorcycles

and  
they were there  
that Thanksgiving, along  
with some big and little dogs  
and a bunch of guests, including  
Arlo and his pal Rick Robbins. Arlo  
and Rick had been traveling together,  
Arlo working his way up in folk singing,  
booking into places in Chicago and Philadelphia  
for \$40 a week and expenses, and Rick tagging  
along. So they went up to Alice and Ray's for  
Thanksgiving, 1965. Guests is the wrong word, though.  
A number of people, Arlo and Rick included, were mem-  
bers of the family, and so they were not guests in the usual  
sense. So when Ray woke up the next morning, he said to  
them, Let's clean up the church and get all this crap out of  
here, for God's sake, this place is a mess, and Rick said, Sure.  
So Arlo and Rick swept up and loaded all the crap—bottles,  
boxes, cartons, paper, a divan and other junk—into a VW Micro-  
bus with the Trinity Racing Association red triangle on the side  
and went out to the dump, which was closed. So they started driv-  
ing around, until Arlo remembered a side road in Stockbridge up on  
Prospect Hill by the Indian Hill Music Camp—which he went to  
one summer—so they drove up there and dumped the garbage. A  
little later, the phone rang and it was Stockbridge police chief William

J. Obanhein. He'd gotten a call about the rubbish and went up there to investigate the situation personally and for a couple of hours did some preliminary investigative policework around in the pile of rubbish. "I found an envelope with the name Brock on it," Chief Obanhein said, "so I called them and talked to Alice. I could hear her asking them where they dumped the stuff."

Well, Arlo started looking innocent, the way he does, with his kid grin curling in at the ends and sort of hide-and-seek under his dimples, so you know he could never do no wrong, but, friends, Obanhein couldn't see that look on the telephone or that angel's face with a couple of pimples stuck on there for believability, so he asked some more of his investigative questions and Alice tried to protect Arlo, but, well, the truth came out and soon the boys found themselves in Obanhein's police car, which was this blue Ford Galaxie 500 with some rusty dents on the left side.

So they went up to Prospect Hill and Obie took some pictures and on the back he marked them PROSPECT HILL RUBBISH DUMPING FILE UNDER GUTHRIE AND ROBBINS 11/26/65. And took the kids to jail.

Never mind what it says in the song: there was no police brutality, no mistreatment. "I didn't put any handcuffs on them," says Chief Obanhein emphatically, "and I didn't take the toilet seats off, 'cause we don't have any seats. I told the architect who designed the cells you can't have things like that, 'cause when people come in here, they're like to rip them off."

Well, Arlo and Rick sat down on this metal cot in this little room painted green with some chicken wire on the window and no seat on the toilet and pretty soon Alice showed up and Alice, well, she was outraged, she called Obie every name she could think of, and it was very funny from one point of view, because Obie, well, he comes on hard, but not reeeelly hard, he's a decent guy, you know. "I told her if she didn't stop I'd arrest her," Obanhein said, and he would have, so she did stop, and handed over the bail money. Then they went over to the town of Lee to the courthouse.

Well, it was an open-and-shut case, anyway; the kids went in, pleaded, "Guilty, your Honor," were fined \$25 each and ordered to retrieve the rubbish. Chief Obanhein said he hoped this case would set an example for others who might be tempted to dispose of their garbage carelessly.

Then they all went back to the church, except for Obie, and had a good laugh and sat around, singing, the way they did a lot at the church, usually on Friday and Saturday evenings, or, you know, grooving with each other, rapping, digging grass, and they sort of started to write *Alice's Restaurant* together, pretty much exactly the way it happened,

except for some poetic license, which you don't apply for at precinct headquarters. "We were sitting around after dinner and wrote half the song," Alice recalls, "and the other half, the draft part, Arlo wrote."

The draft part begins after Arlo has ambled through the whole garbage rap, lively and sometimes funny, with a sardonic view of control and authority, a lark but with sour juice and lessons all through it. "But that's not what I'm here to tell you about," he says, and, friends, he isn't. Because in the draft part of the song, he tells how he agrees to kill, kill, kill for the Army. But, friends, he isn't going to be allowed to burn villages and kill women and children, because he has a criminal record; he was convicted of littering up in Massachusetts.

None of this second part really happened at the time he wrote the song, but later it sort of did. Arlo's draft call came up and he and his mother, Marjorie, and Harold Leventhal, his manager, sat down to work out the strategy of what he would do—see if they could set up some kind of protective barrier between him and the world; but Arlo was determined, he wouldn't be moved. In some ways, he is a very strong-willed kid—he is a vegetarian, because he doesn't believe in eating burned dead bodies, for example—and he decided he wasn't going to take the induction oath and, hell no, he wouldn't go. As it happened, the problem never came up. Arlo is not exactly the all-American kid from New York City, even though he was born in Coney Island. In dress, he is at the epicenter of the unisex-folkbilly gearquake, with crushed-red-velvet Levis and shocking-pink ruffled dress blouse for his concerts, as a good illustration, and his long curly hair hangs down to his shoulders; and when he snaps his head around to keep it out of his eyes, he looks like a petulant East Side rich chick who has just been told she cannot drink in a stevedores' bar in Old Chelsea. His views aren't exactly out of the civics primer, either, what with not believing in killing people to defend the flag or for any other awfully "good reason"; so the Army took a quick look and said,

Here's a real bummer, and threw him back into the stream of life, which is exactly where he belongs. "If I were the Army," says Arthur Penn, "I wouldn't take him."

Arthur Penn was the director of *Bonnie and Clyde*, which many people, including me, consider one of the two or three best American movies of the decade. It also made enough money to enable Penn to pick virtually anything he wanted for his next film. He chose *Alice's Restaurant*.

"What sort of film will *Alice* be?" I asked Penn. *Bonnie* had anatomized the Thirties, another era when people found much lawlessness in the law; and *Mickey*

*One*, an interesting but not successful effort, had tapped elliptically into the McCarthy-era Fifties. Was *Alice* going to be a social film of the day?

"Yes, yes," he said, "the song seemed to me an exquisitely witty and clever version of what the scene is for the kids today. I was saying to someone that I would hope were I of that age now I would have the courage to do what they're doing."

Penn and scriptwriter Venable Herndon began by attempting to do the record itself, and soon discovered that something more was needed. "Then we found the minister who had actually deconsecrated Alice and Ray's church," Herndon says, "and came to the idea, if they take away the holiness of the old society, can they put holiness into the new one?"

What they added to the plot was the story of Alice and Ray Brock and their life in the church, which does not have any part at all in the song but which is at the heart of the entire experience and all that followed, and all that follows, and all that will follow, both here and elsewhere; for there is a turning now that only the blind cannot see, the generations are turning with a particular vehemence just now, the time bombs popping and blowing incense and pot fumes and soft fragments like soft shrapnel into the body of this big, hard nation: sex, religion, politics, social structures—all turning. Not easily, of course, and not rapidly. History is a behemoth and there is a giant inner nation here that resists all turning.

Nevertheless, it is happening. And Arlo's song lays down the melody and the lyric of youth's turning. Like Arlo himself, the young people are sweetly reasonable and unearthly stubborn as they deal the cards in their deck: They feed our ways and means back to us and the look of disease is on them, disease, misuse, malaise, moral rue. And they are all into this turning, some deeper than others but all into it, turning, floating, mimicking the new technology, trying to be the first weightless generation.

I arrive at Alice and Ray's church to find the filming in progress. Inside, the church is lavish with color, the beige-plaster walls glittering with colored-paper cutouts in all sorts of shapes—stars, rosettes, moons, crescents, daisies—with helium-filled balloons rising slowly to the heavy oak ceiling beams. Around a long banquet table laden with all sorts of goodies hover a large number of people in extravagant costumes—just what a filmgoer expects to see at a hippie feast, outrageous inventiveness and witty sacrilege. In the nave of the church are a tree and some rock musicians got up in Minsk folk child, desert Semite stud

(continued on page 142)



# REVELATIONS

*through the mind-blowing miracle, he saw ten-ton grasshoppers, a woman on a scarlet beast, and more—oh, god—much more*

*fiction By ASA BABER*

TAILGATING IT out of Joliet on the 66 bypass, up through the gears on the two-speed, Oswald is wingding at a cool 70 on the level, which is not bad for a full van plus seven bicycles and two dressers under canvas. If an inspector spots him, his ass is grass.

"Cram and jam, I'm your moving man," sings Oswald not too tunefully and with the accentual overtones of Jimmy Dean. He pulls the air horn as he blasts by one of them there beetle bugs. Right blinker on, he cuts it close to give a thrill. Flashes his trailer lights because it's a woman driving, a woman with good legs, as Oswald can see from his high perch. Oh, what he has seen from where he sits.

Weigh stations closed, sweat drying in the early-morning air, Oswald unwinds. Lights a Swisher Sweet and chews the tip. He's on Bennies and ten cups of coffee and his heart goes pumpety-pump. Cut that out, he says. He counts his money in his mind. The van's loaded too heavy on one axle, which will mean a fine if he's caught. Balance that against the fact that he filled his tanks with diesel *before* he got the final moving weight and he's still ahead. A fat cat on a greased bat.

It has been a long night in a long summer. He had to unload 10,000 cubes at the warehouse before he could fill up for the Chicago run. Which meant he had to pay two helpers time and a half (continued on page 130)



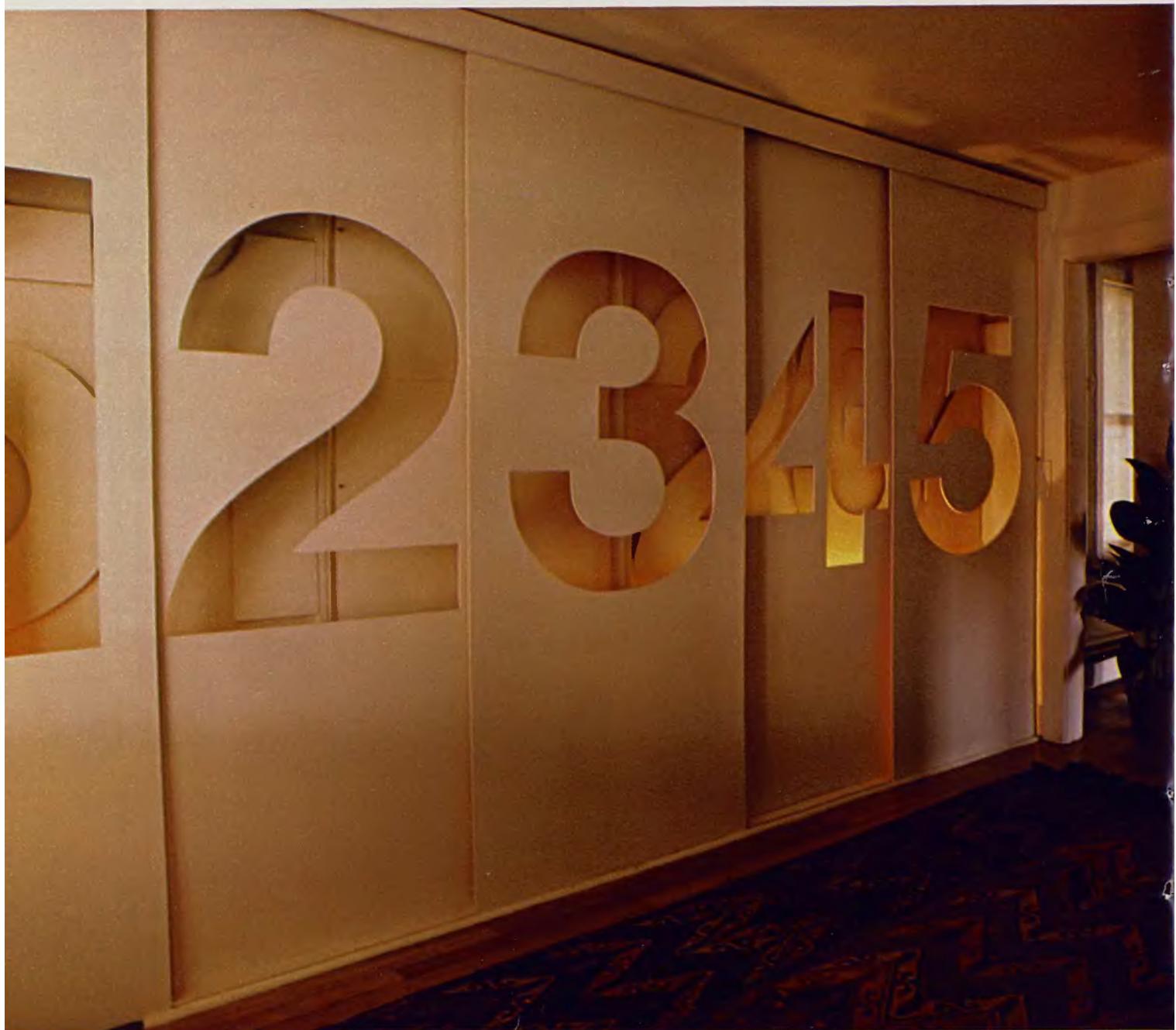
*"When I heard you  
were a two-timer,  
I had no idea. . . ."*



A PLAYBOY PAD:

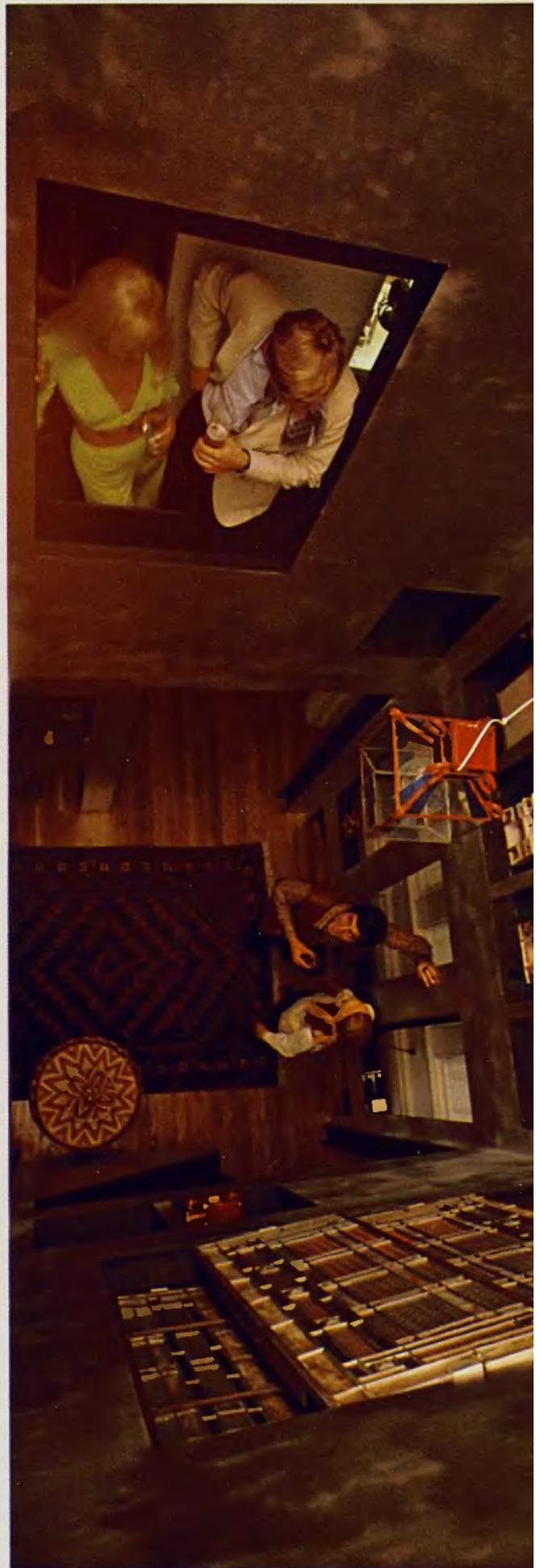
# NEW HAVEN HAVEN

amid connecticut's  
early americana, a  
bachelor architect  
fashions a flipped-  
out domain



SHORTLY AFTER architect Charles Moore accepted the position of chairman of the architecture department at Yale several years ago, he purchased a small, century-old New England frame house near the university and then checked into a hotel for six months. "I wanted my home to be both visually exciting and eminently comfortable," Moore, a 43-year-old bachelor, explained. "And to do it within the walls of a New Haven cracker box was a creative challenge I couldn't resist, even though it meant completely revamping the interior of the house, from cellar to attic." Creative, indeed, was the lengthy remodeling job. Instead of merely knocking down walls and widening windows to obtain additional space and light, Moore chose to open up his pad vertically by cutting holes in the floors and constructing three plywood towers (Moore calls

Opposite page: The back of Charles Moore's far-out fun house is open to the sun, which floods through picture windows and a sliding glass door. The open-patterned patio fence is painted with an oversized 3; the number shifts in degree of distortion, depending on one's point of view. In the front foyer, Moore also has played with numbers; five cutout numerical panels slide on tracks, thus forming a changeable wall. Below: Two explorers discover a mini fourth-floor guest cove hidden under the eaves. Right: A visiting quartet enjoys a multilevel view of the pad's central tube, one of three towers that interconnect the four floors of the house.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORON



Top: A comely guest relaxes in the privacy of Moore's third-floor sauna and sun-lamp room. Above: The combination kitchen and dining area is located at the back of what once was the house's basement; directly above the table is the pad's third tower. For additional color and light, Moore converted the cellar steps into a tiered greenhouse by covering the hatchway with a glass door. Right: In the third-floor master bedroom, Moore has contrasted a camp stor-spangled canopy and vinyl spread with a baroque print of a cathedral dome.

them tubes) of varying heights that stand about a foot away from the original inner walls of the house. Then, to further the illusion that his digs contain a large amount of floor space—instead of the modest 1400 square feet of living area that was left after the towers were constructed—Moore fashioned geometric cutouts in each of the towers, so that one constantly sees glimpses of colors, objects, patterns and shadows in other sections of the house. These surprising vistas play tricks with the viewer's perspective and do, indeed, make Moore's domain seem bigger than it actually is.

The unique configurations also make the pad an ideal place for entertaining. "Guests usually first head for the bar I've set up in the kitchen and dining area that has been created out of what was once the basement," (concluded on page 186)



Top: The living room's deep built-in couch is a cozy gathering place at parties. Above: two examples of Moore's clearly contemporary taste in decor. Neon-tube sculpture is more fun than functional; the brilliance of a multibulbed light fontastic hanging above the dining table can be controlled by a rheostat switch. Top right: The silver-colored interior of the house's central tower reflects sunshine from skylight. Right: Ancestrol portraits hang in the front tower directly above an antique Wurlitzer jukebox that Moore has stocked with vintage 78s.

## REVELATIONS

(continued from page 123)

plus windshield time; and the dispatcher in Joliet, an uptight white knight who tried to run things his own way, gave him two rummies who would rather drink than lift. Oswald had to kick ass every half hour. Then he started drinking with them. Out of fear, as he admitted to himself, because he dreaded lifting finger biters like Hide A Beds unless he was working with real pros who would rather drop the bitch if it started to slip. Whereas your alkies and college kids would hang on in desperate faith as 500 pounds of property gathered momentum and came rolling downstairs to trap the bottom man. Which was how Duffy got castrated.

So Oswald is filled with conflicting chemicals on this morning outside Joliet, and when a bus tries to pass him on an upgrade, Oswald pushes the accelerator to the floor and makes the fucker work for it. As always, the bus roars on. Oswald blinks his headlights to signal for the cut-in, but the driver is pissed and refuses to get back in line until 500 yards ahead. Oswald longs for the time when he will own a rig so powerful that it will run right up the butt of a Greyhound bus. Please, Lord, he asks, just once.

Oswald is country folks, southern-Tennessee folks. His hair slicks back in a modified Presley. He wears cowhide boots and Levi suits. He carries at all times a comb in his upper-left jacket pocket. A special holster sewn under his cab seat by a redheaded chick from St. Louis cuddles his long-nosed police .38 (trigger pull over three pounds—never adjusted). The map compartment holds two leather-covered blackjack, black from ancient sweat and blood. Also a hunting knife in a canvas sheath, two flares, one carton of Red Man chewing tobacco, one box of Ajax prophylactics, a Chicago street guide and the weight papers for the home office.

Oswald pops another Benny and the light brightens in his eyeballs. He smiles at himself in the mirror on the sun visor. He sees a chunky blond man with wrinkles around the eyes. Looking at him from a distance, you'd place him as a young punk. But close up, the face shows fatigue and overwork. He's had his own rig for three years, since he was 21, and it bears down on a man to pay off \$15,000 in that time. "Give me a hump strap and a jockstrap and I'll move the world." So says this modern Archimedes, only half joking.

It has not been too long since he stood with red clay caked between his toes and a mule team at his command. "Make the leader take the mud," his daddy told him just before he died of a strange disease that made him turn yellow all over. Oswald offered up the cooking jug to his daddy's lips and, credit to the old man, he was dead before he refused a

drink. Which prompted Oswald to drink that jug and the lightning in the butter crock. Drunk for a week out in the pines, where the sun never shines. Discovered by his older brother, who held his head under branch water until Oswald damn near drowned, and Brother wanted to know why he hadn't buried their daddy as befitting any human being. To which Oswald replied, in a new gesture of independence, that he'd been too drunk those seven days to do anything except fuck his own fist. This remark brought the usual and expected and almost irrelevant cuff on the ear.

Oswald was moved into town, off the 30 acres (which was sold by the bank to a church organization). Big brother owned a hauling service. That is, he owned a truck, an old 1936 Diamond T that could still pull close to a ton on a 30 percent grade. It was there at the age of 14 that Oswald began what seemed to him to be his God-given task of lifting, packing, loading and unloading, continuously sweating. They carried tree stumps, garbage, furniture, dirt, gravel, feed and fertilizer bags and lumber; and, on occasion, they would fit on the high sides and deliver hogs to market, an episode both brothers enjoyed, for it was fun to try to run a cattle prod up a pig's ass.

That first summer, before he had to go to high school, they netted enough to start payments on a 'dozer. Meaning big brother would rent himself and it out on contract to clear land, and Oswald would be prime mover for the Diamond T. Thus, a 14-year-old red-neck piss-ant who has labored more than half his life survives through luck and strength and natural craftiness (i.e., the ability *not* to lift your share when your gut muscles twinge and signal hernia).

It was Oswald's opportunity to take the transition offered any boy with speed and muscle, that temporary, usually finite and limited experience of the high school hero. The game of football itself was meaningless. No two players could hit as hard as a mule could kick, and the occasional fist under the nose guard drew less blood than a plow handle snapped under the jaw. In his naïveté, Oswald could not imagine cutting up the turf without purpose; and after the first full scrimmage, he went across the field on his hands and knees, replacing the divots and patting the rich grass. A simple gesture, at first laughed at, then worshiped and imitated.

Able to hump up to three fertilizer bags on his back, it was nothing to Oswald to throw a cross-body block and lift a charging guard away from the play. Dynamics, momentum, tension at the moment and, nine times out of ten, he could have blocked out a Big Jimmy. But there came that year, his senior year, his putative all-county, all-state year,

when his cleats caught in the grass, his body went one way and the knee joint the other and vomit pain convulsed his stomach. His life changed direction there that instant, and he knew it. No more a piece of valuable property, no more to be scouted and praised, the letters from coaches turned conciliatory, then stopped. The leg stayed in a cast for three months, came out wrinkled, stinking, weak. Not the leg of a hero. When healed and rebuilt, it seemed almost normal. Not trustworthy enough, however, to promote investment. The leg became a barometer for storms, aching before rain. His medal and scar, one and the same, as they always are. Limping when fatigued and strutting when not. Back to what seemed an inevitable way of life at the age of 18.

All this being the fashion of his wanderings through five more years as straight and dull as highways. Bred on Western music and tough reactions, he never even questions himself and his temperament until the Bennies blow his mind, force (with caffeine) too many thoughts at once through his brain cells, so that there on 66, he sees apocalypse, shakes, steers around ten-ton grasshoppers with mantis jaws, hauls the rig into a cloverleaf and coasts to a stop on the road shoulder, there to sit and watch the show in the sky until a cop pulls up and moves him on, so forcing him back to quote reality unquote.

Tired, wary of his own destruction, he rides into Chicago a different man, hoping for rest.

Comes this July day set for steam—this same day that finds a vibrating Oswald steering the van—and Hairston is headed early in the morning to the warehouse, where a loading job is open at three bucks an hour. Projections each, energies on a colliding course, one drives, the other walks. Hairston is thinking . . . who knows what? Hairston lives by his nose, touch, intuition. Cut away from a sense and a function, he leans on others. He watches as Oswald vaults to the dock. He sees a relatively short and powerful Whitey who walks with a limp and stares hyper around him. Hand signals to Hairston say join that one. He does, offering neither hand nor glance.

"You can't get me no better?" Oswald cries. "A deaf-and-dumb spade? I feel like an ant that's going to crawl over and bite himself." Laughs from the freight men. "I got mucho cubes to dump here first, boy. Come on."

Unloading is no problem. It all goes into storage, which means out of the trailer, up to five, off and stacked. They break the tail gate down carefully. One chain busts and Hairston puts his back against the whole mess, saving all except one bicycle. Oswald gives a hog-call thanks. Suuuuueee. He ropes the rest in and firms it up, goes to pat Hairston on

(continued on page 230)



### *opinion* By JOEL FORT, M.D.

THERE ARE an estimated 10,000,000 Americans who smoke marijuana either regularly or occasionally, and they have very obvious reasons for wishing that pot were treated more sensibly by the law. As one of the 190,000,000 who have never smoked marijuana, I also favor the removal of grass from the criminal laws, but for less personal reasons. It is my considered opinion, after studying drug use and drug laws in 30 nations and dealing with drug-abuse problems professionally for 15 years, that the present marijuana statutes in America not only are bad laws for the offending minority but are bad for the vast majority of us who never have lit a marijuana cigarette and never will.

That some changes in these laws are coming in the near future is virtually certain, but it is not at all sure that the changes will be improvements.

On May 19, 1969, the U.S. Supreme Court, in an 8-0 vote, declared that the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 was unconstitutional. This decision delighted the

defendant, Timothy Leary, and was no surprise at all to lawyers who specialize in the fine points of constitutional law. It had long been recognized that the Marijuana Tax Act was "vulnerable"—a polite term meaning that the law had been hastily drawn, rashly considered and railroaded through Congress in a mood of old-maidish terror that spent no time on the niceties of the Bill of Rights, scientific fact or common sense.

Celebrations by marijuanaphiles and lamentations by marijuanaphobes, however, are both premature. The Court, while throwing out this one inept piece of legislation, specifically declared that Congress has the right to pass laws governing the use, sale and possession of this drug (provided these laws stay within the perimeter of the Constitution).

And, of course, state laws against pot, which are often far harsher than the Federal law, still remain in effect.

There were two defects found by the Supreme Court in the Federal anti-marijuana (continued on page 154)

## POT: A RATIONAL APPROACH

*a leading authority on psychopharmacology calls for a lifting of legal prohibitions and punishments relating to marijuana—and explains why*



*the eyes of Texas are upon jean bell, a model miss who's proof positive that black is beautiful*

# LONE STAR STANDOUT

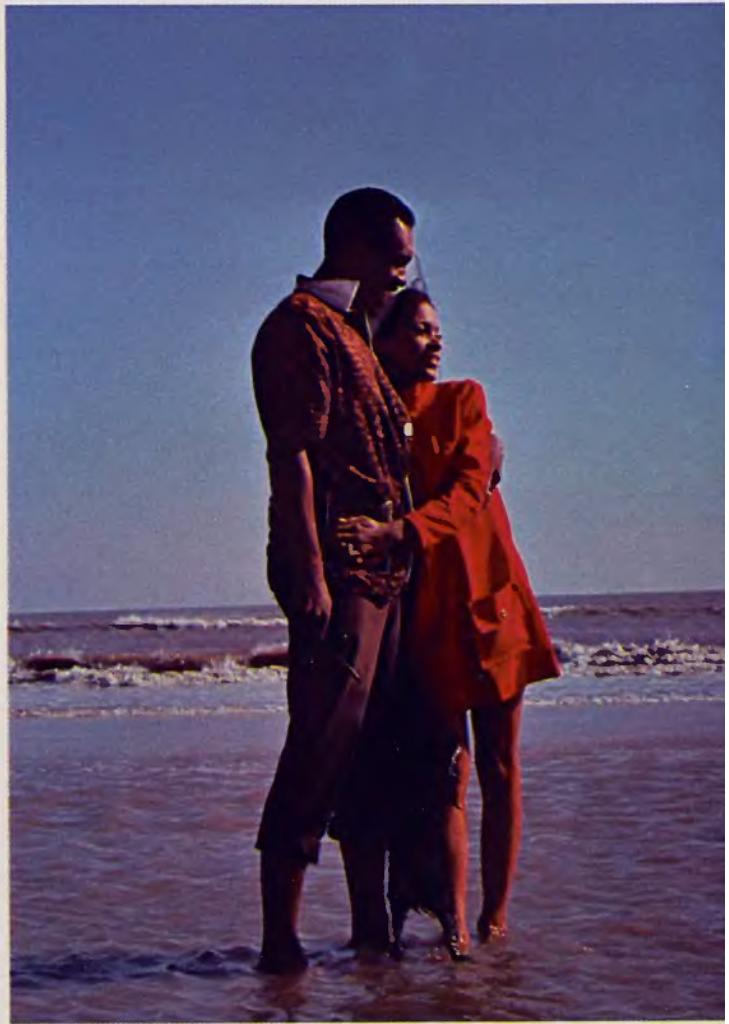


"I'M NOT VERY INVOLVED with politics or civil rights," says Jean Bell. "I just try to get along." For Miss October, though, getting along—these days, as a model—happens to include cracking a few long-standing racial barriers along the way. The first of her firsts came shortly after graduation from Houston's Phillis Wheatley high school, when she became the first black clerk in a downtown men's-clothing store. "I never did find out why they changed their policy and decided to hire me—I think they just needed somebody right away, and I was there. I really enjoyed the job, because I love meeting and getting to know new people—especially men." While working there, Jean met an attorney who suggested that she try for a job as a secretary

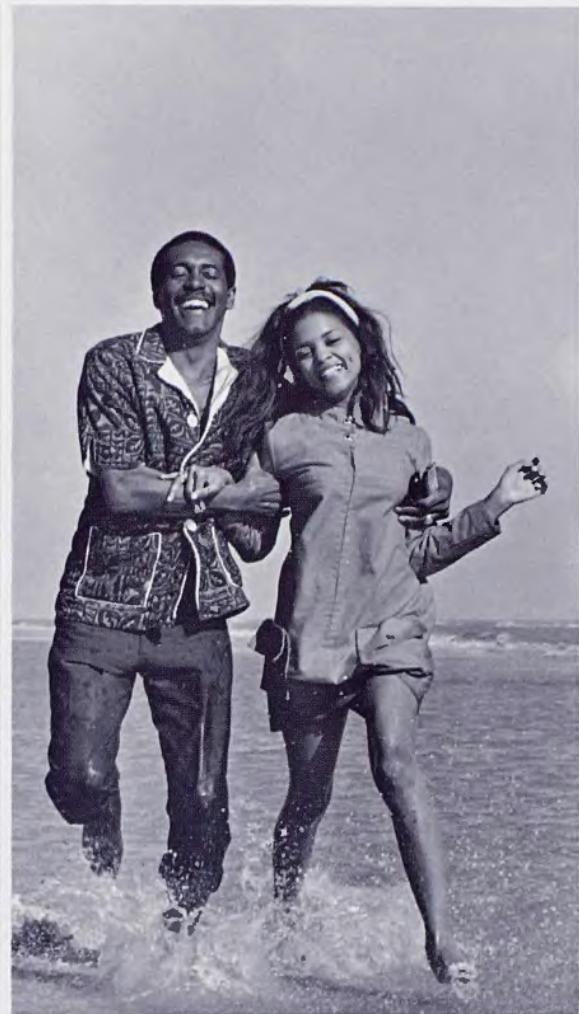


"Modeling is a free and interesting life," says Miss October, "because you never know where or for whom you'll be working next. It can be pretty demanding, though." A sleepily pensive Jean starts this working day somewhat earlier than she likes (below left), but her mood is on the sunnier side by the time she's dressed and on her way to Houston's D'Lyn Academy, where she checks on upcoming assignments with booking coordinator Pat Renee (below right) before aiming for the day's first job—a magazine ad for the Igloo Corporation.





Left: Posing with an Igloo ice chest, Jean is directed by photographer Don Klumpp, who—assisted by two admens—coaxes her into the expression he wants. Above: Later, Jean and good friend Frank Turner head south for Galveston and take a surfside stroll along the Gulf. at a local steel company. "The only black help they had then were laborers," Jean explains. "But the union was pressuring them to integrate the office staff; and when I applied, they hired me. It was slightly strained at first, but people are more human than they sometimes seem. When they see you face to face every day, and see that you're just another person, most of them will respond warmly." During her stay there, Miss October filled much of her spare time in an amateur bowling league—and walked off with a trophy for a high game of 245. She made an even better showing, though, by acting on a whim: "One day I saw an ad for the Miss Houston contest in the paper. I'll try most anything once, so I called to apply. I didn't tell them on the phone that I was black—but they found out soon enough at the audition. The woman in charge did a kind of double take—because, until then, it was an all-white contest—but nobody said anything. I came in only fourth, but I did better in the Miss Texas contest after that—I got third in that one." Jean's contest winnings included a scholarship to a Houston modeling school, and she was off on a new career. Assignments were initially few, but then came a few magazine ad campaigns, a three-week role as a dancer in a summer-stock version of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, a growing demand for black mannequins, and Jean was able to model full time. "I'd like to get into TV commercials next," Miss October says of the future. "Then I want to marry the right man. Like the Dylan song says, 'Love is all there is'; if somebody could make people learn that, the world might be a better place in which to live." We're sure you'll concur that Miss Bell considerably brightens the one we have now.



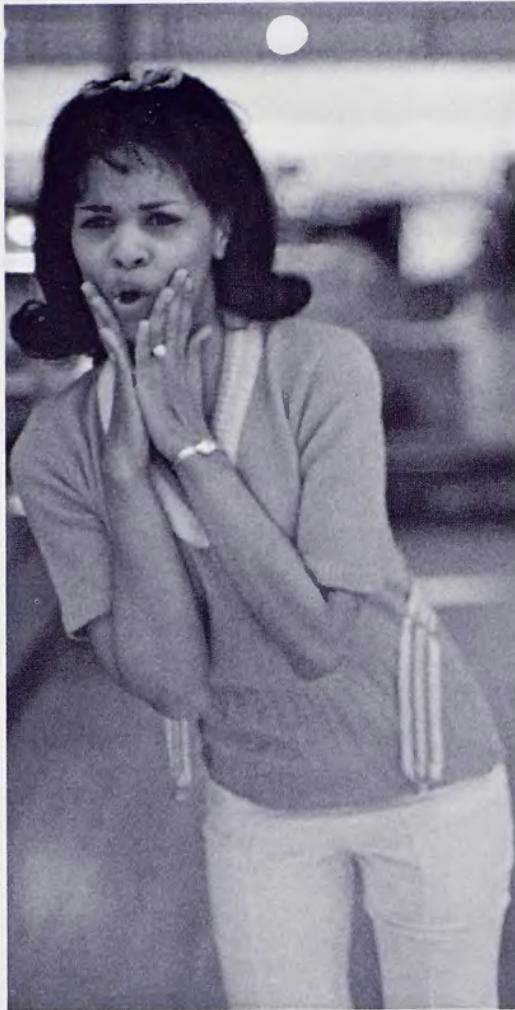
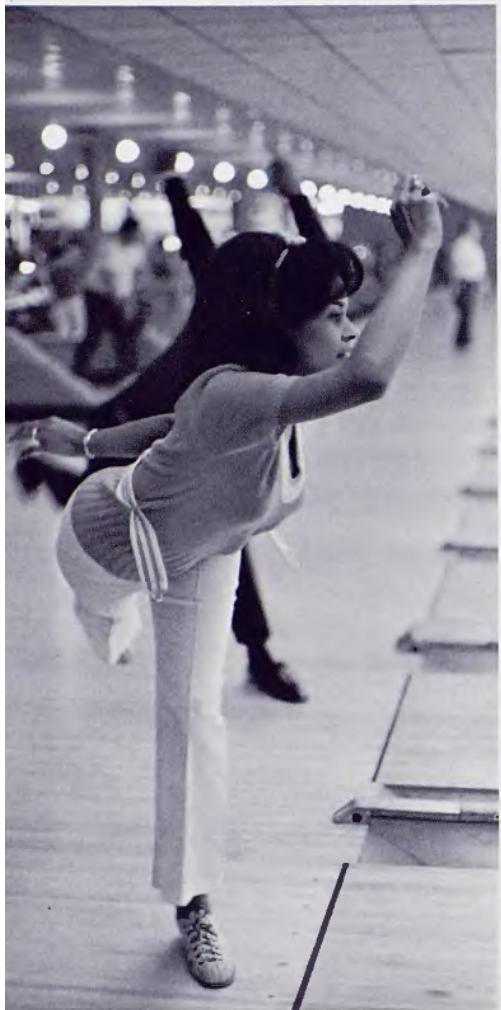
The stroll fast becomes an unanticipated aquatic romp, as Jean and Frank give in to the happily soggy example of Twiggy, Jean's sea-faring pet poodle (above). That night, Jean, Frank and Pat Renee lend their services to a Job Corps center (below). Jean delivers a well-received lecture on the correct use of cosmetics and, afterward, Frank, who works for a cosmetics firm, passes out free samples. "The girls are eager to learn how to do things right," says Jean. "It's a shame more people aren't available—maybe I should say willing—to help them."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Miss Bell rings out a long day by visiting a bowling alley with Fronk—her favorite way to unwind. "I guess it's silly, but I'm a fanatic about bowling. For a while, I considered trying to become a professional bowler; but, unfortunately, I'm not quite good enough." As befits her earlier inclinations, Miss October begins with a proper spirit of seriousness—but that soon gives way to late-night clowning, which waxes even giddier when girlfriend Shirley Ann Roushion spots her and joins in the fun.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After completing their shopping, two young secretaries were about to drive back to their apartment when one realized that she'd forgotten to stop at the drugstore for birth-control pills. Rushing into the nearest pharmacy, she handed the prescription to the druggist. "Please fill this quickly," she demanded. "I've got someone waiting in the car."

Then there was the fellow who decided to start procrastinating but never got around to it.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *transvestite* as a drag addict.



A college sophomore at a staid Eastern girls' school entered the office of the dean of women and began to weep bitterly. "A strange man jumped me, knocked me out and violated me while I was unconscious," she sobbed. "It was terrible!"

"That is terrible," the dean declared. "You missed the best part."

*There was a young fellow named Lancelot  
Whom the neighbors all looked on askance a lot.  
For whenever he'd pass  
A presentable lass,  
The front of his pants would advance a lot.*

Suspecting her husband of infidelity, the woman attempted to put an end to it by arousing his jealousy. "What would you say if I told you that I've been sleeping with your best friend?" she asked provocatively.

"Well," he mused, "I'd say that you're a Lesbian."

We know a fun-loving young lady who insists she won't even consider marriage until she's gotten some experience under her belt.

The newly married couple were entertaining a bachelor neighbor in the den of their suburban home when the conversation turned to sexual morality. "Since you claim to be so liberal," the bachelor challenged the husband, "would you let me kiss your wife's breasts for a thousand dollars?"

Not wishing to seem prudish and needing the extra money, the couple agreed and the wife removed her blouse and bra. Then, pressing his face between her breasts, the chap nestled there for several minutes, until the husband grew impatient to complete the deal. "Go ahead and kiss them," he urged the bachelor.

"I'd love to," the fellow sighed, "but I really can't afford it."

While searching for an old Army buddy's apartment in a small town, a uniformed Vietnam veteran spotted two spinster ladies through a living-room window and stepped up onto their porch to ask for directions. When one answered the door, the other inquired who their visitor was.

"It's a young soldier and he's got a Purple Heart on," said the old lady at the door, looking the soldier up and down.

"I don't care what color it is," came the voice inside. "Let him in."

Then there was the Eskimo girl who spent the night with her boyfriend and next morning found she was six months pregnant.

I'd like to buy some body make-up for my girlfriend," the young lawyer told the clerk at the cosmetics counter.

"Certainly, sir," the clerk remarked. "What color would you like?"

"Never mind the color," the attorney said. "What flavors do you have?"

Having leased an apartment to an attractive receptionist, the landlord appeared promptly on the first of the month and rapped sharply on the door. "Who is it?" a feminine voice called out.

"It's the landlord," he shouted. "I've come to collect the rent."

"Could you come back in an hour?" she asked. "I'm still paying my grocery bill."



Impressed by the impeccable cleanliness of the restaurant, the customer summoned his waiter over to the table to compliment him.

"We take pride in our sanitary precautions," the waiter explained. "For example, the manager makes us carry a spoon, so we don't have to touch the food we serve, and we even have a string attached to our pants fly, so that we don't touch the zipper."

"But how do you get it back into your trousers?" the customer whispered.

"Don't know about the others," the waiter replied, "but I use my spoon."

*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.*



*Satch*

*"Whoever designed this course sure put in some groovy traps."*

## ALICE &amp; RAY

(continued from page 122)

and all other sorts of attire. A Wise Man is accompanied on tambourine by a lovely Chinese girl in mandarin robe. The girl is actress Tina Chen and the Wise Man is Arlo swathed to the eyeballs in blue and green felt, plucking a guitar and, according to the script girl, he is not a Wise Man at all but the King of Cups from the tarot deck.

Chief Obanheim is visiting the set this day. He chats with Arlo and they reminisce about the littering incident. Obie tells Arlo that Arlo's father wrote a lot of songs loving America—*This Land Is Your Land* and all that—what would he think of his son dumping garbage? And Arlo thinks about it and says, *Jeez, he'd be mad.*

Arthur Penn comes bounding for the camera in turtleneck sweater and Levis and rubber-soled cross-country shoes. He is small and wiry, his face bony, muscular, alert. Striations in his cheeks stand out, so that he appears to be running even when he is standing still; but, remarkably, there are no signs of tension or weariness. He wears goggle-shaped horn-rimmed glasses and has a large Uppmann cigar in his hand, like a baton, and he struts, and he is like a World War Two fly boy with terrific coordination. He runs flat-out, as the R. A. F. pilots used to say, but effortlessly, with grace and style, suffused with Jewish soul. That is, simultaneously modest and cocky. "All right, let's go for a take on this," he calls out, and all sounds cease; and after a moment, the camera begins to follow Jimmy Broderick, the actor playing Ray, and Pat Quinn, playing Alice, up an aisle hacked out of the crowd of revelers toward the pulpit. This is a scene from real life. Alice and Ray "re-married" in order to reaffirm their marital bond. Penn follows the camera, arms crossed on his chest, his empathic, hard-working face feeding hints and ideas into the playing that may or may not appear on film. There are several takes and then the action shifts to the groaning board, where Broderick and Quinn kiss.

There is an oddity here. Many of the extras were at the real wedding, because many of them are family members, and, in fact, Benno Friedmann, who took the photographs for this article, officiated. Not that he has any credentials for it. He's 24 years old, a loping long-jointed, long-nosed sweetheart. He has curly hair that he wears very long and in his bedroom is a large number of postcards of saints, holy men and holy places; and what Benno will do past 33, I don't know. "Alice and Ray didn't formally ask me," he recalls, "but I just decided I wanted to marry them. I just dug the idea. There was no premeditation to it, because the last thing in my mind was to try to create a mannered ceremony, a

churchlike ceremony, because that was the thing I was trying to get away from."

Between takes in which the actor playing Benno marries "Alice" and "Ray" with dialog that is rhymed and somewhat mannered, Benno circulates through the crowd, snapping pictures; and as he gets to the far side of the room, an attractive woman with the mark of much life on her falls into Benno's arms, and he into hers.

She wears a red-and-black-striped floor-length silk skirt and a low-cut ancient cream-lace bodice with much embroidery on it. Around her bare neck is a black-velvet band, like a vow or a reminder. She is very attractive, caught halfway between boundless desire and inexplicable iron restraints, and this tension transmits itself as a large animal presence. She is like a caged panther. She seems to be here but also elsewhere, some crucial part of her missing. She resembles Pat Quinn, a Pat Quinn with air drawn out of her bosom and face, her mouth much thinner, her upper lip stiffer, unyielding. Pat Quinn kisses Jimmy Broderick; that is, "Alice" kisses "Ray" and, remarkably, this woman standing on the side lines pales, her cheeks sinking and hardening. I go over to her and Benno introduces me and, of course, it is Alice herself.

"When the song came out and I was in Boston and I would meet somebody and he'd say, 'What do you do, Alice?' I'd say, 'I used to have a restaurant in Stockbridge,' and he'd go, 'Ha-ha-ha, sure.'" She is forlorn, deflated, like somebody who's made a bad deal and has to live with it, left empty and holding the bag. "Now I'm completely unreal." Yet her eyes are always on you, large, round, smoldering, questioning, seeking, panther's eyes. "I had a funny experience the other day. One girl kept tagging around behind me, asking me a lot of questions. She thought I was Pat Quinn and she kept talking about Alice. And I kept saying, 'I'm Alice. I . . . am Alice.' And she just kept smiling, you know, and saying, 'This is a fantastic story, where'd they ever find this church? I mean, did they make up the story after they found the church?' And I said, 'No, it's true, it's true.' This went on for two days. Finally, I got hold of the girl at lunchtime and I said, 'Look, I'm Alice. This building that you're in is my house. This is my story. It's all true.' She hasn't looked at me since. She was horrified."

The film people paid Alice \$12,000 for her name and story (and paid Ray \$1000 for his, plus \$500 weekly rental for the church) and, in the process, gave them a remarkable perspective for self-appraisal. One of the things that Alice now realizes is that their community, their family, was not very democratic. "The way it held together at the church was that Ray and I were very strong. We were really

parents. But it was really more than that. Fantasy figures for everybody."

Alice was the librarian at the Stockbridge school that year and Ray taught things like sculpting and woodworking and getting along in life. They were only recently married, an attractive couple. Their style and charisma and beauty captivated the kids. At the end of the school year, Alice and Ray went up to Martha's Vineyard to be house parents at a youth hostel and, Alice says, "Took half the student body with us."

In the fall, Alice's mother gave them a wedding present: a church. Alice and Ray and the dogs and kids who had become their family moved in and they all began remaking the church into a home. Among the Stockbridge school kids were Arlo Guthrie, Geoff Outlaw, Steve Elliott, Mike Lerner, Liza Condon, Rick Robbins and their assorted friends (Arlo's British chick, Carol, among them) and anybody else who happened by who seemed to fit in and who wanted to help build a home.

Ray had worked for a time in an architect's office in Pittsfield. One of the kids calls him an architect of the soul who likes to make spaces. What he did, he built two small rooms by the entrance, leaving most of the great space of the vaulted interior intact. Beyond the room to the left, he broke through to the 70-foot bell tower and turned the ground-floor space there into a kitchen. Then he started up, building stairways and rooms as he went, rising and striving, the hard muscles in his back writhing and the sweat of his labor sweet, as he built a home for his wife and family—first a bathroom, then three small bedrooms, one atop the other, right up to the bell.

I asked Arlo how the community thing had developed. He seemed impatient with the view that any volition had been attached to it, eager to disclaim responsibility or control over events. "There's a thousand different ways to do the same thing and this was our way," he told me, holding his voice momentarily in his adenoids. "It happened to be an unconscious one at first. No one said, Let's have a community. No one said, You do this and you do this, you sleep here and you sleep here. People just started gathering. It just happened that way. There's no reason that it should, except this is the time that we live in."

"And it's happening a lot of other places, too," added his chick, Carol.

"I felt at home," Arlo said. "That's the thing I think we all felt together. I just felt right at home."

"We all love each other very much," Carol added, "and Ray, he goes around talking to trees and helping animals and people. Everything in this church was built with love."

Life in the church, from all reports,  
(continued on page 192)

# BASEBALL JOE IN THE WORLD SERIES

A DASTARDLY PLOT TO BESMIRCH THE REPUTATION OF  
HIS TEAM FORCES OUR TRUE-BLUE HERO TO ADOPT MEASURES THAT PUT HIS VAUNTED  
PROWESS TO THE MOST GRUELING TEST



**SATIRE BY LARRY SIEGEL** SOMEHOW IN THAT ALL-TOO-DISTANT PAST when I was a boy, the world moved slower, the people danced slower, and it was not only no strain but a privilege to sit through eight quiet, uneventful innings of a baseball game, knowing that there could be an exciting ninth-inning rally at the end of the rainbow to make it all worth while. Today, of course, all this is over. Our once-grand national pastime has all but fallen prey to the frantic, fast-moving times. Oh, sure, they lowered the mound and tightened the strike zone and eliminated the ritual of the intentional base on balls, but let's face it, baseball is dead. It's only a matter of time before the feet stop kicking and the beard stops growing and the worms get to work. But, ah, those memories!

To me, there were always three baseball worlds: the world on the rock- and glass-strewn sand lot where we batted around a ball until the cover came off, then we taped it and batted it until the tape came off. Then we batted what was left until the string came off; and about the time we got to work on the cork center, the first snows usually fell.

There was also the world of Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds, where we sat, watched and cheered ourselves. 143

laryngitic while the pros batted around clean white balls.

Then there was the world of baseball fiction. This was where the glamor and excitement really lay. It was here that the clean-cut, clean-limbed, red-blooded youths battled against all odds and villains to save the day for the school nine or the St. Louis Nationals, with some superhuman diamond feat. Anti-heroes? Don't ever mention that word to the likes of writers such as Harold M. Sherman, Ralph Henry Barbour, Zane Grey and Burt L. Standish.

Of all the baseball-fiction heroes I can recall, one towers above the rest. His name was Joe Matson and he romped through a series of sports sagas as Grosset & Dunlap had to offer. Of course, today's cool football crowd and idolaters of the boozing and wenching Joe Namaths would probably sneer at him; but, frankly, I couldn't care less. They can have Broadway Joe. I'll take *Baseball Joe!*

And now, for those of you who do care, I would like to delve into a special corner of my past and share a *Baseball Joe* book with you. As nearly as I can recall, they used to go something like this:

• • •  
"Ho there, Joe! You, *Baseball Joe Matson!*"

The speaker was John MacCrae, crusty, cantankerous but lovable manager of the New York Giants. He was addressing a slim, manly youth who was warming up his soupbone on the third-base line.

The genial-faced lad turned to his manager and grinned. "A bully day for the seventh game of the world series, eh, Skipper?" said *Baseball Joe Matson*. "If our luck holds up, I do believe that we shall lick the Yankees all hollow."

"Joe," said the manager, "that pitch you just threw, what was it?"

"Which pitch, Skipper?" asked the young moundsman.

As the possessor of the most startling assortment of pitches in baseball, including, among others, an incurve, an outcurve, a fadeaway, a slider, a sinker, a hop, a floater, a knuckle ball, a fork ball, a spoon ball and a fast ball with 11 speeds, the youth was often hard pressed to keep track of his gifts.

"That last pitch," said MacCrae. "Would you throw it again?"

After ransacking his memory, the youth coolly wound up and hurled the sphere.

"That one?" said Joe. "That was just a plain, ordinary shovel ball."

"No, no," said the manager. "It was not a shovel ball."

"I beg to differ with you, Skipper," said the lad firmly but respectfully. "The ball curved in, then out, sailed, hesitated, dropped, skimmed over the edge of the ground, then zipped up knee-high

into the catcher's mitt. If that isn't a shovel ball, what is it?"

"Joe," said MacCrae, with rising excitement, "it is true the ball curved in, then out, sailed and hesitated. But if you will recall, while it was hesitating, instead of dropping immediately, it bobbed and pecked at the air for a moment."

"By Jove," said the youth, "you are right. It did bob and peck at the air, at that."

"Baseball Joe Matson," said John MacCrae, clapping his ace hurler affectionately on the shoulder, "you've done it again!"

"You mean," said Joe modestly, "I've invented another new pitch?"

"Exactly," said the manager.

"What shall we call this one?" asked the youth.

"I have it," said the skipper. "A chicken ball!"

As *Baseball Joe Matson* throws down his glove and goes over to take batting practice, perhaps it would be a good idea to introduce the reader to our young hero.

Not yet out of his teens, Joe had already established himself as a figure to be reckoned with in the ranks of the national pastime. Winner of 39 games without a loss during the season (not to mention his three successive world series victories), he had hurled 12 no-hitters and had an earned-run average of .003. In addition, he was perhaps the only pitcher in major-league annals to bat clean up and play right field on those days he wasn't hurling, having compiled a season's batting average of .517, with 82 four-baggers to his credit. Already there was a strong rumor going around the league that Joe had a good chance of making rookie of the year.

And now, as we return to our young hero, he has just laced his 19th straight practice pitch into the far reaches of the left-center-field stands of the Polo Grounds. "I guess I am as ready as I shall ever be," the youth mused, as he dropped his bat and headed for the dugout.

Spying his manager walking toward him, the lad cried, "Ho, Skipper, where are my teammates? I have not seen them during practice today and I should like to discuss pregame strategy with them."

"Joe," said a noticeably distraught MacCrae, "I fear I am the bearer of sudden bad tidings. Are you plucky enough to take it?"

The youth looked MacCrae dead in the eye. "You may test my moxie," he said manfully.

"I am afraid," said the manager, "that your teammates have met up with foul play."

Twin patches of fire blazed on the cheeks of our hero. "You don't mean to tell me—" he started.

"Exactly," said the skipper glumly. "They have been kidnaped!"

"I feared as much," said the youth. "Was it the gamblers again?"

"I would not be at all surprised," said the manager.

"But surely," said Joe, "they did not kidnap all of them."

"The entire team," said MacCrae.

"Strange, they have never before kidnaped more than one player at a time," said the lad, who himself had been abducted ten times by the rascals during the regular season.

"Which is an indication of how far desperate men will go," said MacCrae, "to achieve their nefarious aims."

"Oh, those rotters!" cried the youth. "Those bounders! Why must they persist in trying to destroy everything that is fine and good and decent in this, the most noble and exciting game of skill that man has yet devised?"

The manager shrugged his shoulders sadly.

"Don't they know that gambling is illegal?" said Joe. "Can't they read the signs?"

With an unerring finger, he pointed at the GAMBLING IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED signs that dotted the grandstand.

"I shall have to tell the commissioner, of course," said the skipper, "which will mean an indefinite—and perhaps permanent—postponement of the final game of the series and another black eye for baseball."

Joe mused for a while. "Skipper," he finally said, "is there no one of the Giants left at all?"

"No one, save you," said MacCrae. Then an afterthought: "And Pop Gallagher, our grizzled, veteran utility catcher."

"This series means a lot to you, doesn't it?" said Joe, putting his arm around the shoulder of his crusty but kindly manager.

"I shall be candid with you, Joe," said MacCrae, his voice cracking with emotion, "it has always been my fondest dream to lead my team to twelve consecutive world-series triumphs. But now . . ."

He turned his head from Joe, not trusting himself to speak anymore.

"Skipper," said Joe, his mouth a hard, grim line, "I should like to make a humble suggestion."

As Joe began to talk to his manager, a new light of hope suddenly twinkled in the sad eyes of John MacCrae.

The Polo Grounds, the most magnificent structure ever erected for the game of baseball, with provocative horseshoe shape and awesome slanting walls, rocked with the cheers of 55,000 roaring fans as the game was about to get under way.

"Oh, you Giants!"

"Skin those Bronx birds alive!"

"Show those Yankee dubs where we live!"

"Those American Leaguers are a piece of cheese!"

"They've got to produce and they can't stand the gaff!"

(continued on page 182)

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman. The man, in the background, is wearing a dark, fur-trimmed coat and a wide-brimmed hat, looking down with his hands to his face. The woman, in the foreground, is nude and wearing a dark, diamond-patterned bikini, looking up at him. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

BLONDE PREFERS GENTLEMAN  
SPORTING FURLIKE ORLON PILE  
DUSTER-LENGTH FITTED COAT  
WITH MINK COLLAR, BY  
STANLEY BLACKER, \$350,  
AND WIDE-BRIMMED FELT  
HAT, BY ROSSETT, \$10.

## PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

THE DEFINITIVE STATEMENT ON THE COMING TRENDS IN MENSWEAR AND ACCESSORIES

*attire* By ROBERT L. GREEN LORD CHESTERFIELD penned "When a man is once in fashion, all he does is right" almost 200 years ago. The same can be said today, provided the style-wise urban male does his buying with an eye for wearables that are really in fashion and not just passing fads. In order to help you separate the sartorial wheat from the poorly designed chaff now on the market, we've devoted this and the following pages to a variety of togs—some of which are conservatively *au courant*, others of which are more adventurous. All, however, are important styles that we predict not only will produce a maximum fashion impact during the next six months but will also substantially influence the direction menswear will take for several seasons to come. For openers, we foresee that



duster- and maxi-length outercoats in both wool melton and synthetic fur will continue to be worn by tall chaps who can carry off the look correctly. If you don't measure up to this eminently elegant offering, you might consider either a shorter-length full-belted real- or imitation-leather trench coat or a herringbone double-breasted overcoat similar to the Malcolm Kenneth design on page 149. Fashion details to watch for in an overcoat include a full inverted center pleat and a half belt. While adding to your fall-and-winter wardrobe, also plan to suit yourself with at least one completely new look, perhaps a suit that's patterned and tailored like what was being worn in the 1930s—styles that featured wide peak lapels, a longer jacket and an inverted center pleat. If you go this route, we recommend that you also choose a solid-color or striped dress shirt with a long-

FAR LEFT: CHAP DIGS  
LEATHERLIKE VARNISHED-  
VINYL DOUBLE-BREASTED  
TRENCH COAT, BY  
ALLIGATOR, \$65. LEFT:  
STYLISHLY SHADED GUY  
IN RAY BAN GLASSES,  
BY BAUSCH & LOMB, \$15,  
HAS ON WOOL TWEED  
SIX-BUTTON DOUBLE-BREASTED  
BELTED SUIT, BY PIERRE  
CARDIN—NEW YORK, \$235,  
COTTON BROADCLOTH SHIRT,  
BY PIERRE CARDIN FOR  
EAGLE, \$16, RIBBED SILK  
TIE, BY BILL MILLER FOR  
THE VILLAGE SQUIRE, \$7.50,  
AND PATENT-LEATHER BELT,  
BY PIERRE CARDIN FOR  
CANTERBURY, \$12.



pointed collar that's crisp and slightly formal looking, and a 4½-to-5½-inch-wide silk tie. Then top off the outfit with a neat hat trick: Try on a wide-brimmed and high-crowned black-felt chapeau similar to the one shown on page 145. And, if your footwear supply is unstylishly out of step, demonstrate your shoemanship by checking out the latest in two-tone bals and bluchers or pulling on your choice of boots; various heights are available, from ankle to mid-calf, while leather treatments range from high-polished to rough-and-ready unfinished.

As we see it, the colors of this fall's slacks selection will be more subdued than in seasons past. Although the gaudy rainbow hues are rapidly fading from the men's-apparel scene, in favor of more subtle shades of brown and gray, slacks legs will still hang (text continued on page 152)



OUR MAN WEARS A  
WOOL MELTON BELTED  
GENDARME'S COAT WITH  
ZIP FRONT, LARGE COLLAR,  
PATCH BREAST POCKETS  
AND DEEP CENTER VENT,  
BY PHILIPPE VENET, \$325.



RUGGED-LOOKING  
INDIVIDUALIST HAS ZIPPED  
UP A DOUBLE-KNIT DACRON  
AND WOOL JUMP SUIT WITH  
LEATHER TRIM AND  
HALF-BELT FRONT, BY  
JANTZEN, \$75.

TURNABOUT IS FAIR FASHION PLAY  
FOR FELLOW IN WOOL WORSTED  
HERRINGBONE EIGHT-BUTTON  
DOUBLE-BREASTED OVERCOAT  
WITH LEATHER BUTTONS, HALF  
BELT AND INVERTED CENTER PLEAT,  
BY MALCOLM KENNETH, \$225.

ULTRAHIP ZIPSTER KEEPS  
HIS COOL IN POLYESTER  
AND WOOL DOUBLE-KNIT  
SUIT THAT FEATURES  
PLACKET FRONT WITH  
DOUBLE-ZIPPER CLOSURE,  
BY RUBEN TORRES, \$85.





BELTED LAD  
COMES ON IN  
A WOOL-FLANNEL  
SPORT SUIT, BY  
ERIC JOY FOR  
HART SCHAFFNER  
& MARX, \$125,  
AND SHETLAND-WOOL  
TURTLENECK, BY  
HIMALAYA, \$20.



TWO AVANT-TOGGED  
TRAIL BLAZERS OPT FOR (LEFT)  
WOOL MELTON EVENING CAPE,  
WORN WITH VELVET VEST, MATCHING SLACKS AND  
RUFFLED SILK SHIRT, BY ANTONIO CERRUTI, \$334;  
AND (RIGHT) WOOL JERSEY SHIRT "SUIT"  
WITH PULLOVER TOP, MATCHING SLACKS  
AND EMBROIDERED VEST, BY VALENTINO  
FOR ALEXANDER'S, \$100.



MAN ABOUT TOWN IS  
ELEGANTLY AT EASE IN A  
CHALK-STRIPED WORSTED  
SUIT, BY PAUL WATTENBERG  
FOR JOHN HAMPTON, \$135,  
COTTON DRESS SHIRT WITH  
SATIN STRIPES, BY LANVIN  
FOR HATHAWAY, \$18, AND  
SILK TIE, BY OLEG CASSINI  
FOR BURMA-BIBAS, \$8.50.

wide and loose. Bell-bottoms in widths from 20 to 26 inches are certain to be the fashion front-runners, with less extreme flared-leg slacks that are cut broader from the knee down coming in a close second. Regardless of whether you're a flared- or a bell-bottomed-leg man, you can have your selections tailored with at least two-inch cuffs, or you can keep them cuffless but angled (lower at the heel), so that your ankles stay covered as you walk.

Drop by any men's *boutique* and you'll see "suits" that radically depart from the familiar shaped and Ivy

GENT LEANS TOWARD A BOLD-PLAID BRITISH WOOL TWO-BUTTON SUIT WITH FLAP POCKETS AND DEEP CENTER VENT, \$175, WORN WITH MINICHECK COTTON BROAD-CLOTH SHIRT, \$22.50, BOTH BY BILL BLASS FOR PBM, AND SILK TIE, BY LIBERTY OF LONDON, \$10.



silhouettes. Jump suits, tunic suits, pullover suits and shirt suits—they're all designed to be worn on occasions when you feel like trying something new. Some styles, such as the double-knit Ruben Torres suit with a zippered front placket on page 149, boast a futuristic look, while others have more romantic overtones. If a wool melton cape with a lion's-head throat closure as shown on pages 150-151 isn't your bag, perhaps a belted sport suit is. So wear what you like and have a ball doing it—that's what today's fashion scene is really all about.

## POT: A RATIONAL APPROACH

(continued from page 131)

law—a section that requires the suspect to pay a tax on the drug, thus incriminating himself, in violation of the Fifth Amendment; and a section that assumes (rather than requiring proof) that a person with foreign-grown marijuana in his possession knows it is smuggled. These provisions were perversions of traditional American jurisprudence, no less than the remaining parts of the law that are bound to fall when challenged before the Supreme Court. These forthcoming decisions will, inevitably, affect the anti-marijuana laws of the individual states as well. However, the striking down of the old laws does not guarantee that the new ones will be more enlightened; it merely invites more carefully drawn statutes that are less vulnerable to judicial review. In fact, in a message to Congress, President Nixon specifically demanded harsher penalties for marijuana convictions. But every sane and fair-minded person must be seriously concerned that the new laws are more just and more in harmony with known fact than the old ones. In my opinion, such new laws must treat marijuana no more harshly than alcohol is presently treated.

It is ironic that our present pot laws are upheld chiefly by the older generation, and flouted and condemned by the young; for it is the senior generation that should understand the issue most clearly, having lived through the era of alcohol prohibition. They saw with their own eyes that the entire nation—not just the drinkers and the sellers of liquor—suffered violent moral and mental harm from that particular outbreak of armed and rampant puritanism. They should certainly remember that attempts to legislate morality result only in widespread disrespect for law, new markets and new profits for gangsters, increased violence and such wholesale bribery and corruption that the Government itself becomes a greater object of contempt than the criminal class. Above all, they should be able to see the parallel between the lawless Twenties and the anarchic Sixties and realize that both were produced by bad laws—laws that had no right to exist in the first place.

"Bad law," it has been said, "is the worst form of tyranny." An open tyranny breeds open rebellion, and the issues are clear-cut; bad law, in an otherwise democratic nation, provokes a kind of cultural nihilism in which good and evil become hopelessly confused and the rebel, instead of formulating a single precise program, takes a perverse delight in anything and everything that will shock, startle, perplex, anger, baffle and offend the establishment. Thus it was during alcohol prohibition and thus it is under marijuana prohibition. The parallel is not obvious only because there were already millions of whiskey drinkers when

the Volstead Act became law in 1919, leading to immediate flouting of "law and order" by vast hordes—whereas the use of marijuana did not become extensive until the early 1950s, more than 13 years after the Government banned pot in 1937. But the results, despite the delay, are the same: We have bred a generation of psychological rebels.

Banning marijuana not only perpetuates the rebelliousness of the young but it also establishes a frightening precedent, under which puritanical bias is more important to our legislators than experimentally determined fact—something every scientist must dread. Dr. Philip Handler, board chairman of the National Science Foundation, bluntly told a House subcommittee investigating drug laws, "It is our puritan ethics . . . rather than science" that say we should not smoke marijuana.

Consider the most recent study of the effects of marijuana, conducted under careful laboratory conditions and reported in *Science*. This is the research performed by Drs. Norman E. Zinberg and Andrew T. Weil at Boston University in 1968. This study was "double-blind"; that is, neither the subjects nor the researchers knew, during a given session, whether the product being smoked was real marijuana (from the female Cannabis plant) or an inactive placebo (from the male Cannabis plant). Thus, both suggestibility by the subjects and bias by the experimenters were kept to the scientific minimum. The results were:

1. Marijuana causes a moderate increase in heartbeat rate, some redness of the eyes and virtually no other physical effects. Contrary to the belief of both users and policemen, pot does not dilate the pupils—this myth apparently derives from the tradition of smoking Cannabis in a darkened room; it is the darkness that dilates the pupils.

2. Pot does not affect the blood-sugar level, as alcohol does, nor cause abnormal reactions of the involuntary muscles, as LSD often does, nor produce any effects likely to be somatically damaging. In the words of Zinberg and Weil, "The significance of this near absence of physical effects is twofold. First, it demonstrates once again the uniqueness of hemp among psychoactive drugs, most of which strongly affect the body as well as the mind. . . . Second, it makes it unlikely that marijuana has any seriously detrimental physical effects in either short-term or long-term usage."

3. As sociologist Howard Becker pointed out long ago, on the basis of interviews with users, the marijuana "high" is a learned experience. Subjects who had never had Cannabis before simply did not get a "buzz" and reported very minimal subjective reactions, even while physically

"loaded" with very high doses, while experienced users were easily turned on.

4. The hypothesis about "set and setting" strongly influencing drug reactions was confirmed. The pharmacological properties of a psychoactive drug are only one factor in a subject's response; equally important—perhaps more important—are the set (his expectations and personality type) and the setting (the total emotional mood of the environment and persons in it).

5. Both inexperienced subjects and longtime users did equally well on some tests for concentration and mental stability, even while they were on very high doses. On tests requiring a higher ability to focus attention, the inexperienced users did show some temporary mental impairment, but the veterans sailed right on, as if they were not high at all. In short, experienced potheads do not have even a *temporary* lowering of the intelligence while they are high, much less a permanent mental impairment.

6. On some tests, the experienced users scored even higher while stoned than they did when tested without any drug.

7. Not only alcohol but even tobacco has more adverse effects on the body than marijuana does.

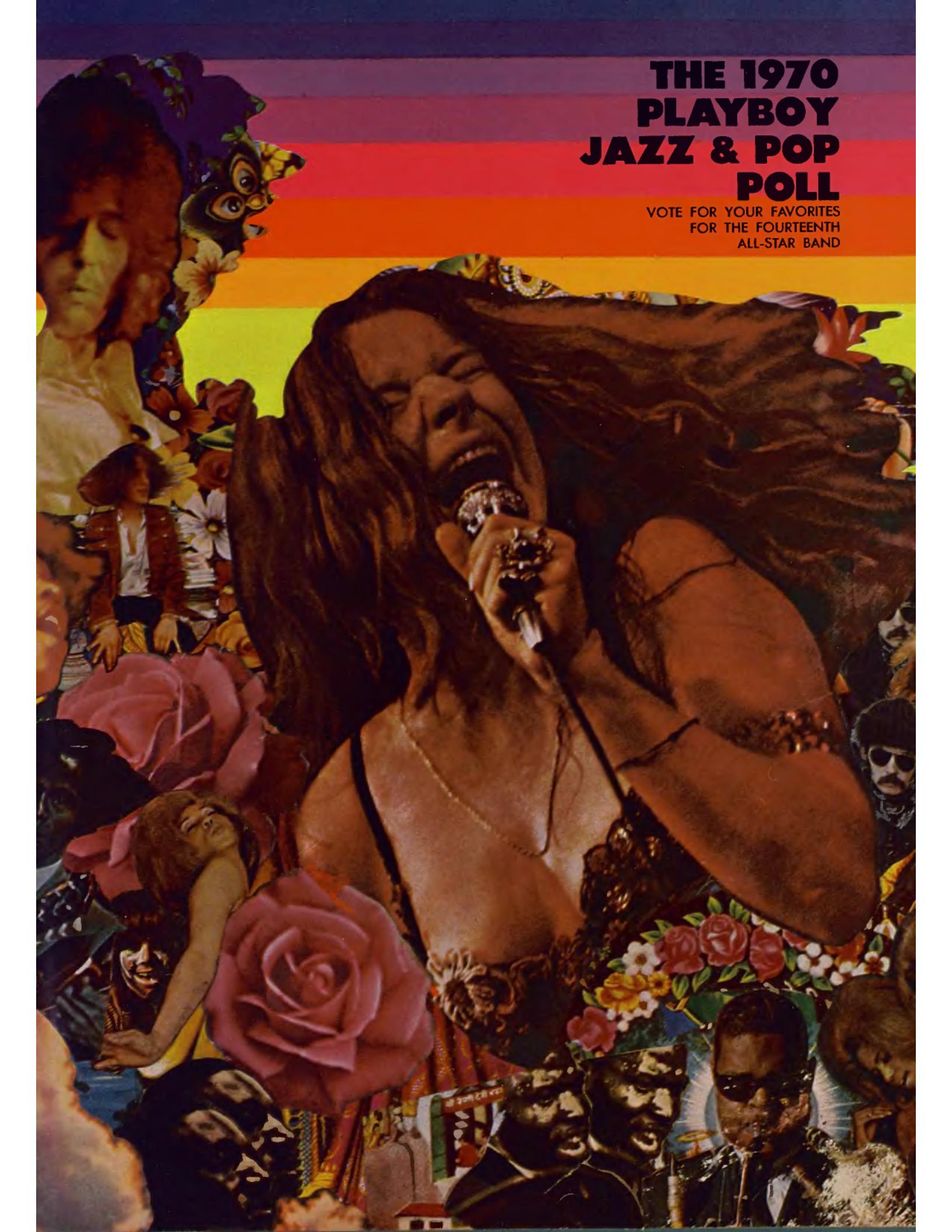
As Zinberg and Weil noted sardonically in a later article in *The New York Times Magazine*, there is a vicious circle operating in relation to marijuana: "Administrators of scientific and Government institutions feel that marijuana is dangerous. Because it is dangerous, they are reluctant to allow [research] to be done on it. Because no work is done, people continue to think of it as dangerous. We hope that our own study has significantly weakened this trend."

One slight sign that the trend may have been weakened was the appearance last June of a study by the Bureau of Motor Vehicles in the state of Washington concerning the effects of Cannabis on driving ability. Using driving-traffic simulators, not only did the study find that marijuana has less adverse effect on driving ability than alcohol—which many investigators have long suspected—but also, as in the Boston study, the evidence indicated that the only detrimental effect is on inexperienced users. Veteran potheads behave behind the wheel as if they were not drugged at all.

In short, we seem to have a drug here that makes many users very euphoric and happy—high—without doing any of the damage done by alcohol, narcotics, barbiturates, amphetamines or even tobacco.

But we didn't have to wait until 1968 to learn that pot is relatively harmless. Some research has been done in the past, in spite of the vicious circle mentioned by Zinberg and Weil. As far back as

(continued on page 216)



# THE 1970 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITES  
FOR THE FOURTEENTH  
ALL-STAR BAND

TWO YEARS AGO, as it became apparent that the distinctions among contemporary musical idioms were dissolving, we expanded our jazz poll to recognize the achievements of rock/pop musicians. In an era of constant change, it should come as no surprise that this year's poll contains other innovations: the introduction of separate categories for two electric instruments—organ and vibes—plus a wholly new category for the songwriters and composers who have helped make this year's sound scene the good one it is.

To vote in the 1970 Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite artists and fill in your choices for The Playboy Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame and for Playboy's Records of the Year, where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot to us. Your vote will help choose the artists who will make up the 1970 All-Star Band and who will receive the coveted Playboy Medal. Results of our fourteenth annual Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll will appear in our February 1970 issue.

1. Your official ballot is on the foldout facing this page. A Nominating Board composed of music editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations for the Playboy All-Star Band should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for any living artist.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Band; so in some categories, you are asked to vote for more than one musician (four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes,



**NOMINATING BOARD:** Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Billy Davis (representing The Fifth Dimension), Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Aretha Franklin, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Jim Hall, Jimi Hendrix, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Henry Mancini, Paul McCartney (representing the Beatles), Charles Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Ravi Shankar, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding, Si Zentner; George Avakian, independent record producer; Nat Hentoff, jazz critic; Dan Morgenstern, editor, Down Beat; George T. Simon, jazz commentator; Creed Taylor, independent record producer; John A. Tynan, music-news editor, KABC Radio; George T. Wein, president, Newport Jazz Festival; Michael Zwerin, jazz critic; William F. Szymczyk, ABC Records; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; David Axelrod, Capitol; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; Richard Bock, Liberty; John Driscoll III, Magnum; Berry Gordy, Jr., Motown; Don Schlitten, Prestige; Brad McCuen, RCA; Richard Perry, Reprise; Jim Stewart, Stax; Donald B. Dickstein, 20th Century-Fox; Martin Hoffman, Liberty/United Artists; Stan Cornyn, Warner Bros.-Seven Arts; Bernard Stollman, ESP-Disk, Ltd.

two tenor saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as designated on the ballot, because too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place a check mark in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name on one of the lines provided at the bottom of the category and place a check mark in the box before it.

4. For leader of the 1970 Playboy All-Star Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or fewer musicians.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your name and address. The *bona fides* of each ballot shall be determined by PLAYBOY.

6. Any instrumentalist or vocalist, living or dead, is eligible for the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame, except those previously elected: Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Wes Montgomery and Frank Sinatra. The top three choices will be installed in PLAYBOY's music pantheon.

7. Cut your ballot along the dotted line and mail it promptly to **PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL**, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Your ballot must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1969, so mail it in today.

## **BIG-BAND LEADER**

*(Please check one.)*

- Count Basie
- Louis Bellson
- James Brown
- Les Brown
- Ray Charles
- Buddy DeFranco
- Les and Larry Elgart
- Duke Ellington
- Don Ellis
- Richard Evans
- Terry Gibbs
- Lionel Hampton
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
- Stan Kenton
- Henry Mancini
- Oliver Nelson
- Duke Pearson
- Sun Ra
- Buddy Rich
- Doc Severinsen
- Clark Terry
- Tommy Vig
- Pat Williams
- Gerald Wilson
- Si Zentner

## TRUMPET

*(Please check four.)*

- Nat Adderley
- Herb Alpert
- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Ruby Braff
- Bobby Bryant
- Billy Butterfield
- Donald Byrd
- Pete Candoli
- Don Cherry
- Buck Clayton
- Miles Davis
- Wild Bill Davison
- Kenny Dorham
- Harry Edison
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Ellis
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Bobby Hackett
- Al Hirt
- Freddie Hubbard
- Harry James
- Carmell Jones
- Jonah Jones
- Thad Jones
- Hugh Masekela
- Howard McGhee
- Blue Mitchell
- Lee Morgan
- Ray Nance
- Joe Newman
- Sam Noto
- Jimmy Owens
- Shorty Rogers
- Ernie Royal
- Doc Severinsen
- Charlie Shavers

- Jack Sheldon
- Clark Terry
- Charles Tolliver
- Joe Wilder
- Snooky Young
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

## **TROMBONE**

*(Please check four.)*

- Milt Bernhart
- Harold Betters
- Bob Brookmeyer
- Lawrence Brown
- Georg Brunis
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Buster Cooper
- Vic Dickenson

Carl Fontana

- Curtis Fuller
- Tyree Glenn
- Bennie Green
- Urbie Green
- Al Grey
- Dick Halligan
- Slide Hampton
- Bill Harris
- Wayne Henderson
- J. C. Higginbotham
- Quentin Jackson
- J. J. Johnson
- Jimmy Knepper
- Albert Mangelsdorff
- Lou McGarity
- Grachan Moncur III
- Turk Murphy
- Benny Powell
- Frank Rosolino
- Roswell Rudd
- Dickie Wells
- Kai Winding
- Britt Woodman
- Trummy Young
- Si Zentner

**ALTO SAX**

**ALTO SAX**  
*(Please check two.)*

- Cannonball Adderley
- Gary Bartz
- Al Belletto
- Marion Brown
- Benny Carter
- Ornette Coleman
- Hank Crawford
- Sonny Criss
- Paul Desmond
- Lou Donaldson
- Bunky Green
- John Handy
- Johnny Hodges
- Paul Horn
- Joseph Jarman
- Robin Kenyatta
- Eric Kloss
- Lee Konitz
- Arnie Lawrence
- Charlie Mariano

## **TENOR SAX**

*(Please check two.)*

- Georgie Auld
- Albert Ayler
- Gato Barbieri
- Sam Butera
- Don Byas
- Al Cohn
- George Coleman
- Buddy Collette
- Bob Cooper
- Corky Corcoran
- Jay Corre
- King Curtis
- Eddie Davis
- Sam Donahue
- Teddy Edwards
- Booker Ervin
- Frank Foster
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Benny Golson
- Paul Gonsalves
- Dexter Gordon

chie Shepp  
ayne Shorter  
ot Sims  
nny Stitt  
ddy Tate  
cky Thompson  
anley Turrentine  
nie Watts  
n Webster  
ank Wess  
my Woods

## BARITONE SAX

*(Please check one.)*

- Pepper Adams
- Danny Bank
- Ernie Caceres
- Jay Cameron
- Harry Carney
- Ronnie Cuber
- Charles Davis
- Chuck Gentry
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Frank Hittner
- Bill Hood
- Gerry Mulligan
- Pat Patrick
- Cecil Payne
- Jerome Richardson
- Ronnie Ross
- Clifford Scott
- Lonnie Shaw
- Sahib Shihab

## CLARINET

*(Please check one.)*

- Alvin Batiste
- Barney Bigard
- Acker Bilk
- Buddy Collette
- Joe Darnsborg
- Kenny Davern
- Buddy DeFranco
- Pete Fountain
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Peanuts Hucko
- Roland Kirk
- Rolf Kuhn
- Prince Lasha
- Herbie Mann
- Matty Matlock
- Joe Muranyi
- Russell Procope
- Tony Scott
- Pee Wee Spiteleza
- Bob Wilber
- Phil Woods

## PIANO

**PIANO**  
*(Please check one.)*

- Monty Alexander
- Mose Allison
- Count Basie
- Paul Bley
- Dave Brubeck
- Joe Bushkin

- Jaki Byard
- Barbara Carroll
- Ray Charles
- Cy Coleman
- Alice Coltrane
- Chick Corea
- Duke Ellington
- Bill Evans
- Don Ewell
- Victor Feldman
- Clare Fischer
- Tommy Flanagan
- Russ Freeman
- Don Friedman
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Burton Greene
- Vince Guaraldi
- Herbie Hancock
- Roland Hanna
- Hampton Hawes
- Eddie Heywood
- Earl "Fatha" Hines
- Dick Hyman
- Ahmad Jamal
- Keith Jarrett
- Pete Jolly
- Hank Jones
- Roger Kellaway
- Wynton Kelly
- Steve Kuhn
- John Lewis
- Ramsey Lewis
- Junior Mance
- Les McCann
- Marian McPartland
- Sergio Mendes
- Barry Miles
- Dwike Mitchell
- Thelonious Monk
- Bud Montgomery
- Marty Napoleon
- Peter Nero
- Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- Oscar Peterson
- André Previn
- Sun Ra
- Jimmy Rowles
- George Shearing
- Horace Silver
- Billy Taylor
- Cecil Taylor
- Bobby Timmons
- Lennie Tristano
- McCoy Tyner
- Mal Waldron
- Cedar Walton
- Randy Weston
- Mary Lou Williams
- Jack Wilson
- Teddy Wilson
- Mike Wofford
- Joe Zawinul
- Denny Zeitlin

#### ORGAN

(Please check one.)

- Booker T.
- Odell Brown
- Wild Bill Davis
- Bill Doggett

- Keith Emerson
- Barry Goldberg
- Earl Grant
- Groove Holmes
- Dick Hyman
- Al Kooper
- Ray Manzarek
- Brother Jack McDuff
- Jimmy McGriff
- Don Patterson
- Billy Preston
- Sun Ra
- Freddie Roach
- Shirley Scott
- Jimmy Smith
- Johnny "Hammond" Smith
- Lonnie Smith
- Walter Wanderley
- Larry Young

#### VIBES

(Please check one.)

- Roy Ayers
- Larry Bunker
- Gary Burton
- Teddy Charles
- Don Elliott
- Victor Feldman
- Terry Gibbs
- Lionel Hampton
- Bobby Hutcherson
- Milt Jackson
- Johnny Lytle
- Mike Mainieri
- Gary McFarland
- Bud Montgomery
- Red Norvo
- Dave Pike
- Emil Richards
- Cal Tjader
- Tommy Vig

#### GUITAR

(Please check one.)

- Laurindo Almeida
- Chet Atkins
- Joe Beck
- George Benson
- John Bishop
- Mike Bloomfield
- Luiz Bonfá
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Eric Clapton
- Albert Collins
- Larry Coryell
- Steve Cropper
- Duane Eddy
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- José Feliciano
- João Gilberto
- Freddie Green
- Grant Green
- Marty Grosz
- Buddy Guy
- Jerry Hahn
- Jim Hall
- Bill Harris
- George Harrison

- Al Hendrickson
- Jimi Hendrix
- Bert Jansch
- Lonnie Johnson
- Danny Kalb
- Barney Kessel
- Albert King
- B. B. King
- Mundell Lowe
- Tony Mottola
- Jimmy Page
- Joe Pass
- Baden Powell
- Joe Puma
- Jimmy Raney
- John Renbourn
- Howard Roberts
- Sal Salvador
- Bola Sete
- Johnny Smith
- Les Spann
- Gabor Szabo
- Phil Upchurch
- George Van Eps
- T-Bone Walker
- Muddy Waters
- Chuck Wayne
- Mason Williams
- Johnny Winter
- Attila Zoller

#### BASS/ELECTRIC BASS

(Please check one.)

- Don Bagley
- Joe Benjamin
- Chuck Berghofer
- Keter Betts
- Walter Booker
- Ray Brown
- Jack Bruce
- Monty Budwig
- Joe Byrd
- Red Callender
- Ron Carter
- Buddy Catlett
- Gene Cherico
- Buddy Clark
- Morty Cobb
- Bob Cranshaw
- Bill Crow
- Art Davis
- Richard Davis
- Chuck Domanico
- Donald "Duck" Dunn
- George Duvivier
- Richard Evans
- Pops Foster
- Johnny Frigo
- Jimmy Garrison
- Eddie Gomez
- Charlie Haden
- Bob Haggart
- Percy Heath
- Milt Hinton
- Dave Holland
- Major Holley
- Scotty Holt
- Chuck Israels
- Chubby Jackson
- Jerry Jemott
- Sam Jones

- Paul Kondziela
- Bill Lee
- Jack Lesberg
- Cecil McBee
- Paul McCartney
- Ron McClure
- Al McKibbon
- Charles Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Monk Montgomery
- Sebastian Neto
- Truck Parham
- Gary Peacock
- Noel Redding
- Larry Ridley
- Arvell Shaw
- Slam Stewart
- Steve Swallow
- Leroy Vinnegar
- Miroslav Vitous
- Wilbur Ware
- Chris White
- Buster Williams
- Gene Wright
- El Dee Young

#### DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- Rashied Ali
- Dave Bailey
- Ginger Baker
- Danny Barcelona
- Louis Bellson
- Hal Blaine
- Art Blakey
- Larry Bunker
- Frank Butler
- Frank Capp
- Joe Chambers
- Kenny Clarke
- Cozy Cole
- Jimmy Crawford
- Joe Cusatis
- Alan Dawson
- Barrett Deems
- Jack De Johnette
- Frankie Dunlop
- Bobby Durham
- Vernel Fournier
- Jimmy Gordon
- Milford Graves
- Sonny Greer
- Chico Hamilton
- Jake Hanna
- Billy Hart
- Louis Hayes
- Roy Haynes
- Billy Higgins
- Red Holt
- Stix Hooper
- Lex Humphries
- Phil Humphries
- Al Jackson, Jr.
- Oliver Jackson
- Ron Jefferson
- Gus Johnson
- Elvin Jones
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Rufus Jones
- Connie Kay

- Gene Krupa
- Don Lamond
- Pete LaRoca
- Stan Levey
- Mel Lewis
- Shelly Manne
- Roy McCurdy
- Mitch Mitchell
- Charles Moffett
- Joe Morello
- Sunny Murray
- Sandy Nelson
- Sonny Payne
- Walter Perkins
- Charlie Persip
- Buddy Rich
- Danny Richmond
- Max Roach
- Mickey Roker
- Bobby Rosengarden
- Zutty Singleton
- Jack Sperling
- Ringo Starr
- Grady Tate
- Ed Thigpen
- Charlie Watts
- Tony Williams
- Sam Woodyard

- Bud Shank, *flute*
- Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
- Sonny Simmons, *English horn*
- Jeremy Steig, *flute*
- Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
- Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- Joe Venuti, *violin*
- Joe Walsh, *steel guitar*
- Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- Mike White, *violin*
- Bob Wilber, *soprano sax*

#### MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- David Allen
- Mose Allison
- Ed Ames
- Louis Armstrong
- Harry Belafonte
- Tony Bennett
- Brook Benton
- Chuck Berry
- Bobby Bland
- Pat Boone
- Richard Boone
- James Brown
- Oscar Brown, Jr.
- Tim Buckley
- Eric Burdon
- Solomon Burke
- Glen Campbell
- Johnny Cash
- Ray Charles
- Wayne Cochran
- Earl Coleman
- James Cotton
- Vic Damone
- Bobby Darin
- Sammy Davis Jr.
- Fats Domino
- Donovan
- Bob Dorough
- Frank D'Rone
- Bob Dylan
- Billy Eckstine
- José Feliciano
- John Gary
- Marvin Gaye
- João Gilberto
- Buddy Greco
- Arlo Guthrie
- Tim Hardin
- Richard Harris
- Johnny Hartman
- Richie Havens
- Clancy Hayes
- Jon Hendricks
- Jimi Hendrix
- Al Hibbler
- John Lee Hooker
- Lightnin' Hopkins
- Engelbert Humperdinck
- Mick Jagger
- Eddie Jefferson
- Antonio Carlos Jobim
- Lonnie Johnson
- Jack Jones
- Tom Jones
- B. B. King
- Steve Lawrence
- Trini Lopez
- Dean Martin

#### OTHER INSTRUMENTS

(Please check one.)

- Ian Anderson, *flute*
- Dorothy Ashby, *harp*
- Ray Barretto, *congas*
- Willie Bobo, *timbales*
- Ray Brown, *cello*
- Don Butterfield, *tuba*
- Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
- Candido, *bongos*
- Ornette Coleman, *violin*
- Buddy Collette, *flute*
- Alice Coltrane, *harp*
- James Cotton, *harmonica*
- Buddy DeFranco, *bass clarinet*
- Pete Drake, *steel guitar*
- Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
- Don Elliott, *mellophone*
- Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
- Rufus Harley, *bagpipes*
- George Harrison, *sitar*
- Paul Horn, *flute*
- Dick Hyman, *Moog*
- Budd Johnson, *soprano sax*
- Ali Akbar Khan, *sarod*
- Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch, flute*
- Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- Prince Lasha, *flute*
- Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
- Hubert Laws, *flute*
- Charles Lloyd, *flute*
- Herbie Mann, *flute*
- James Moody, *flute*
- Joe Mooney, *accordion*
- Ray Nance, *violin*
- Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
- Sun Ra, *Moog*
- Jerome Richardson, *flute*
- Willie Ruff, *French horn*
- Mongo Santamaria, *congas*

- Johnny Mathis
- John Mayall
- Rod McKuen
- Roger Miller
- Little Milton
- Chad Mitchell
- Matt Monro
- Jim Morrison
- Mark Murphy
- Milton Nascimento
- Johnny Nash
- Anthony Newley
- Phil Ochs
- Roy Orbison
- Wilson Pickett
- Gene Pitney
- King Pleasure
- Elvis Presley
- Arthur Prysock
- Lou Rawls
- Jimmy Reed
- Little Richard
- Johnny Rivers
- David Ruffin
- Jimmy Rushing
- Mort Shuman
- Joe Simon
- Frank Sinatra
- Percy Sledge
- O. C. Smith
- Otis Spann
- Grady Tate
- Johnny Taylor
- Joe Tex
- Tiny Tim
- Mel Tormé
- Adam Wade
- Muddy Waters
- Junior Wells
- Andy Williams
- Joe Williams
- Jackie Wilson
- Jimmy Witherspoon
- Howlin' Wolf
- Stevie Wonder
- Glenn Yarbrough

#### FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- Lorez Alexandria
- Amanda Ambrose
- Nancy Ames
- Joan Baez
- Pearl Bailey
- La Vern Baker
- Clea Bradford
- Joy Bryan
- Lana Cantrell
- Vikki Carr
- Betty Carter
- Chér
- June Christy
- Petula Clark
- Judy Collins
- Chris Connor
- Damita Jo
- Jackie De Shannon
- Cass Elliott
- Ethel Ennis
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Connie Francis

- Aretha Franklin
- Bobbie Gentry
- Astrud Gilberto
- Lesley Gore
- Eydic Gormé
- Shirley Horn
- Lena Horne
- Helen Humes
- Lurlean Hunter
- Mahalia Jackson
- Etta James
- Janis Joplin
- Sheila Jordan
- Lainie Kazan
- Morgana King
- Teddi King
- Peggy Lee
- Abbey Lincoln
- Julie London
- Claudine Longet
- Lulu
- Miriam Makeba
- Big Maybelle
- Mary Ann McCall
- Barbara McNair
- Carmen McRae
- Helen Merrill
- Liza Minnelli
- Joni Mitchell
- Ada Moore
- Laura Nyro
- Anita O'Day
- Odetta
- Sandy Posey
- Sue Raney
- Della Reese
- Irene Reid
- Mavis Rivers
- Buffy Sainte-Marie
- Nina Simone
- Nancy Sinatra
- Grace Slick
- Carol Sloane
- Jeri Southern
- Dusty Springfield
- Dakota Staton
- Barbra Streisand
- Carla Thomas
- Big Mama Thornton
- Teri Thornton
- Diana Trask
- Leslie Uggams
- Caterina Valente
- Sarah Vaughan
- Carol Ventura
- Dionne Warwick
- Patty Waters
- Mary Wells
- Kim Weston
- Nancy Wilson

#### VOCAL GROUP

(Please check one.)

- Association
- Beach Boys
- Beatles
- Bee Gees
- Blind Faith
- Buckinghams
- Byrds
- Jackie Cain & Roy Kral

- Canned Heat
- Castro Brothers
- Chambers Bros.
- Ray Charles Singers
- Clancy Bros. & Makem
- Country Joe and the Fish
- Cowsills
- Creedence Clearwater Revival
- Crosby, Stills & Nash
- David, della Rosa & Brooks
- Doors
- Everly Brothers
- Fifth Dimension
- Five Stairsteps & Cubie
- Four Freshmen
- Four Lads
- Four Tops
- Friends of Distinction
- Fugs
- Grateful Dead
- Edwin Hawkins Singers
- Jimi Hendrix Experience
- Herman's Hermits
- Hollies
- Ian & Sylvia
- Ike & Tina Turner
- Impressions
- Incredible String Band
- Tommy James and the Shondells
- Jay and the Americans
- Jefferson Airplane
- Anita Kerr Singers
- King Sisters
- Kinks
- Gladys Knight and the Pips
- Lettermen
- Martha and the Vandellas
- Marvelettes
- MC-5
- Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66
- Buddy Miles Express
- Mills Brothers
- Monkees
- Mothers of Invention
- Peter, Paul & Mary
- Platters
- Procol Harum
- Raelettes
- Rascals
- Paul Revere and the Raiders
- Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
- Rolling Stones
- Diana Ross & the Supremes
- Rotary Connection
- Sam and Dave
- Simon and Garfunkel
- Sly and the Family Stone
- Sound of Feeling
- Spanky and Our Gang
- Spirit
- Staple Singers
- Kirby Stone Four
- Sweet Inspirations
- Swingle Singers
- Temptations
- Ten Years After
- Turtles
- Union Gap
- Vanilla Fudge

**SONGWRITER-COMPOSER**  
(Please check one.)

- Clara Ward Singers
- Who
- Youngbloods
- \_\_\_\_\_
- Mose Allison
- Harold Arlen
- Dave Axelrod
- Burt Bacharach-Hal David
- John Barry
- Lionel Bart
- Carla Bley
- Oscar Brown, Jr.
- Sammy Cahn
- Hoagy Carmichael
- Johnny Cash
- Leonard Cohen
- Cy Coleman
- Ornette Coleman
- Adolph Green-Betty Comden
- Chick Corea
- Bob Crewe
- Donovan
- Bob Dylan
- Duke Ellington
- Gil Evans
- Bobbie Gentry
- Dave Grusin
- Herbie Hancock
- John Hartford
- Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
- Antonio Carlos Jobim
- Quincy Jones
- John Lennon-Paul McCartney
- Alan Jay Lerner
- Jimmy Lewis
- Edu Lobo
- John D. Loudermilk
- Henry Mancini
- Curtis Mayfield
- Galt McDermott
- Rod McKuen
- Johnny Mercer
- Charles Mingus
- Thelonious Monk
- Oliver Nelson
- Nilsson
- Laura Nyro
- Phil Ochs
- Don Piestrup
- Smokey Robinson
- Bobby Russell
- George Russell
- Lalo Schifrin
- Wayne Shorter
- Stephen Stills
- Julie Styne
- Cecil Taylor
- Jimmy Van Heusen
- Jim Webb
- Frank Zappa
- \_\_\_\_\_

**INSTRUMENTAL COMBO**  
(Please check one.)

- Cannonball Adderley Quintet
- Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass
- Louis Armstrong All-Stars

- Albert Ayler Quintet
- Al Belletto Quartet
- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- Blood, Sweat and Tears
- Booker T. and the MG's
- Gary Burton Quartet
- Charlie Byrd Quintet
- Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet
- Ornette Coleman Quartet
- Miles Davis Quintet
- Dukes of Dixieland
- Bill Evans-Jeremy Steig Quartet
- Erroll Garner Quartet
- Stan Getz Quartet
- Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- Benny Goodman Sextet
- Vince Guaraldi Trio
- Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson Quintet
- Chico Hamilton Combo
- Herbie Hancock Sextet
- John Handy Quintet
- Hampton Hawes Trio
- Earl Hines Quartet
- Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
- Groove Holmes Trio
- Freddie Hubbard Quintet
- Bobby Hutcherson / Harold Land Quintet
- Illinois Jacquet Trio
- Ahmad Jamal Trio
- James Gang
- Jazz Crusaders
- Elvin Jones Trio
- Jonah Jones Quintet
- Wynton Kelly Trio
- Roland Kirk Quartet
- Ramsey Lewis Trio
- \_\_\_\_\_

— CUT ALONG THIS LINE —

**THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME**

*(Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected—Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Wes Montgomery, Frank Sinatra—are not eligible.)*

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

**PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR**

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (BIG BAND)

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FEWER THAN EIGHT PIECES)

BEST VOCAL LP

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_



Rowland B. Wilson



# The Princeely Pâté

*especially treasured  
as an appetizer,  
this epicurean  
delight is  
rewardingly rich  
in taste, texture  
and variety*

food By THOMAS MARIO

IN THE REALM of *pâtés*, a man's *maison* is his castle. The very phrase *pâté maison* on a restaurant bill of fare is the chef's way of serving notice that while his fillet of sole à la Richelieu would undoubtedly have titillated the sardonic cardinal himself and that if Nellie Melba were still around, she would be the first to applaud his peach Melba, his *pâté maison* is his individual pursuit of perfection. That the chef used his freshest liver, his lightest veal, his firmest shallots and his mellowest cognac must be taken for granted. But the choicest ingredient in any fresh *pâté*—as in so many dishes—is the *pâté* maker's imagination; he'll jump at the opportunity to substitute pheasant for duck, eel for shrimp or rum for brandy.

One of the principal delights of *pâté* is the almost infinite number of guises it can assume. *Pâtés* may be as uncomplicated as a spoon of *foie gras* on a lettuce leaf or as elaborate as a loaf *pâté* with truffles, studded with tongue and ham. Many *pâtés* take an extravagant amount of time, but we know of no other achievement that leaves chefs—amateur and professional—with such a sense of accomplishment.

Normally, one thinks of this beau ideal of a dish as the first leg of a dinner celebration. As a menu starter, a platter of cold sliced *pâté* is as prestigious as caviar and, in a way, more unforgettable, because it bears one's own culinary signature—rather than a female sturgeon's. But it also may fill a vast net of other uses. Out-of-town guests arriving after a long swing on the turnpike or your own crowd piling in after a football game, hungry and facing the gap between their arrival and the dinner gong, can always be

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beautifully placated with a slice or two of homemade *pâté* on buttered black bread. At any cocktail party, a sectional hors d'œuvre tray filled with delicacies from bottles, jars or packages may be impressive; but if the host provides his own *pâté*, this personal resource infuses new life into what might be an otherwise routine drinking session. *Pâtés* are perfect for noontime enjoyment. Garnished with water cress, sliced tomatoes and a mound of mushroom salad, and served with chunks of crisp French flutes or hard rolls and butter, they need only a bottle of chilled white wine for complete midday pleasure. *Pâtés* are also perfect to take as gifts. For supper parties at midnight or later, a cold *pâté* will invariably have guests besieging you for the recipe.

The perfect *pâté* is literally and figuratively the fat of the land. Fresh pork, pork fat, salt pork and bacon are front and center in the *pâté* line-up. The art is in combining these viands with other meats, as well as with poultry or seafood, so that the finished dish will be perfection without the slightest hint of greasiness. A good *pâté* should leave with you what the French call *quintessence d'arôme et de saveur*.

To achieve a melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, the *pâté* meat is ground not merely once but three times, using the finest blade of the meat grinder, or is pounded in a mortar to the smoothest possible paste. Any good butcher will grind meat to your specifications; and, if you've ordered a duck to be boned for a *pâté*, he'll be able to do the job competently and quickly. Some *pâtés* are a combination of ground meat and strips of solid meat, so that the cold *pâté*, when sliced, reveals a marquetry of ground and whole meat. Although *pâtés* may be earthily seasoned with onions, shallots, garlic, brandy and wine, discretion in their application is the sage approach. Pepper should be apparent but not blatant. If you're experimenting with a new *pâté* mixture and you're not sure of the seasonings, you can check the final result beforehand by removing a tablespoon of the raw ground mixture and dropping it into a shallow pan of boiling water. Let it poach for a few minutes; chill it, taste it and make necessary corrections.

If you're preparing the kind of *pâté* that's baked in the oven, it will usually swell in the center not unlike a meat loaf (that's where the comparison ends). To form it into a compact, symmetrical loaf, and to make it as easy as possible to slice, the loaf usually, though not always, is weighted down while it's cooling in the refrigerator. To do this, simply place a layer of aluminum foil directly on the *pâté* and over the foil place a heavy weight; one or two large cans of food do the job nicely. When removing a cold loaf *pâté* from the pan, first run a knife

along the inside of the pan. To ease the loaf out, it may be necessary to insert a dull knife or a spatula on one side of the pan. When the *pâté* is removed, scrape away all excess fat or meat gelatin. For serving, place the *pâté* bottom side up on a platter or a cutting board; slice with a razor-sharp knife, dipping it into hot water, if necessary, so that it slices easily and cleanly. If a baked *pâté* is to be stored for any length of time, pour melted lard or shortening over it, covering sides and top. As the shortening chills in the refrigerator, it will become firm and keep the *pâté* cozily sealed against other aromas of the refrigerator.

Commercial *pâté* makers over the years have built up their own undisciplined semantics, and these should be clarified—especially for men who buy ready-made *pâtés* for their table. Among fresh *pâtés*, the best known is the one baked in loaf form, called *pâté maison*. It may also be called *pâté en terrine* (the pottery dish in which it's baked) or *terrine du chef*. There is also the *pâté en croûte*, enclosed in a rich but firm pastry crust and baked in a special mold. It's a show-off job, and the crust is fine if it's eaten the day after it's baked. But beyond that, bid freshness adieu. If you're shopping for canned *pâtés* or *pâtés* in jars, the maze of words can become quite wild at times. The following miniglossary should help:

*Pâté*: a seasoned ground mixture of meat, poultry, fish or shellfish; may be any spread, from a *pâté* of smoked brook trout to a *pâté* of grouse.

*Pâté de foie*: a *pâté* of liver; to find the kind of liver, scan the fine print on the list of ingredients.

*Pâté de foie d'oie*: a mixture of at least 50 percent goose liver and 50 percent other meats and seasonings.

*Pâté de foie gras*: also called *bloc*, *mousse*, *purée* or *roulade de foie gras*; a mixture of at least 75 percent goose liver and 25 percent other meats and seasonings, sometimes including truffles.

*Foie gras*: the cooked seasoned oversize liver of a force-fed goose; since it's not ground, technically it's not a *pâté*, but its rich smoothness makes it the apogee of grand living; it usually contains truffles; if it doesn't, it may be called *foie gras naturel*.

Liver appears in so many *pâté* recipes because of its sumptuously rich flavor; *pâté* partisans all understand why philosophers such as Plato considered it the home of the soul itself. Over the centuries, not only philosophers but pun men have soared to various heights on the subject of liver. The best-known pun was William James' favorite: "Is life worth living? It depends on the liver."

Your *pâté* should be ready to be served with the first sip of champagne. The

champagne should be *brut* but not so brutishly dry that the rich savor of the grapes seems to have vanished. Any of the following recipes—pun intended—should make you the life of the *pâté*.

#### FOIE GRAS AND GRAPES IN ASPIC

(Serves six)

- 6 ozs. *foie gras* or *pâté de foie gras*
- 1½ cups cold clear consommé or chicken broth
- 1 tablespoon plain gelatin
- ¼ cup madeira or amontillado
- 1 teaspoon cognac
- 1 cup seedless grapes

Soften gelatin in ¼ cup cold consommé. Bring balance of consommé to a boil; remove from fire and stir in softened gelatin until dissolved. Add madeira and cognac. Pour ½ in. consommé into 6 individual aspic molds or glass custard cups. Place in refrigerator until jelled. Place a slice of *foie gras* in each mold; divide grapes among the 6 molds and pour balance of consommé over grapes. Chill in refrigerator until jelled. When ready to serve, dip each mold into hot water for a few seconds. Unmold each portion onto a leaf or two of Boston lettuce.

#### PLAYBOY PÂTÉ WITH HAM AND TONGUE

(Serves 10 to 12)

- 1½ lbs. boneless pork loin
- ½ lb. boneless veal shoulder
- ½ lb. fresh pork fat (not salt pork or fat back)
- ½ cup onion, minced extremely fine
- 1 tablespoon garlic, minced extremely fine
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ¼ cup bread crumbs
- ¼ cup dry white wine
- 1 oz. bourbon
- 7/8-oz. can truffles, chopped extremely fine
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- ¼ teaspoon powdered sage
- ¼ teaspoon ground coriander
- ½ lb. sliced bacon
- 1 lb. cooked smoked or corned tongue, in one piece
- 1 lb. ham steak, ½ in. thick

Put pork loin, veal and pork fat through meat grinder three times, using finest blade. Sauté onion and garlic in butter just until onion is yellow, not brown. Combine bread crumbs, wine and bourbon, mixing well. In large mixing bowl, combine ground meats, onion, bread crumbs, truffles, eggs, flour, salt, pepper, sage and coriander; mix very well. Preheat oven at 375°. Line bottom and sides of 2-quart loaf pan with bacon strips placed lengthwise in pan (there should be no space between strips). Cut

(concluded on page 189)

# EXPERTS AND EXPERTISE

*a president's decisions, the policies he forges and his place in the judgments of history depend not on the electorate or its chosen leaders but on his own selection of advisors on whose counsel he relies*



## article By ELIOT JANEWAY

"THIS WHOLE JOB, which is never easy, will be a lot less difficult if you can figure out a way to run it without the help of expert advice—something I have never been able to do."

Lyndon Johnson was within days of finishing his term as President when he volunteered this advice to his successor. Bitter experience had qualified him to testify as an expert on experts. For while Johnson could thank his own native shrewdness for his success in accumulating power, he had good reason to blame his failure to hold it on "the Harvard crowd," which was his generic term for any experts who had been trained north-

east of Southwest Texas State Teachers College.

"Your job will be a damn sight easier," he told the heir to his misfortune, during their running dialog over the impending changing of the guard, "if you can get rid of, at the start, all of your technicians, including Dave Kennedy."

A wide range of experts had earned Johnson's mistrust, but he felt a peculiar resentment against the practitioners of economic occultism, as he showed when he singled out the Secretary-of-the-Treasury-designate for special mention among all the experts to whose expertise he attributed his fall. For one thing, the awe in which Johnson held money, and the insecurity with which he regarded

intellectuals, led him to confuse the opinions of bank chairmen with the recommendations of economic advisors. When Walter Heller, Johnson's holdover chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, resigned in order to "go private" and make some money, Johnson made a man-bites-dog joke. "My economic advisor needs an economic advisor," he said. So it seemed natural for Johnson to lump bank chairman Kennedy together with the economists. But the irony of Johnson's mention of Kennedy was meant to convey a cabalistic warning to his successor. For, as the incoming President well knew, Johnson had been on the verge of asking the select club of major (continued on page 232) 165



# OH! CALCUTTA!

*off-broadway's nudest romp unabashedly satirizes—and celebrates—contemporary sexual mores, hang-ups and diversions*





**pictorial essay** By BRUCE WILLIAMSON TAKING ONE'S CLOTHES OFF in public, or having emphatic opinions about people who do, may not ultimately save the American theater, but it has worked wonders for the cocktail party, an even shakier institution that depends for survival on periodic infusions of hip blood to stimulate conversation. Beyond question, topic A for the year thus far is *Oh! Calcutta!* (reviewed in PLAYBOY last month), the nude revel that was anathema to many New York critics, a few of whom sounded sufficiently exercised to man the off-Broadway barricades and drive the public away with clubs. They may have to yet, from the look of things. While selling out at a top ticket price of \$25, unprecedented even on Broadway, *Calcutta!* is the only show in town that has customers piling into front-row-center seats armed, by God, with opera glasses. They are turning on or off as part of an amusing and perhaps historic sociosexual experiment devised by England's influential critic (and PLAYBOY Contributing Editor) Kenneth Tynan, who at this writing is in Italy licking his wounds—into book form, I suspect—and leaving the show to succeed on its own terms and on terms delightful to the show's backers.

Like it or not, celebrities flock from all over the world to ogle Tynan's sometimes kinky, sometimes beautiful labor of love, then rush away to record their impressions in all media—to gossip columnists and the panting hosts of television talk shows or in the bulging letters columns of the Sunday *New York Times*. Producer Hillard Elkins, a shrewd entrepreneur who used to be Steve McQueen's agent and was heretofore best known as the producer of *Golden Boy*, calls the show "a kind of sexual Rorschach test." Nowadays, Elkins' graying sideburns frame the Machiavellian smile of a man who stands to reap substantial profit from the death of a stageful of taboos; and he will leap to his feet to quote a negative review, well aware that anything short of nuclear war or an outbreak of bubonic plague will have no effect whatever on those long, bright-eyed lines at the box office.

"There's no such thing as an objective response to the show, but it's definitely not for uptight people," Elkins tells a visitor, adding without comment that Ed Sullivan and Peter Lind Hayes walked out on his smash hit. So did director Joshua Logan, and Logan also threw away the phone number of one of *Calcutta!*'s five nude actresses, Boni Enten, whom he had been considering for a new play. In what must be the ultimate gesture of critical scorn, first-stringer John Chapman of the New York *Daily News* refused to review the show, which he privately refers to as *Jingle Balls*. According to Chapman, Tynan is a literary pimp and the contributing writers a pack of whores—illustrious whores at that, the list ranging from Samuel Beckett to Jules Feiffer to John Lennon, none specifically credited in the playbill or program with the sketch he wrote—perhaps because, in some cases, the writing consisted of no more than a few lines, such as any normally horny genius might scribble down about his sexual fantasies.

Collecting reactions to *Oh! Calcutta!* is part of the game, of course, for—as Elkins suggests in his nod to Rorschach—the comments often reveal more about the observer than about the action onstage. My personal favorite is that of an anonymous lady who referred to the hilarious, quite-innocent (text continued on page 242)

*Oh! Calcutta!*, a 15-scene sexual pastiche, opens with *Taking Off the Robe* (opposite, top), in which the cast's ten members introduce themselves by performing improvised stripteases, while their photos are flashed on a back-lit cyclorama. Opposite, bottom: Alan Rachins takes his favorite fantasy equipment to bed with Nancy Tribush in Jules Feiffer's *Dick and Jane*, a fable of fetishism. In David Newman and Robert Benton's *Will Answer All Sincere Replies* (above), Margo Sappington, as an experienced participant in games spouse swappers play, has inadvertently exhausted her novice partner; she rushes to form a *cauch à trois* with her husband, as he initiates a sporting newlywed. Moments later, the prematurely spent swap neophyte (Leon Russam) returns to see his wife has been co-opted for an impromptu orgy.



In *Jack and Jill* (above), Leonard Melfi's cutting parable on seduction, George Welbes as Jock regales and then ravishes his naïve partner (Boni Enten). Victorian morality is skewered in Sherman Yellen's *Delicious Indignities* (below), when a degenerate gentleman (Mark Dempsey), after binding up Kotie Drew-Wilkinson, manages to get himself trapped in a trick choir, then has to listen frustratingly as Kotie graphically describes numerous past assaults. Contemporary sex research is spoofed in Dan Greenburg's *Was It Good for You Too?* (opposite, top). After a lab assistant checks out response-recording devices, volunteers Raina Barrett and Alan Rachins eagerly begin their labor of love, only to be interrupted by highly nonobjective observers. Next, the entire ensemble celebrates romance in a nude dance, *Much Too Soon*.





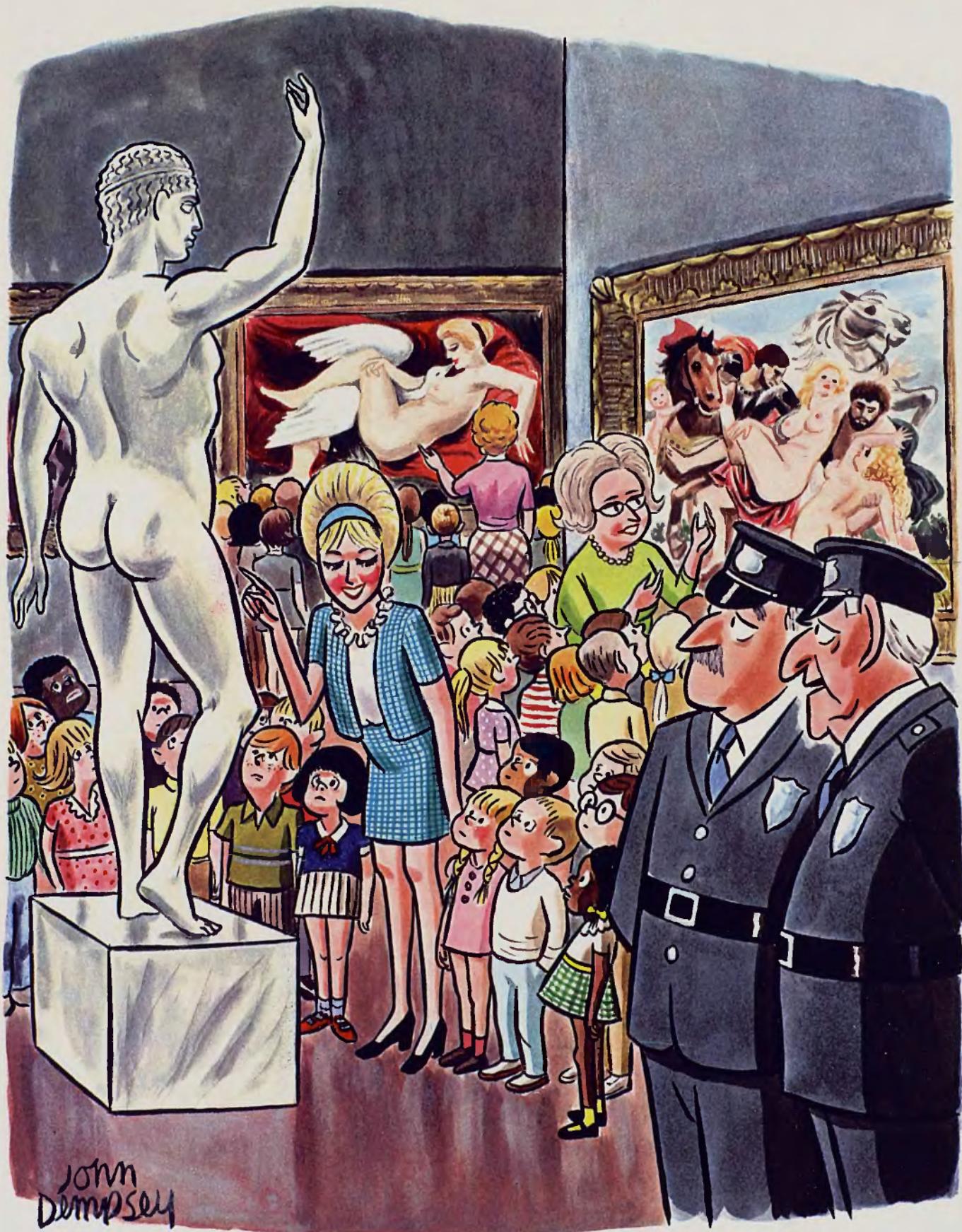


One of the show's memorable sequences is *One on One* (above), a beautiful *pas de deux* performed by George Welbes and Margo Sappington. *Who: Whom* (below), Kenneth Tynan's sadomasochistic satiric view of individual liberty, finds lecturer Mark Dempsey wryly contrasting an authoritarian society's unwilling netted captive (Katie Drew-Wilkinson) with a democracy's docile victim (Nancy Tribush) who endures her torment by choice. In *Four in Hand*, based on an idea by John Lennon, the single-minded members of a masturbation society (opposite, top) tune themselves in to a projection machine that screens their most titillating fantasies. The rousing finale of *Oh! Calcutta!* (opposite, bottom) is a free-form dance and improvised acting out of what the cast thinks audience reactions have been to that particular performance.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY YULSMAN





*"We seem to be getting much-better-adjusted schoolteachers nowadays."*

DOZENS OF HAWKS, hounds, servitors, attendants, men-at-arms, a stable full of fine horses and a kitchen full of maids—the chevalier Richard, who was one of the richest men in Burgundy, kept all of these in his château. In addition, for his soul's sake, he employed a chaplain and, for other reasons, he kept a charming, dark-eyed girl as his mistress. The presence of Mademoiselle Hélène was at odds with custom in Burgundy and, thus, somewhat shocking to the countryside; but both the chevalier and the lady had seen a good deal of the world and it pleased them to dumfound the rural gentry. She, in fact, was sharper than the mustard that comes from Dijon.

It might almost have been foreseen that the nearness of this comely wench would put a terrible strain on the vows of the chaplain, who was a healthy, full-blooded man. Whenever he saw her, he felt a swelling in his heart and another great swelling somewhat south of his heart, and he could not restrain himself from pretty speeches, compliments and a certain frolicking with the lady when he had the chance. All this Hélène considered rather amusing; but she was a girl of some values and she knew the difference between love in a richly furnished bedroom and love in a haystack, and so, of course, she mentioned the chaplain's advances to the chevalier.

Thus, the knight took occasion to warn the young chaplain. "I suppose that you know the severe penalties for poaching?" he said. "I reserve all the rights of hunting on my own demesne, both outdoors and indoors, and any intruder may go away earless or worse."

"In faith, my lord," said the chaplain, "I never had any such thought. Never in my life would I think of such a thing!"

For all of a fortnight, he kept his word, but then he began to have a lapse of memory—a vision of roundness, silky skin and dark hair was driving him out of his mind. And so, whenever he met the girl alone, he contrived to touch her, clip her close, whisper a half sentence in her ear. She would laugh and break free, leaving just enough suggestion of possibility to bewitch and bewilder the chaplain. She knew every move in this game, from knight's gambit to checkmate, and the poor man was no match for her.

At night, she would relate every detail of the chaplain's clumsy courtship to the chevalier, and both of them found the stories highly amusing. They would laugh at each new attempt to try the demoiselle's virtue, and they thought of ingenious new ways of confounding the poor suitor. Finally, to make the joke even more piquant, the chevalier suggested a startling plan.

"You will invite him to your bed tomorrow night, explaining that I have exhausted myself hunting and must fall asleep early. Hint to him that you are ready to do whatever he pleases."

Hélène was perplexed. "And shall I do whatever he pleases?"

"With one exception," said the chevalier. "Around your body, I shall have placed a rather clever little invention of my own, designed to give monsieur the chaplain a definite surprise."

And so the assignation was secretly made. The poor chaplain was dizzy with joy and, about midnight, he went panting to the girl's chamber, quite forgetful that he was putting himself in his lord's room, in his lord's bed and in his lord's favorite resting place. He undressed in the dark and, in his folly, plunged toward paradise.

Now, a veteran hunter knows every sort of snare, springe, gin, trepan and *trou-de-loup* there is, and the chevalier had arranged a very cunning one just in the vital spot. When

the chaplain leaped to the bait, the chevalier Richard, on the other side of the bed, suddenly pulled tight a net of laces that was controlled by a stout drawstring. Swish! it went, and the chaplain howled in pain, as his tenderest parts were seized by the trap.

"Fires of hell!" he exclaimed. "Are you a woman or are you a portcullis?"

"Neither, Sir Ribald," shouted the knight, "but a snare for a dirty bird that intrudes into the wrong nest," and he pulled tighter. The chaplain leaped around the room, raving and trying to free himself.

At last, nearly mad with pain, he knelt at his lord's feet and begged piteously to be loosed. When the taut lesson had been fully taught, the chevalier let up on the drawstring and spoke:

"Get out of this chamber, sir, and never return. I shall pardon you this time; but next time, your punishment will be truly painful."

"But it was she who put the thought into my head," said the victim. "Never will I so much as glance at her again."

The chevalier Richard and the girl could scarcely contain themselves until the man was gone, and they both broke into laughter. Then, over a bottle of wine, they enjoyed the whole comedy again and again with a good many witty remarks about

the dancing of the chaplain. Then they went back to bed and finished in all seriousness what had begun in jest.

The end? Not quite. The chevalier Richard had underestimated the deviousness of the girl's soul. The whole farce in her chamber had aroused another piquant taste; and a few months later, when the knight was away on some affairs, she went to the downcast chaplain, took his hand, rubbed up against him and whispered an invitation. And this time, there was no net or drawstring to hinder the bird from snuggling into the nest. My lords, when you set out to discourage poaching, remember that there is one prey in this world that longs to be caught.

—Retold by Charles Powell



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAO HOLLAND

# PSYCHOANALYSIS

(continued from page 116)

cop-out—a way in which the therapist side-steps real interaction? (Freud himself started putting his patients on the couch because he couldn't bear being stared at all day long.) How many visits a week is the essential minimum—five or four? Or can you still call it analysis at only three? Or two? Some even claim they perform analysis *once* a week; others regard this as an absurdity if not outright dishonesty.

How far may the analyst go in expressing his personal taste in the decor of the office? Or does it really matter? How soundproof need the office be? Is it important if the sound of voices, even sometimes of intelligible words, reaches the waiting room; or is concentration on soundproofing only an indication of a hang-up on the analyst's part? Dare an orthodox Freudian practice without a picture of Freud on the wall, the 24-volume edition of Freud's works in evidence, a few pieces of primitive art, such as Freud collected, on display? More seriously, if a patient falls silent, how long should the analyst let him lie there without saying anything? Letting him do so may be therapeutic (his discomfort may produce a breakthrough), but when the layman hears of a patient who spent a whole hour with his analyst in total silence, he may well think it quackery. A whole hour? Yet, in the profession, it is well known that some analysts have let patients lie mute for five hours, ten hours and even more—and, of course, charged them the usual \$25 to \$50 for each of those 50-minute hours.

What is one to think of a therapy whose practitioners consider the best candidate (the patient most likely to benefit from it) articulate, reasonably successful—and *relatively healthy* to begin with? What is one to make of a therapy that nowadays takes four or five years to complete (though Freud analyzed most of his own early patients in a year or less) and costs roughly \$20,000? A psychology so pessimistic that it sees every human being as sick and labels even the seemingly normal person a "normopath"? That suspects any swiftly and dramatically successful analysis may be a "flight into health"—an abandonment of illness out of fear of facing unacceptable truths about oneself?

All these contradictions and absurdities were bound to spell trouble for psychoanalysis when its honeymoon with American society was over. But even during its golden years in the 1950s, several other developments were getting under way that offered simpler explanations as to the source of mental illness and promised quicker, easier methods of treating it. One was the resurgence of vitality in the organic approach. It was in the mid-1950s that tranquilizers burst on the

scene and began to revolutionize the treatment of hospitalized psychotics and to give symptomatic relief to anxious or overwrought neurotics. The organicists speculated that the drugs must inhibit certain kinds of excessive chemical activity within the brain cells and thereby reduce the intensity of the harmful thought processes; they began finding tantalizing clues of chemical imbalance in the urine and blood of schizophrenics and even of people with anxiety neuroses. Later, they sought and found drugs with an effect opposite to that of tranquilizers—the psychic energizers or mood elevators that alleviate depression. To those doctors who had always been hostile to psychoanalysis or disinclined to accept its complex explanations of human behavior, it seemed clear at last that psychoanalysis was inefficient and unnecessary, that faulty chemistry was the explanation of mental illness and that corrective chemistry was its cure.

Which is like saying that daily doses of insulin constitute a cure of diabetes. Doctors still don't know how to cure diabetes; they do know how to keep the diabetic person alive. Similarly, psychopharmacology—the use of drugs to help the mentally ill—is no cure; it merely helps the patient live more or less normally. Logically speaking, there is no contradiction or conflict between psychoanalysis and psychopharmacology; as Dr. Donald Kenefick, director of research and professional affairs for the National Association for Mental Health, says:

It most probably takes both a biological substratum of weakness and an experiential stress to trigger mental illness. A person with faulty chemistry doesn't necessarily become sick, unless life experiences push him too hard; and a person with bad life experiences doesn't necessarily become sick, unless his chemistry isn't able to handle the stress. We need to know about both aspects of mental illness and to deal with the patient on both levels simultaneously. Unfortunately, the rivalry between the two approaches has always been so strong that even now, doctors seem to feel they have to belong to one camp or the other.

A second development has been the re-emergence of behaviorism. This theory of psychology had been advanced by Ivan Pavlov, a Russian, early in this century and enthusiastically taken up by some Americans in the 1920s. As a theory, it dealt entirely with observable behavior, rather than with internal and unseen mental processes; as a method of research, it used only animals such as rats, cats and the like. On both grounds, it was thoroughly anti-analytic. Nonetheless, the behaviorists could produce symp-

toms in their animals that resembled those of neurosis in human beings. They could train an animal to expect food after a specific signal—a light, a bell, a symbol on a card—and then confuse him by giving him an electric shock instead; this produced alarm, agitation and wild behavior in the animal when he saw or heard the unreliable or bewildering signal. But the experimenters could also "extinguish" the neurotic response by providing only rewards in association with the signal until the animal had been retrained and restored to health.

All this was thoroughly overshadowed by Freudian psychology from the 1930s until about a decade ago, after B. F. Skinner of Harvard developed his teaching machines and his ideas of "operant conditioning" and Joseph Wolpe, a South African psychiatrist (now at Temple University in Philadelphia) worked out techniques of behavior therapy applicable to neurotic human beings.

Wolpe and other behavior therapists start with a firm Pavlovian position: The unseen is unimportant and perhaps nonexistent—what counts is what you can actually observe and manipulate. A neurosis is not evidence of an unconscious conflict; it is nothing but a bad habit. The frigid woman's disorder is only a matter of faulty conditioning—she associates fear with the sexual act—and not the result of an inner conflict. So don't analyze her: Just make her relax, feel comfortable, and then have her envision the sex act (or some mild preliminary) until it is firmly associated with her relaxed state—until, indeed, like the retrained laboratory animal, she connects the stimulus with relaxation and pleasure. End of problem. As for the drug addict, it's even easier: Administer an electric shock to him each time he thinks of taking drugs, until the very thought of drugs gives him the willies. Have the homosexual think homosexual thoughts or look at pictures of nude males, then administer an emetic.

Does such simplistic therapy really work? Wolpe and his colleagues report extremely high cure rates and insist that no substitute symptoms pop up—thereby proving, in their minds, that there is no hidden underlying conflict. Skeptics say that there are many serious flaws in Wolpe's evidence; they also point out that every new psychotherapy introduced in the past 40 years has shown a very high cure rate at first, but not later. As Sir William Osler used to tell medical students, the time to use a therapy is when it's brand-new, because then—and only then—it cures nearly everyone.

For now, behavior therapy seems not only to work well in certain kinds of cases but to have immense appeal by virtue of its simplicity. Accordingly, a growing cadre of psychiatrists and psychologists is experimenting with it, advocating it and claiming that it disproves

## CONCISE GLOSSARY OF PSYCHOANALYTIC TERMS

**ANAL CHARACTER:** A pattern of character traits arising in individuals for whom the anal stage of psychosexual development—marked primarily by the acquisition of voluntary sphincter control—has had exaggerated significance. Orderliness, stubbornness and miserliness are features of this character; but when defenses against instinctual drives are weak, the personality may be ambivalent, untidy, defiant and sadomasochistic.

**DEFENSE MECHANISMS:** Unconscious methods of preventing repressed wishes associated with some real or imagined threat from rising into consciousness, often by denying or distorting some aspect of reality.

**EGO:** A group of functions in the psychic apparatus that includes operation of conscious thought processes, integration of the personality, control of speech, regulation of drives and adaptation to reality and other people.

**HYSTERIA:** A neurosis characterized by physical symptoms—such as pains, paralyses, tremors, deafness, blindness, vomiting—that have no physical cause but were developed to relieve emotional tension caused by an inner conflict.

**ID:** A part of the psychic apparatus that is totally unconscious, in touch with the body and consists of wishes arising from the individual's physiological needs, which are represented in the mind as instinctual drives.

**INFANTILE SEXUALITY:** The universal appearance of the sexual drive in the infant and young child, which is gratified through pleasurable sensations accompanying the satisfaction of basic bodily needs, such as eating and excreting. It matures through a series of phases known as oral, anal and phallic.

**INSTINCTUAL DRIVES:** The motivational forces in human behavior deriving from physical needs. This term has replaced instinct in modern psychoanalytic usage because of disagreement among scientists over the meaning of the latter term.

**LIBIDO:** A quantitative measure of the energy of the sexual drive.

**NEUROSIS:** A condition characterized by mental conflicts that result in such symptoms as excessive anxiety, depression, guilt or irritability. The conflicts take place between the sexual and aggressive drives and those forces of the ego that restrict expression of the drives. Growth and maturing of the personality is constricted, but the individual is able to function in society.

**OEDIPUS COMPLEX:** A crucial point in the phallic phase of infantile sexuality during which the child desires, within the limits of his knowledge and capacity, sexual union with the parent of the opposite sex and wishes for the death or disappearance of the parent of the same sex. The child fears damage to his sexual organs in retaliation for these wishes. This usually occurs between the ages of three and six and the resolution of this problem contributes to the development of the superego; problems arising in its resolution form the nucleus of some future neuroses.

**ORAL CHARACTER:** A pattern of character traits arising in individuals during the oral stage of psychosexual development, when the process of nursing is of primary concern to the individual. Excessive indulgence or severe deprivation at this stage may lead to the dominance in the character of inappropriate optimism or pessimism, greed, demandingness, undue generosity or frugality, dependency, restlessness, impatience or excessive curiosity.

**PARANOIA:** A psychosis characterized by delusions of persecution and/or grandeur. The paranoid's thought processes and ego functions are usually well preserved and he is often able to defend his beliefs with the appearance of logic.

**PHOBIA:** A persistent, excessive fear of some particular object or situation that is without rational grounds.

**PSYCHOSEXUAL DEVELOPMENT:** The regular series of stages through which the individual's sexuality matures between infancy and adulthood. The oral, anal and phallic phases culminate around the age of six with the development of the Oedipus complex, after which there is a phase of sexual latency until the onset of puberty. Psychosexual development resumes at puberty and reaches a successful conclusion when the genital phase is attained.

**PSYCHOSIS:** A mental disorder marked by extreme regression of the ego and the libido, often preventing the individual from functioning as an acceptable member of society.

**REGRESSION:** A retreat to childlike levels of instinctual organization or modes of ego functioning.

**REPRESSION:** The exclusion of ideas or feelings that are undesirable or threatening from the conscious mind by a process of which the individual is not directly aware. Repressed ideas and feelings remain active influences in the personality.

**SCHIZOPHRENIA:** A group of psychotic reactions characterized by severe emotional, intellectual and behavioral disturbance stemming from a view of the world that is apparently unrelated to the realities of the individual's situation and is determined by regressive functioning of the psychic apparatus.

**SUBLIMATION:** Refining or diverting an instinctual drive from its primitive goal to an aim more acceptable to the ego and superego, allowing for use of the energy and partial satisfaction of the drive within the bounds of constructive activity.

**SUPERECHO:** A group of psychic functions that represent moral attitudes and behavioral standards imposed from without but accepted by the individual as his own. The superego operates positively to set up ideals and values and negatively to impose guilt feelings for breaches of the internalized code.

**TRANSFERENCE:** Displacement of feelings and attitudes originally having an important figure in childhood as their object to individuals in one's present relationships. When a neurotic patient displaces onto his analyst the feelings and attitudes he had toward his parents or other significant childhood figures, this is called a transference neurosis, and its development and resolution is a key element in the process of psychoanalysis.

Freudian theory *in toto*. Wolpe often writes as if he has shown all of psychoanalytic theory to be a monumental fraud, leveled it to the ground and sowed salt where it flourished; while Eysenck says things like, "It has nothing to say to us, and there is nothing we can do for it except ensure a decent burial."

The third development has been an evolution within psychoanalysis itself—a shift of attention from the psychology of the id (the primitive, instinctual, unconscious processes) to the psychology of the ego (the adult, social, conscious self). Freud had originally seen the problems of neurosis largely in terms of conflicts buried in the unconscious and involving primitive instincts. But in his later years, he began to pay more attention to the ego, the adult self that is rational, conscious and controlled by the realities of living among other men.

Some of Freud's followers, spurred on by his interest and perhaps even more influenced by the expanding fields of anthropology and sociology and the stresses of the Depression and the War, began to examine the social and cultural aspects of neurosis. By the 1950s, many of the younger Freudians were paying as much or more attention to ego psychology as to id psychology. "Our critics still accuse us of doing the same thing we used to do in the Thirties," says Dr. Bernard Pacella, a spokesman for the American Psychoanalytic Association. "The fact is that there has been a significant shift in emphasis, among Freudians, from instinct analysis to ego analysis."

But by the time orthodox Freudians had come to this position, analytic heretics had long since reached it and gone beyond it. Harry Stack Sullivan had stressed "interpersonal" psychology to such an extent that by 1943, he, Erich Fromm and Clara Thompson had to start an institute of their own (the William Alanson White Institute), their ideas being too radical for the official organization. Karen Horney, another revisionist, went even further in the culturalist direction, making very little of instinctive drives and inner conflicts; she was thrust into the non-Freudian cold and had to form an institute of her own in 1941, which continues to this day to produce Horneyan analysts.

In the past decade or so, there has been a proliferation of schools of thought and therapeutic methods concerned with the conscious adult self and the realities of everyday living. William Glasser advocates his own brand, which he calls reality therapy; Albert Ellis teaches and practices his own brand, which he calls rational-emotive therapy; Bertram Pollens and others offer experiential therapy; Rollo May and others do existential therapy. All these, and a few dozen variants, concentrate on the practicalities of living among other people, rather than the problems of learning to be at peace within oneself.

In all of them, there is a shift away from rebuilding the past, using the therapist as a stand-in for parents, and toward the present, experiencing the therapist as a person in his own right. He faces the patient, acts like himself, reveals his tastes, his moods, his reactions to what the patient is saying or doing. He nods, smiles, cajoles, argues, frowns—yes, *disapproves!* (isn't that reality, isn't that experiential and existential?). Reality-oriented therapists—and even some Freudians—sometimes use touch therapy, sometimes kiss or embrace a patient as needed; a very few apply to selected patients what is unofficially called penis therapy; and a very few believe in letting themselves fall asleep during the sessions and then telling the patients their dreams.

This emphasis on the interpersonal and the real has also produced a tremendous growth in the popularity of group therapies in the past 15 years. A few practitioners, such as Dr. Louis R. Ormont of New York, keep group therapy genuinely analytic by dealing with the deep-lying and well-defended conflicts in each patient; but most group therapists are more concerned with stripping away social pretense, revealing real feelings, showing the patient how he has been behaving and getting him to test new ways of behaving in a social setting.

The further this gets from analysis, the more it stresses *doing* and *acting*, rather than talking and thinking, and the maximizing of feeling, rather than the repair of neurosis. It merges, finally, into the Human Potential Movement, most of whose enthusiasts think of themselves as repudiating or discarding psychoanalysis altogether. In place of that lonely and often downbeat procedure, they luxuriate in "joy therapy," encounter groups, sensory awareness workshops, "peak experience" seminars, weekend marathons, everybody-touch-everybody groups, all-take-off-our-clothes-and-say-OM! groups—all of them supposed to get you to *see* yourself as others do, to show others how you *feel* about them, to teach you to *relate*, to be *intimate*, to be "authentic." [See next month's PLAYBOY for a more detailed discussion of these and other *Alternatives to Psychoanalysis*, by Ernest Havemann—Ed.]

Does all this really work better than psychoanalysis? No one really knows. For, no matter what the anti-analysts claim, and no matter what the analysts claim, there are no reliable comparisons of effectiveness, no controlled studies of matched groups of neurotics, no before, during and after studies in depth. Indeed, there are no scientifically adequate studies within any one type of therapy, let alone comparative studies.

But it is not proved effectiveness nor the lack of it that accounts for the diminished status of psychoanalysis and the current enthusiasm for the newer

therapies. There are more profound reasons for the shift. One of them is an inability of people today to deal with the society around them—a widespread feeling of impotence and disconnectedness. And this, according to Dr. Ormont, "results in a great interest in the *how*, not the *why* of behavior, and in the acquisition of skills in dealing with people rather than in exploring oneself."

Is television involved? Has it been so easy to push a button and have people at hand that young adults have never learned how to build real relationships? Is it revulsion with our intellectual, technological culture and the mess it has got us into that makes people turn against intellectuality and thinking in general and prefer feeling and doing? Either or both may importantly contribute to the need for the bought interaction and purchased relationships of the Living Theater, drug parties, love-ins, be-ins, campus sit-ins, the disruption of classes and meetings by shouting and heckling; either or both make an anti-intellectual Yippie leader preferable to an orderly, intellectual, fatherly, Freudlike psychoanalyst.

Finally, there is a significant shift in where people—especially young people—put the blame for their troubles. A generation or two ago, most people, conscience-directed and individualistic, thought that they themselves were responsible for whatever had gone wrong with their lives and looked within themselves for cause and cure. Today, most radicals, and many who are not radical in the least, have decided that our military-industrial society is responsible for whatever problems they have and look for dropout or political answers. No wonder that many of these radicals, as Anna Freud has observed, consider psychoanalysis at best irrelevant, at worst a tool of the controlling powers, designed to get them to adjust and conform.

• • •

Is it true, then, that psychoanalysis is dead, or at least *in extremis*? That its ranks are thinning, its practitioners switching to other therapies, its influence all but gone?

Not yet; not according to such statistics as one can rely on. In the past five years—the very period when psychoanalysis, especially the orthodox Freudian brand, has been getting hard knocks from all sides—membership in the American Psychoanalytic Association has grown 20 percent; and, while there are no official figures for the total number of analysts outside that organization, the indications are that they, too, have grown in number, perhaps by even more than that amount.

The statement is often made, however, that even if the total number of psychoanalysts is growing, it is doing so more slowly than the mental-health field and thus, in effect, is suffering a relative reduction. This, too, is false, judging by the data in *Psychiatric Services, Systems*

# "Me and my Winstons"

we got a real good thing...

'cause my Winstons taste good  
like a cigarette should.



*Analysis and Manpower Utilization*, a nationwide survey published by the American Psychiatric Association. It shows that between 1965 and 1968, there was no decrease—indeed, there was even a tiny increase—in the percentage of psychiatrists who are psychoanalysts (it now stands at ten percent). Nor is it true, as often said nowadays, that analysts are leaving private practice in droves and seeking shelter in clinics, hospitals and universities; the study shows only a two percent decline in private practice over the three-year period.

What psychoanalysis *has* suffered is something that cannot be precisely measured: a loss of status. On this score, though there are no statistics, even dedicated psychoanalysts are more or less in agreement with their enemies. Says Dr. David Kairys, president of the orthodox Freudian New York Psychoanalytic Institute, "The data don't show a decline in our numbers, but there's a distinct feeling in many quarters that we've lost prestige both in the medical community and among the public." Leo Rangell speaks of the "emotional and intellectual backlash" growing out of the public's overexpectations of analysis and its subsequent disenchantment. Donald Kenefick says there is a "shift of conceptual fascination to other forms of therapy. Even those of us who still find psychoanalysis the most valuable existing system of psychological thought feel about it rather the way you feel about an old girlfriend—you still love her in the depth of your heart, but the *joie de vivre*, the excitement, isn't there any longer."

Though this loss of prestige has not

yet been reflected in the statistics, it may well be in the near future. For one thing, fewer psychiatric residents seem to be hell-bent on becoming analysts today than used to be the case: There were 16 percent fewer applications for training in the 20 institutes of the American Psychoanalytic Association last year than there were a decade ago; and the 1967-1968 entering class (at all the institutes combined) totaled a little less than it did a decade ago, although, to keep pace with the growth of psychiatry over that same period, it should have been twice as large. Dr. Pacella explains: "With the tremendous growth of community psychiatry, there are good jobs immediately available for every man finishing psychiatric residency, without his having to go on to three or four more years of training and spend another \$25,000 to \$40,000. Today's residents are different from the men a generation ago—they aren't interested in working all that hard or waiting that long. They want to start earning money and enjoying their leisure. And even if private practice appeals to them more than community psychiatry, they get so much more exposure to psychoanalytic thought in medical schools nowadays that they feel ready to practice therapy, if not analysis, without further training."

Outside the American Psychoanalytic Association, both the institutes of dissenting medical sects and those that train psychologists and other nonmedical people seem to be taking in slightly larger classes than formerly. Yet they, too, are getting fewer applications than they used to; and if this trend continues, it will surely reduce the number of accepted

trainees in the near future. In sum, the much-heralded disappearance of psychoanalysis is by no means imminent, but there is reason to suppose that psychoanalysis as a specialty—especially among psychiatrists—may show a gradual decline in numbers.

Perhaps the most significant indication of the future fate of psychoanalysis would be evidence that people in need of therapy are beginning to avoid it and to seek other forms of help instead. But no one has any data on this; there are only hints, rumors and vague impressions. Some psychoanalysts, interviewed for this article, said there has been no change, but more of them said that the waiting lists of patients seem to be shorter than formerly. A few said they'd heard that some of their colleagues even had empty time, though they themselves were as busy as ever. Dr. Bertram Pollens said, for instance, that he himself has a three-month waiting list, but that recently he has been hearing, from some of his classically oriented colleagues, that they have free time available and would welcome referrals. A spokesman for the orthodox Freudians, who declined to be named, said that the number of people in classical Freudian analysis does seem to be smaller these days, but he added that he knew of no competent psychoanalyst who couldn't easily fill up his time by accepting patients for psychotherapy as well as for psychoanalysis.

Even if the number of patients in analysis is dwindling, even if analysts should find themselves compelled to spend some of their time doing other forms of therapy, psychoanalysis itself is unlikely to die out, either as a theory or as an influence on other forms of therapy. Rather, it will be absorbed, digested and amalgamated with other theories and therapies. As Dr. Pacella points out, far more psychoanalytic theory is now incorporated into medical-school curricula and psychiatric residency training than ever before—so much so that some deans of medical schools believe that the institutes of analysis, and even analysis itself as a separate specialty—will soon become unnecessary; both will wither away, although psychoanalysis will live on within the body of psychiatry.

What will happen to the institutes that train nonmedical people in analysis is anybody's guess; but even if they, too, wither away, psychoanalysis will also continue to live on within the body of American psychology. Despite the present revival of behaviorism, psychodynamics could no more be extracted and cast out of psychology than could Newtonian mechanics be extracted and cast out of contemporary physics. For even in the era of relativity theory, Newtonian mechanics is still "true"—it is merely incomplete and imprecise. Similarly, behaviorism, chemotherapy and ego psychology do not disprove or replace psychoanalysis; they



"Yes, Susie's a great little gal Friday; but, then, Betty is a good little gal Monday, and Ruthie. . . ."

# Just because a suit is traditional doesn't mean it has to be dull.

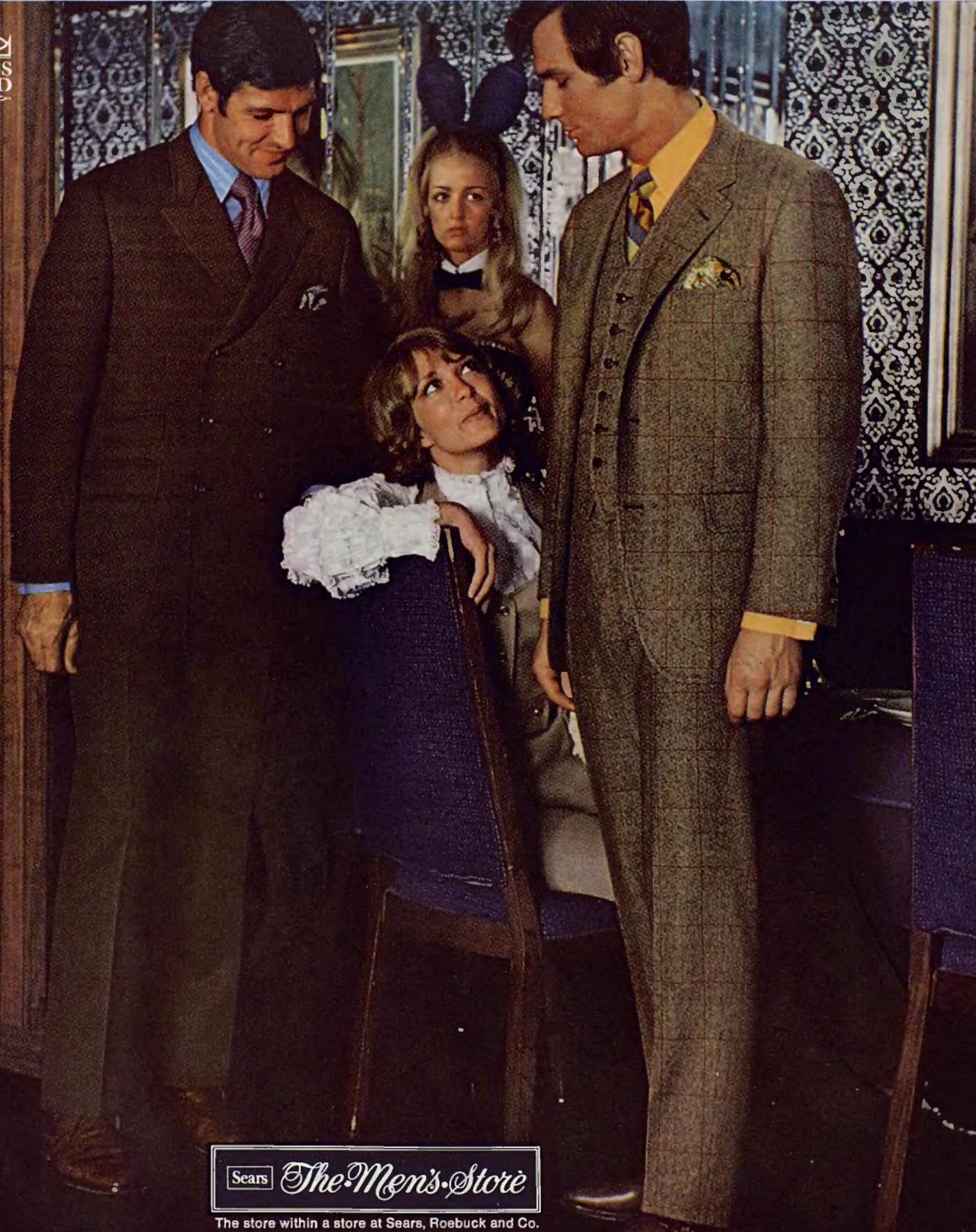
Not any more. What we've done, as you can see, is start with a very traditional vested suit with natural shoulders, slimming, plain front trousers and neat single-breasted styling.

Then we added something that isn't very traditional. Not yet. We suppressed the waist, just a bit. Just enough so you look even slimmer, though you feel just as comfortable.

Then, as long as we're altering tradition, we figured we'd add something else. The same suit with 6-button, double-breasted styling; minus vest. With all sorts of fabrics, patterns and colors, it looks like we started a whole new, anything-but-dull tradition. Single-breasted styles from under \$100. From under \$65 to under \$90 for double-breasted. Available at selected Sears stores.

  
KINGS  
ROAD  
shop

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB



Sears

*The Mens Store*

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

merely add to it and make possible more complete and precise explanations of human behavior. As Dr. Abraham Maslow of Brandeis University, one of the country's most distinguished psychologists and the founder of the Human Potential Movement, puts it, "The successor to Freud will not offer a repudiation of Freud but an elaboration of his work. My friends and I are 'epi-Freudians,' trying to build an adequate superstructure on the foundation he laid down."

Already, a number of eclectics are trying to fit the pieces together. At the therapeutic level, for instance, Dr. Nathan Kline, a pioneer in the use of tranquilizers and other drugs, says he finds no conflict between psychoanalysis and chemotherapy; in his private practice, many of the patients he aids with drugs need psychotherapy or psychoanalysis at the same time—and make far better psychotherapeutic progress as a result of the relief the drugs give them. Dr. Lewis R. Wolberg, director of the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health, uses everything from classical analysis to drugs, behavior therapy and even electric-shock therapy, according to each patient's needs and capabilities. Even among the orthodox Freudians, one out of four psychoanalysts has recently been prescribing drugs for some of his patients, according to Dr. Mortimer Ostow in a recent address to the American Psychoanalytic Association. Maslow and other epi-Freudians are struggling to work out a larger theoretical framework, and even behaviorists have suggested that behaviorism and psychoanalysis are not opposed but complementary, and can be combined.

Even were the most implacable foes of psychoanalysis to sweep the field and to exclude psychoanalytic thinking from the training of psychiatrists and psychologists, it would not stay excluded. We have become too sophisticated to be content with simplistic explanations; we have accumulated too much knowledge of human behavior to be able to make sense of it without psychodynamic psychology. Both biochemistry and behaviorism increase our understanding of the *external* aspects of human behavior, but not its *meaning*. If one wants to know what a great painting is about, he needs much more than data on the composition of the oil and pigments, or a description of the way in which the painter mixed and applied them to the canvas. To comprehend love and hate, hope and despair, poetry and politics, we need to know more than the chemical events occurring in the synapses, or the ways in which stimuli become associated with responses and disassociated from them.

Finally, what of psychoanalysis as a therapy? Will anyone be practicing psychoanalysis on anyone else 25 or 50 years from now, or will it have passed into therapeutic history, along with cupping

and blistering? A few enthusiasts profess to see a greater future for analysis than ever; most psychoanalysts, however, expect it to be even less used than it is today but to remain a permanent and important weapon in the armamentarium of therapies. Although it is the most costly, lengthy and arduous of them all, it is also the only one that does what it does. "At the most," says Dr. Wolberg, "classical psychoanalysis is suitable for perhaps five percent of the patients who seek psychotherapeutic help—but for them, it is the treatment of choice. They have conflicts so deeply buried that it takes the atom bomb of transference neurosis to expose them. The other 95 percent don't need it, or can't afford it, or aren't verbal enough to be able to use it."

Besides serving this limited group of cases, there is an even more limited—but more important—function it will perform for a very small, special group of patients whose primary need is thorough self-knowledge. Therapists themselves are one such group. Dr. G. David Weinick, a New York psychologist and psychoanalyst, says, "Classical psychoanalysis will probably become very esoteric—a specialized form of education, mostly for people who are doing various forms of therapy or studying human behavior and for whom it is extremely important to be able to keep their own problems separate from those of the people they're dealing with." And for much the same reason, say others, psychoanalysis will continue to be valuable, even virtually irreplaceable, for teachers, communicators, judges and leaders of society—a kind of intellectual elite who, more than most people, need to fully understand themselves and their fellow men.

This is a very different thing from therapy in the usual sense. Freud began using psychoanalysis with the limited aim of alleviating his patients' hysterical symptoms, but gradually the goals of psychoanalysis broadened and became the freeing of the individual from unnecessary self-imposed limitations and the achieving of his full potential in work and in his relationships. And though it attains these lofty goals in full in only a limited number of cases—about one out of five, according to some estimates—nothing else does so.

Psychoanalysis—as even psychoanalysts agree—has not proved a highly efficient way of getting rid of symptoms; suggestion, direction, drugs and behavior therapy may all be better at that—and yet what analysis *does* do turns out to be far more valuable. "I have patients all the time who come to me to get rid of certain symptoms," says Bertram Pollens, "and who get so involved in seeking larger changes that the symptoms become unimportant." Or, as Donald Kenefick puts it, "You come in with symptoms and even though they never fully disappear, they're never the same afterward—

they cease to be crushing; you have a framework to place them in. You have a comforting, meaningful way of seeing yourself and the world. You have a view of the universe that you can live with."

Psychoanalysis is unequalled as a treatment—not of symptoms but of ignorance about oneself; in the end, it does minimize symptoms; but, what is far more important, it permits one to free himself from the self-imposed limitations and the faulty strategies of life that his ignorance sustained. No one has said it better than Dr. Karl Menninger, one of the grand old men of psychoanalysis:

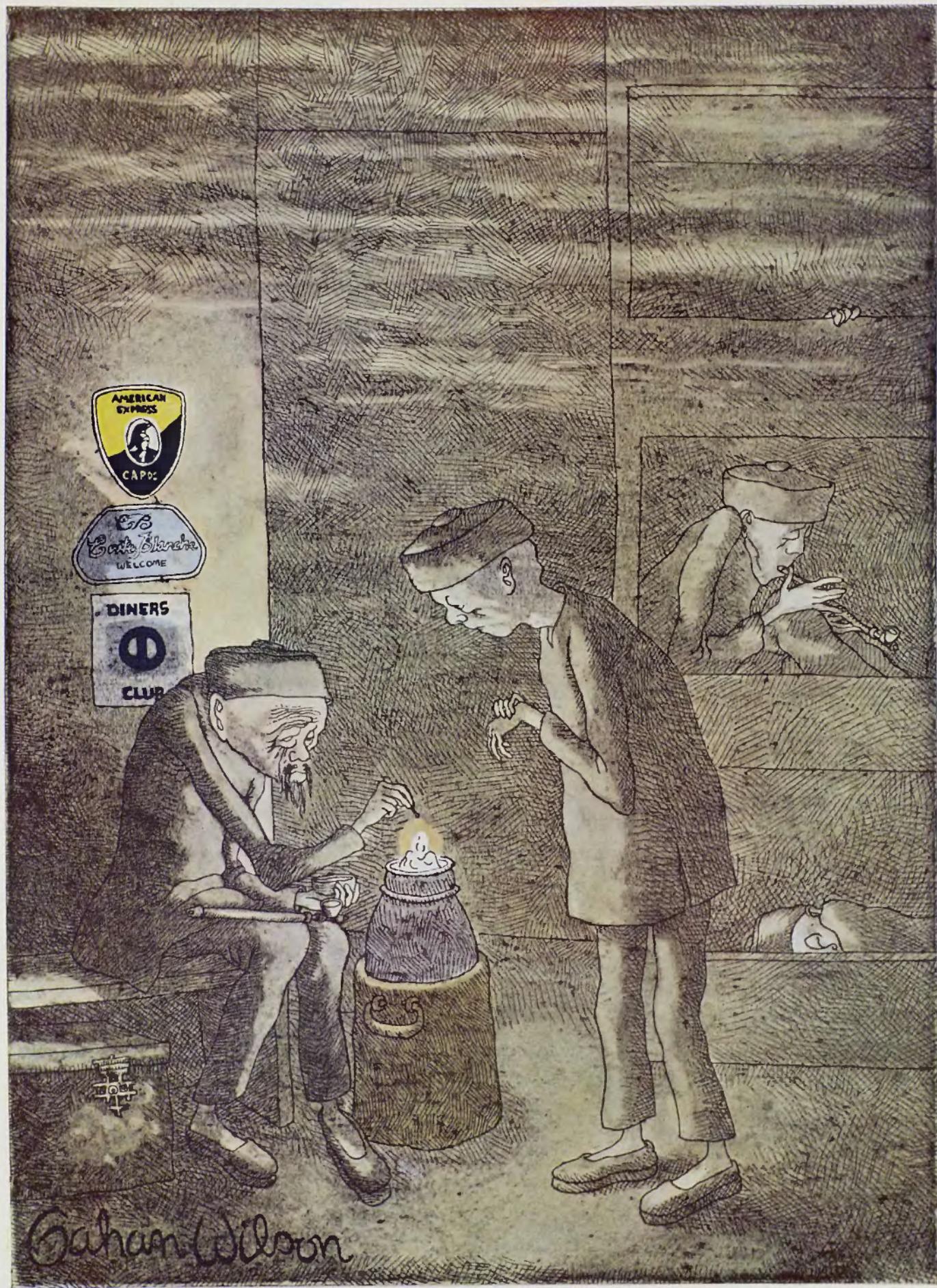
I once regarded psychoanalysis not only as a great educational experience but also as a therapeutic program par excellence. True, Freud warned us against the emphasis on the therapeutic effect. Now I know he was right; therapeutic effect it does have; but, in my opinion, were this its chief or only value, psychoanalysis would be doomed. Surely the continued development of our knowledge will help us find quicker and less expensive ways of relieving symptoms and rerouting misdirected travelers. Psychoanalysis assays to change the structure of a patient's mind, to change his view of things, to change his motivations, to strengthen his sincerity; it strives not just to diminish his sufferings but to enable him to learn from them.

Instead of being free from guilt feelings and anxiety feelings, the psychoanalyzed person may have even more of both than the unanalyzed person, but he will know where they came from and what to do about them instead of developing symptoms. He will know whether or not restitution can be made, whether or not penance is in order, whether or not easement can be found. And if they are not, then he must have the courage to bear them cheerfully.

Philip Rieff put it in a single pungent epigram: "Psychoanalysis does not cure; it merely reconciles." *Merely?* But it has long been the noblest aim of philosophy to reconcile us to our own limitations and to those of our fellow men, to reconcile us both to the unavoidable imperfections of life and to its brevity.

If psychoanalysis can do this, it is not just therapy but education, not just education but philosophy; and not just philosophy but a cure, after all—a cure for what someone has glumly termed "this long and cruel malady called life." If so, psychoanalysis will surely survive its present crisis and seeming decline. Until a better philosophy appears, it will continue to be sought by the special few who have the perception, the intelligence and the motivation to see it through.





## BASEBALL JOE IN THE WORLD SERIES

These and other gruff colloquialisms rang in the air as the loudspeaker announced: "Line-up for the New York Yankees." The nine Yankees were then listed by batting order and position. Then the loudspeaker blared: "Line-up for the New York Giants: Baseball Joe Matson pitching . . . Pop Gallagher catching!"

"Razzberries!" shouted an irate fan. "That's not the line-up for the Giants. That's the battery!"

"What the Sam Hill is going on?" shouted another slangily.

"Look," said another, "I do believe that that is the Giants' line-up!"

He pointed to the single, solitary figure of Baseball Joe Matson standing on the pitcher's mound, grimly firing in practice pitches to his catcher. There wasn't another Giant on the field!

The Yankees' Murderers' Row, unaware of the true reason for the Giants' abbreviated line-up, began to razz Joe mercilessly from the dugout steps.

"You are some cock of the walk, you are!" shouted second sacker Tony Lazzetti hotly.

"Grandstander! Showboat!" cried first baseman Lou Goering.

"Rest assured by the desperate resolve written large on our faces that you shall pay for this bush-league ruse!" shouted mighty home-run hitter Babe Root.

Our hero merely shrugged the criticism off as he continued to fire in his warm-up pitches. When he was finished, he had one last conference with his manager.

"I suppose you realize what an almost insurmountable task lies before you," said John MacCrae.

"Yes, Skipper, I do," said the lad.

"Not only must you prevent the Yankees from getting a piece of the ball for a full nine innings," said the manager, "I fear you shall also have to supply the brunt of our hitting."

"I am certain," said our hero good-naturedly, "that Pop Gallagher will give a good account of himself with the willow."

"Perhaps he would have, before he was grizzled and a veteran," said MacCrae realistically. "But now . . ."

He allowed the sentence to hang in mid-air.

"Joe, there is one other thing," said the manager. "Should you ever get on base and should Pop not drive you home, you realize that you shall have to leave the base to bat and you shall be automatically out."

"I am well aware of that, Skipper," said Joe.

"Well, Joe," said MacCrae with finality, "you and Pop are going to have to do this all alone."

"Wrong," said the youth. "Have you forgotten that we have a new friend assisting us?"

"Who is that?" said a puzzled John MacCrae.

*(continued from page 144)*

"My chicken ball," said the lad simply.

The manager clapped his twirler affectionately on the back and then ran to the dugout.

"Play ball!" cried the umpire.

Digging in at the plate was Earl Cootes, the Yankees' center fielder and lead-off man. Cootes glowered at Joe, spat out tobacco juice and then waved his hickory menacingly. A look of grim determination on his face, Joe checked his signal. Then he called time and signaled for Pop Gallagher to come out to the mound.

Pop tossed aside his mask and trotted out to speak to Joe.

"Pop," said Joe gently, not wishing to upset the grizzled veteran, "how many fingers did you flash?"

"Thirty-two," said Pop nervously. "Ten, three times. Then two. I called for a spoon ball."

"Oh," said Joe, "I wasn't sure. I thought it was forty-two, which is an eleventh-speed fast ball."

"I didn't know you had forty-two pitches," said the astonished veteran.

"Forty-three," said Joe, modestly informing Pop of his new chicken ball.

The backstop, who was in the twilight of his career, gasped with awe.

Joe stared into the grizzled face of the utility catcher. What a tribute it is to this fine veteran, thought the youth, that at his age he was still doggedly devoting himself to our national pastime. Joe secretly wondered if he, too, would still be playing baseball when he was 34.

Gallagher went back to the plate and the game began.

Coolly and methodically, Baseball Joe Matson whiffed Cootes and shortstop Mark Kinnick. Then up stepped the awesome Babe Root.

"So you're the fresh young boob who thinks he can singlehandedly dispose of the most murderous array of batsmen that has ever struck terror in the hearts of major-league moundsmen!" growled the mighty Babe, as he swung his mace in a terrifying arc.

Without flinching, our hero faced up to the prodigious slugger. Then he calmly tossed a fadeaway, an eighth-speed fast ball and a chicken ball, and the crestfallen Babe bit the dust. The stands roared. Joe had retired the side on nine pitches!

As the youth stepped up to the plate for his turn at bat in the last of the first, he noticed Pop Gallagher in the on-deck circle, his gnarled hands shaking nervously. Joe knew immediately what he had to do.

Swinging at his first pitch, perhaps a bit overanxiously, Joe did not get the good wood on the ball, and a home run was denied him. The ball instead dropped into the left-center-field bull pen for a three-bagger.

"I'm sorry I let you down, Skipper," said Joe to MacCrae in the third-base coaching box, as he dusted himself off.

"Don't be so hard on yourself, lad," said the manager. "There's always next time."

When Gallagher popped up, Joe had to leave third base to bat again, thus making it two outs. This time, Joe lined what would have been an ordinary single to left field, but MacCrae, fearing Pop would fail again with Joe on base, foolishly signaled Joe to stretch an ordinary one-bagger into a home run. While, in addition to being an outstanding batsman and hurler, Joe was also a cracker-jack base runner, this time he didn't have a chance, and he was thrown out at home plate by a good four feet.

Slowly the innings ticked by, with the two teams locked in a titanic scoreless duel. While Joe got his share of safeties, he couldn't quite reach the stands, and Pop Gallagher was never capable of driving him home. Meanwhile, Joe was up to the awesome task of keeping the Yankees off the base paths, with his most effective pitching performance yet.

He had one close call in the sixth inning, when Yankee left fielder Bob Muscle topped a shovel ball down the first-base line. Joe dashed off the mound, dove, scooped up the ball barehanded and lobbed it toward first; then, scampering to his feet, he dashed to the bag to take his own toss, a hair ahead of the runner. The stands rocked with cheers for the gritty moundsman.

As the Giants came to bat in the last of the eighth, Joe was visibly tiring under the tremendous strain.

"How do you feel, lad?" asked MacCrae.

"A bit weary," admitted the game youth, "but I shall hold up."

"I don't mind telling you, son," said the manager, "that very few people here feel that you will last much longer. In fact——"

The manager stopped, as if he wanted to say something but changed his mind.

"Skipper, is something amiss?" asked Joe.

"Joe," said the manager, "I pray that this will not affect your deadly resolve to triumph, but I have learned that the gamblers who kidnaped your teammates are so certain that you will collapse under this inhuman strain that they have returned here to await collection of their scandalous wagers."

"You mean they are in the stands now?" said the disbelieving youth.

"Six of them, I am told," said MacCrae, "waiting for Baseball Joe Matson to falter, so that they can rake in their evil money from poor, misguided bettors among our fans who, disregarding the laws of baseball, have succumbed to temptation."

"I shall show them!" said our hero, grimly grabbing a bat.

As Joe stepped up to the platter in the



# EL TORO BRAVO



last of the eighth, his mouth was set in a firmer line than before. Lifting the bat with his weary shoulders, he pounded it on the plate, then he dug in.

Joe wasted no time. As soon as the first pitch left the moundsman's hand, the youth tore into it. Crack! Ash met horsehide. Fifty-five thousand fans gasped: a mighty scream rent the air. The white sphere began to climb on a flight never before witnessed by the denizens of the game.

Up, up it flew to dead center field. It cleared the green background screen. It cleared the bleachers. It cleared the clubhouse. It cleared the scoreboard clock. It was the longest home run ever hit at the Polo Grounds!

"Hurrah, hurrah for Baseball Joe Matson, the greatest competitor in the game and also the finest fellow who ever wore shoe leather!" screamed the excited Giant fans as the grinning youth rounded the bases, stamped on home plate and clasped the hands of Pop and John MacCrae.

The Giants were now leading, 1-0.

"Just hold them in the ninth," pleaded the manager, "and we've got the world-series gonfalon for our very own!"

Joe nodded and went out to the mound. The first Yankee batter stepped up to the plate. Joe looked around very carefully, then, with great deliberation, he went into a slow windup and let the ball fly. A shocked groan emanated from the crowd. The pitch not only missed the plate but it missed the catcher as well and went in a wild, erratic arc into the lower deck of the stands behind first base. During his brief, meteoric career, the young moundsman had unleashed his share of wild pitches (two, to be exact, during a game against Chicago in a windstorm), but never had he thrown such an errant pitch.

"Forget it, old man," said John MacCrae from the dugout. "Accidents will happen."

But the plucky manager could not conceal the growing anxiety that was gnawing at him.

Once again, the apparently tiring Joe wound up and hurled the sphere. This one also cleared everything and landed in the third-base stands.

Panic gripped the Giant skipper and the Giant fans were stunned into stupefied silence. What had happened to their hero? Twice more, Joe unleashed exceedingly wild pitches that nestled in the stands, and the Yankees had their first base runner.

Now it was the turn of the Yankee fans to let off steam and they didn't spare Joe.

"Baseball Joe Matson is a mucker!"

"Back to the bush leagues with all birds who cannot withstand the inordinate pressures of a championship tilt!"

"You're choking in the clutch, Baseball Joe, and I sincerely doubt if you can accept defeat manfully!"

Thus flew the withering jibes from the stands, as John MacCrae went out to talk to his young hurler.

"Joe, old man, is anything the matter?" asked the manager.

"I shall be all right," the twirler assured him.

"But those pitches you threw," said the desperate MacCrae. "They were miles off target."

"I assure you there is no cause for concern," said the weary youth.

"Joe," said MacCrae softly, "do you realize who is coming up for the Yankees now? Murderers' Row!"

Joe gave his manager a steely look and the latter knew there was no point in discussing the matter any further. He trotted back to the dugout.

The mighty Babe Root dug in at the plate. Joe took his stretch and let loose. Once again, the ball slipped from his hand and went soaring toward the stands behind third base. The Yankee base runner trotted to second base on the wild pitch. Our hero stretched and released the ball. For the sixth consecutive time, the ball went on its errant way, this time clear into the upper deck. The Yankee runner gleefully tore around to third.

And so our hero stood in the midst of a dilemma. One more wild pitch and the game would be tied. Should either of the three members of Murderers' Row get on base and score, the Yankees would go ahead and perhaps win the world series. The strain of a grueling season and the most enervating game of his life had to be taking their deadly toll on the slim but gritty youth. The Giant fans sat sullenly in the stands and the manager of the Polo Grounders held his breath. Was this the end of the line? Was he to be denied his 12th straight world-series triumph? Only time would tell.

The young twirler stepped up onto the mound again. He hitched up his trousers, gazed in for his sign, wound up and let the ball fly. It cut the heart of the plate.

The Babe insolently waved a finger to indicate strike one. Again, Joe cut the plate with a fork ball. The Babe held up two fingers. That made strike two. Then the Babe stepped out in front of the plate and dramatically pointed toward the distant right-center-field stands. A shudder went up from the Giant fans. When Babe Root called his shots, he seldom missed.

Joe sized his opponent up and down; then, suddenly, a strange thing happened. Baseball Joe Matson also pointed with his finger. Only he was pointing at his catcher's mitt. And so they stood, the great home-run king and the plucky rookie, each pointing at a different target. The tension was unbearable.

Joe wound up and let fly with a chicken ball. The Babe swung and missed. Baseball Joe Matson had done it again!

Six quick pitches later, Lou Goering and Tony Lazzetti had also whiffed. Final score:

GIANTS: 1

YANKEES: 0

The Giants had won the series!

The stands erupted with a tremendous roar. Pop Gallagher came running over to Joe, gripped his hand, then, remembering that tradition called for the teammates of a world-series hero to carry that player off on their shoulders, the grizzled veteran got down on the ground, inserted his shoulders under the youth's legs and tried to rise. But, instead, the backstop collapsed to the turf, his old bones not quite up to the task.

After Joe revived his catcher, the two of them and John MacCrae raced happily for the clubhouse through the thousands of ecstatic fans who had clambered onto the field.

When they got to the clubhouse, a surprise awaited them. The Giant team, newly freed from bondage, had just arrived and was congratulating its hero for a task well done.

"You did a great job, old man," said MacCrae to his hurler. "As for that momentary spell of wildness, forget it. It happens to the best of us."

At that moment, a police officer entered. "Mr. MacCrae," he said, "you will be happy to know that we have captured the six gamblers in the stands. All were lying unconscious. Five with blows on the head, one with a blow on the neck."

"I can't understand it," muttered Baseball Joe Matson, louder than he had intended to speak. "A blow on the neck? I distinctly recall aiming for his head."

The disbelieving manager, who had overheard the remark, gazed at his ace hurler. "Joe," he said, "those wild pitches? You mean . . . ?"

But he knew he would get nothing more from his modest young twirler.

Then, in the excitement of the moment, the skipper almost forgot that he had something else to say to the youth.

"Joe," said John MacCrae, "I have been meaning to ask you something. What was that last pitch you threw to Tony Lazzetti?"

"Just a plain, ordinary chicken ball," said Joe. "The ball curved in, then out, sailed, hesitated, bobbed and pecked at the air, and then——"

"No, no," said the skipper, "it was not a chicken ball. Didn't you notice how, right after it bobbed and pecked, the ball spun around in a furious circle?"

And so, at this point, we bid farewell to our young hero, his teammates and his crusty but lovable manager. But I am sure that all of my young readers will be anxious to read the next exciting book in this series, *Baseball Joe and His Tornado Ball*, or "Making New Chums in the Hall of Fame."





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Moore says, "and then ramble about the three other floors [the top floor is really a guest cove tucked away under the eaves] until they find a room, nook or cranny where they can stop and talk. All I need to do is set out the ice and glasses and the house seems to take over and do the entertaining for me."

Once inside the front door, a visitor immediately finds himself opposite the first of Moore's three towers: a two-story shaft painted metallic gold that extends down to the former basement. On one of the tower's walls, Moore placed two ancestral portraits (see page 129); while directly below them is an antique Wurlitzer jukebox stocked with vintage 78s.

Guests who have just arrived can either take the steps in front of them down to the kitchen and dining area or turn left past the tower into the foyer, where Moore stationed the five cutout numerical panels seen on page 126. Since each panel moves on an individual track, the sequence can be altered and new combinations formed, as whimsy dictates. At night, back-panel lighting can be switched on so that the wall will illuminate the Oriental rugs that have been scattered about the foyer's polished-oak floor.

At the end of this passage is the central tower pictured on pages 127 and 129, an open shaft painted metallic silver that extends to a skylight near the roof's peak. From the high ceiling, Moore has hung an 18th Century Mexican lantern that's been converted to electricity. Its pale light reflecting off the silver walls produces a shimmering glow, while leaded stained-glass windows mounted in one of the third floor's cutout spaces add a vivid splash of color.

Below and to the side of the central tower is the living room. Along three walls, Moore built in a deep corduroy-covered couch upon which guests can sit or sprawl, perhaps to watch the flames in the pad's 100-year-old brick fireplace that stands adjacent to one corner of the couch. Over the fireplace is mounted a framed reproduction of an ancient map of Rome. So that the room remains uncluttered, Moore limits its furnishings to a 19th Century English chair and a huge African basket. The latter serves as a handy storage bin for magazines, newspapers, phone directories and—surprise!—the phone.

At the rear of the house, Moore replaced the weathered New England clapboard with a glass wall, installed a sliding glass door that leads to the fenced-in rear patio, pictured on page 126, and covered the opening to the cellar stairs with another sheet of glass, thus turning the steps into a tiered greenhouse. This important remodeling feature not only keeps the first floor bright and cheery but also ensures that

the previously mentioned kitchen-dining area located at the rear of the house directly at the base of the third tower will receive maximum sunlight.

This portion of the pad, reached from steps just beyond the living room, is as compact and orderly as a ship's galley. Along one wall, Moore built in the latest in kitchen appliances: a stove, dishwasher and minifridge, plus roll-out trays for utensils and several bins for storing dishes, glasses and a generous supply of potables. Over the sink (as can be seen in the picture on page 126) is mounted a neon number 42 that was created by graphic designer Barbara Stauffacher for a show at the Architectural League in New York City. It's an excellent example of Moore's eclectic approach to decorating, as he's quick to point out that "a house should be a personal environment filled with things that visually turn you on to life."

For dinner parties both formal and casual, guests sit at a 12-foot pedestal-style dining table with a butcher's-block top. Around it are positioned a number of collapsible director's chairs that can be stashed out of sight in one of several under-the-stairs closets. Over the table is a rheostat-operated chandelier (pictured on page 129) that's comprised of sockets and bulbs, all wired together into a unique light fantastic.

In a corner of the kitchen-dining below-ground area, Moore built in library shelves for his sizable book collection. Nearby, a rope hammock lies ready to be hung across the base of the pad's front tower, just below the ancestral portraits; guests can lounge there and gaze up into the tower or read a magazine by the light from the Wurlitzer.

The third floor of Moore's eminent domain is reached by a flight of stairs just off the living room. On this level, Moore allotted space for both work and play; a built-in desk and bookshelf located directly to one side of the pad's central tower is used as a small study; while, nearby, a stereo rig and a collection of records stand ready to amplify classical, jazz or rock music into the three-story tower, thus filling the house with music.

Just around the corner is the master bedroom, which has been furnished with the camp canopy bed and vinyl spread seen on page 128. Craftsman lamps have been mounted to the curved headboard, which has built-in shelves for books and an extension phone. Into the canopy roof, Moore mounted a baroque print of a cathedral dome and, just for the fun of it, painted a cluster of stars that continue on across the ceiling and down the wall to the headboard. Wardrobe needs are kept in a closet and shelf unit built into a bedroom wall.

A half bath containing a large theatrical-style mirror that's bordered with bulbs is located next to the bedroom, and across the hall is a tiled double-sized shower stall. Bath towels are hung on a towel bar just an arm's length from the shower. Behind the towel bar is mounted another large mirror; thus, this portion of the fully carpeted third floor is actually one large-sized bathing-dressing room rather than three separate areas. The sauna-sunlamp room pictured on page 128 is just around the corner.

Up a short flight of stairs from the sauna is the aforementioned fourth-floor guest cove. Because of the low-bridge slant of the roof, Moore placed a double mattress directly on the floor and covered it with a colorful spread. A mini-closet built into the opposite wall stands ready to hold a week's supply of wearables. By day, the scene is lighted by sunshine that floods through a skylight. At night, amateur guest astronomers can pop into bed and stargaze.

Strolling through Moore's house at any hour of the day, one is constantly entertained by his visual conjuring. But it's after dark that the pad really becomes a showcase for Moore's creative wizardry. A variety of modern light fixtures, many of which utilize clear bulbs, have been placed in unexpected recesses—often in order to illuminate art objects: one steps from pool of light to pool of light and in and out of shadows, thus heightening the illusion that the floor space is bigger than it actually is. Moore, in fact, has painted with light—not with sweeping brush strokes but with large and small applications of illumination as if the house were a giant canvas.

Moore also paints with colors—boldly contrasting vivid reds and yellows against the stark white walls. This eye-popping style of decorating has been dubbed supergraphics, a word Moore defines as painting oversized designs on a surface in order to alter a viewer's perspective and make the painted object appear larger than life-sized. Moore's knowledge of supergraphics is firsthand; the architectural firm Moore-Turnbull, of which he's a copartner, has been dabbling with the technique for several years.

When Moore steps outside his digs, he's within a few minutes' walking distance of the university and of Moore-Turnbull. But whether involved in university activities or on a business trip in his latest acquisition—a twin-engined Cessna 310—Moore is constantly looking for even fresher ideas that will keep his pad's decor ahead of the times. It's not only New Haven's undisputed Now Haven but also a personally satisfying creation and a constantly changing testing ground for new ideas and unusual effects—and that's just what Charles Moore wants it to be.



# Arrow Cordials are for serious, just one, finicky, once in a while, innocent and knowledgeable drinkers.

Arrow Cordials are in fact for everyone. And because they're for everyone we think it's a pity that so much confusion has arisen over the whole subject. Arrow would like to simplify matters.



Ever since Monks and Alchemists first discovered the secrets of cordials very few people have really understood what they are. There are many Arrow Cordials, but you don't have to buy them all. If you just limit yourself to the four shown on this page you're well on your way to becoming a cordial expert.

Arrow Cordials are taste, fun and variety. And the taste of every one is out of this world. What do you want?...Mint, Chocolate, Ginger, Lime... You name it, Arrow makes it. And we make it to the American taste, not too sweet, not too heavy. Drink them straight, on the rocks, over shaved ice or make hundreds of cocktails and tall summer drinks. Use them in food, or over it. The ways you can use Arrow Cordials are unlimited.

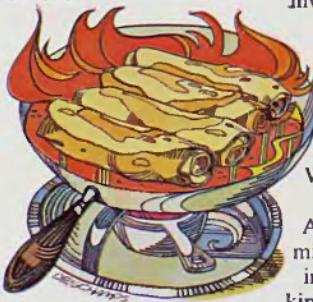
Take for instance Arrow Triple Sec. It's liquor, but it tastes like oranges. It makes an unbelievable variety of drinks. (For a summer party with a difference try Arrow Triple Sec in a punch.) And for food? Well, since Crêpes Suzette is an American invention it just has to taste better with American Arrow Triple Sec.

But you don't have to limit yourself to the conventional when you use an Arrow Cordial. Who says you have to just make cocktails? Take Arrow Creme de Menthe, mix with cream, put a stick in it and freeze. That's the kind of goodie that's strictly

not for kids. 60 proof with taste to prove it. For something for the Hot House crowd try Arrow Blackberry Brandy in a Purple Orchid. If you like the taste of cherries and want to take a diet out of the dol-drums, put some Arrow Kirsch in your next dish of yoghurt. Try some on your

## Crêpes Suzette Sauce

6 lumps sugar  
1 orange rind  
1/2 cup butter  
juice of one orange  
1 tbsp. lemon juice  
6 tbsp. Arrow Triple Sec  
1/2 cup Hartley Brandy  
Rub lumps of sugar on orange rind. Melt crushed sugar with butter. Add orange, lemon juice, Triple Sec. Boil. Fold sauce into crêpes, heat, sprinkle with Hartley Brandy and light. Serves 6



## Lucifer's Cure All

2 jiggers Arrow Creme de Menthe  
1 jigger Hartley Brandy  
Serve in tall glass and fill with hot tea.



grapefruit. Even put some in your favorite **Purple Orchid** diet drink. Getting thin never tasted so fat.

Catching a cold or a summer chill? Try Arrow Creme de Menthe in a Lucifer's Cure All. It won't cure your cold, but it will do a job on the miseries that go with it.

Next time you have people for dinner, finish the meal with Nero's Torch and watch your guests catch fire.

That's 4 Arrow Cordials in a nutshell. (We make twenty-eight more. And they are all of the quality you would expect from Heublein.) And as we said at the beginning, they're taste, fun and variety. People have been using and enjoying them for years.

Rumor even has it that, during her short but devastating career, Mata Hari used not only her renditions of Javanese temple dances to extract military secrets from Allied Officers, but also a particularly potent cordial concoction of her own.

If you would like Mata Hari's recipe plus an interesting booklet showing you some more of the fun things you can do with Arrow Cordials, please send a postcard to Arrow Cordials, P.O. Box 2016, Dept. AC, Hartford, Conn. 06101.

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## Purple Orchid

1 oz. Arrow Blackberry Brandy  
1 oz. Arrow White Creme de Cacao  
1 oz. cream  
Shake with cracked ice. Strain into glass.



**Mata Hari**  
She knew her cordials better than most

## Orange Fizz

1 jigger Arrow Triple Sec over ice in tall glass. Fill with ginger beer. Add orange slice.



## Nero's Torch

Mix 1 jigger of Arrow Creme de Menthe into a serving of softened ice cream. Freeze hard. When ready to serve, take 1 tbsp. pre-heated brandy, Ignite and pour over ice cream.

## Arrow Cordials: strange and wonderful things in bottles.



*"Here I am, poised on the brink of womanhood, and you start  
worrying about your Puritan ethic."*

# Princely Pâté (continued from page 164)

tongue and ham into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick strips. Spread a third of the ground meat in pan. Add half the tongue and ham, placed lengthwise in rows. Spread another third of ground meat in pan. Add balance of tongue and ham. Top with balance of ground meat. If any strips of bacon are left, place them on top of pâté. Cover pan with double thickness of aluminum foil. Place loaf pan in larger pan containing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 ins. very hot water. Bake  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Let pâté cool to room temperature. Weight pâté and refrigerate overnight. Before serving, scrape away all excess fat, but leave bacon strips.

## SMOKED-EEL PÂTÉ (Serves six to eight)

1 lb. thick smoked eel  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup heavy sweet cream  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise  
1 small onion  
1 large clove garlic  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
Ground white pepper  
1 hard-boiled egg, very finely minced  
1 teaspoon very finely minced parsley  
With a boning knife, remove skin and bones from eel. Cut eel meat into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick chunks. Put through meat grinder three times, using finest blade. Beat cream in small narrow bowl until thick. Fold cream into mayonnaise. Grate onion into mayonnaise mixture. Force garlic through garlic press into mayonnaise mixture. Add lemon juice and a generous dash of white pepper. Fold eel into mayonnaise mixture until well blended. Turn into bowl or hors d'oeuvre dish. Cover with clear-plastic wrap and chill overnight. Sprinkle egg and parsley over pâté just before serving. Serve with freshly buttered hot toast or Melba toast.

## CHICKEN-LIVER PÂTÉ, CRANBERRY ASPIC (Serves eight to ten)

1 lb. chicken livers  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sweet butter  
3 tablespoons plain gelatin  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups cranberry juice  
Salad oil  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup onion, finely minced  
1 tablespoon garlic, finely minced  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. mushrooms, finely minced  
2 tablespoons madeira or amontillado  
2 tablespoons cognac  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon black pepper  
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish  
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard  
Let butter stand at room temperature just until soft enough to spread easily. Soften 1 tablespoon gelatin in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold cranberry juice. Bring  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cranberry juice to a boil; remove from flame and stir in softened gelatin until dissolved. Pour into 1-quart gelatin mold and place in coldest section of refrigerator

to jell. Cut chicken livers into halves, removing any tough connecting tissue. Sauté livers in oil over a moderate flame until just barely done. Remove livers from pan; do not wash pan. In same pan, sauté onion, garlic and mushrooms until onions are yellow, not brown, using more oil, if necessary. Remove from fire. Soften remaining gelatin in balance of cranberry juice. Dissolve over simmering water. In wide-mouth blender, place chicken livers, butter, sautéed vegetables, dissolved gelatin and all remaining ingredients. Blend thoroughly at high speed about 2 minutes. This may be done in two batches, if blender is small. Taste liver mixture; correct seasoning if necessary. When cranberry juice in mold is jelled, pour liver mixture into mold, spreading evenly to edge. Chill overnight in refrigerator. To unmold, run a knife along inside edge of mold; dip mold into hot water for a few seconds; invert and unmold onto serving plate.

## PÂTÉ OF DUCK, GRAND MARNIER (Serves 10 to 12)

1 5-lb. duck, boned  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. fresh chicken livers  
1 lb. boneless pork loin  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. boneless veal shoulder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. salt pork (streaky type with lean showing)  
1 medium-sized onion, sliced  
6 sprigs parsley  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. cognac  
2 ozs. Grand Marnier  
1 oz. amontillado  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup very finely minced shallots  
2 eggs, slightly beaten  
2 teaspoons salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon freshly ground black pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cinnamon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon ground ginger  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon ground aniseed

Order duck from butcher several days in advance, so that he will have time to thaw and bone it. (Duck carcass, including wings, may be used for soup stock, if desired.) Cut breast meat from skin, keeping skin intact. Cut breast meat lengthwise into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick strips. Cut meat from second joints and thighs and set aside. Cut chicken livers into halves, removing all tough connecting tissue. Marinate strips of duck and livers for about 3 hours in onion, parsley, cognac, Grand Marnier and amontillado. Put remaining duck flesh, heart and gizzard of duck, pork loin, veal and salt pork through meat grinder three times, using finest blade. Mix ground meat with all remaining ingredients except salt pork, blending very well. Line bottom and sides of 2-quart loaf pan with salt pork. Add ground-meat mixture. Place any remaining salt pork on top. Cover pan with double thickness of aluminum foil. Preheat oven at  $375^{\circ}$ . Place loaf pan in larger pan containing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 ins. very hot water. Bake 2 hours. Cool at room temperature about 1 hour. Place weight on top of pâté. Chill overnight.

pan. Place livers in a row down center of pan. Place duck strips alongside livers. Add balance of ground meat; pat down well. Fold over any duck skin at top of pan. Cover with double thickness of aluminum foil. Place loaf pan in a larger pan containing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 ins. very hot water. Bake 2 hours. Remove foil; let pâté cool at room temperature about an hour. Pour off excess fat from pan. When pâté is cool enough to handle, remove it from loaf pan and place skin side up in a shallow dry pan. Return it to  $375^{\circ}$  oven and bake until duck skin is well browned, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Cool again to room temperature. Wrap loaf in several layers of clear-plastic wrap. Refrigerate overnight. (For a more compact loaf, this pâté may be weighted down; it is not absolutely necessary, since it's easily carved with a sharp knife.)

## LIVER PÂTÉ WITH RUM (Serves 10 to 12)

$\frac{3}{4}$  lb. calf's liver  
1 lb. boneless pork loin  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. boneless veal shoulder  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. fresh pork fat  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. salt pork (fat back), thinly sliced  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sliced fresh mushrooms  
3 tablespoons butter  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup very finely minced onion  
2 large cloves garlic, forced through garlic press  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  bay leaf, very finely minced  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup 80-proof Hawaiian rum  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish  
2 eggs, slightly beaten  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt  
1 tablespoon flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon freshly ground black pepper  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon ground allspice  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon ground mace

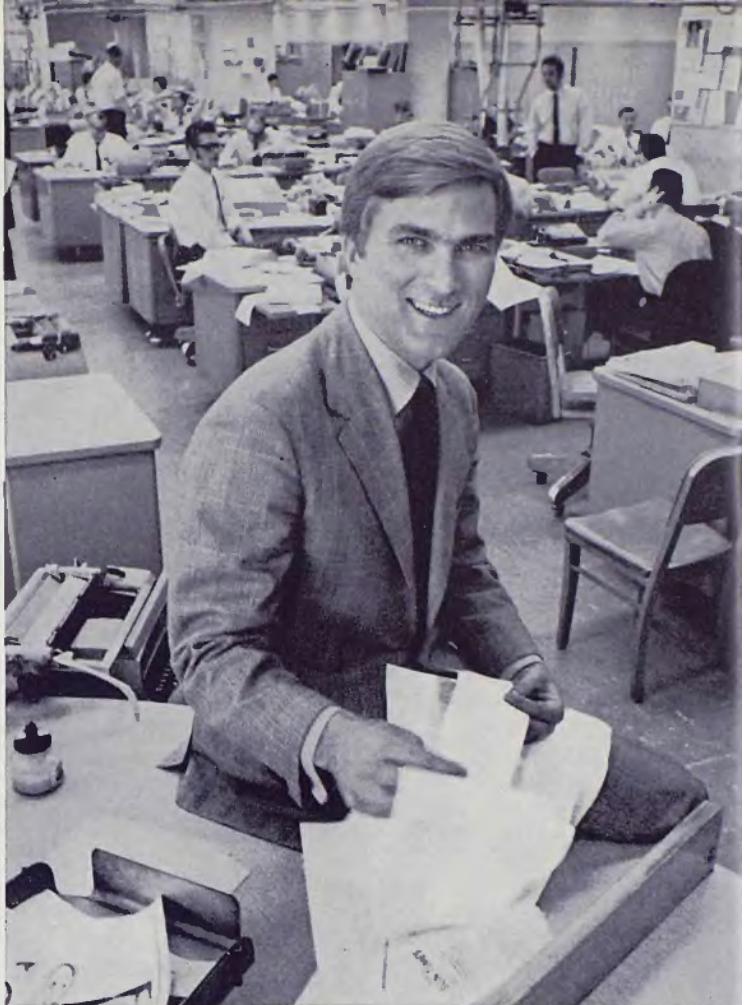
Fresh pork fat is usually obtainable only by special request from the butcher. Have butcher slice salt pork on his machine, so that it is no thicker than breakfast bacon, or ask him to slice it horizontally and pound it between paper to that thickness. Sauté mushrooms in butter until tender. Put liver, pork loin, veal, pork fat and mushrooms through meat grinder three times, using finest blade. Mix ground meat with all remaining ingredients except salt pork, blending very well. Line bottom and sides of 2-quart loaf pan with salt pork. Add ground-meat mixture. Place any remaining salt pork on top. Cover pan with double thickness of aluminum foil. Preheat oven at  $375^{\circ}$ . Place loaf pan in larger pan containing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 ins. very hot water. Bake 2 hours. Cool at room temperature about 1 hour. Place weight on top of pâté. Chill overnight.

The preceding recipes should put you on the right track in your pursuit of the pâté.



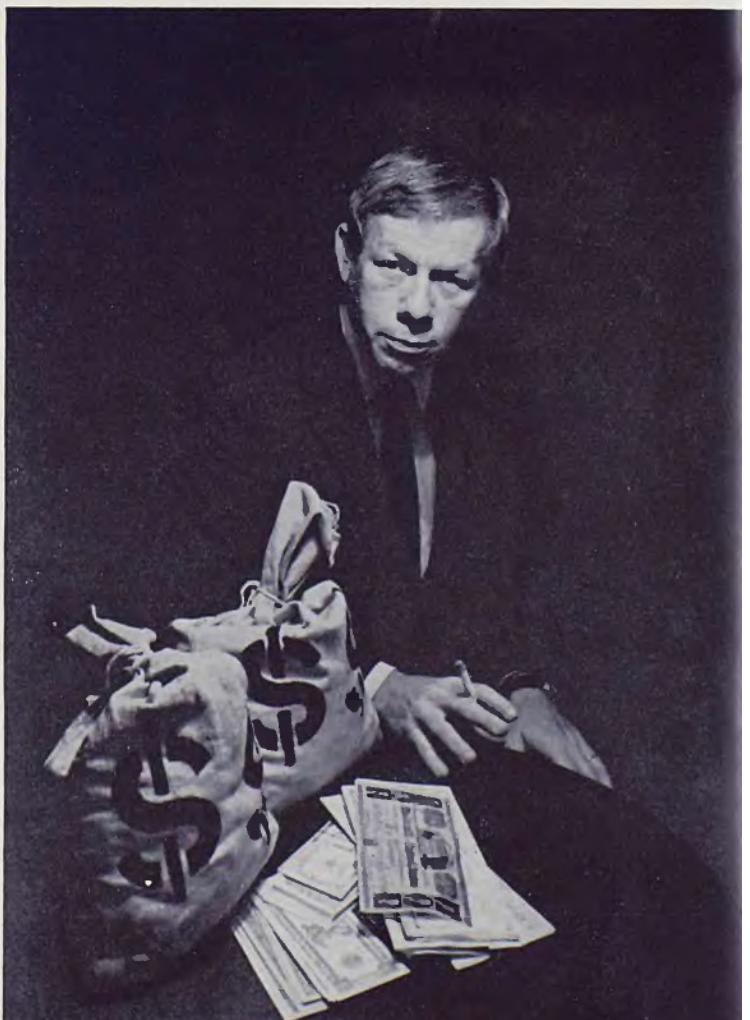
## JAMES F. HOGE, JR. *ahead of the times*

ALTHOUGH THE *Chicago Sun-Times* dubbed itself "the bright one" several years ago, the tag gained real significance only last October, when James F. Hoge, Jr., became the paper's editor. Hoge's awareness of what's happening—and his commitment to enlightening the public—has made the *Sun-Times* an exciting, civic-minded newspaper in the great muckraking tradition. Rampant hunger in the ghetto and deplorable conditions at Cook County's jail and hospital were not even officially recognized until the *Sun-Times* brought them to light. Hoge says, "We've become a little more independent, a little more liberal and a lot more attentive to new voices. We want to present both sides of a story—by having local experts write about civic problems and setting up debates and forums in print; and we've increased the number of political columnists, whose viewpoints cover the spectrum, to give wide-ranging coverage to national issues." New York-born Hoge has always wanted to be involved in public affairs: After leaving Yale with a political-science degree, he entered the University of Chicago's graduate school and went job hunting. "Management at the *Sun-Times*," he recalls, "agreed to adapt my working hours to my course schedule, so I started as a police reporter. All night I'd wait for a story to break, then drag back in time for an early class. It was the dreariest period of my life." Armed with a master's degree in modern history, he went to Washington, D. C., under an American Political Science Association fellowship and, a year later, rejoined the *Sun-Times* at the Washington bureau. Then-editor Emmett Dedmon brought him back to Chicago as assistant city editor in 1964, and Hoge moved up fast through the ranks. When Dedmon became editorial director, Hoge took over his chair. Now 33, he is the youngest editor of any major metropolitan newspaper in the country. "I have no unfulfilled desires," he says. "I've got all I can handle riding this tiger."

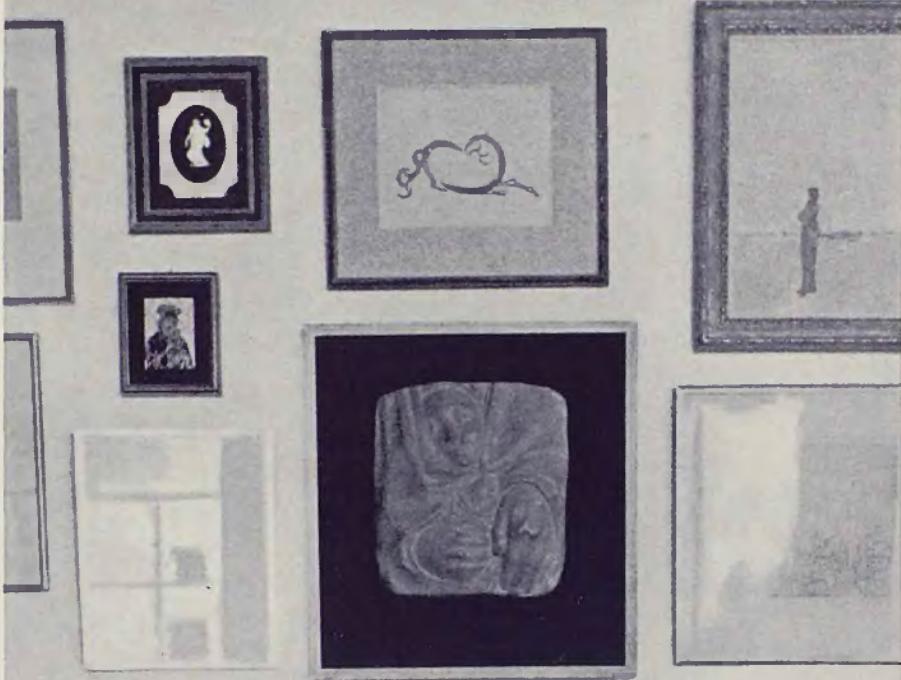


## DAVID NORTH *head head-hunter*

WHEN GIANT CORPORATIONS replace important executives, they often turn to the administrative head-hunter, who not only supplies a talented new face but also may have lured the departed manager away. David North, 40, perhaps the most successful of U. S. executive recruiters, says, "For every three good men in American industry, five better positions are waiting; but the toughest part of recruiting is convincing an already successful man to consider a job change." The native New Yorker founded David North & Associates in 1964, after quitting his management-consultant job. "Instead of just advising firms how to staff up and what kind of men to look for, I decided to go out and find them myself." North's company now recruits more than 150 executives annually at salaries ranging from \$15,000 to \$125,000 a year. By the end of 1969, he will have opened branch offices in Chicago, Cleveland, Atlanta, Boston, Washington and Pittsburgh; he is also represented in 13 nations around the globe. Calling on overseas affiliates several times each month, North jets to London, interviews job applicants over breakfast at the airport, and then holds similar meetings in terminals outside Brussels and Paris, before catching the evening flight home. This international itinerary has earned him the nickname The Flying Pirate. "But I don't—and won't—regularly raid the same firms. Overdoing it would kill the goose that lays the golden egg," says the University of Pennsylvania dropout. North's own Midas touch can be attributed to his dossiers on top executives. "The most employable men today are bright 28-to-35-year-old entrepreneurial-minded generalists," he says. Entrepreneurially minded himself, North has created several spin-off corporations, among which are concerns specializing in college recruiting and preparing businessmen for retirement. If his personal empire keeps expanding, North seems certain to become his own most promising candidate for recruitment.



# ON THE SCENE



## ARTE JOHNSON faces

SINCE THE 1968 midseason premiere of *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* (see this month's *Playboy Interview*, page 83), Arte Johnson has been among the show's madcap mainstays. A one-man population explosion, he's given birth to a rogues' gallery of television's most refreshing comic characters. Among his repertoire of 60 alter egos, in addition to the "verrry interesting" storm trooper, Wolfgang, formerly a laundryman at Berchtesgaden, he portrays Pyotor Rosmenko, the phrase-fracturing Slavic song-and-dance man; Rabbi Shankar, the inanely inscrutable Indian guru; Lovely Steven Carlisle, the effeminate, smoking-jacketed songbird; and, of course, Tyrone, the Chaplinesque, dirty old Walnutto freak, whom Johnson originally named Julius Andrews ("His friends called him Juli Andrews," Arte explains, "but the producers were afraid we'd be sued"). Johnson, now 40, began splitting his personality as a student at the University of Illinois. The precocious child of a Chicago attorney, he entered high school at 12 and college at 16, taking a degree in radio journalism and gaining some valuable dramatic experience in campus productions. He migrated to New York in the early Fifties and planned on a career in public relations; but he soon rejected the idea and landed a number of on- and off-Broadway stage roles and night-club engagements. When steady work became increasingly difficult to find in the East, Arte moved to California and sold men's clothing for 18 months, until his luck began to improve. For the next several years, he devoted all of his time to high-paying television commercials, cartoon voice-overs and situation-comedy bit parts and was reconciled to relative anonymity until producer George Schlatter offered him a place in a series he was planning—*Laugh-In*. Johnson scored a comedy hit with the show's 45,000,000 viewers and has now filmed a TV pilot of his own, which he describes as a "conglomeration of insanity." Despite his current success, Arte is both ambitious and uncertain about his future. "I've been in this business for 20 years," he reflects, "and I've still got a long way to go." But with 55 more characters yet to be seen, each demanding equal time, he won't be going it alone.

## ALICE &amp; RAY

(continued from page 142)

was a constant trip. Everybody came to do his own thing, to sculpt or paint or trip, like the time Jimmy Jay and Liza and Becka and then, later on, Dougie and Ann tripped up in the bell tower, right inside the bell, or you could just take your pants off and sit on the pulpit and that was a trip, kind of. Like, it's really hard to explain what a trip it could be just being with people you love and trading highs and digging the way a door will close and two people will know the same thing about what it means that it closed just *then*. Arlo wrote his songs, there was swimming in the summer at a great place where nobody else came, so they could take their suits off and that way not hide anything from one another, no secret corridors for power or lust or other ego trips. Lock doors? Lock doors? What for? And there were holidays and feasts—head food—and when there were no holidays, they made their own holidays. Whenever they got together, it was a holiday. Life was a trip, because, as Geoff Outlaw says, you add to yourself on a subway ride and every walk down the street is like an addition to yourself, and that was a particularly complex walk

down the street. And there were rituals—no orgies, because nobody was into heavy orgies: sex was mostly private—but plenty of orgiastic dancing and, of course, grass is a ritual, acid is a ritual and games are rituals, like the time Ray called the hospital and said, "Come on over here and get Mr. Johnson, he's dead," and the hospital said, "How long has he been dead?" and Ray said, "Thirty years."

The big ritual was when Alice and Ray got remarried, not like the old way, the old holies hanging over them, but with the new holies, new vessels, new wine, new wafers with little wet spots on them. And how everybody carried on. Benno was outrageous; he read the entire second chapter of *Genesis*, and he wasn't even a Boo Hoo then; and Arlo and Geoff and Ray's son Jono played and carried on, and everybody carried on, and Benno asked for quiet and spoke for a few minutes, paralleling the whole scene up there in the Berkshires with the Garden of Eden, because he was very deep into it, deep into love feelings, warm and loving, and suggesting that perhaps they were moving—well, yes,

moving, perhaps—into a potential Garden of Eden. "Not that Alice and Ray were necessarily Adam and Eve," Benno recalls, "but that we were all sort of capable of establishing a near paradiacal situation and living honestly and beautifully together."

For the kids, it was a second home, living with Alice and Ray, maybe even a first home, since an unusually large number of them came from broken or well-bent marriages. They dropped in, they joined, volunteers for a new life style, a love family rather than a blood family (old contracts loosening, new ones being written, here, in Vermont, in California, in England, Germany, everywhere, around a radical politics or a rock group or a charismatic figure like Ken Kesey or Ray Brock), and a better symbol than a church for a place that a love family can lovingly gather would be hard to find.

Sometimes there would be as many as 14 or 15 people sleeping in the three small bedrooms and they were all warm and cozy and protected from the Berkshire winters and the world beyond. Alice was Mother Earth. Ray was Father Earth. "Well," Alice recalls, "we got wrapped up in the roles and fulfilling everybody's fantasy and our own fantasy about how beautiful we were and what a fantastic couple and what a beautiful building. It was really like a movie. We were living a movie."

But, of course, life is not a movie and things were not always all that groovy in Eden, let alone on Division Street in Stockbridge. And there were days when Ray would wake up and Alice would be throwing off the worst kind of vibrations—angry, black—and out he'd go, out the door like a shot, out of there, because when Alice was bad, she was really something, a bear, I mean, she was a drag, a very aggressive woman; like the time she lit into Obie. That was her act, to be bad, her thing, and nobody ever tried it then except her. "I was a real bitch," she says. "I was the only one who could yell, who could barge in and take anything I wanted. And nobody ever crossed me. Never. No matter what I did. But . . . it's so easy to give and it's so hard to take, if you don't believe you're worthy. And, really, I wasn't gettin' mine."

Take, for example, the business of marital privacy, which, with all those people around there all the time, wasn't that easy to get. It could be impossible. Sometimes Ray would have to lock the door; he'd make everybody stand outside the door for an hour. But that isn't really where it was at; so with all that taking, there were certain things, a certain closeness, an intimacy, that Alice and Ray weren't getting into, and, really, the kids came between them. They let the kids keep them apart, they used the kids that way, and the kids used them as well, used them to re-create and enact



"All I am I owe to my wife . . . in alimony payments."



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the death of their belief in the institution of marriage, the possibility of connection through sacramental rite. And Ray was very taken by the family thing. He got very involved with the kids, much more than Alice did, really; and then she felt she wasn't getting hers; then it all seemed to tighten around her, tighter and tighter, until there was no room even to breathe and what was there for her? Who was looking after her needs? Then she would split.

Alice split from Ray several times. It wasn't that they didn't have something special going for them, they did; but the time came and she would have that stuff gushing up in her and she would have to split.

One thing, they had an understanding, they didn't bind each other with proprietary sexual feelings, because, instead of not sleeping with someone because you're married to someone else and it would hurt that person, you would hope that nobody was in the kind of head to get hurt by anybody loving anybody. And, in fact, every girl who came around was more proof that Alice was really where she was at. And Ray didn't have all that many affairs, you know. He might ball a few girls now and then, but there were no affairs. But then Alice got into a thing with somebody and, well, he began to be more important than anybody else to her and that *did* make Ray uptight, very uptight, and so you have to figure that those old marriage feelings were in there somewhere, bubbling, not really exorcised, as they had thought.

It was after one time that Alice had split that Ray and the kids built the restaurant with her, in the back of Nejaimes Store on Main Street in Stockbridge. It was called the Back Room, and the food was really great, but by then things had deteriorated between Alice and Ray; she wasn't living at the church but in the carriage house behind the restaurant, with a few other people.

Then Alice and Ray decided to marry once again and got everybody together in the church, invited everybody, and it was really a beautiful, lovely day, with Benno reading from *Genesis* and saying things like, "Will you take this woman even if she doesn't feel like cooking breakfast or if she goes off and balls someone else?"—a very simple, personal, direct ceremony, very out front, very honest; and maybe for a short time, it seemed as though something would work out. But the hole they were in was too deep and within a couple of months, Alice was in Boston; she had put herself into McLean's Hospital, and Ray went up to the Cape, and it was over.

Today, I move in with Benno in his old white house in Sheffield. His life style there is modeled after Ray's. The house used to be his mother and step-

father's, both now deceased, and he throws it open to one and all to enjoy, provided they don't drive on the lawn or mess up the records; those are the only two rules. Somebody calls the place Benno's People Farm, and I can see why. At any time of the night or day, there's family around to groove with. Lanky Angus, with his red mustache, and dark-haired, dark-eyed Hetty live here. They met in Haight-Ashbury at the *Oracle* office (Hetty was art editor) and were married last spring equinox in Golden Gate Park, on a golden day, by a friend who was deep into Zen and seemed to them particularly priestlike. Hetty (she lost a tooth to a drunken poet in Tenerife some years back and has yet to replace it) was, according to Angus, the original flower child. "A girlfriend of mine and I used to pass out flowers on the street," Hetty admits. "We picked up a little florists' shop that let us have yesterday's flowers for nothing. They were mostly daisies and marigolds, yesterday's flowers, but they were perfectly good." Hetty has a ten-year-old son living on the Kesey farm up in Oregon.

Blonde, waaaay-out-front Ann McCord lives here with her four-year-old daughter, Justine, and so do a number of in-and-outs like Cassandra Cassandra, a short, engrossed blonde who is always busy at something with her hands; or mushroom freak Jim Byars, in from the Coast, who sits on the lawn and plays a beautiful classical guitar. There are a number of dogs around, including Silky, a bouncy, high-stepping fool of an Afghan with a rangy style and mutty muddy rivulets of reddish hair cascading down him. His hair falls down from a center part, down over his ears. This is just the way all the girls wear their hair.

The house wakes up slowly, with Benno puttering downstairs in his darkroom (where he has, on the wall, a photograph of his genitals—textured legs, forested acre around apple below acorn—below a wall plaque reading, CHRIST OR SELF, HEAVEN OR HELL), while upstairs, his current chick, Gay, a British model in for the weekend, takes a bath and Angus sits at the large oak table in the kitchen, tapping an African gourd and eventually working up to some intricate rhythms with his eyes closed, head bent.

Gay comes downstairs in a loose cotton robe that models her slim flanks, and she sits childlike, yawning, bare toes. When she leans forward, there is a pleasant flash impression of the idea of her small, well-shaped breasts. Benno enters, well hung with cameras. "I broke a year-and-a-half macrobiotic diet with a vanilla milk shake and, like, passed out," says Angus.

"Who can be a member of the family?" I ask. "Anybody," says Hetty. "Richard Nixon isn't, but he *could* be."

Angus says, "Like, in a very deep

sense, it's a family by recognition, like when Plato walked into the market place and saw Sophocles and he *recognized* him."

The family and the world. The family and the film people. Ann sighs. "I walked into the whole movie scene and I was so naïve, I'm so used to living with people who are up front, and the movie people, you know, most of them are out to get laid, they're out to make it, all those terms, it's another way of thinking. But if you live in the family, it's relaxed and you don't have to defend yourself against all those things. You have to assume that in the family, nobody's *using* anybody, all that being *used* stuff that your mother always said about sleeping with boys."

Liza, who lives with Jimmy Jay (who was Ray's best man at the remarriage), also has some thoughts about the film people. She is a small blonde girl with the bony beaked face of a German scientist and the moral authority of a Pope, absolving herself as she goes. "This movie is going to make us look like very silly people to the people of America," she says sternly.

Today, Benno and I drive to Millerton, New York, for the filming of some cycle-racing scenes. Like everything else, Ray got into bike racing immoderately. "Ray's a sensualist," Benno says. "He doesn't do anything in moderation."

At Millerton, at the Millerton Scrambling Track, on a chilly New England fall day, Arthur Penn is charging across the rolling countryside amid the endless buzzing of the bikes tuning up for speed ("You can't hear anything," he laments, "and the ideas, the ideas that die a foot and a half from me"). His cameraman, Victor Kemper, is in a big black battery belt, carrying a 35mm Arriflex on his shoulder. Together they hustle around, chasing for camera angles, as the bikes careen and bump across the land. They flop down in the middle of the track and the pack rips past and now here comes number 880. Penn takes a second look and the hair on the back of his neck rises up; something about this driver tells him to get the hell out of there, and he does.

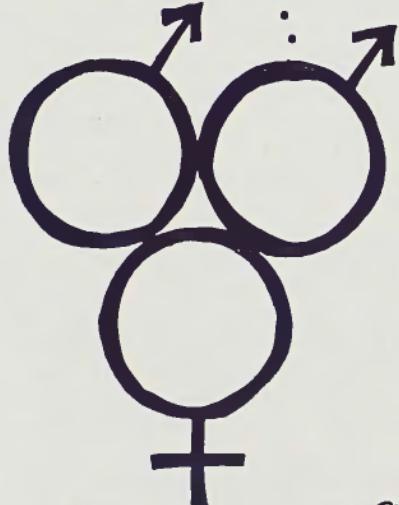
Number 880 is all by himself, last, the rider tense and pressing hard into the bike, as though he means to bring it to its knees. The chatter around me says, like, here he comes again, why does he do that? and, well, that's his thing, and, see, that's the real Ray, who's always last.

Ray takes his crash helmet off between takes and he is nothing like what I expected. But Ann McCord has told me that, well, in the past year, Ray has aged maybe 15 years, he's tired, he's drinking and he's exhausted. He wears the TRA shirt, a yellow T-shirt with a red triangle on it and the sign of infinity. He swings a can of beer and horses around with the

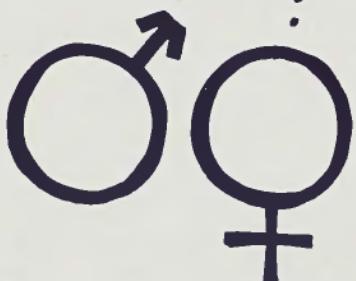
# SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times  
humor By DON ADDIS

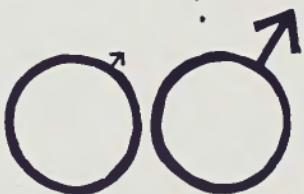
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR  
ALPHONSE



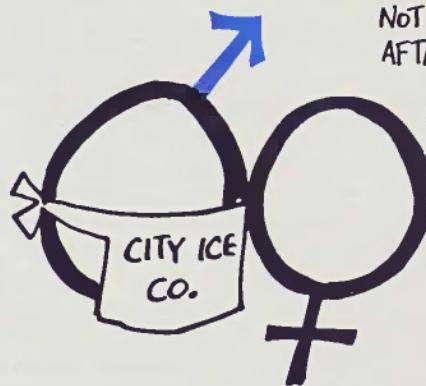
SORRY, HERSCHEL...  
I JUST CAN'T MAKE IT  
WITH A DULL GUY



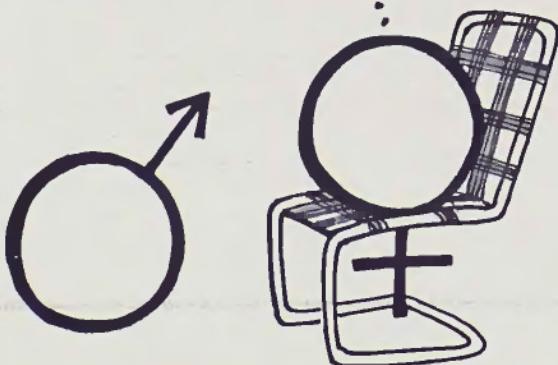
Y'KNOW, HERB,  
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A  
BIT IN FORTY YEARS!



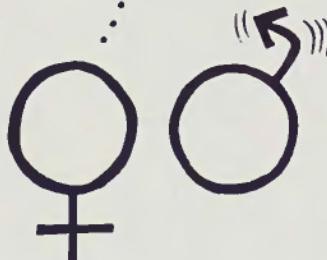
I'D RECOGNIZE YOU  
ANYWHERE, MR. HOLMES



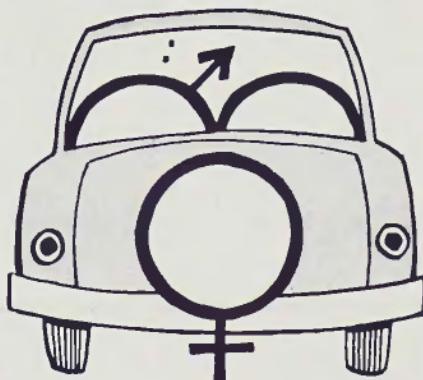
COULD I SEE SOMETHING  
IN A CLOSER WEAVE?



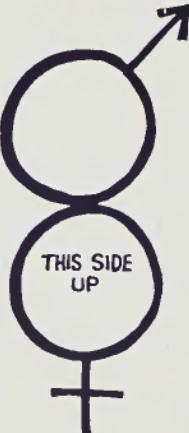
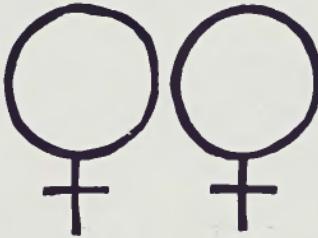
WE'LL GET A RIDE QUICKER IF  
YOU LET ME DO THE THUMBING



I NEVER TRAVEL WITHOUT  
A SPARE



LOLA IS VERY GOOD  
WITH BEGINNERS



kids, his body compact and hard, his tousled black hair long and unruly; and as he snorts and smokes and chuffs and rolls his eyes and laughs his special noise—*hnng-hnng*—he holds his elbow against his body and is subject to body jerkiness, a twitch that starts at the legs and jumps to the hips, his body arching slightly forward at the waist. His eyes are hung deep in scraped settings, a piercing washed-out blue, encased in opaque flame, like holy relics, the eyes of a burning man. He seems the perfect other half to Alice; they are a pair of doom-laden panthers. Ray is 37 or 38. He has a Czechoslovakia of faces, the footprint of invaders stamped all over it.

Benno introduces me. I ask Ray why he rides bikes. He emits his *hnng-hnng* snuffle-chuffle laugh, sucked out of him, it would seem, by great tamped agony. "Why I ride bikes? Because a bike does what you want it to." His voice is tinny, nasal, slightly Southern. His mouth tends to hang slack during moments of concentration and his gapped teeth show large in his face, whose features bear the same relationship to Jimmy Broderick's that Alice's do to Pat Quinn's: similar but deprived.

"Listen," Ray warns me, "you'd better not ask me any questions; I don't answer direct questions. See, my mind is kinda"—he gestures—"goes this way and that."

Following the next take, Ray wanders over toward Alice. She falls into his

arms. He hugs her and they banter, exchanging derisive comments. From behind, she puts her arms around his neck. He reaches back and pats her rear. "This feels like an ass I've felt before," he says, *hnng-hnng*. They press together a moment, enjoying the feel of familiar bodies, and then Ray adds, "But that could be almost anybody's." She recedes from him, not angrily (but she is not surprised, either), and the threads sever and she makes her way up the hill to the food shack, in brown trousers and long black military coat with fancy epaulets, in shades, falling into men's arms as she goes, as though subject to a mysterious collapsing disease. She hugs Benno. She hugs Ralph Pinto, a TRA bike rider. She hugs Arlo. "She likes to turn men on," says Benno. "It's a sexual thing."

Much later, after a long night, much drinking, much music, a very long rap, everybody else has either gone off to bed or fallen asleep on couches or on the floor and Ray is still rapping and only Jimmy Jay and I are left to hear, and both of us are nodding sleepily, as Ray beats out the tattoo of his reality. "I was born in Tidewater, West Virginia," he says slowly, "right on the tip of the tidal waters. And the tide variation was six feet. In the Bay of Fundy, it's forty feet." I mention having been in an earthquake in Mexico City and he says quickly, "Well, I was in a hurricane, on both sides and right in the middle of the eye."

I tell him I have gone up in the bell tower of his church and he says, "The bell was cast in 1835 in Holbrook, Massachusetts. Most bells are in the key of A or A-flat."

The music has died out and the fire has gone out and the house is quiet. I sit up. There are still a lot of things I want to know, but I am very tired and as I watch his face, weakened but determined, I know he can go on all night and, in fact, must go on unless I go to sleep. I have to marvel at his constitution. He's been known to drop acid and smoke ten joints and drink lots of beer all at the same time, and now, here he is ("... a cheesy soil that goes down something like seven hundred feet," he is saying), so I stand to go and ask him one direct question, which I figure I deserve for going as far this way and that with him as I have.

What are you going to do after the film? I ask.

After the film? *Hnng-hnng*. Commit suicide.

• • •

I am sitting in Benno's kitchen, in the midst of Arlo's community (although Arlo is thought by some to have "left the family" because of his other interests). Liza is shredding garlic; Hetty is making a salad in a soup tureen; the smell of incense is in the air—999 Lord Krishna Pujah Agarbatti—Arlo's sister is curled up, reading *Six Great Victorian Novelists*; the fire pit is blazing outside (Ray having laid the bricks and started the fire all by himself, while his new chick, Leslie, a 21-year-old just out of Radcliffe, walks about shy as a doe, delicately barefoot, in velvet pants and arctic sheepskin coat). Somebody's baby is entranced with Angus' ecstatic drum playing; a four-layer cake has a black-eyed Susan stuck in it; on the stove, a wood bowl is full of honeycombs and the steak is cooking and guitar music is in the air. Very, very American. But not, perhaps, of this century.

And Arlo says, "The hippie doesn't want the TV. Is that a rejection of the TV?" Arlo thinks not, I think so. Yes, I do, Arlo, think that is a rejection of the TV.

What we have here is a generation of well-educated, well-brought-up, well-off people who have grown up not having to worry about survival, knowing they can have anything they want—provided what they want is the vast amount of matériel we have lying about, the TV sets that go on the blink and the fog they emit, the marriages that are full of dry rot and that, increasingly, collapse, and the morality built on certain critical ritual hypocrisies. They can have it all, and they want none of it.

"You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant," Arlo sings. "You



"I'll have gin on the rocks and, for my friend, a plain water."

can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant. Walk right in, it's around the back, just a half a mile from the railroad track. You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant."

They don't want our TV sets, friends, and they are not rejecting the TV set. Hmm. They don't . . . hmm. Utmost paradox with only one resolution; stay stoned and think it out. So I do, and the final scene of this scene is the scene of my head turning.

The dialectic postulated in Peter Weiss' play *Marat/Sade* is the same tension that exists between SDS radicals on the one hand—who want to turn over our system and take our place so they can make a new bad system because somebody has to run things and they are so driven they can't see beyond reproducing those dismal failures, the French and Russian Revolutions—and the new young on the other hand, who are evolving through pot and psychedelics and the new electronic technology, away from Freud and the machine age. "You say you'll change the Constitution," sing the Beatles, "Well, you know we all want to change your head. You tell me it's the institution, Well, you know you better free your mind instead." The radical activists are the same old noise, but the others are new, and, friends, they are turning. Only from within is it possible even to find them—and to know that

there is a very good chance that what we are witnessing here is a major turning. While our astronauts fly to the moon, these other pioneers fly to a place of altered perceptions and altered relations, of altered being, of *extreme* presentness, virtually without past or future. These particular people I am involved with may or may not be damaged (they are, most of us are) and they may or may not survive, but that is irrelevant. Alice and Ray, and yesterday's flowers, it seems to me, will not survive their attempt to go into a new orbit (their tension is the unresolvable tension between control and freedom), but that doesn't matter, either. I sit in Benno's kitchen and subject myself to a new bombardment of sensory information I never knew I had at my disposal. I am—different. The normal balance between intellectuality and the experiencing apparatus is dramatically altered in favor of pure sensation. I am shocked to discover how little attention I normally pay to my body and its capabilities, how, like a slave, I have allowed myself to be auctioned away from my great family of emotions and sensations. I go deeper, deeper, cleanse myself, cry poison, see better, feel better, feel beloved. Feel well.

• • •  
Today, I leave Benno's, hugging and embracing everybody goodbye, elated at

being able to express these warm emotions so effortlessly, feeling weightless, a skill I hope to take back with me; and on the road down to New York City, I am stopped by a state trooper. I have been warned that this has been happening to people associated with the film or the family, and here I am, being minutely scrutinized for signs of degeneracy by this stern, dutiful agent of the old dying blood family and the old sexual and political morality. I am well into my maturity, mid-30s, my hair is not long; in fact, it is slowly vanishing, and I am polite and responsive, so there is an impasse. When it appears, finally, that I am not going to be arrested, I ask what it was that caused him to stop me in the first place. There is a longish pause and the trooper says, "You changed lanes without signaling."

As I continue on toward the city, it begins to dawn on me that the hovering presence of police surveillance—even if, in this particular case, it was no more than a coincidence—weighs heavily on all the matters I've been thinking about. The question of control and freedom. We have come as far as we have—civilization has—because of the iron controls we have placed on ourselves. The law and order of which we are so proud, and the probity and the sexual restraints to which we are so committed, are some of



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its many manifestations. As we continued to exercise this control over ourselves, we increasingly expanded our control over our environment, extending our dominion to nature itself; and now we can control so much that it is beginning to appear as though truly there is nothing we cannot accomplish, nothing we cannot control. We have reached the moon. And all that lies beyond is not beyond our grasp. And so, possibly, the time is approaching when we can lay down our burden and, finally, not have to control ourselves at all, control nothing and still not be frightened the way our progenitors—poor dumb beasts—so abjectly were.

Cultural expressions that push us along at an accelerated pace—Christianity, say, or psychoanalysis, or psychedelics—make their appearance at appropriate times in our development, just as armaments do for their particular wars, and become ways of identifying the development. The new young are deep into mind expansion and electronics. They say they are ready to relinquish control ("You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant"), and possibly they are. Who knows? One of the few things we cannot do for sure is stand at the horizon and hold back the sun.

We look at them sorrowfully and say, "You can't solve your problems that way," when what we really mean is, "We can't solve *our* problems that way." But as for them—who knows? They are in a different place. Their heads are in a different place. Like all of us, they must do their bit; they are evolutionary instruments, way stations along the highway leading out there.

Jonathan Edwards, the great Puritan divine, lived in Stockbridge for seven years, speaking as a missionary to the Indians in the area, the painted heathens. That was in the 1750s. He got the Algonquin sitting around and listening about control and law and order and so forth, and he said, "Oh, sinners! Consider the fearful danger you are in; it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it. . . ."

And the Indians said, "Oh, wow, what a trip."

And the Indians rose, one after another, and sang, "You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant. You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant. Walk right in, it's around the back, just a half a mile from the railroad track. You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant."



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 100)

she got extra money from the management for encouraging the patrons to sample the booze. Of course, the more booze they sold, the more she got paid. Well, the Spitback Queen would sit down at a table and the male patron, thinking he was going to get to jump on her later, would buy her a bottle of champagne, or two or three. And she would drink it, but the trick was that she never swallowed it; she just let it dribble back onto a napkin wrapped around the glass, turned the bottle upside down and said, "I think we need more champagne, deary." On one fabulous night, she set the world's spitback record—32 bottles of champagne dribbled out of her mouth. She was really beautiful. She and her husband invited us over for Thanksgiving dinner. I'll never forget that scene: all of us sitting at the table, while their two-year-old kid was on the floor fighting with the dog for a turkey bone. I said, "Aren't you going to do anything about it?" She said, "Hell, no. The kid usually wins, anyway."

**PLAYBOY:** It's a long way from Dreamy Darnell and the Spitback Queen to network television. How did you make that leap?

**ROWAN:** Well, it was more of a crawl than a leap. We were young, innocent saloon actors in those days; but as we learned our business, we became more popular and began to earn more money; but then we reached a plateau. It seemed like we were wasting our time playing the same round of small clubs once or twice a year, and I thought we had gone as far as we were going to go—which wasn't quite far enough for me. I was seriously thinking of going back into the automobile business. A man called me while I was on the road and offered me the general manager's job in his agency, with a good salary, lots of fringe benefits and eventual part ownership of the operation. I was very close to taking it, because there I was, with a wife and three children whom I rarely got to see, and very little money coming in.

**MARTIN:** I don't remember how much we were making, but we had really leveled off in salary. After we deducted road expenses, hotel bills, food and clothes, we still had to split what was left two ways, and that didn't leave much for either of us. Naturally, it was a lot rougher for Dan, with a family to support, but I was pretty unsatisfied with the progress we were making, too. We couldn't even afford to fly to our bookings; we used to load everything in a car and drive there. But then we got our first big break, when Walter Winchell saw us at the Lucerne Hotel in Miami Beach.



*"A number of my tribesmen subscribe to the theory that some people are better than others. Personally, I think it's the way you cook 'em. . . ."*

**ROWAN:** We moved into places like the Sands Hotel, the Coconut Grove and the Copacabana when he started publicizing us in his column, and the national attention pushed us into a higher income bracket. But that turned out to be just another plateau that began to pall, just like the first one had.

**MARTIN:** We were put under contract to Universal and NBC in 1956 and we did some pretty big guest shots on television, but then we began to level off again. It's pretty discouraging when you reach a point and find you can't break through the next barrier. Some people spend 20 years in show business without moving an inch, but I couldn't live without progress. I started looking for additional work on my own and ended up playing Lucille Ball's boyfriend on *The Lucy Show* for 11 weeks. Then I did a film with Doris Day and Rod Taylor called *The Glass Bottom Boat*, but these things never interfered with our act and we were as much a team as ever. I was just trying to find some fulfillment as an actor.

**PLAYBOY:** Why couldn't you find that fulfillment as a night-club comedian?

**MARTIN:** Let me tell you, working night clubs is the hardest business in the

world. Every night at eight o'clock, you've got to go out onto a stage and spend an hour trying to convince an audience that you're funny. Let's assume you do—you go out there and knock them on their asses; you've still got to go out there again and do the same thing for a midnight show. People also assume that being on the road is all booze and broads, but it's not that way at all. It's a very, very lonely life.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you stop touring, if you felt that way?

**MARTIN:** We did. We were in Montreal playing the Queen Elizabeth hotel for the fourth time, and it was a frightening prospect to think that we'd be back there the next year and the year after that. We were just waiting around for something to happen, indulging ourselves in mental masturbation.

**ROWAN:** That's "mental," not mutual.

**MARTIN:** Anyway, we weren't getting anywhere. I remember the Monday night we were supposed to open there; it was cold, about nine above zero; there were no ladies, no other acts in town and no show business to speak of. I said to myself, "This is the last week you're going to spend looking out a hotel window." We couldn't increase our status in

the business by playing Milwaukee or Cleveland or Montreal, so we talked it over, realigned our thinking and decided to do a Las Vegas act. Had we been there in the first place—closer to the big production centers—we could have played a club date for just as much money and done three television guest shots in Los Angeles as well. After we started working the Riviera lounge for three or four months a year, we were booked for the *Dean Martin Summer Show*, which took us out of the lounges and into the main rooms as headliners. And believe me, headlining in Las Vegas was a great improvement over most of our earlier engagements.

But things were still rough now and then. We were once booked as headliners at the Muehlebach Hotel, in Kansas City, making good money and pretty well established in the business. During our second show one night, there was a table of very drunk people who were yelling so loud that we couldn't continue our act. We asked them to shut up, but they kept right on yelling. We told the maître de to get them out, but he wouldn't do anything about it. So we figured, "What the hell? If they don't care, we don't care." Dan asked the band for a drum roll and we told the audience, "We'd now like to do our impression of the hundred-yard dash at the Olympic games." We got down on one knee, the drums rolled and we dashed through the audience, out the door, up to our room, and never went back. You don't have that kind of trouble in Las Vegas. If someone gets that boisterous, they're told to shut up or get out. They don't let one table louse up a show for 400 people.

**PLAYBOY:** The fact that you managed to stay together through difficult times seems to indicate something more than a good professional rapport. Have you ever had any personality conflicts?

**ROWAN:** Dick and I are very different and very independent, but I think we'd be a pretty bland combination if we hadn't. Spending 17 years with another person can be awfully rough when you don't have sex going for you. But we've never really come close to breaking up the act over an argument. We've had some strong differences of opinion, but I think that when two people are very close, they're more likely to have a real gut-churning argument than if the relationship were more casual. I don't think you can have a very deep relationship and not experience highs and lows together. Someone once heard us shouting at each other in the hall at NBC and started the word around, "That's it. The partnership is over." In fact, people from all over the world are constantly calling to ask if there's any truth to the rumor that we're splitting up. It used to bother me, until I learned that the same thing happened to Abbott and Costello and Lau-

rel and Hardy. I'm sure Martin Landau and Barbara Bain go through the same thing. People just like to assume that we don't get along. Why, I don't know, but it's not true.

**MARTIN:** Well, it's not entirely true.

**ROWAN:** It isn't even half true.

**MARTIN:** As far as I'm concerned, it's exactly half true.

**ROWAN:** That's because you've only got half a brain.

**MARTIN:** That's an anatomic impossibility.

**ROWAN:** You're an anatomic impossibility.

**MARTIN:** Well, I've bought my last used car from you.

**ROWAN:** As you can see, we're both rational people, with a deep mutual respect for each other, and I don't think we could have stayed together for 17 years without some real affinity. Of course, now it would be silly to stop what we're doing, because we've got some pretty sound economic reasons to stay together, but I really can't imagine the kind of argument it would take to split us up. If he does something to upset me, I just put up with it, because I remember all the shit he's taken from me.

**MARTIN:** Another reason there's been so little friction between us is that we don't have very much contact outside of our working relationship. We let businessmen take care of our business and we've never chased the same ladies, so there are no problems there. I think the real friction in a team occurs when you pal around together 24 hours a day. Then you can really get on someone's nerves. For example, Martin and Lewis were very close when they started—a kind of big brother—little brother relationship; but I suppose that after nine or ten years, it got to be a real pain in the ass for them. Dan and I never allowed that to happen. When we're finished working, he goes off with his wife and I go out chasing ladies; we may go for two or three months without seeing each other socially. So we have avoided friction by avoiding that false, clinging closeness. We have no need for it. We're well aware of the advantages and disadvantages of being a team. The advantage is having someone to talk to in a strange town, and the disadvantage is having to split the money two ways.

**PLAYBOY:** One major difference in your personalities—the one most often cited—is the way you approach your work. Dan, you're reputed to be a cautious, carefully rehearsed performer and, Dick, you've been described as a cavalier ad-lib artist who'd prefer to improvise everything you do. Are these accurate descriptions?

**ROWAN:** It's a curious thing about people in show business. You would assume that anyone who's successful at what he's doing would at least have some confidence in his ability. But Red Skelton, who rarely fails to get a standing ovation

when he makes a personal appearance, is so nervous before he goes on that he gets violently ill and vomits in the wings. Here's a guy who's never failed to make people laugh and yet he's terribly insecure about it. I don't get *that* nervous, but I've never really been confident about performing. While I'm working, I'm always concerned about what I'm doing or what I'm not doing and then, when I look at the video tape, I see something that could have been done better and wish I could do it over. Dick is much more confident. Last season, when we'd finish a read-through or a run-through, Dick would flip on his golf hat and take off for the course. I'd go sit in my office and worry about the production aspects of the show.

**MARTIN:** I have no insecurities about acting at all. I enjoy it and I usually manage to have a whole lot of fun doing it. That doesn't make me a good actor, but it saves a lot of perspiration. When I hear that a big actor vomits in the wings before a performance, I just wonder why he'd want to subject himself to that. If I felt that way, I'd get into some other business.

**ROWAN:** What else could you do?

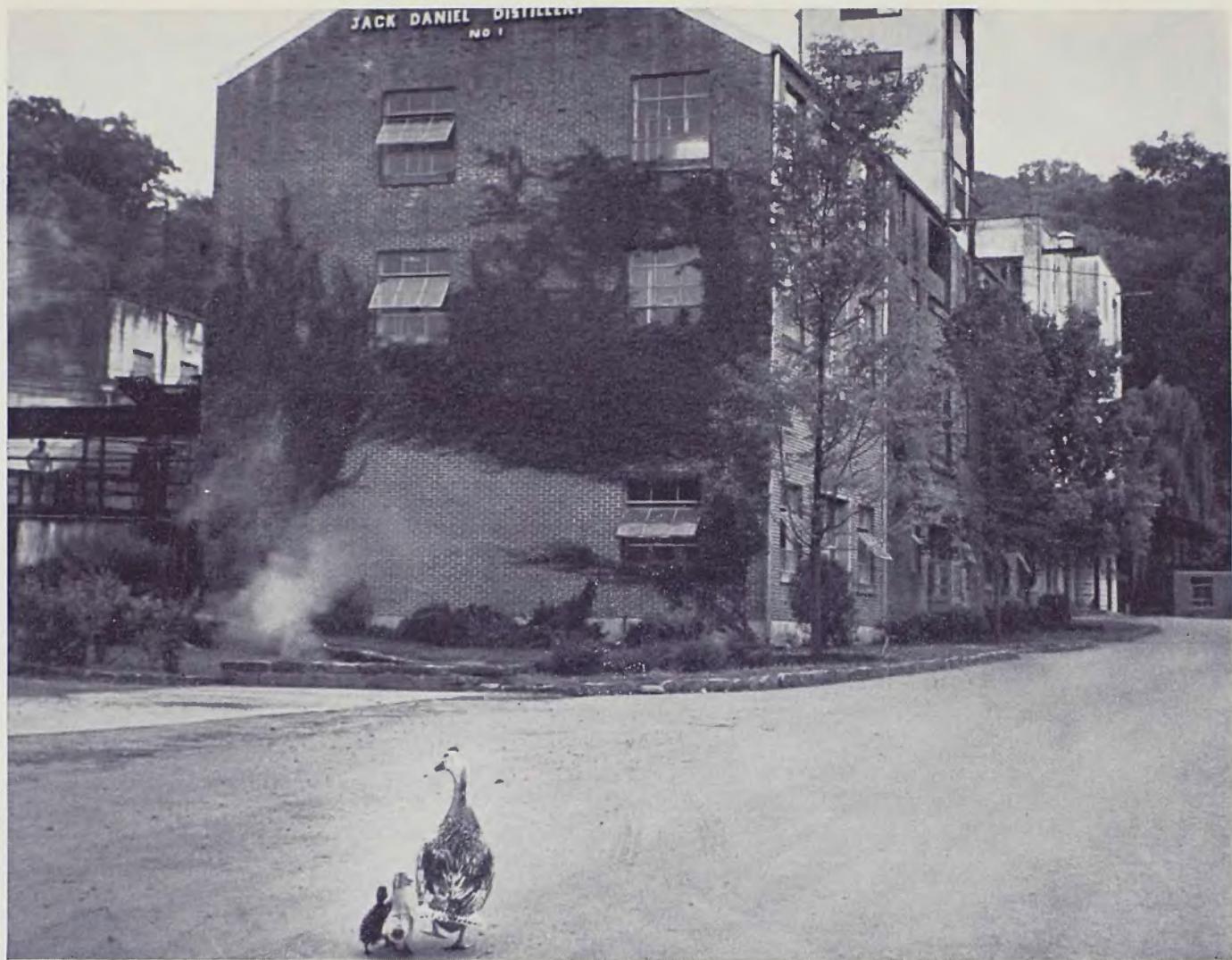
**MARTIN:** I could always go back to selling reconditioned ping-pong balls. Actually, as far as my work habits are concerned, I'd prefer to work the way Dean Martin does. He proved that you don't have to spend most of your time in the studio and the rest of your time in an office. He probably can't even find his office. He has a lot of trouble finding his *house*. So who's to say he's wrong? His ratings are very big and I doubt that he could do a better show, even if he spent hours meeting with writers, directors and producers. In the earlier days of television, people like Dinah Shore and Perry Como did very slick, well-rehearsed variety shows. They'd do whole sections over for one minor flaw. But I think that today, audiences *like* to see mistakes made, to know that a performer is human. Johnny Carson and Joey Bishop are so popular because they're natural. Dean Martin never tries to hide the fact that he's reading cue cards. A casual approach may change the tenor of the business, but it doesn't necessarily affect the quality.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you choose to rehearse as little as possible, what do you do with your time?

**MARTIN:** Actually, all I do is play golf and chase ladies.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that very time-consuming?

**MARTIN:** Well, the golf isn't, but chasing ladies is a bitch. When we were on the road, it was somewhat easier. I had trained Dan's poodle to walk into the girls' dressing room when we worked places that had a chorus line, and the dog would generally come out followed by two or three briefly costumed ladies. They'd say, "Oooh, is that your dog?" and I'd immediately go for the throat—



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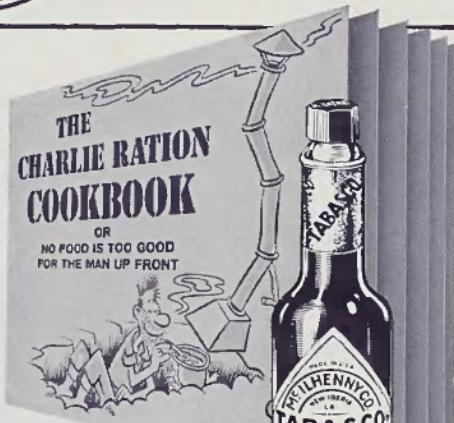
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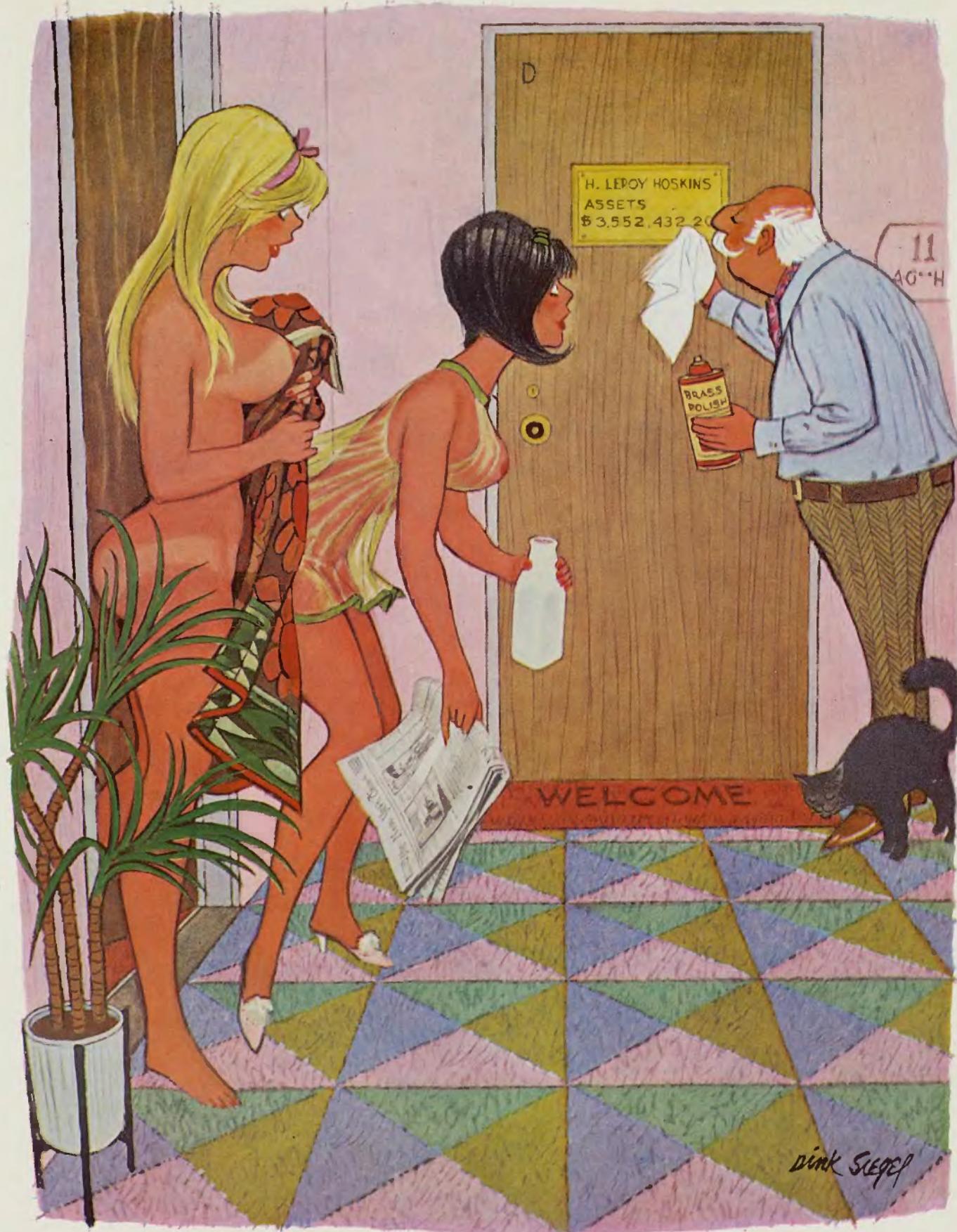
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or perhaps a little lower. I did the same thing with Dan's son, Tommy, who was about six or seven at the time. I figured the girls wouldn't scream if a little boy walked into their dressing room. In fact, most of these girls wouldn't scream if the Los Angeles Rams walked in. Well, the ones who didn't try to nail Tommy themselves would generally say, "How cute. Whose little boy are you?" and I could depend on him to come up with a tall blonde for me. If you can't make it with the help of dogs and kids, you're really in trouble.

**ROWAN:** Of course, he didn't care what effect this would have on my dog and my son. The dog came down with chorus-girl colic and had to be inoculated with saltpeter, but he still went around humping radiators. My son finally turned out all right, though, and I have to admit that he never had a pimple during puberty.

**PLAYBOY:** Dick, do you think your television success has made you more attractive to girls?

**MARTIN:** Well, I've never really had very much trouble finding them, so it's hard to say. Actually, regardless of who you are, if you're stuck in Louisville, Kentucky, on a Thursday night, you're not very likely to score. But in familiar surroundings, if you have a certain *joie de vivre*, you're bound to do all right. Then, too, there's been a delightful kind of sexual freedom going around the past few years. I don't know where you'd go to vote for it, but I'd cast my ballot.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you generally go with a date?

**MARTIN:** As far as humanly possible. Actually, I just like to laugh and have fun—and then get on with it. I have a very nice house, which I use to the best of my ability; and when I make a date, I usually just tell the girl to jump in her car and get over there. I figure, if women want to be equal, and I think they should be, then there's no reason for me to pick her up and drop her off.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you describe your house?

**MARTIN:** It's in the hills above Sunset Strip and every room has a view. There are two dens, a pool table in the living room, a kitchen, a maid's room and, of course, the master bedroom suite with a steam bath, and a small swimming pool. My next project is to build a beach house at Malibu, because I can think of nothing nicer than to sit holding hands with a nice lady and listen to the pounding of the surf.

**ROWAN:** You're more likely to hear the pounding of the police at the door.

**MARTIN:** So far, so good. I've lived in my present house for a year or a year and a half, and it's been delightful. The atmosphere is very pleasant; we can shoot pool, take a little dip or have a steam bath.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that your usual routine when you've a female guest in your home?

**MARTIN:** Yes, but not necessarily in that order. I always say that a nice girl is a clean girl, so I usually run them through the steam bath first.

**PLAYBOY:** Once they've been steamed, is there anything you do to heighten the excitement?

**MARTIN:** Well, sometimes I open the window. Seriously, though, it's always been my opinion that the excitement involved in sex is 90 percent psychological, so you've either got someone who turns you on mentally or physically or else you've got a dud. If you have a dud, you just kick yourself and wish you could push a button and make her disappear. But if you've got the right girl, you don't have to get drunk or smoke pot to get turned on sexually. In fact, there's nothing worse than a drunken lady. I found that out when I was a bartender. A martini in the hands of some women should be classified along with switchblades and guns as a lethal weapon. One lady threw a beer bottle at my head because I wouldn't meet her after work. I'd rather let a girl smoke the drapes than ply her with drinks.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever smoked the drapes?

**MARTIN:** I have a saying: "I don't want to die wondering," so there's very little I haven't done. If we're talking about pot, I think it's time we admitted that it's only a relaxing agent and not a narcotic. I'd rather have a guy driving down the freeway who just smoked a joint than a guy who just drank ten martinis. Furthermore, I think it's stupid to throw a guy in jail for possessing marijuana and expose him to the worst kinds of criminality and perversions.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say that there's very little you haven't done, can we assume that you've attended some of the legendary Hollywood wife-swapping parties and orgies?

**MARTIN:** There seems to be an outcropping of wife swapping in the Valley, but I'll be damned if I'm going to get married just to have a wife to swap; I'd rather just watch. What this thing really is is a bunch of guys with ugly wives or couples who are really tired of each other. They all get together and jump on each other. I get the feeling that if I really went to one of those things, I'd have the only good-looking girl there and everyone would pile up on her. As far as the orgies go, I've been to a lot of Hollywood parties and everyone just sits around and watches movies. We had a comic orgy at Buddy Hackett's one night, everyone screaming and laughing, but I can't imagine all those people taking their clothes off and rolling around on the floor. There must be orgies someplace, but it seems to be a well-kept secret. But speaking of taking off your clothes and rolling around on the floor, do you remember when my aunt was in court after the police busted

those 16 Weight-Watching tugboat captains at the nudist colony she was visiting for the networks?

**ROWAN:** How could I forget?

**MARTIN:** Well, do you know what she said when she tried to explain to the judge why her pet chicken attacked the arresting officer?

**ROWAN:** I can hardly wait to hear.

**MARTIN:** That's not what she said.

**ROWAN:** Where were we?

**MARTIN:** Rolling around on the floor.

**ROWAN:** Oh, yes. I went to some Hollywood parties in my younger days, but they were pretty far from being orgies. I found them quite interesting, but not very exciting. I don't go very often anymore, because, having achieved success in television, I tend to be a little suspicious of new friends. I don't want to surround myself with people who aren't interested in me as a person, people who just want to bask in the glory of a celebrity. Then, too, there are people who just come along for the free food and booze. I prefer having a few close friends and staying out of the party thing.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do for relaxation?

**ROWAN:** Well, I like to sail, play tennis and water-ski. I'm not a fanatic about skin-diving, but I like to swim around in the water with a mask, snorkel and fins to visit our underwater friends.

**MARTIN:** Lloyd Bridges?

**ROWAN:** No, but I've been seeing an awful lot of Flipper lately. I also enjoy lying in the sun; I like to read; and I like to be alone with my wife for long periods of time.

**PLAYBOY:** How long have you been sailing?

**ROWAN:** Oh, on and off for 16 or 17 years. I first got interested in it when Dick and I were playing the San Diego area. My son or Dick and I used to take out a little cat-rigged boat from the Coronado Hotel down there; that's how it started. I sailed any boat I could get my hands on after that; but the opportunities were rather infrequent, so I bought my own boat three years ago and haven't stopped sailing since. It really blows my mind. I like everything about it—even the hard work. It's a lot of trouble to sail a boat, but I'm not too fascinated by the thought of simply turning a key, pressing a starter and riding around on the water in a noisy, vibrating noxious-smelling power yacht. I'd much rather choose a boat with care, get the sails up and depend entirely on my knowledge, my ability and the elements. It calms me; it soothes me; it's a mystical thing. I even find myself able to think better. When I drop the mooring line, I immediately begin to feel the pressures and strains easing and I start to become someone else. I'm much easier to get along with on water than I am on land.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your wife share your interests?

**ROWAN:** Adrianna and I are well suited to each other. We have practically everything in common and she goes with me wherever I go. Of course, we have no children of our own, which makes it a little easier for both of us. My first wife and I didn't have very much in common at all. She wasn't show-business oriented and she liked our life much better when I was a man of commerce in the automobile business than when I was a gypsy



*"It's from my father writing from the college where he teaches, asking for money."*

on the road. She didn't like traveling that way and she didn't want to take the kids out of school, so she much preferred to stay home. The few times she did come with me, she got sick of it and left before the engagement was over. It wasn't a very good marriage in the first place, but even a good marriage would have had trouble surviving those long absences.

**PLAYBOY:** Dick, do you ever consider getting married?

**MARTIN:** I belong to Bridegrooms Anonymous. Whenever I feel like getting married, they send over a lady in a housecoat and hair curlers to burn my toast for me. I really have nothing against marriage, except the fact that it doesn't seem to work. I already have a family—an 11-year-old son and a very nice ex-wife—and I have no immediate plans to start another. Just look at the number of California marriages that end in divorce. I wouldn't bet those odds in Las Vegas. There are a lot of nice ladies around, so I prefer to just keep looking for someone with whom I can share things. I'm not about to settle down with a girl just because I may be lonely sometime in the future.

**PLAYBOY:** Can either of you see any advantages to family life?

**ROWAN:** Of course, there are advantages to family life. But I think it's time for modern society to realize that we've created some romantic family fantasies that young people can't accept anymore. Parents can no longer expect youth to obey simply because it's the parental prerogative to command. Youth demands answers, and they damn well better start

getting them. The drunken parent advising his kids against the use of pot; the adulterous parent euphemistically explaining sex with the aid of the birds and the bees; the scofflaw parent grounding his kids for disobedience at school; the violent parent objecting to campus militancy; these are the hypocrisies of the modern family. If love, sympathy and understanding aren't going to begin in the home, they will never succeed in the larger units of society.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you like to see your own children adopt any particular life style?

**ROWAN:** I don't know what I'd want them to be other than gentle people who don't bruise anybody. I'd also like to think that if they had the ability or the means to help somebody, they'd do it, not because it's a socially acceptable thing to do but because it's the right thing to do. Actually, I wish the same things for them that I wish for all kids: that they try to be a bit more patient and understanding of us old folks.

**PLAYBOY:** Having struggled so long yourselves, are you trying to provide your children with some of the advantages you missed?

**MARTIN:** I definitely want to provide my son with a college education, but I have no desire to make him a wealthy young snot. No one gave me anything in my life, and I had to work for everything I got. He can do the same. Some people seem to think that Dan and I were an overnight success, but we put in 17 years working week after week and often for relatively little money. I think everybody's got to pay his dues; we did.

**PLAYBOY:** Those years are now paying off well for both of you. Has television success changed your lives much?

**ROWAN:** Has it ever! It seems like 20 minutes ago, I would have been lucky to get a hamburger and a beer, but now I've got a tremendous Spanish hacienda with a swimming pool and a tennis court. The house also has a five-car garage and I use every space. I own two Mercedes, a Corvette, a Thunderbird and a Ford station wagon. Now I'm building a Tahitian-style island house on the Florida Gulf coast with a great view of one of the world's prettiest beaches. I've also got a wife with a fine talent for spending money, but it's always a pleasure spending it on her.

**MARTIN:** We were making pretty good money before, but *Laugh-In* pushed us into an income bracket that's far beyond anything I'd ever dreamed of. Ironically, I've got very simple tastes. My house is small, one of our sponsors lends me a car and I have no desire to live in Bel Air or drive a Rolls. When I was a bartender, I was making only \$130 a week, but I had a nice car, a comfortable apartment and a lot of nice ladies. Those are still the only things I really require. Now, I invest a lot of money in real estate, so if things start going badly for us, I can just move into one of my own apartments.

**ROWAN:** If I had to step out of television today, I'd be broke tomorrow. It's a financed, pottery empire built on the fragile underpinnings of a comedy team called Rowan and Martin. I'd have to sell everything; and in six months, I'd be scrambling for a job somewhere. But I've been poor and busted before. Being an orphan, I became proud and fiercely independent as a child. It taught me self-reliance and gave me a lot of confidence in my own ability to provide for myself. Consequently, whenever I became dissatisfied with a job, I'd just walk away from it and never had any doubts about my ability to find something else. I feel the same way now. There are many other things I'd like to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Having completed *The Maltese Bippy* in April, are you looking forward to making other films?

**ROWAN:** The ideal situation for anyone coming off a successful television series is to make a couple of pictures a year. It shouldn't take more than three months to make a film, so it would be a pretty nice program to work six months and rest six months.

**PLAYBOY:** Most films take considerably longer than three months, but *The Maltese Bippy* was shot in ten weeks. How did you manage it?

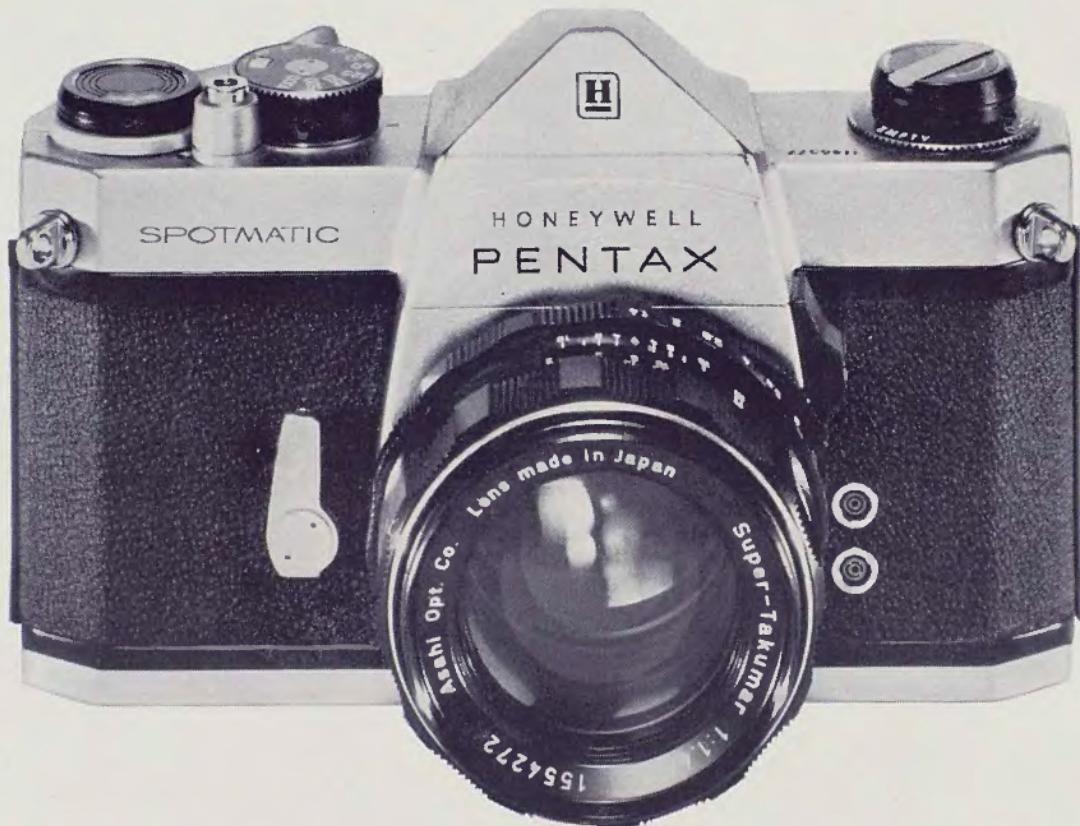
**MARTIN:** It was actually shot in 35 days on a \$2,500,000 budget. We had five cutters working day and night on the rushes, so by the time we were finished shooting, they were finished cutting. That saved another four months of production



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time. Not only that but Nelson Riddle scored it from a script, so I think there were only about three weeks between the time we finished the film and the night we premiered it. If we had shot the film normally, it wouldn't have been released until Christmas. As it is, you'll probably see it on *The Late Show* by Christmas.

**PLAYBOY:** Incidentally, how would you define bippy?

**MARTIN:** It's a small bip.

**PLAYBOY:** Thanks for enlightening us. Getting back to the film, do you think *The Maltese Bippy* could have been better if you had spent more time on it?

**MARTIN:** I don't think so. We had roaringly competent people working on it and we found we could shoot up to seven or eight pages a day; whereas 20 years ago, if they finished one page in a day, they'd throw a party. The beauty of this film is that Dan and I aren't just playing ourselves. We've kind of reversed our traditional roles, so that he's the con man who falls through the trap door and I'm the guy who gets the girl in the end.

**PLAYBOY:** Why wasn't your first film, *Once upon a Horse*, more successful?

**ROWAN:** It was a success in many respects, but a lot of mistakes were made. Then, too, if we were to make the same film today, it would be more successful than it was then. Don't forget, that was 12 years ago. We were the stars of the picture, but most of the public didn't know who we were. Universal had originally allotted a large budget for promotion; but just before its scheduled release, they had some management problems at the studio and it was released without fanfare. There was one full-page ad in *Variety*, but no radio promotion or newspaper publicity to speak of. Some pictures are good enough to make it in spite of that, but ours wasn't strong enough. On the other hand, pictures that have been a damn sight worse than ours made it solely on the basis of their promotion and publicity.

**PLAYBOY:** What films will you be making in the future?

**ROWAN:** We've already contracted with MGM to do *The Money Game* next year; it'll be a comedy based on the world of stocks and bonds. We've talked about a couple of properties for a fourth film, but our deal with MGM isn't exclusive, so we can make pictures elsewhere. We're newcomers to this business and we're just hoping that other producers who see *The Maltese Bippy* will be attracted to either or both of us as screen actors. Hopefully, they'll be bright, funny people with funny ideas, in which case, we'd be happy to set up some kind of participation deal. Since we're making a lot of money, we don't have to worry about financing, so we're really just interested in finding the right properties. After *The Maltese Bippy*, I know I will never again sign to do a film without having read and approved the script. I think if I'm going to do the material, I

should be allowed to judge it beforehand. The publicist may say, "I think this is a good idea." Our managers and lawyers may all agree; but if, in the back of our minds, we think there's something wrong with the idea, we've got to be able to say, "No, we won't do it." After all, these are our careers and it's upon these kinds of decisions that they may rise or fall. Any artist is making a big mistake if he puts himself completely in the hands of someone else. So whatever we do in films in the future will be based on our own decisions.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from your interest in films, do you have any other career plans you'd like to develop when you're through with *Laugh-In*?

**ROWAN:** Well, when you're looking ahead to doing another 26 television shows, you really don't have much time left to speculate about what's going to happen when they're finished. We've got a film to do when this season's over, but beyond that, I really couldn't say. There's a real paradox in this business. You spend your whole career working toward a goal and you never really wonder about what you're going to do if you ever reach it. Do you stop running and end the race? No, you can't, because you find out that the speed accelerates after you reach the goal. No matter how hard you ran to get there, you have to run ten times as fast to stay there. Fred Allen wrote a book called *Treadmill to Oblivion*, and that's just the way it feels. But it's facing that challenge every day that makes creative life so exciting. I meet people I went to school with and some of these guys look 15 or 20 years older than I do, because the challenge just isn't there in their lives. People are inclined to fall into tight little grooves; you do the same thing every day, take your vacation every year at the same time, in the same place. That may be a tranquil sort of life, and it seems to be all right for some folks, but not for me.

**MARTIN:** I myself have no urge to be an actor for the rest of my life, and I think Dan and I are lucky to have a foot in so many doors. We've been successful in night clubs, on television and now, hopefully, in films, so we're not stuck in one medium. One thing I'd really like to do is direct—to be able to say something through film.

**PLAYBOY:** When will you consider your careers finished?

**MARTIN:** The way I feel now. I've already accomplished more than I ever expected to in this business and I have no burning desire to advance my career any further. I mean, how far are we going to go?

**ROWAN:** I feel just about the same way. We've been given great reviews by the critics, awards from our industry and high ratings from the public. I have a very good marriage, good health and I'm not committed to the idea of dying in

harness. Unlike some people in show business, I don't plan to kick off on the stage. I'm still a relatively young man and I'd like to have maybe 15 years when I'm through with show business just to look and listen and feel and taste everything. I don't know yet when I'll quit, but I suppose it will come when I start worrying about how gray my hair is getting or, as Jackie Cooper once said, when I get tired of holding my belly in. When that time comes, I'd like to know that I'm financially secure. I'd also like to feel that I've made my mark on American show business—that I entertained people. But more than that, I'd like to know that I've done some good for someone else. It's a nice thing to do a sketch about the situation in Biafra and then find out that something's been done to help the starving children there because of it. Those are the achievements that I think are worth while.

**MARTIN:** I don't think I've ever heard a thought more eloquently expressed—with one possible exception.

**ROWAN:** And what might that be?

**MARTIN:** The time my aunt was hauled into court after being busted. You remember, she was in the paddy wagon with the survey and the television networks and the nudists and the sauna bath and the Flying Nun and the Metcal and the chicken and the arresting officer.

**ROWAN:** All that wouldn't fit into a paddy wagon.

**MARTIN:** Well, I should hope not. Actually, the nude tugboat captains were running alongside, flailing themselves with shredded wheat, while the cop was using the sauna bath to send smoke signals to Finland. In the meantime, the Flying Nun was caught in a holding pattern over Lourdes and my aunt just sat there making daisy chains out of handcuffs.

**ROWAN:** I hate to ask, but who was driving?

**MARTIN:** The chicken. Who else? You should have heard my aunt explain that to the judge. Anyway, the clerk read the indictment against her—unlawful perspiration, malicious dieting, illegal use of hands and arms, transporting 16 tugboat captains across state lines for immoral purposes, keeping a disorderly sauna bath and contributing to the delinquency of a barnyard fowl. Well, when my aunt heard that, she just threw off her WELCOME TO ATLANTIC CITY comforter, muttered a few obscene sampler mottoes, burned her D. A. R. card, tossed her cookies—chocolate macaroons—at the bailiff and, you're not going to believe this, climbed up onto the judge's bench and shouted at the top of her lungs—

**ROWAN:** It looks like we've run out of tape. You'd better just say good night, Dick.

**MARTIN:** Good night, Dick.



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information in an individual's file, the underwriting report is made up from that alone and no new data is sought. More than once, I have seen a favorable report written up on a person who was deceased. Fire-insurance applications are sometimes handled without anyone seeing the house in question; the only sources of information are the individual's old file and a photograph of a house that fits the description on the application. Morals are a big concern of the underwriting departments of insurance companies, and investigators are instructed to pay attention to them, especially in occupations such as waitressing, bartending and the like.

The insurance company has nothing to go on but the investigator's report. Regarding the instances described in your *Newsfront* item, the photographer whose art works were described as pornographic may have been reported by someone who desperately needed unfavorable information to meet his quota. The man who was told "your house is filthy" was probably rejected on the assumption that if his house looked uncared-for, his car would probably be neglected, too. The third case of "unfavorable information . . . concerning personal habits" sounds to me like the work of an investigator who felt he needed a morals turndown to meet his monthly quota.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### POSTAL SNOOPING

Over a year ago, I rented a post-office box, thinking that this guaranteed privacy. I placed an ad in the local underground newspaper stating, in essence, "Gay guy seeks to meet other gay guys." Soon afterward, I was called in by my employer and informed that he knew of my action. Apparently, the local police department watches these ads and then obtains the name of the ad placer from the post office. The employer is then informed.

I'm curious as to why the U.S. Post Office should *routinely* be able to provide this information for law-enforcement officials. I feel this data should be confidential, unless the police officer in question can provide a court order.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### SHAME AT NOTRE DAME

I must object to James E. Metzger's account of Notre Dame's pornographic-film fracas (*The Playboy Forum*, June). In covering this event for the student radio station and for U.P.I., I found some slightly different facts, later substantiated by a three-month tripartite investigation of the disturbance.

This is what happened: A student-government group sponsoring an academic

conference on pornography and censorship discovered that the student responsible for organizing the film portion had slipped in a film adjudicated pornographic by the New York State Supreme Court, and other films that were questionable. Not wanting to get involved in a legal hassle, they canceled the films on their own, *without* pressure from the university administration (although the administration later added its own ban for legal good measure). A small group of activists then announced plans to defy the will of the university community and show the pornographic film anyway, with full knowledge that police were present and would have to confiscate the movie because of a complaint filed by the local Citizens for Decent Literature. Police tactics were unduly harsh, of course, but that is not the issue. The university community, including a majority of students, did not want to force a confrontation. An academic conference on pornography should be able to view a pornographic film in an academic atmosphere; but when the county prosecutor objects, the place to fight him is in the courts. As it turned out, no one was prosecuted. (Some credit for this must go to the university administration, which also attempted to discourage the original entry of police onto the campus.)

After four years at Notre Dame, I've come to view it as an example of liberal rationality. The university's president, Father Theodore Hesburgh, has risked alumni scorn to guarantee academic and personal freedom. Students sit on rule-making bodies, student courts handle discipline and dorm visits by women are legal. The school answers to no governor or legislature and the power is all on campus, not residing in some distant board of regents. With effective means of redress of grievances (and many changes are still overdue), ND's widely publicized policy of suspending students who "substitute force for rational persuasion" is only logical (and won the support of over 70 percent of the students in a campus poll). Notre Dame now has something more to be proud of than its football team.

Bob Franken  
Notre Dame, Indiana

*Mr. Metzger replies:*

*I acknowledge Mr. Franken's more detailed description of the fracas, written four months later than mine and with more facts available. However, even with this advantage, he seems to be oblivious to the overbearing pressures the administration officials and civil authorities mounted against student organizers for cancellation of the controversial films, pressures that culminated in a letter from university president Theodore Hesburgh unequivocally canceling all*

*films thusly: "I . . . direct you and your committee to discontinue showing any and all films for the . . . conference."*

*Franken also states that when a county prosecutor objects to our exercise of academic freedom, we should take the fight to the courts. I tend to agree, however, with a decision of the United States Court of Appeals for this district in "Metzger vs. Peavy" (coincidentally), from which I quote: "Law-enforcement officers cannot seize allegedly obscene publications without a prior adversary proceeding on the issue of obscenity. Such a seizure violates the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, and is a prior restraint condemned by the Supreme Court. . . ." If the county prosecutor objects to a film, let him fight it through proper court procedures, not in a highhanded police raid that even his defenders admit was "unduly harsh."*

*The university officials had complete foreknowledge of the raid but somehow saw fit to give only lip service to academic freedom and token opposition to such an invasion.*

#### MENTAL CHASTITY BELTS

The current California legislature has announced that new bills defining and restricting pornography (whatever that may be) are high on its new agenda. While it thus engages itself in fashioning chastity belts for our minds, we ordinary citizens are in dire peril if we venture after dark to find our cars in the parking lot where we work, or wait for a street bus that runs once each hour or take a twilight stroll to the grocer's. What we really need, in short, is government issue of fire extinguishers and bulletproof clothing.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Our legislators preoccupy themselves with sexual titillation while the radio blares *Happiness Is a Warm Gun*, some leftist periodicals urge marches on Washington, some right-wingers overtly promote genocide as a workable solution to our race problem and our anguished cities die of pollution, insurrection and corruption.

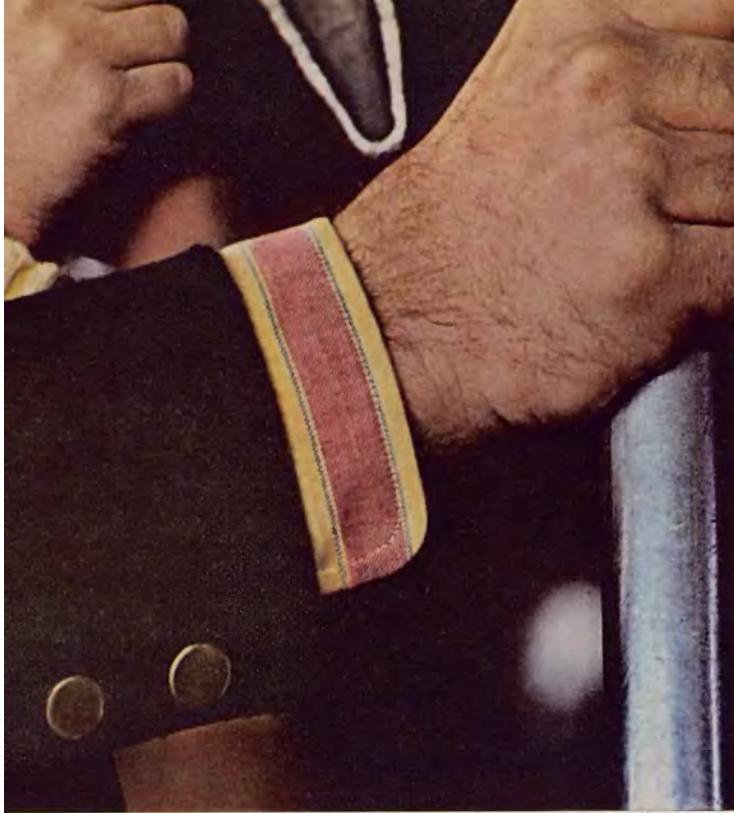
Helene Vaughn  
Los Angeles, California

#### JERSEY JUSTICE

I was released last October from the New Jersey State Prison, after having served 28 months. My offense? I had taken nude pictures of a 36-year-old woman in a professional-photography studio I owned and operated; using a self-timer on the camera, I had stepped into some of the poses. Even though this was done in private with a consenting adult, the law calls it a crime. For posing in the pictures I myself had taken, I violated the law against "private lewdness and carnal indecency," which carries



*"You defy the establishment your way—I'll do it mine!"*



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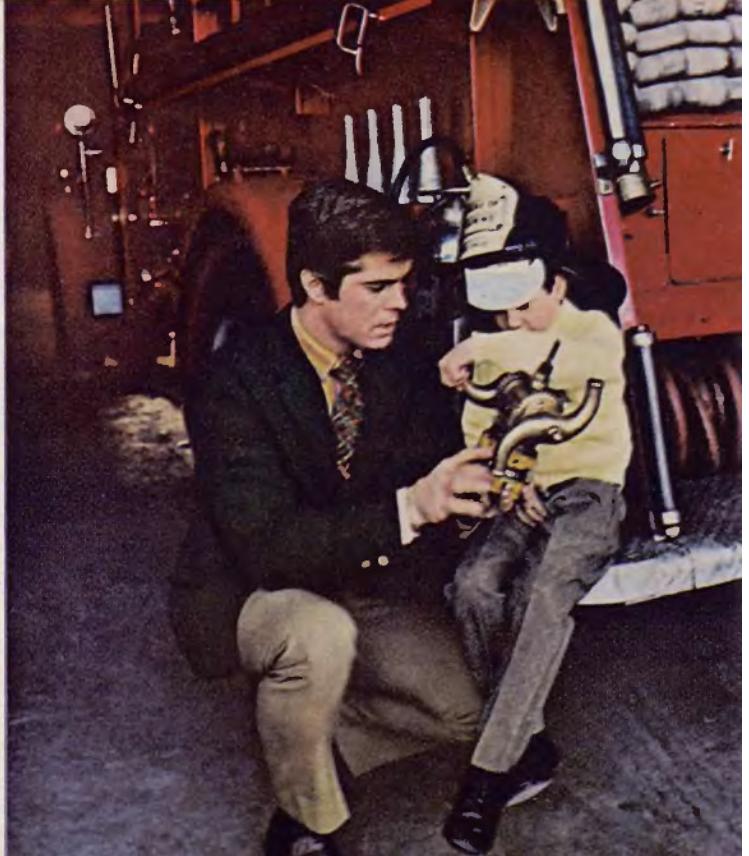
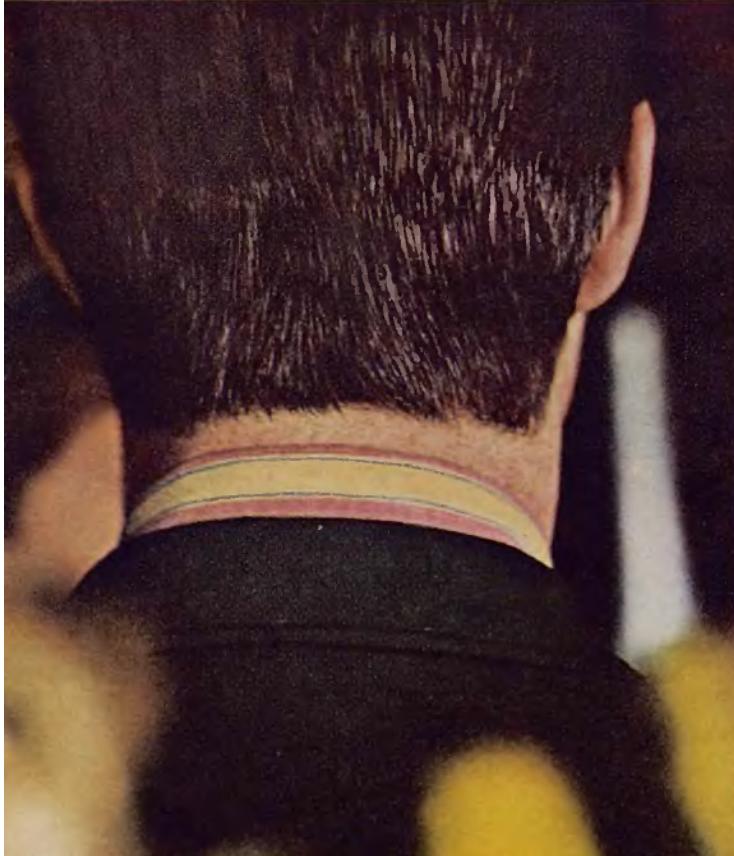
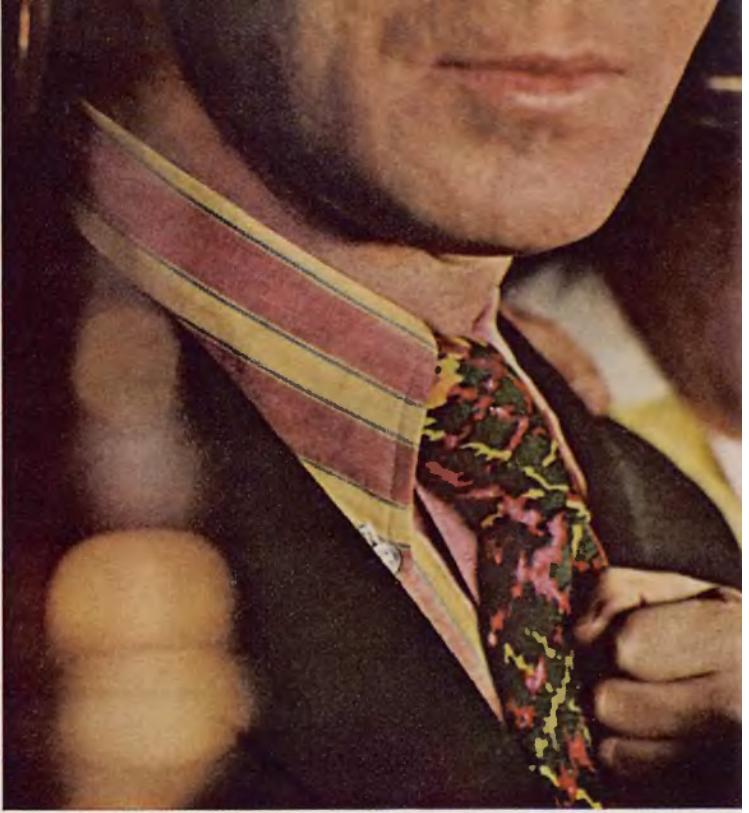
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a prison term of three years. But there was more. I showed the woman the pictures in which she had posed and thus ran afoul of a law against "possession of pornography with intent to expose it to the view of another."

At first, I expected to see the charges against me dropped because the evidence had been obtained by an illegal search. When this issue was raised, the police resorted to perjury in the Somerset County courtroom. I received three years on each count, the sentences to run consecutively—a total of six years in prison for a little harmless recreation.

Two New Jersey appeals courts refused even to hear my case; the U.S. District Court refused to grant me a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus; the U.S. Third Circuit Court of Appeals (in a split decision) decided not to rule on my case at all and sent me back to the state courts for postconviction relief proceedings; the trial judge on several occasions refused to grant a reduction in sentence; in short, I experienced the raw, naked power that the establishment holds over us and the full extent of our helplessness against it.

Attempts to fight back were futile. After the trial judge's refusal to reduce my sentence, I filed a criminal complaint against the police officer who had lied at my trial. (I had witnesses to prove his deception.) Both the New Jersey attorney general and the U.S. attorney simply refused to process my complaint. I then wrote numerous letters to community leaders, appealing to their conscience, urging them to speak out against a legal system that left me no recourse against a badge-wearing perjurer or against the outrageous severity of my sentence.

All of these letters, except one, were brushed off or went unanswered. The one exception was my letter to the Playboy Foundation. The Foundation answered with understanding and sympathy. They said they would try to help and this immediately fortified my morale. They tried very hard, and for this they have my undying gratitude and respect. It was no fault of the Playboy Foundation that their efforts were in vain. I will bear witness to the fact that the Foundation made every possible attempt to enlist the New Jersey American Civil Liberties Union in my cause, all to no avail. They had turned me down eight times previously, and they turned me down even after PLAYBOY offered financial support for my case. The reason, I honestly believe, was simple spinelessness.

How I finally got out of prison cannot be revealed. Suffice it to say that, exhausting all ethical and legal means, I capitulated, played the establishment's own game and made a deal, just to be free and to rejoin my wife and children again.

I want to say something about my experience before concluding this letter. Those who shout loudly about unshack-



*"I'm really beginning to hate myself—not only am I sleeping with my best friend's wife . . .  
I'm sleeping with him!"*

ling the police are leading us down the garden path. The police already know all the tricks to circumvent the Constitution and the Supreme Court guidelines; they are unshackled. And now that the "law and order" crowd has a foothold in the White House, our liberties are in greater jeopardy than ever. The President has already voiced his approval of laws that would permit holding suspects without bail in certain noncapital cases; laws permitting more wire tapping by police are increasing; many newspapers editorially praise the good old days when law-enforcement agencies didn't have to bother with constitutional amenities and refer with contempt to those who concern themselves with civil liberties. To all who read this: They can do to you what they did to me—if you let them, if your friends and neighbors let them, if society as a whole doesn't wake up before it's too late. Come to the aid of the next victim; join the fight to abolish all laws against harmless behavior by consenting adults in private; don't think you are immune. The freedom you save may be your own.

Marc Barry

(Address withheld by request)

#### THE OTHER WOMAN

Bless "the other woman." While married, I met and fell in love with another

girl. We walked hand in hand, laughed with each other, had our secret night club and special drink, went places together, needed and loved each other—things my wife and I no longer did. I got a divorce and married my other woman. God, we were happy for a while! But now years have passed and things have changed: We don't hold hands; she's tired every night at nine and we don't go out. Sex has become something of a bore to her. I'm older than she is, but I still want to live a little.

Now I have a new other woman. We do all the things my wife and I did before we were married; we are to each other what my wife and I were to each other then. My wife doesn't know. I love her still and I love my other woman. I wish I could have both openly.

(Name withheld by request)  
Newark, New Jersey

I am also another "other woman," but I feel that mine is a special case. I don't take drugs and I drink only socially. I have, nevertheless, experienced quite a bit of life, considering my age, having traveled extensively and having lived in several metropolitan areas. At present, I live in a large city, where I have dated many men, ranging in age from 20 to 34. This is the first time I have become

involved with a married man and I hope to never again—it is sheer hell. I am deeply affected, like the others, by the disadvantages of loving a man who legally belongs to another woman. The loneliness of being without him increases each time I think of him going home to her; Christmas and other special occasions lose all meaning when he must spend them with her while I spend them alone. However, I love this man, and the few hours we spend together each week compensate for all the agony that must accompany our happiness.

He has never said that he doesn't love his wife; I'm sure he does. I would never ask him to consider divorcing her, although there are no children involved. But meanwhile, the emotional effect of having to compete with his wife—a lovely, rich society woman (everything I'm not)—has been tremendous. I have asked myself thousands of times why he cares so dearly for me, which he has proved in countless ways, and I can only conclude that I give him the peace of mind and contentedness that she is unable to offer him. He comes to me when he's upset or has a problem or when he has a victory he wants to share. He knows that I will listen with interest and understanding. He loves and needs his wife, but I know he loves and needs me also—for different reasons.

We have no future, obviously. I live

for the very few moments we can share. Knowing it would only hurt more if I allowed myself the luxury of even small hopes, I content myself with the love we have and live for the present, with no plans for tomorrow.

(Name and address withheld by request)

I am single and have been romantically involved with a married man for three years. Furthermore, I have never been so satisfied with life or with myself; I feel that I have become a much better person due to this relationship. I have no regrets being the other woman.

Strange as it may sound, most people do not want real love and use marriage to guard against it. As Robert Frost said, "Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length." But all heights are frightening and most people prefer to stay on the ground—or under the ground, like moles. Marriage is the bomb shelter that people take refuge in because they are afraid of the perils that come with freedom and happiness.

I am free and I am happy. I wouldn't trade this for all the gold in all the wedding rings from here to Hawaii.

(Name withheld by request)  
Boston, Massachusetts

I've been both a wife and an "other woman." Most American wives view their husbands as a pay check, a social

escort and a sexual obligation. I was once told by a married man that it cost him \$1000 for a single "piece of tail" at home, since he got it only once a month and his wife spent that much of his salary monthly on luxuries for herself.

Other women don't drag husbands from the arms of their wives; the husbands are pushed. They've been kept in line by the nagging and the withholding of sex; they've been stripped of their manhood; thus, they look elsewhere for love. Sex for the other woman is a pleasure, not an obligation—and her man appreciates that. Other women provide much of the ballast that keeps many a little marital boat afloat.

The highest ideal to which a married woman could aspire—and too few of them do—would be to fill the function of the other woman in her husband's life.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS

Let me tell the wife's side of the "other woman" controversy. I, too, know what it is like to be lonesome. I stood nightly at the window for hours waiting, only to lose hope as the hours inched by and he didn't show up or even call. At first, I was frantic, imagining that he had been in an automobile accident. Then, when I began to suspect that he was having an affair, I felt guilty for having such suspicious thoughts and worried that I was being unfair to him.

The other woman asks if I know how little of him she (or her counterpart) had. Does she know how little of him I had, or his child had? He left us at 7:30 A.M. after a quick breakfast. He spent with her not only the eight hours at the office but also the hours from quitting time to two or three A.M. When he arrived home, he immediately showered and slept.

And I didn't marry him for consumer goodies. He was just a boy when we married; I had more money than he did—even now, my salary is almost equal to his. Today, a year later, we are still struggling to pay for the financial disaster the other woman caused (lawyers' fees for the divorce we considered; rent, utility and food bills for two houses instead of one; etc.). The emotional disaster—not just to me but to our child, and to my parents and to his parents—is also still far from healed.

(Name and address withheld by request)

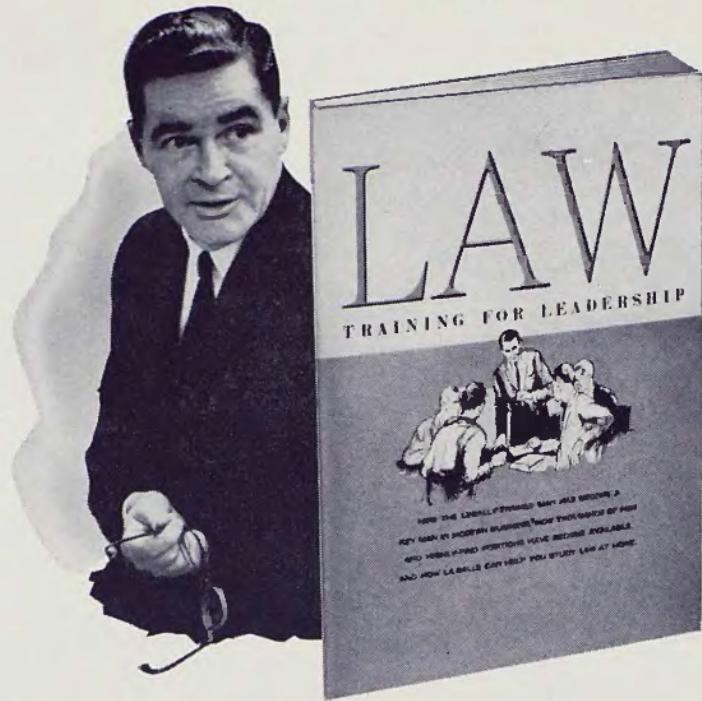
#### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

After eight years of being happily married, it never occurred to me that either my wife or I could indulge in an extramarital affair. We were Madison Avenue's version of typical American parents: always together, sharing the same movies, theaters and good music and loving our two children.

Then one night we made two new



*"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and a charge of statutory rape."*



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friends at a dance. They invited us to visit their home where, after several drinks (a couple more than our limit), the man proposed wife swapping. At first, there was some opposition from my wife because of her religious convictions; but the eagerness of the rest of us and the liquor were too much for her and finally she reluctantly surrendered.

It was like the discovery of a new world for both of us. Our friends were wonderful bedmates, but the most important thing was not the pleasure derived in the relations with them but the change our own sex life experienced. Evidently, something was sleeping inside my wife, something that woke up and made her change into a new and different woman. The passive and docile wife became a passionate, sexy, ardent lover. It was a miracle. According to her, I changed, too.

Both my wife and I learned a lot from our very experienced lovers, which enriched and embellished our sex life and, as a result, strengthened our marriage. Maybe this formula would not work so smoothly for other couples, but we never regretted what we did.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### CONSTRUCTIVE DIALOG

I am very pleased by PLAYBOY's open and earnest dialog with articulate members of the theological community. In the past year, PLAYBOY has moved beyond its long-standing critique of antiquated religious and moral attitudes. You are now seriously attempting to provide a context in which contemporary man can seek an honest, flexible and meaningful life.

Russell H. Bishop, Jr.  
Assistant to the Chaplain  
University of Rochester  
Rochester, New York

#### SWINGING

I enjoyed reading the Richard Warren Lewis article, *The Swingers*, in the April PLAYBOY and the letters in the July *Dear Playboy* in response to it. The exchange was interesting, but there seems to be little agreement on what "swinging" really is—at least, there was nothing resembling a scientific definition of it and related behavior. In the course of a research project on contemporary mores, I have come up with some working definitions that may at least provide a starting point for further discussion.

*Group Sex:* Three or more persons

involved in consensual sexual activity together. This definition includes the more common and primarily heterosexual variety among opposite sexes, the mixed heterosexual and homosexual activity among opposite sexes and the rarer exclusively homosexual pattern among same-sex participants. In its broadest interpretation, group sex subsumes some voyeurism and exhibitionism, with partner sharing or exchange occurring in the same place at the same time. This would include all forms of sexual activity (not just copulation) where more than two persons participate together. Thus, partner swapping is group sex, unless the couples pair off and go to separate rooms, although either pattern of *partner exchange* may be *swinging*.

*Partner Exchange:* The exchange of mates or partners between consenting couples for the purpose of sexual activity.

*Swinging (general):* Relating to others on a sexual basis, either individually, in simple partner exchange or in a group.

*Swinging (specific):* A group of three, and often more, persons involved in sexual activity together.

Obviously, it is difficult to find a precise definition for swinging in its sociological and sexual contexts. Apart from the specific and definite pattern occurring in a group-sex situation, there are other vague general meanings. To say "I swung with her" would usually mean having sex, but to say "she swings" may be more an evaluation of personality and attitudes than of sexual activity, though it would usually imply some degree of freeness and availability.

Doubtless, swinging means different things to different people in different parts of the country, but perhaps the above will provide a basis for further examination of the subject among PLAYBOY readers. So far, no one has been able to isolate the common denominator of all swinging or its universal essential ingredient.

Since I am a professor of anthropology at a prominent Eastern university, whose administration does not consider swinging a fit topic for research, I would appreciate your not publishing my name.

(Name and address withheld by request)



"And then I, Becky Dawn Dunbar, would be queen of the jungle!"

*"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.*



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1942, the mayor of New York City, Fiorello La Guardia, alarmed by sensational press stories about "the killer drug, marijuana" that was allegedly driving people to rape and murder, appointed a commission to investigate the pot problem in his city. The commission was made up of 31 eminent physicians, psychiatrists, psychologists, etc., and six officers from the city's narcotics bureau. If there was any bias in that study, it must have been directed against marijuana, considering the presence of the narcotics officers, not to mention psychiatrists and M.D.s, who were then, as now, rather conservative groups. Nevertheless, after two years of hard study, including psychological and medical examinations of users, electroencephalograms to examine for brain damage, sociological digging into the behavior patterns associated with marijuana use and intelligence tests on confirmed pot-heads, the commission concluded:

Those who have been smoking marijuana for a period of years showed no mental or physical deterioration which may be attributed to the drug. . . . Marijuana is not a drug of addiction, comparable to

morphine. . . . Marijuana does not lead to morphine or heroin or cocaine addiction. . . . Marijuana is not the determining factor in the commission of major crimes. . . . The publicity concerning the catastrophic effects of marijuana smoking in New York City is unfounded.

Even earlier, a study of marijuana use in the Panama Canal Zone was undertaken by a notably conservative body, the United States Army. Published in 1925, the study concluded, "There is no evidence that marijuana as grown here is a habit-forming drug" and that "Delinquencies due to marijuana smoking which result in trial by military court are negligible in number when compared with delinquencies resulting from the use of alcoholic drinks which also may be classed as stimulants or intoxicants."

What may be the classic study in the whole field goes back further: to the 1893-1894 report of the seven-member Indian Hemp Drug Commission that received evidence from 1193 witnesses from all regions of the country (then including Burma and Pakistan), profes-

sionals and laymen, Indians and British, most of whom were required to answer in writing seven comprehensive questions covering most aspects of the subject. The commission found that there was no connection between the use of marijuana and "social and moral evils" such as crime, violence or bad character. It also concluded that occasional and moderate use may be beneficial; that moderate use is attended by no injurious physical, mental or other effects; and that moderate use is the rule: "It has been the most striking feature of this inquiry to find how little the effects of hemp drugs have intruded themselves on observation. The large numbers of witnesses of all classes who profess never to have seen them, the very few witnesses who could so recall a case to give any definite account of it and the manner in which a large proportion of these cases broke down on the first attempt to examine them are facts which combine to show most clearly how little injury society has hitherto sustained from hemp drugs." This conclusion is all the more remarkable when one realizes that the pattern of use in India included far more potent forms and doses of Cannabis than are presently used in the United States. The commission, in its conclusion, stated:

Total prohibition of the hemp drugs is neither necessary nor expedient in consideration of their ascertained effects, of the prevalence of the habit of using them, of the social or religious feelings on the subject and of the possibility of its driving the consumers to have recourse to other stimulants [alcohol] or narcotics which may be more deleterious.

Ever since there have been attempts to study marijuana scientifically, every major investigation has arrived at, substantially, the same conclusions, and these directly contradict the mythology of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. In contrast with the above facts, consider the following advertisement, circulated before the passage of the 1937 Federal anti-marijuana law:

*Beware! Young and Old—People in All Walks of Life! This [picture of a marijuana cigarette] may be handed you by the friendly stranger. It contains the Killer Drug "Marijuana"—a powerful narcotic in which lurks Murder! Insanity! Death!*

Such propaganda was widely disseminated in the mid-1930s, and it was responsible for stampeding Congress into the passage of a law unique in all American history in the extent to which it is based on sheer ignorance and misinformation.

Few people realize how recent anti-marijuana legislation is. Pot was widely used as a folk medicine in the



*"I'm not a warmonger, but then again, you won't find me at any peace talks!"*



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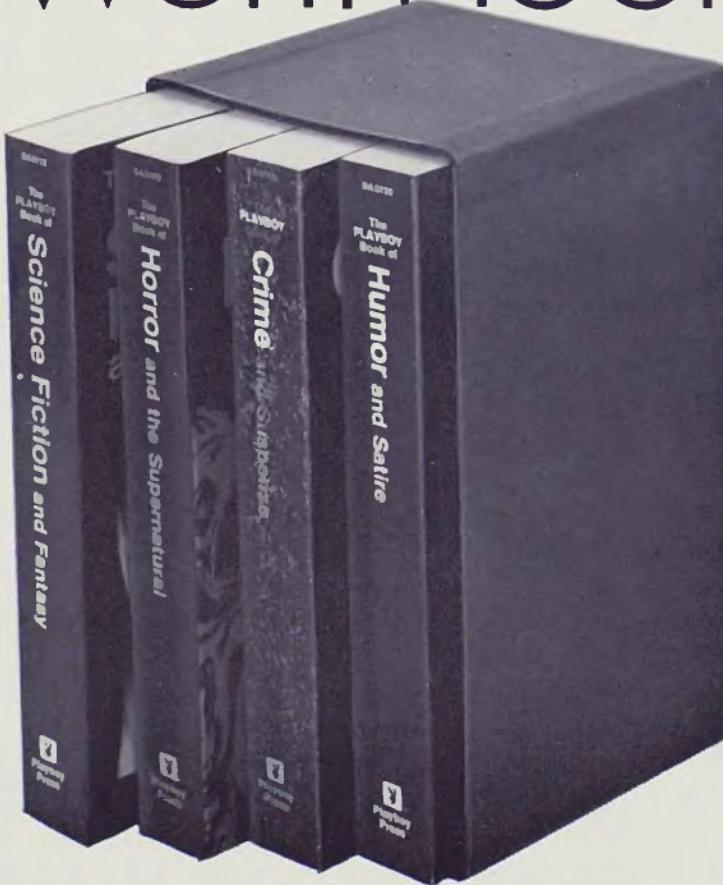


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19th Century. Its recreational use in this country began in the early 1900s with Mexican laborers in the Southwest, spread to Mexican Americans and Negroes in the South and then the North, and then moved from rural to urban areas. In terms of public reaction and social policy, little attention was paid to pot until the mid-1930s (although some generally unenforced state laws existed before then). At that time, a group of former alcohol-prohibition agents headed by Harry J. Anslinger, who became head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, began issuing statements to the public (via a cooperative press) claiming that marijuana caused crime, violence, assassination, insanity, release of anti-social inhibitions, mental deterioration and numerous other onerous activities.

In what became a model for future Federal and state legislative action on marijuana, Congressional hearings were held in 1937 on the Marijuana Tax Act. No medical, scientific or sociological evidence was sought or heard; no alternatives to criminalizing users and sellers were considered; and the major attention was given to the oilseed, birdseed and paint industries' need for unrestrained access to the hemp plant from which marijuana comes. A U.S. Treasury Department witness began his testimony by stating flatly that "Marijuana is being used extensively by high school children in cigarettes with deadly effect," and went on to introduce as further "evidence" an editorial from a Washington newspaper supposedly quoting the American Medical Association as having stated in its journal that marijuana use was one of the problems of greatest menace in the United States. Fortunately for historical analysis, a Dr. Woodward, serving as legislative counsel for the American Medical Association, was present to point out that the statement in question was by Anslinger and had only been reported in the A.M.A. journal.

Dr. Woodward deserves a posthumous accolade for his singlehanded heroic efforts to introduce reason and sanity to the hearing. Most importantly, the doctor (who was also a lawyer) criticized the Congressmen for proposing a law that would interfere with future medical uses of Cannabis and pointed out that no one from the Bureau of Prisons had been produced to show the number of prisoners "addicted" to marijuana, no one from the Children's Bureau or Office of Education to show the nature and extent of the "habit" among children and no one from the Division of Mental Hygiene or the Division of Pharmacology of the Public Health Service to give "direct and primary evidence rather than indirect and hearsay evidence." Saying that he assumed it was true that a certain amount of "narcotic addiction" existed, since "the newspapers have called attention to it so promi-

nently that there must be some grounds for their statements," he concluded that the particular type of statute under consideration was neither necessary nor desirable. The Congressmen totally ignored the content of Dr. Woodward's testimony and attacked his character, qualifications, experience and relationship to the American Medical Association, all of which were impeccable. He was then forced to admit that he could not say with certainty that no problem existed. Finally, his testimony was brought to a halt with the warning, "You are not cooperative in this. If you want to advise us on legislation, you ought to come here with some constructive proposals rather than criticism, rather than trying to throw obstacles in the way of something that the Federal Government is trying to do."

A similar but shorter hearing was held in the Senate, where Anslinger presented anecdotal "evidence" that marijuana caused murder, rape and insanity.

Thus, the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 was passed—and out of it grew a welter of state laws that were, in many cases, even more hastily ill conceived.

The present Federal laws impose a two-to-ten-year sentence for a first conviction for possessing even a small amount of marijuana, five to twenty years for a second conviction and ten to forty for a third. If Congress is not forced to recognize scientific fact and basic civil liberties, these penalties will be retained when the new Federal law is written without the sections declared invalid in the Leary case. The usual discretion that judges are given to grant probation or suspended sentences for real crimes is taken from them by this (and state) law as is the opportunity for parole. For sale or "dissemination," no matter how small the quantity of marijuana involved, and even if the dissemination is a gift between friends, the Federal penalty for first-offense conviction is five to twenty years; for a second offense, it's ten to forty.

The state laws, as I stated, are even hairier. Here are two real, and recent, cases: In Texas, Richard Dorsey, a shoe-shine-stand operator in a bowling alley, sold a matchbox full of marijuana (considerably less than an ounce) to a Dallas undercover policeman, for five dollars. His sentence: 50 years.

In Michigan, for selling five dollars' worth of grass to another police agent, Larry Belcher was sentenced to 20 to 30 years in prison. This case is worth noting as an example of how the marijuana laws actually function in many instances. Belcher is the only individual in Grand Traverse County to receive this sentence in the past two years; 25 other marijuana arrestees were all placed on probation within that time. Belcher, it appears, was the author of a column called "Dope-O-Scope" in a local under-

ground newspaper and had presented there some of the same scientific facts incorporated into this article. People who publicly oppose the marijuana laws and marijuana mythology of our narcotics police have an unusually high arrest record.

There is no consistency in these laws from state to state. Until 1968, South Dakota had the nation's lowest penalty for first-offense possession—90 days (it has since been raised to two to five years); however, if you crossed the state line to North Dakota, the picture changed abruptly. North Dakota had (and still has) the nation's highest penalty for first-offense possession—99 years at hard labor. In New York state, in spite of the revelatory work of the La Guardia commission, the penalties have increased since the Forties. Today, in that state, selling or transferring marijuana to anyone under 21 carries a penalty of one to 25 years, even if the transfer is by somebody who is also under 21 and is a gift to a friend. (The state legislature recently tried to raise this penalty to 15 years to life, but Governor Rockefeller vetoed the bill.) In Louisiana, a minor selling to a minor is subject to five to fifteen years' imprisonment, while an adult selling to a minor may receive the death penalty. Finally, in Georgia, the penalty for a first conviction for selling to a minor is life imprisonment. If the offender is paroled or his sentence suspended, and he is convicted again, he can be sentenced to death.

The barbarity of such penalties in relation to pot's relative harmlessness is even beginning to be recognized in Washington, despite incessant and quite unscientific efforts to maintain the old mythology, emanating from the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. In 1963, President Kennedy's Advisory Commission on Narcotic and Drug Abuse called into question some of the prevailing beliefs about marijuana and recommended lighter sentences for possession. In 1967, President Johnson's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice took a similar view, recommending more flexible penalties; more significantly, it stated that marijuana has virtually nothing in common with true narcotics or opiates—the first time that fact was publicly admitted by a U.S. Government agency. And in 1967, Dr. James Goddard, while commissioner of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, was quoted as saying that it would disturb him less if his teenage daughter smoked one marijuana cigarette than if she drank an alcoholic beverage. (Faced with a predictable outcry from conservatives in Congress, Goddard said he had been misquoted—but quite honestly added that the known facts did not support the opinion that marijuana is more dangerous than alcohol.)

Not only is marijuana comparatively



*"I'd like to stuff her...?"*

harmless on the face of all the evidence but there are even reasons to believe it may be beneficial in some cases. In many countries, Cannabis has been used medicinally for as long as 5000 years and is regarded as a sovereign remedy for a variety of ills. There are references to medicinal uses of marijuana in American medical journals (mostly of the 19th Century) where doctors reported it as useful as an analgesic, appetite stimulant, anti-spasmodic, anti-depressant, tranquilizer, anti-asthmatic, topical anesthetic, child-birth analgesic and antibiotic. My own investigations in areas of the world where this folk medicine still flourishes and my study of 20th Century scientific literature lead me to believe that marijuana would be useful for treating depression, loss of appetite, high blood pressure, anxiety and migraine.

An English psychiatrist who employed marijuana in the therapy of depressive patients, Dr. George T. Stockings, concluded that it "might be more effective

than any tranquilizer now in use." Dr. Robert Walton of the University of Mississippi has also suggested its use for certain gynecological and menstrual problems and in easing childbirth. We should not let lingering puritanical prejudices prevent us from investigating these areas further. As Dr. Tod Mikuriya, a psychiatrist formerly associated with the National Institute of Mental Health, notes, "The fact that a drug has a recreational history should not blind us to its possible other uses. Morton was the first to use ether publicly for anesthesia after observing medical students at 'ether frolics' in 1846." While such speculations about the benefits of pot must await further research before a final answer is given, there can be no doubt that a grave injustice has been suffered by those currently in prison because of laws passed when the drug was believed to incite crime and madness.

Even the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and its propagandists have largely given up the "steppingstone theory" (that mari-

juana smoking leads to use of addictive drugs) and the "degeneracy theory" (that it leads to crime or "bad character"). They have recently rallied around the oldest, and most discredited, canard of all—the legend that marijuana causes insanity. To shore up this crumbling myth, they cite recent research at the Addiction Research Center in Lexington, Kentucky, where 30 former opiate addicts were given high doses of synthetic THC (the active ingredient in marijuana) or concentrated Cannabis extract. Most of the subjects showed marked perceptual changes, which the experimenter chose to describe as "hallucinations" and "psychotic reactions." This, of course, merely confirms a basic axiom of pharmacology; i.e., with increasing doses of any drug, different and more dangerous responses will occur; you could obtain some spectacularly adverse reactions with horse doctors' doses of aspirin, coffee or even orange juice. (With ordinary doses of THC or marijuana, the subjects experienced the same "high" found in normal, social marijuana smoking.)

A more serious defect in this research lies in the loaded terminology with which the experimenter, Dr. Harris Isbell, reported his results. Psychiatrist Thomas Szasz, a crusader for reform in the mental-health field, points out that a "psychotic reaction" is not something *in* an individual, Mr. A, like cancer; rather, it is a label that a second individual, Mr. B (more often, Dr. B), pins on Mr. A. The fact is that the subjects experienced perceptual changes; it is not a fact but merely an *opinion* whether one wants to call these changes "consciousness expansion" and "transcendence of the ego" (with Timothy Leary) or "hallucinations" and "psychotic reactions" (with Dr. Isbell).

Sociologist Howard Becker—the observer who first noted the effect of "learning" on the marijuana experience—has researched medical literature from the early 1930s to the present in search of reported cases of "marijuana psychosis." He found none after 1940, a remarkable fact, considering the pyramiding acceleration of marijuana use during the Forties, Fifties and Sixties. Becker concluded that persons who were diagnosed as "marijuana psychotics" in the Thirties were simply anxious and disoriented because they hadn't learned yet how to use the drug. Dr. Isbell's subjects, almost certainly, were not advised about the effects of the drug; and his experiment is really just another proof of the effect of "set and setting" as well as high doses on drug experience.

A 1946 study examined 310 persons who had been using marijuana for an average of seven years each. There was no record of mental-hospital commitment among any of them.

The marijuanaphobes also cite studies



*"Interesting, I grant you—but unless you can think of some commercial application—"*

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from the Near East to prove that marijuana is associated with psychosis. In the first place, many of the people in these studies smoked hashish, not marijuana; and while hashish is derived from the same plant, *Cannabis sativa*, it is otherwise a considerably stronger form of the drug. One might compare the two *Cannabis* drugs with two alcohol drugs as follows: Smoking a pipe of hashish is equivalent to drinking a fifth of vodka; smoking the same pipe of marijuana is about like drinking a bottle of beer. However, the studies themselves do not deserve such careful rebuttal; they are scientifically worthless. They prove only that, in countries where most of the population regularly use *Cannabis*, many of the patients in mental hospitals also have a history of *Cannabis* use. Usually the proportion of users in the institution is less than that in the general population, leading to a possible conclusion that it is psychologically beneficial. In fact, however, there are no scientifically valid statistics or records kept at these facilities. The testimony turns out, on examination, to be impressionistic and anecdotal rather than scientific and precise. The diagnosis of psychosis and its attribution to *Cannabis* is often made by a ward attendant. In short, we are faced with the kind of "evidence" that the Indian Hemp Drug Commission discarded in 1893. I have visited the mental hospitals of several of the countries involved in the "Cannabis psychosis" and none of the record keeping involved meets the minimum requirements demanded of freshman scientific reports in American colleges.

Perhaps the last bastion of marijuana-

phobia is the argument by uncertainty. "Who knows?" this line goes. "Maybe, in the future, marijuana might be discovered, by further research, to have dangerous side effects that haven't been noted yet." This argument, of course, is unanswerable; but it applies equally well to such diverse objects as diet pills and bubble gum. One cannot prove that the future will not discover new things; but does such a fact—science's lack of clairvoyance—justify our present marijuana laws? It clearly does not. No drug, including marijuana, will ever be found to be totally harmless; and no drug, particularly marijuana, will ever be found to be as dangerous as the hydrogen bomb (once claimed by Anslinger). Social policy should not be determined by this anyway. The possible risks should be dealt with by education. What is unacceptable is locking a man up for 99 years for possessing something of far less proven danger than tobacco, alcohol, automobiles and guns.

Instead of decreasing marijuana usage, our present laws have created the contempt for Government about which I spoke earlier. In addition to continuing to disobey the law, hordes of young people have begun to flout it publicly. There have been smoke-ins—masses who gather in a public park, where those in the inner core of the group light up, while the outer perimeter obstruct and slow down the police until the evidence is consumed—at Berkeley, in Boston and elsewhere. Planting marijuana in conspicuous places has become a fad; among the notable seedlings have been the center strip of Park Avenue in New York City, the lawn in front of a police station

in ultrarespectable Westchester County, the UN Building and (twice recently) in front of the state capitol in Austin, Texas.

But the American marijuana tragedy is even worse than I have indicated. Like other crimes-without-victims, pot smoking is a private activity and involves no harm to anyone else. Remember: The police do not have to engage in cloak-and-dagger activities to find out if there have been any banks or grocery stores robbed lately—the bankers and store owners (the victims) call them immediately. But since there is no victim in the "crime" of smoking marijuana, nobody is going to call the police to report it—except, very rarely, a neighbor who finds the evidence. Hence, the entire apparatus of the police state comes into existence as soon as we attempt to enforce anti-grass legislation; and by the nature of such legislation, totalitarian results must ensue. We cannot police the private lives of the citizenry without invading their privacy; this is an axiom.

That a man's home is his castle has long been a basic principle of Anglo-American jurisprudence, and some of us can still recall the near poetry of the great oration by William Pitt in which he says, "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to the force of the Crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter; the rain may enter; but the King of England cannot enter—all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!" This principle goes back to the Magna Charta and is firmly entrenched in the Fourth Amendment to our own Constitution, guaranteeing the people "the right . . . to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures."

This libertarian tradition is a great hindrance to the police when they attempt to enforce sumptuary laws—laws concerning the private morals of the citizens. And, in fact, the enforcement of the marijuana law requires pernicious police behavior.

For instance, the *Chicago Sun-Times* told, in 1967, how the police of that city obtain search warrants for use in legalizing raids that otherwise would be mere "fishing expeditions"—intolerable to any American court. In dealing with the organized-crime cartel usually called "the Syndicate," the police have obtained from the courts the right to use what are called "blank warrants"—warrants in which the witness who alleges he has seen the crime is permitted to sign a false name. This is supposedly necessary to protect informers against the wrath of the reputedly all-seeing and all-powerful Syndicate. Once this dangerous precedent was set, the police began applying



*"OK, then—if it makes you feel like a man,  
leave it on . . . leave it on!"*

'We were about to give up and call it a night when somebody dropped the girl off the bridge.'—*Entire opening paragraph of "Darker Than Amber"* by John D. MacDonald.

# THE McGEE

By JOHN D. MacEAGLE

ASIDE from his grim tendency to knock off heroines early, we tend to identify with John D. MacDonald, king of the paperbacks and a writer's writer: he, too, is apparently fruit about color names. In Gold Medal's Travis McGee series alone there are eleven hued titles. ★ Thus when we recently invented a shirt so trim that we had to put a seam down the back to take up the excess waistage—then add a 7" rear vent so your hips won't turn Gang Green—we thought to call it "The McGee." ★ We wrote MacDonald and he said sure, as long as "*it has two pockets*"; both he and McGee like two pockets. We said no, since the shirt is as sleek as a wet seal. ★ If he persists, we might just name the shirt "The John D.": in honor of the old guy who went around giving out dimes. He may have been chintzy, but he wasn't piggy about pockets. ★ The McGee is a cotton broadcloth dress shirt with French cuffs and a long point collar. The tail is cut straight-bottom from front placket to back vent. About \$10.00; in 18 colors, among them: Plain Wrapper Brown, Deep Goodbye Blue, Dyeing Place Purple, Deadly Shade Gold, Quick Fox Red, Cupcake Brass, Nightmare Pink, Fearful Eye Yellow, and Darker Than Pale Gray Black. ★ It has one pocket.

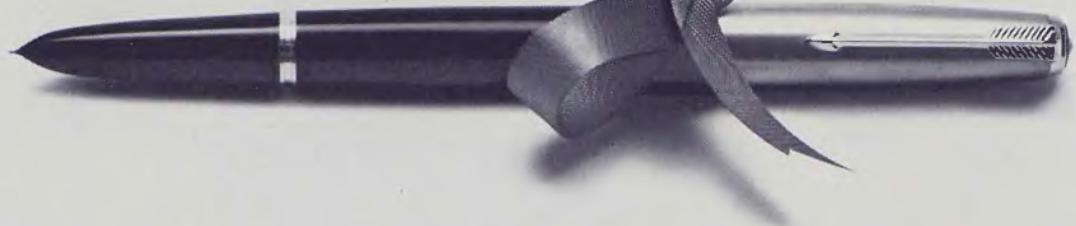


©1969, EAGLE SHIRT (appearing soon on Rod Taylor as McGee in Cinema Center Films' motion picture now in production in Fla.) MAKERS (a subsidiary of Hat Corporation), QUAKERTOWN, PA. 18951. Don't know what a placket is, eh?



*"Not me, lady—I'm just with the catering service."*

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it to marijuana users as well. As the *Sun-Times* noted:

Those methods are dubious. . . . We refer to the method of obtaining search warrants. The informer signs a search-warrant complaint, with an assumed name, alleging perhaps that he bought illicit drugs from a certain person, at a certain place. The police do not have to disclose the name of the informer or the time when the drugs were bought. There is also a device known as constructive possession: The police can arrest anybody found in the vicinity of prohibited drugs, whether he's an innocent visitor or the real culprit. The frame-up is easy. Plant the drugs, get the search warrant, grab everybody in sight. It could happen to you and you'd never have the right to face your accuser.

William Braden, a *Sun-Times* reporter, also uncovered one informer, a heroin addict, who admitted signing dozens of such warrants without the names of the accused on them. The narcotics squad could then type in the name of any individual whose apartment they wanted to raid and it would be perfectly "legal" in form—but a terrifying distance in spirit from the actual meaning of the Constitution. Such raids, of course, violate the Sixth Amendment—guaranteeing the right "to be confronted with the witnesses" against you—as well as the Fourth (no "unreasonable searches"); and they occur everywhere in the nation.

Most of us never hear of such things, because reporters routinely print the police version of the raid, without interviewing the arrested "dope fiends." It is also standard practice for the police to multiply the quantity of drugs seized in such a raid by a factor of two (and the price by a factor of ten) when giving the news to the press. This makes for impressive headlines; it also contributes to the growing tendency toward "trial by newspaper," which worries civil libertarians.

Some types of entrapment are regarded as legal in America today—although some still are not. In my own opinion, all forms of entrapment are profoundly immoral, whether technically legal or illegal; but my opinion is, perhaps, immaterial. The results of this practice, however, are truly deplorable from the point of view of anyone who has any lingering affection for the spirit of the Bill of Rights.

Here is a specific case: John Sinclair, a poet, leader of the Ann Arbor hippie community and manager of a rock group called MC-5, became friendly, around October 1966, with Vahan Kapagian and Jane Mumford, who presented themselves to him as members of the hippie-artist-mystic subculture that exists in all of our large cities. Over a period of two

months, they worked to secure his confidence and friendship and several times asked him to get them some marijuana. Finally, on December 22, Sinclair, apparently feeling that he could now trust them, gave two marijuana cigarettes to Miss Mumford—one for her and one for Kapagian. He was immediately arrested; his "friends" were police undercover agents.

Sinclair has been convicted of both "possessing" and "dispensing" marijuana and faces a minimum of 20 years under each statute, and a maximum of life for the sale. If his appeal is not upheld, the very smallest sentence he could receive is 40 years. As his lawyers pointed out in his appeal, "The minimum sentence to which [Sinclair] is subject to imprisonment is 20 times greater than the minimum to which a person may be imprisoned [in Michigan] for such crimes as rape, robbery, arson, kidnaping or second-degree murder. It is more than 20 times greater than the minimum sentence of imprisonment for any other offense in Michigan law, except first-degree murder."

That illegal wire tapping has also been widely used by the narcotics police was an open secret for years; now it is no secret at all—and not illegal, either. The 1968 Omnibus Crime Bill authorizes such wire tapping for suspected marijuana users. Since this usage has spread to all classes and all educational levels, such suspicion can be directed at virtually anyone (after all, the nephew and the brother of one of President Nixon's closest friends were recently busted on pot charges); thus, almost any American can now have his phone tapped legally. Considering the elastic interpretation police usually give to such Congressional authorization, an anonymous tip by any crank in your neighborhood would probably be enough to get a tap on your phone by tomorrow morning. Why not? As *Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko recently wrote, "There is a democratic principle in injustice. If enough people support it, they'll all get it."

With the doctrine of "constructive possession," anyone who has a pot-smoking friend is subject to marijuana laws if he walks into the friend's house at the wrong time. In California two years ago, a woman was sentenced to sterilization for being in the same room with a man who was smoking grass. The fact that a higher court overturned this sentence does not lessen its frightening implications.

And a new wrinkle has been added. According to a story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* last June 20, the Government is planning "an unpleasant surprise for marijuana smokers—'sick pot.'" The article goes on to explain how an unspecified chemical can be sprayed on Mexican marijuana fields from a helicopter, whereupon "just a puff or two produces uncontrollable vomiting that not

even the most dedicated smoker could ignore."

This, I submit, could have come from the morbid fantasy of Kafka, Burroughs or Orwell. The Government, in its holy war against a relatively harmless drug, is deliberately creating a very harmful drug. Nor is the *Chronicle* story something dreamed up by a sensation-mongering reporter. A call to the Justice Department in Washington has confirmed that this plan has been discussed and may go into operation in the near future.

Consider, now, the actual social background in which this crusade against Cannabis is being waged. America is not the Victorian garden it pretends to be; we are, in fact, a drug-prone nation. Parents and other adults after whom children model their own behavior teach them that every time one relates to other human beings, whether at a wedding or at a funeral, and every time one has a pain, problem or trouble, it is necessary or desirable to pop a pill, drink a cocktail or smoke a cigarette. The alcohol, tobacco and over-the-counter pseudo—"sedative" industries jointly spend more than \$2,000,000 a day in the United States alone to promote as much drug use as possible.

The average "straight" adult consumes three to five mind-altering drugs a day, beginning with the stimulant caffeine in coffee, tea or Coca-Cola, going on to include alcohol and nicotine, often a tranquilizer, not uncommonly a sleeping pill at night and sometimes an amphetamine the next morning to overcome the effects of the sedative taken the evening before.

We have 80,000,000 users of alcohol in this country, including 6,000,000 alcoholics; 50,000,000 users of tobacco cigarettes; 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 users of sedatives, stimulants and tranquilizers; and hundreds of thousands of users of consciousness alterers that range from heroin and LSD to cough syrup, glue, nutmeg and catnip—all in addition to marijuana use.

Drs. Manheimer and Mellinger, surveying California adults over 21, found that 51 percent had at some time used sedatives, stimulants or tranquilizers (17 percent had taken these drugs frequently) and 18 percent had at some time used marijuana.

Further underlining the extent of use of the prescription drugs is the estimate from the National Prescription Audit that 175,000,000 prescriptions for sedatives, stimulants and tranquilizers were filled in 1968. Also enough barbiturates (Nembutal, Seconal, phenobarbital) alone are manufactured to provide 25 to 30 average doses per year for every man, woman and child in this country.

In the light of this total drug picture, the persecution of potheads seems to be a species of what anthropologists call "scapegoatism"—the selection of one minority group to be punished for the sins

of the whole population, whose guilt is vicariously extirpated in the punishment of the symbolic sacrificial victims.

Meanwhile, my criticisms—and those of increasing numbers of writers, scientific and popular—continue to bounce off the iron walls of prejudice that seem to surround Congress and state legislatures. It is quite possible that our new, post-Leary pot laws will be as bad as the old ones. If there is any improvement, it is likely to come, once again, from the courts.

Several legal challenges to our anti-pot mania are, in fact, working their way upward toward the Supreme Court, and the issues they raise are potentially even more significant than those involved in the Leary case.

First is the challenge raised by attorney Joseph Oteri in his defense of two Boston University students. Oteri's case cites the equal-protection clause of the Constitution—grass is less harmful than booze, so you can't outlaw one without the other. He also argues that the marijuana statute is irrational and arbitrary and an invalid exercise of police power

because pot is harmless and wrongly defined as a narcotic, when it is, technically, not a narcotic. This is not mere hairsplitting. It is impossible, under law, to hang a man for murder if his actual crime was stealing hubcaps; it should be equally impossible to convict him of "possession of a narcotic" if he was not in possession of a narcotic but of a drug belonging to an entirely different chemical family.

And marijuana, decidedly, is not a narcotic—although just what it should be called is something of a mystery. The tendency these days is to call it a "mild psychedelic," with the emphasis on mild; this is encouraged both by the Tim Leary crowd—to whom psychedelic is a good word, denoting peace, ecstasy, non-violent revolution, union with God and the end of all neurotic hang-ups of Western man—and by those to whom psychedelic is a monster word denoting hallucinations, insanity, suicide and chaos. I doubt the psychedelic label very much and think it is as off base as narcotic. Since marijuana has very little in common with LSD and the true psyche-

delics, but much in common with alcohol and other sedatives, and a certain similarity also to amphetamine and other stimulants, I prefer to call it a sedative-stimulant as it is classified by Dr. Frederick Meyers, who also notes its resemblance to laughing gas (nitrous oxide). Dr. Leo Hollister finds enough resemblance to LSD to call it a sedative-hypnotic-psychadelic. *Goodman and Gilman*, the orthodox pharmacological reference, dodges the issue entirely by listing marijuana as a "miscellaneous" drug. In any case, it is not a narcotic, and anyone arrested for having a narcotic in his possession when he actually has marijuana definitely is being charged with a crime he hasn't committed.

A second challenge, raised by Oteri and also being pressed by two Michigan attorneys, is based on the prohibition of "cruel and unusual punishments" in the Eighth Amendment. The courts have held, in the past, that a law can be struck down if the punishments it requires are cruel and unusual in comparison with the penalties in the same state for similar or related crimes. For instance, the statute against chicken stealing was made quite harsh in the early days of Oklahoma, apparently because the offense was common and provoked great public indignation. As a result, a man named Skinner was threatened with the punishment of sterilization under one section of this law. He appealed to the Supreme Court, which struck down the Oklahoma statute because similarly harsh penalties were not provided for other forms of theft. Obviously, in the states where the penalty for possession of marijuana is higher than the penalty for armed robbery, rape, second-degree murder, etc., the law is vulnerable to legal attack as cruel and unusual.

There is also the "zone of privacy" argument, originally stated in the Connecticut birth-control decision and more recently invoked by the Kentucky supreme court, in striking down a local (Barbourville, Kentucky) ordinance making it a crime to smoke tobacco cigarettes. The court ruled that "The city . . . may not unreasonably interfere with the right of the citizen to determine for himself such personal matters." The zone of privacy was also cited by the U. S. Supreme Court in invalidating the Georgia law against possession (not sale) of pornography.

The drug police and their legislative allies have been experimenting with our liberties for a long time now. The Leary decision, however, shows that it is not too late to reverse the trend, and the issues raised by the constitutional questions discussed above show how the erosion of our liberties can, indeed, be reversed.

A compelling medical, sociological and philosophical case exists for the full legalization of marijuana, particularly if legalization is the only alternative to the present criminalization of users. But an



*"I think Karen's letter is for a real extracurricular activity."*



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even more substantial case exists for ending all criminal penalties for possession or use of the drug, while still exercising some caution. I would recommend, for example, that to prevent the sale of dangerously adulterated forms of the drug, marijuana be produced under Federal supervision, as alcohol is. Furthermore, sellers of the drug should be licensed, and they should be prohibited from selling to minors. If there are infractions of these laws, the penalties should be directed at the seller, not the user. I would also strongly recommend that all advertising and promotion of marijuana be prohibited, and that packages of the drug carry the warning: CAUTION: MARIJUANA MAY BE HARMFUL TO YOUR HEALTH.

If marijuana were to be legalized, what would happen? According to the marijuanaphobes, the weed will spread into every American home; people will become lazy and sluggish, sit around all day in a drugged stupor and talk philosophy when they talk at all; we will sink into the "backward" state of the Near Eastern and Asian nations.

There are good, hard scientific reasons for doubting this gloomy prognostication.

1. Most Americans have already found their drug of choice—alcohol—and there is more conditioning involved in such preferences than most people realize. The average American heads straight for the bar when he feels the impulse to relax; a change in the laws will not change this conditioned reflex. When the Catholic Church allowed its members to eat meat on Friday, the majority went right on following the conditioned channel that told them, "Friday is fish day."

2. Of the small minority that will try pot (after it is legalized) in search of a new kick, most will be vastly disappointed, since (a) it doesn't live up to its sensational publicity, largely given to it by the Federal Narcotics Bureau; and (b) the "high" depends, as we have indicated, not only on set and setting but, unlike alcohol, on learning.

This involves conditioning and the relationship of the actual chemistry of the two drugs to the total *Gestalt* of our culture. What pot actually does—outside mythology—is produce a state midway between euphoria and drowsiness, like a mild alcohol high; accelerate and sharpen the thoughts (at least in the subjective impression of the user), like an amphetamine; and intensify sound and color perception, although not nearly as much as a true psychedelic. It can also enhance sexual experience, but not create it—contrary to Mr. Anslinger, pot is not an aphrodisiac. It is, in short, the drug of preference for creative and contemplative types—or, at least, people with a certain streak of that tendency in their personality. Alcohol, on the other hand, depresses the forebrain, relaxes inhibitions, produces euphoria and drowsiness and, while depleting some functions,

# soar



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*"Please, Howard—I'm not that kind of girl!"*

such as speech and walking, does not draw one into the mixture of sensuality and introspection created by pot. It is the drug of preference for aggressive and extroverted types. Therefore, the picture of pot spreading everywhere and changing our culture is sociologically putting the cart before the horse; our society would first have to change basically before pot could spread everywhere.

3. Even if, against all likelihood, marijuana were to sweep the country, this would not have dire consequences. Marijuana has no specifically anti-machine property in it; it would not make our technology go away, like a wave of an evil sorcerer's wand. Nor does it dull the mental faculties, as we have seen in reviewing the scientific evidence. (I might add, here, that the highest honor students at certain Ivy League colleges are frequently pot users, and one study at Yale found more marijuana smokers at the top of the class than at the bottom.)

4. Finally, the whole specter of America sinking into backwardness due to pot is based upon totally false anthropological concepts. The Near East is not tribal, preindustrial, superstitious, and so forth, merely because Mohammed banned alcohol in the Koran but forgot to exclude Cannabis drugs also; a whole complex of historical and cultural factors is in-

volved, not the least of which is the continuous intervention of Western imperialism from the Crusades onward. Other factors are the rigid structure of the Islamic religion and the lack of a scientific minority that can effectively challenge these dogmas; the Western world was equally backward—please note—when the Christian religion was not open to scientific dissent and criticism. Backwardness is a relative concept, and, although pot has been used in the Arabic countries for millenniums, they have several times been ahead of the West in basic science (the most famous example being their invention of algebra). The populations of these nations are not "lazy" due to marijuana nor to any other cause; they are merely underemployed by a feudalistic economic system. The ones lucky enough to find work usually toil for longer hours, in a hotter sun, than most Americans would find bearable.

Thus, treating marijuana in a sane and rational way presents no threat to our society, whereas continuing the present hysteria will alienate increasing numbers of the young while accelerating the drift toward a police state. I take no pleasure in the spread of even so mild a drug as marijuana, and I am sure (personally, not scientifically) that in a truly open,

libertarian and decent society, nobody would be inclined to any kind of drug use. While I agree with the psychedelic generation about the absurdity and injustice of our criminal laws relating to drugs, I am not an apostle of the "turn on, tune in, drop out" mystique. I recognize that drugs can be an evasion of responsibility, and that there is no simple chemical solution to all the psychic, social and political problems of our time. My own program would be: Turn on to the life around you, tune in to knowledge and feeling, and drop in to changing the world for the better. If that course could prevail, the adventurous young, no longer haunted by the anxiety and *anomie* of the present system, would probably discover that love, comradeship, music, the arts, sex, meaningful work, alertness, self-discipline, real education (which is a lifelong task) and plain hard thought are bigger, better and more permanent highs than any chemical can produce.

But, meanwhile, I must protest—I will continue to protest—against the bureaucrat who stands with cocktail in one hand and cigarette in the other and cries out that the innocent recreation of pot smoking is the major problem facing our society, one that can be solved only by raising the penalty to castration for the first offense and death for the second. He would be doing the young people—and all the rest of us—a true favor if he forgot about marijuana for a while and thought, a few minutes a day, about such real problems as racism, poverty, starvation, air pollution and our stumbling progress toward World War Three and the end of life on earth.

It is an irony of our time that our beloved George Washington would be a criminal today, for he grew hemp at Mount Vernon, and his diary entries, dealing specifically with separating the female plants from the male before pollination, show that he was not harvesting it for rope. The segregation of the plants by sex is only necessary if you intend to extract "the killer drug, marijuana" from the female plant.

Of course, we have no absolute evidence that George turned on. More likely, he was using marijuana as many Americans in that age used it: as a medicine for bronchitis, chest colds and other respiratory ailments. (Pot's euphoric qualities were not well known outside the East in those days.) But can you imagine General Washington trying to explain to an agent of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, "I was only smoking it to clear up my lumbago"? It would never work: he would land in prison, perhaps for as long as 40 years. He would be sharing the same cruel fate as several thousand other harmless Americans today. As it says in the book of Job, "From the dust the dying groan, and the souls of the wounded cry out."





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## REVELATIONS

(continued from page 130)

the shoulder but holds that gesture back. To work. Tail gate finally off, the doors open and reveal an Oswald-stacked interior, tight as a sparrow's cunt. An improvised system of checks and counter-pressure that fits furniture and boxes together like a puzzle. One piece on each tier holds the clue to breakdown.

By noon they have cleared the van. Chicago heat takes the temp up to 200 near the roof (which is where Hairston ends up working, handing crap down). "Take a break, boy," says Oswald. No reaction. "Chow down." Still nothing. Oswald wipes his hands together, the universal dust-off, and Hairston nods and smiles. They move apart, Oswald to Shuban's Tavern for beer and a burger, Hairston to his brown lunch bag.

Oswald is all right as long as he is sweating. It is these times of cooling off that tear at him now. This bar he knows, these boys he knows. Why the jitters? Dean is over there cracking an egg into his beer and telling of his latest wreck. He has totaled out three rigs in the last year. Dean moves his hands like a pilot after a mission, takes in all the bar with his eyes. He was deadheading back from Oklahoma. Not his fault (never is).

But some reservoir of acid has been loosed in Oswald's brain pads this day and he sees not Dean's wreck but one of his own witnessing (dreaming?). As if fed on snow or bhang, Oswald leaves the bar in spirit and remembers a burning cab deep in a ditch, fire all over, and the driver trapped by the legs, his head out the window, the man cool in logic until his hair was burning, as he ordered someone, anyone, to shoot him. Which no one did, because that would be murder of the sorriest sort and who wants that kind of rap? So a silent congregation high on the road shoulder watched him burn. At the last, Oswald threw rocks down at the blackening head, hoping to knock out the poor bastard. Didn't work.

Shake that vision, he tells himself. "I'm tired. I've worked my ass off," he finds his mouth saying. 'Course you have, 'deed you have, the truckers around him nod, with amusement and no pity. "Well, I have!" he yells.

"Well shit oh dear haven't we all?" Dean challenges.

"Yes! No! I don't know," and out the door stomps Oswald. Only the deepest part of his head hears their laughter. He crosses Halsted Street. I am young and wrinkled, he tells himself. I look at the world through a windshield. I see things different. But there's no room for my difference. I have calcium in my elbows, my shoulders. My chemicals are all wrong.

For the first time, he sits outside the jokes in the dispatcher's office. Cold comes on around his shoulders and chest.

He drinks more coffee. When that does no good, he goes for pills, uncaps the plastic vial with shaking hands and drops two on his tongue. He works them down his cotton throat. No sooner taken than he feels a modicum of relief; and as the one-o'clock whistle blows in the stockyards, he is almost ready to haul ass.

He gets a loading order for the Near North Side. "Work late, if you have to. It don't matter. Nobody there except the help. You inventory, they sign."

Oswald reads the estimate sheet and cringes. "You're only giving me half a van and it's a run to Detroit."

"That's right," says the dispatcher.

"And packing? I ain't no packer. You give me one and *you pay*."

"Uh-uh. I never knew a driver didn't bitch."

"I thought I had a Memphis job."

"That went out this morning."

Shit, thought Oswald, I am tired of arguing. "Give me a packer," he repeats.

"Take that tar baby you had this morning."

"He can't talk or hear, how's he—"

"Best kind, ain't it?" This gets laughs.

"How's he going to pack china?"

"I don't understand you, Ralph. I give you one that can't sass you back and can't hear the shit you give him. And you're unhappy."

Oswald has lost it now and he knows it. Everybody is laughing. Buzz go his ears in anger. Humor is a weapon he despises, can't cope with. He tries one more assault, direct, as usual. "Memphis is my home office. I got some priority."

Done in by efficiency this time. "I called them. It's OK. Wait three days in Detroit after you've dumped this load. If you don't get any orders, they want you to deadhead back."

"Double fuck," is all Oswald can say. This, too, strikes all but him as funny. It is a two-pronged shaft of modern design. Hard as he has worked this summer, one or two sterile trips still could put him below break-even.

"Some companies pay for deadhead mileage," Oswald is thinking out loud.

"Not this one and you know it. On your way."

Fatigue and anger come together somewhere in his stomach. He wants to rip into the old bastard. Who has turned to the phone and forgotten. Adrenaline forges too many thoughts into Oswald's conscience. As he walks out onto the loading dock, he thinks for a moment that he is back in Tennessee at a train station. The smells of creosote, dust, dry wood, even urine, the heat waves that wrap his van in flags of color.

"I'm home," he shouts and shouts again. The dock is still empty and his voice meets no one who can hear. Only Hairston sitting silent and blinking on a stack of burlap pads, and recognition

of that sphinx is enough to bring Oswald back. In a sort of amateur's semiology, he shows Hairston what he wants done; i.e., fold the pads, each type in its own way, the skins in quarters, the burlap in halves, the mats in thirds. Oswald is precise. He decides to let Hairston work while he watches and drinks a Coke. He thinks of himself as a young slyboots whose smarts have always made others work harder than himself.

"I am a trim rat," he chuckles as he ties bowlines around the neat piles Hairston has made along the trailer floor. When they climb into the truck cab, it seems almost that Hairston can hear; he winces as Oswald runs the engine high in neutral to build up air-brake pressure.

"Don't sweat the program," Oswald yells. "I know this motor. I done it over twice." He holds up two fingers victory spread in an attempt to explain, but all he meets are red-veined eyeballs and corneas of mud. "Fuck it," Oswald spits out the window. "Long as you work hard for me, I'll tolerate you."

It is not just any old shack, their destination, but a la-di-da apartment on the Gold Coast. From the front windows, Oswald looks out at the Oak Street Beach. There is a freight elevator for his use and only one maid to watch him. Oswald should be happy. But there is an itching and aching somewhere inside his head. Things do not go perfect. Hairston does not know how to wrap dishes. Oswald puts on a dumb show, hoping to teach him, but the big black hands with scarred knuckles are not gentle with the china. Oswald gives up. "Take your smalls and mediums into the living room. Pack books and shit. I'll do dish packs." He pushes Hairston away.

This is a major defeat. It takes a good half hour to pack a dish barrel, bending over most of the time. With the crap in this kitchen, Oswald has to work for five hours. All along, he becomes more certain that Hairston has played dumb coon. "Never knew one didn't go stupid-ass ignorant when it was convenient." Oswald speaks while leaning into a barrel and his voice echoes deep. He has forgotten himself for the moment, forgotten the maid, who has watched him like a silent Aunt Jemima. He straightens up and grins. Bravado better than retreat, he decides. She stares at him and he looks her back, this big mommy with eyes bred out of some playa. Hate musters in his gut. It is no match for the blankness he sees, his emotion no more relevant than the words once spoken by declarant Colonialists over swamps they thought they could own.

His gaze shifts to his hands. They hold a crystal bowl. Deliberately, he drops it on the floor and the slivers fly past her ankles. "Sorry 'bout that." She sweeps up the mess and Oswald goes on packing.

It is, believe it or not, his first contact with wealth close up. Wedgwood, thick

rugs, gilt mirrors, 500 pairs of shoes, three color-television sets. He cannot believe his inventory sheet. Hairston tags the cartons and furniture while Oswald writes the list. Weight means wealth in the moving business: heavy dressers, highboys, appliances deluxe, mirror packs, crates of marble, cubes of trivia. Oswald figures to make a pile on this job.

Loading is not much of a sweat. The freight elevator makes it easy. It is near midnight by the time they are done. Oswald is debating: Does Hairston know about time and a half? It's worth ten bucks. Oswald talks out loud to himself, while Hairston ties the reefer dolly to the last tier. "Question is if you're dumb all around. Take it straight from noon to midnight and it's about thirty-five I owe you. But if you figure time and a half after six, that's another eight or so. What do you think?"

No answer from the big back as it shoves the loading ramp into the slats. Oswald dips thumb and forefinger into his wallet and deals out a ten, a five, a twenty. "I reckon you don't think at all. Here." He gives the cash to Hairston in a careful movement that keeps skin from touching skin. Watches for a reaction. None. Home safe and cheap. "C'mon, boy, let's make the tollway."

In the midnight hours, the center stripe doubles. The loneliness of nobody in six lanes. Hairston leans his head and

shoulder against the door and sleeps.

"Seems like if I'm good enough to take you back, you might keep your eyes open." The novelty of being able to chew out a deaf-mute has faded. Oswald shuts up and drives.

The sky and road are empty for a while. Cooling down, Oswald closes the window vent slightly. Shivers. He's on nothing now. Is that the problem? His mouth tastes sweet, then bitter. "Don't want to see no more grasshoppers, no, sir."

No sooner has he said it than one scoots across his vision. Big as a house, it disappears suddenly, evaporates. "What, hey?" asks Oswald, and blinks. Then a horse runs alongside the cab. Riderless, with the head of a lion. Oswald hits the brakes, speeds up. He can't dodge it. Hairston sleeps in spite of all. Oswald considers turning off at the next cloverleaf, but the horse takes a flying jump at an overpass and fades toward the moon.

"You see that?" Oswald asks Hairston. The baby sleeps, so Oswald shakes him. Hairston jumps awake. "All kinds of monsters up there." Hairston does not understand. "I said—" But Hairston's widening eyes make Oswald look back at the road long enough to pull the truck away from the shoulder.

Oswald rolls his window down. He reaches under his seat and pulls the .38 out of its holster. Hairston grabs his own

door handle. "Don't shit in your britches. If any of them monsters come along, you shoot." Hairston will not touch the iron. "Goddamn it, I can't drive and aim. Here." No soap. All right; Oswald takes the pistol in his left hand and props his elbow on the frame. "Ain't going to be nothing with seven heads gets Ralph Oswald. No, sir." With that, he accelerates to 70 on the downgrade. "Ride, nigger, ride," he shouts. Hairston stiff-arms with one hand and pushes his door slightly open with the other.

When from behind the moon comes a woman on a scarlet beast, and the woman is in purple and scarlet and pinned with gold, and she drinks blood from a golden cup. "Get that mother!" screams Oswald as he fires into the air, but she swoops down toward them. Now Oswald is half out the door, firing at his engulfer. So close is she now that he can see words written on her forehead. Mystery is one he can decipher. Oswald fires four shots. He looks across at Hairston and points at the sky. But it is too late to expect help from the frozen kid. And like about then, the alpha hits the omega and a fireball climbs not too high, just high enough to singe what might have been there. And puddles of fire on the pavement. And tires stripped like tree bark or skin.



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## EXPERTS AND EXPERTISE

(continued from page 165)

commercial bank chairmen to nominate one of their number to serve as his own next Secretary of the Treasury, if he had run for another term. And, as Nixon also knew, the designee of the group had been David M. Kennedy. The banker expert who was the special target of Johnson's sharp tongue was the very one Johnson would have picked to serve him, if the cards had fallen differently.

Johnson spoke as the last individualist in the age of organization men when he singled out the experts as the villains responsible for his undoing. But Johnson had never been fooled by experts in fields he knew more about than economics. Throughout his political career, he had known better than to let pundits and pollsters mislead him about elections. And early in his Congressional experience, he had learned to scrutinize military experts with tightly narrowed eyes. From the day in 1937 when he arranged his assignment as a freshman member of the House to its Naval Affairs Committee (as it then was), he began to build a distinctive if small power base within the still tiny military establishment; and his power there grew steadily with the military's power over the Federal budget. At the climax of Johnson's Congressional career, his power was so conspicuous that its sources were easily overlooked or forgotten; and at the climax of his Presidential career, Johnson was so emotionally involved in the bitter controversy over the Vietnam war that to his critics—especially the younger ones—he seemed merely the dupe of the "military-industrial-university complex." He was in some ways, though, much more its master.

While the generals and the admirals had learned to count on Johnson to be their best friend where preparedness was concerned, they had also learned to fear him as their severest critic where unpreparedness could be made an issue. Over the years, Senator Johnson used his strategic vantage point in the Congressional establishment controlling military appropriations to establish himself first as the protégé of his seniors and then as "Mr. Defense Appropriations" in his own right, with whom those who wanted slices of the defense pie would have to deal in order to get anything. Like the beadle in the New England Puritan churches, who policed the aisles armed with a double-purpose implement for tickling dozing ladies and slapping dozing gentlemen, Johnson used his large influence over defense expenditures to favor his allies, while simultaneously investigating miscalculations by the beneficiaries of this patronage inside the "Chair Corps,"

which was his derisive term for the brass during the Korean War.

In 1954, when Johnson sat in executive session with his senior colleague, Chairman Richard Russell of the Senate Armed Services Committee (both of them acting as the all-powerful check-issuing duo of the Appropriations Subcommittee), Johnson had not felt the need to consult any experts before he vetoed an interesting request from President Eisenhower, personally conveyed by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. The request was for Congressional acquiescence in America's first commitment to South Vietnam. It was the considered decision of Senators Russell and Johnson to reject Dulles' request and immediately adjourn the 1954 session—in order to free themselves from further pressure from the President. As they were informed to their dismay a few weeks later, their action prompted President Eisenhower's decision to initiate America's original involvement in Vietnam, without Congressional concurrence, through the commitment of funds for which no Congressional grant was required. To Eisenhower's credit, he at least instructed Dulles to tell Russell and Johnson what he had done. A decade later, Johnson would not be so considerate.

The military, who ended up being held responsible for the Vietnam escalation, never believed in—and always resisted—the battle plan for a land war in Asia, especially a war to be escalated on the installment plan. It was Johnson who ordered the step-up and at the same time restrained its effectiveness.

The dim view Johnson had learned to take of military expertise during his 23 years in Congress was unforgettable confirmed during the first of his three years of captivity in the Vice-Presidency. As John F. Kennedy's visible but silenced partner, he saw from the inside the disastrous Bay of Pigs episode, which was an entrapment Kennedy had invited as the result of his reliance upon military advisors whose credentials seemed unimpeachable because they commanded bipartisan acceptance and enjoyed bipartisan continuity. According to Arthur M. Schlesinger's definitive account of the Kennedy Administration, *A Thousand Days*, Kennedy exclaimed in uncharacteristically illiterate dismay, "My God, the bunch of advisors we inherited. . . . Can you imagine being President and leaving behind someone like all those people there?" Johnson felt entitled to add, "I told you so," and he made the point whenever the opportunity presented itself. Schlesinger adds: "My impression is that, among these advisors, the joint chiefs had disappointed him most for their cursory review of the military plans. About [Allen] Dulles and [Richard] Bissell [of the CIA],



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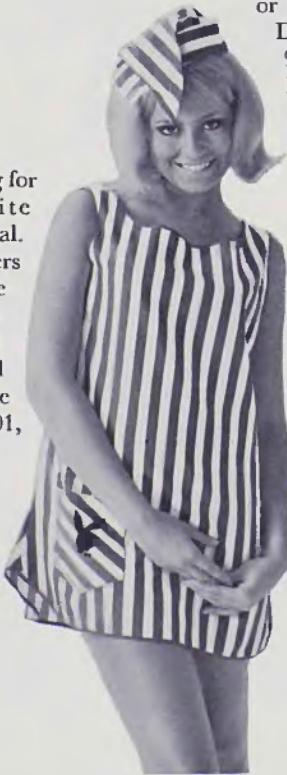
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he said little. I think he had made up his mind at once that, when things settled down, they would have to go. . . . He set quietly to work to make sure that nothing like the Bay of Pigs could happen to him again. The first lesson was never to rely on the experts."

Unfortunately, Kennedy found this easier said than done. He soon discovered that the White House cannot be run without experts. By Kennedy's time, a President's administrative ability had come to be measured by the reputation of the White House staff for expertise; and with inescapable administrative dependence on experts had come irresistible political incentives to operate behind a screen of continuity. A commitment to continuity with the source of his predecessor's frustrations was enough to insulate a new President from blame if he failed to solve problems he had inherited. Although Kennedy lacked Johnson's experience in auditing the propensity of military experts to err, he was quick to see that, just because they were a necessary evil, the safest experts to have on display would be those whose presence supported a plea of innocence by association with Eisenhower. In other words, the experts Kennedy decided to depend on were the same ones who had persuaded Eisenhower to adopt their blueprints for the liberation of Cuba. When Kennedy took office, Eisenhower's name still carried the imprimatur of authority stamped on it during World War Two, the controversy over original sin in Vietnam not yet having carried back far enough to have compromised the reputation for expertise he had brought home from Europe. At that time, he was still the principal military man in politics.

But the public wanted more than the assurance of continuity from Kennedy, whose success story, after all, announced the long-awaited take-over by the now-mature post-War generation. The excitement of change and the promise of accomplishment were expected, too. How to select the areas holding the promise of new accomplishment, and how to differentiate them from the atmosphere of assured continuity, always constitute the acid test of a new President's judgment.

The sustained ring of Eisenhower's 1952 call for Peace and Prosperity limited Kennedy's freedom of action in 1961. His choice of where to promise change and where to preserve continuity was dictated by the circumstances of his election victory. Kennedy's youth had been a decisive asset during the campaign of 1960. The Affluent Society, whose Philistine achievements John Kenneth Galbraith had memorialized during the quiet Eisenhower years, had become ready for a cultural revolution, and Kennedy spoke with the voice it wanted to hear. Kennedy found the Affluent Society

taking Eisenhower's peace-keeping operation for granted but complaining about the lean ration of the prosperity it delivered. By 1961, the country had come to feel that it was stuck in a rut and it was increasingly impatient with the Republican Administration's obsessive fear of inflation, an inflation that, in fact, was not to reach pernicious proportions for a decade after premonitions of it sent Eisenhower into a panic and prompted him to permit the Federal Reserve Board to plunge the country's markets into a recession in 1957. During the 1960 Presidential campaign, the overconservative miscalculations of Eisenhower's economic advisors had swung the delicate Election Day balance from Nixon's to Kennedy's favor. The country was ready for the stir and bustle of inflation—in ideals and aspirations as well as in incomes and profits. Kennedy's memorable campaign promise "to get the country moving again" exploited popular dissatisfaction with Eisenhower's economic advisors and freed Kennedy from any temptation to select them or their economic theories as the area of continuity.

At the same time, Kennedy's youth had burdened him with a corresponding liability. Johnson had blown it up to potentially embarrassing proportions in his challenge to Kennedy's nomination in Los Angeles, where he warned that "no man is qualified to be President in

the nuclear age who does not have a touch of gray in his hair." So while Kennedy selected his own advisory corps of new economists to emphasize the changes he meant to make, he elected to establish continuity with General Eisenhower's old team of military advisors to show his maturity. Even after the Bay of Pigs, notwithstanding his angry outburst against Eisenhower for "leaving behind someone like all those people there," Kennedy disregarded the moral Schlesinger reports that he drew from the debacle his experts had organized. In fact, Kennedy's failure to make a success of the Cuban liberation plan, formulated by Eisenhower's military advisors, put him in even greater need of the protective cover of continuity after the Bay of Pigs than before. Consequently, he let them lead him further down the road that Eisenhower, disregarding the veto of Senators Russell and Johnson, had let the advisors pave for him into the Asiatic land bog.

The new practice of delegating Presidential responsibilities to specialized teams of "the best brains" was made to order as a protective device for Johnson when his turn came to make the same choices between continuity and change. Ever since his emergence as a national figure, he had complained of his inability to win credit for his accomplishments—or to avoid blame for his methods. The



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rise of the expert as a priestly caste, privileged to administer power by advising politicians on the uses of power, offered him an overdue opportunity to redress the inequity in his public relations. Unfortunately, although Johnson had learned the easy way what Kennedy had learned the hard way—never to trust experts—he failed to apply his knowledge beyond the specialized areas where he knew enough to mistrust them. Johnson's approach to the Presidency was conditioned by the circumstances under which he took over. As with Kennedy before him, his chance of vaulting onto the right side of any potential plausibility gap hinged on his shrewdness in selecting areas of continuity and of change. Johnson decided that continuity called for a fight to put Kennedy's program across and, meanwhile, to keep Kennedy's expert staff—his link with Kennedy's constituency. At the same time, he bet that the demand for change would be satisfied by a demonstration that he could succeed where Kennedy had failed—first, in moving the complicated, inertia-bound machinery of government and, then, in winning the support of business. Johnson killed both birds with one stone. Moreover, he got the stone back when he showed the country that he could produce a pragmatic consensus within Washington. The evidence that he did won him an emotional consensus outside Washington. Kennedy had failed to keep his promise to get the country moving because he had failed to work with Congress. Johnson kept Kennedy's promise because he managed with Congress where Kennedy had not known how to try.

Because Congress is oriented to serve the special interests of its constituents, business is sympathetically oriented toward Congress. Johnson's success with Congress won him a double success with business. In fact, Johnson's success in winning the confidence of the business and financial establishment at the outset of his Presidency was so electrifying that it prompted him to return the compliment and express his confidence in business—by giving his confidence to its economic advisors. Although Johnson regarded experts on political theory with contempt, and experts on military theory with suspicion, he became vulnerable to the claims and presumptions of the fraternity of economic advisors. Their more prominent spokesmen commanded ready access to him.

For 26 years Johnson had worked in complete isolation from the influence of economists, while he built his personal empire inside other people's power structures. Suddenly, he found himself catapulted into personal control of a two-platoon team of economists—one playing by the rules of the old economics, the other by the rules of the new. The business and banking representatives—

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devotees of the old economics—worried about inflation and “fiscal responsibility.” The academic types—advocates of the new economics—sought to extend the real success of Keynes’ contribution in preventing mass unemployment into a fanciful ability to “fine tune” the economy, as if the interplay between the way it performed and the way people expected it to perform could be governed by a computer.

Johnson was shrewd enough to know how to play on the politics of expectations more expertly than the economists had yet learned how to calculate the economics of expectations. On the tragic night of Kennedy’s assassination, when Johnson established his first connection across the airwaves with a shocked and overwrought public, he was quick to shift his appeal from animal faith to the less chancy area of the pocketbook. He passed from eulogy to practicality and, by way of assuring the country that it was going to “get moving again,” he cited Dr. Pierre Rinfret, then still a comparatively unknown young economist, for his encouraging (and, as it turned out, accurate) forecast that “capital expenditures in 1964 alone will be 20 percent higher than last year.” The country had been shocked into a state of desperate susceptibility to any concrete reassurance that bore the mark of officialdom. Johnson’s stratagem worked.

“Follow the leader” being the name of the game the Wall Street money managers play, the stock market reacted to the word that corporate management was putting up its money by doing the same. The game even extended to Congress. Opinion on Capitol Hill took this joint and spontaneous expression of confidence from corporate managements and investors as evidence that Johnson’s persuasiveness, which they recalled so vividly, was working with businessmen as they had seen it work in the Congressional cloakrooms. So the legislative consensus decided that the old Johnson magic would prevail on business to keep the money coming, and Congress jumped aboard the new Johnson band wagon, relieved to think that this increasingly unpopular responsibility would no longer fall upon it. When the new academic economists saw the business establishment lead Johnson’s legislative cronies onto the band wagon, they made the vote of confidence unanimous, on the practical enough assumption that, if more business investment would substitute for more Government spending, the most fruitful contribution Government could make would, indeed, be the tax cut they had been advocating anyway.

Johnson’s new best friends in the business establishment and the Kennedy academics he inherited shared a common enthusiasm for strong stock markets, the corporate executives because they wanted stock prices to go up enough to make their options worth exercising and the



*“You don’t complain to the retailer about side effects. You write directly to the manufacturer.”*

new economists because they wanted their new boss to trust their recommendations. But if sometimes the two groups agreed, other times they did not. At the outset, Johnson was not aware that he was better off when his old and his new economists disagreed, neutralizing each other and insuring him against the high cost of acting on the advice of either. Not until it was too late for him to recoup his losses did he realize that any time a President acts on a consensus of old and new economists—as Johnson did in going all out for his ill-timed and ineffective surtax of 1968—he takes his political life in his hands.

Where Johnson all along handled assurances from the military with care, and kept his military advisors on a tight rein from the day he took office (going as far during the Vietnam war as to veto decisions on which hills to bomb and specifying at what angles airmen were to circle authorized targets), he was as reckless at the outset in acting on the assurances of his economic advisors as any eager stock-market newcomer ever was in mistaking a hot tip as a certainty. Where Johnson’s sophisticated sense of the military power structure alerted him to the built-in class distinction between presentation makers and decision makers, his parting shot at Nixon’s incoming Secretary of the Treasury revealed that he was unaware of a corresponding class distinction between advisors and chiefs in the financial power structure. Johnson made the double mistake of treating his military chiefs as if they were personal instruments whom

he could control once they were activated, while he treated his economic advisors as gurus whom he could count on for infallible guidance.

In short, Johnson behaved as if he were unaware of the existence of the war he was masterminding on his own private wires. Because he looked down on military expertise from his own experience of it, he underestimated the power that gravitates to the military in time of war, even when the orders they follow limit their freedom of action. And because Johnson looked up to economic expertise as long as he remained innocent of firsthand experience of it, he overestimated the capacity of the economic mind to function in the political jungle under wartime conditions—especially when it did not know that there was a war on and when he had no intention of telling it that there was. The old saw about no one being able to pull out of a hat anything that wasn’t in it to begin with applies to computers: No matter how high-powered they may be, their findings are only as usable as the premises that are fed into them. Johnson jammed the computers of his economists by dictating the premises to be used. Little wonder that at the end he felt disserved and actually cheated when the conclusions they fed back to “their President” failed to alert him to the consequences of his own deception. Clients consult counsel at their peril when they fail to tell counsel what it must know in order to serve them. Johnson’s arrogant handling of his military advisors and his

prayerful reliance on his economic counselors exposed him to double jeopardy. Right down to his last day in office, his generals took his orders as unflaggingly as he took the advice of his economists. The war was lost in Vietnam and the Affluent Society was defeated at home—all because of what was essentially an error in programming.

The unmistakable mark of both programmer and expert, as well as their fatal flaw, is a willingness to execute assignments rather than questioning the policy behind them. Errors on the part of the experts are generally small enough to be quantitative and are more or less cheaply corrected without forcing sea changes in social direction. When the economic experts set their sights on a four percent rate of unemployment among a work force of 75,042,000 and a 3½ percent rate results instead, the miscalculation stirs up more or less good-natured second-guessing among the professional fraternity, but no permanent harm is done and no upheaval is forced. But when the complaint is tolerated at the policy level and the need for a cure is denied until the numbers themselves become less important than the condition of joblessness, the problem outgrows the reach of quantitative analysis and its solution becomes dependent upon a new qualitative analysis—by new policy makers. Social breakdowns big enough to be demoralizing result from policy failures; like the Depression, these are breakdowns too big to need measuring.

If experts at the computer-tending level could only be assured that their clients at the policy-making level would ask them the relevant questions, they could assure their clients that they would always come up with workable recommendations. The difficulty built into communication between experts and their clients—particularly between economic and military experts and their political clients—arises from the fact that the formulation of policy generally requires an exercise in qualitative analysis, while its implementation at the working level always calls for quantification by the technical staff. But again and again, the politicians put their experts to work quantifying old problems after the politicians have already moved on to the formulation of new ones. This was what went wrong during the formative phase of the Vietnam crisis. It was where Johnson went wrong and it was how he misled his experts. After he set out to win the war in Vietnam, he told his economic advisors to take the measurements of the Great Society—as if he meant to keep the war small enough to spare the economists the need to worry about it. Moreover, he neglected to alert his economic advisors to the advice he was getting from his military chiefs that the war was winnable. The patter of his running dialog with the members of his Pentagon team went on about "how

much more we need to do to scare them off" and "if we do a little more, maybe they'll back off." Bill Moyers, who was Johnson's most intimate staff aide at that stage of his Presidential career, and also the one most alert to the entrapment threatening in Vietnam and most anxious for a commitment of priorities to domestic welfare projects, looked back on what happened during that fateful time as "an expression of the worst side of Johnson's nature, as a commitment to action for action's sake. He got in too deep and kept getting in deeper," Moyers recalled early in the Nixon Administration, "without having any idea how he meant to get out." At the same time, the better side of Johnson's nature led him to reach, with frenetic overenthusiasm, for sycophantic exercise in utopianism, publicized at the time as "the TVA on the Mekong Delta." A former New Deal assistant to Abe Fortas, by that time a permanent United Nations official, had presented the Mekong Delta project to Johnson as reassurance that, like Roosevelt before him, he could, indeed, keep his war an authentic New Deal crusade. Of course, his economic advisors could meanwhile have read in the public prints that General Goodpaster was insisting publicly, as all the generals were advising Johnson in private, that "Victory can be won in Vietnam."

As the great debate over Vietnam flared up and superseded every other consideration, first establishing the war as the issue and then focusing on Johnson's plausibility as the issue overshadowing even the war, Johnson's most authoritative spokesman was Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. By that time, McNamara had become *de facto* deputy President by virtue of his self-advertised, officially respected and properly accepted reputation for expertise in quantitative analysis. McNamara employed the logic of the computer to minimize the importance of Vietnam. The smaller he claimed it to be in public (while in private supporting the assertions of the generals that making it bigger was the way to win it), the less of a diversion his critics could charge it was from the mandate Johnson had won in 1964. McNamara's response to the passions stirred up by the Administration's miscalculation in Vietnam was to present a ratio: If the Gross National Product had come to be counted in the hundreds of billions, the budgeted cost of Vietnam could still be reckoned as a nominal percentage (which he originally calculated at nine percent when Vietnam was admitted to be costing only 20 billion dollars a year, and which he adjusted downward by something like half when the real cost of the war was admitted to be something like twice as much, justifying the statistical exercise because the resultant inflation had driven the Gross

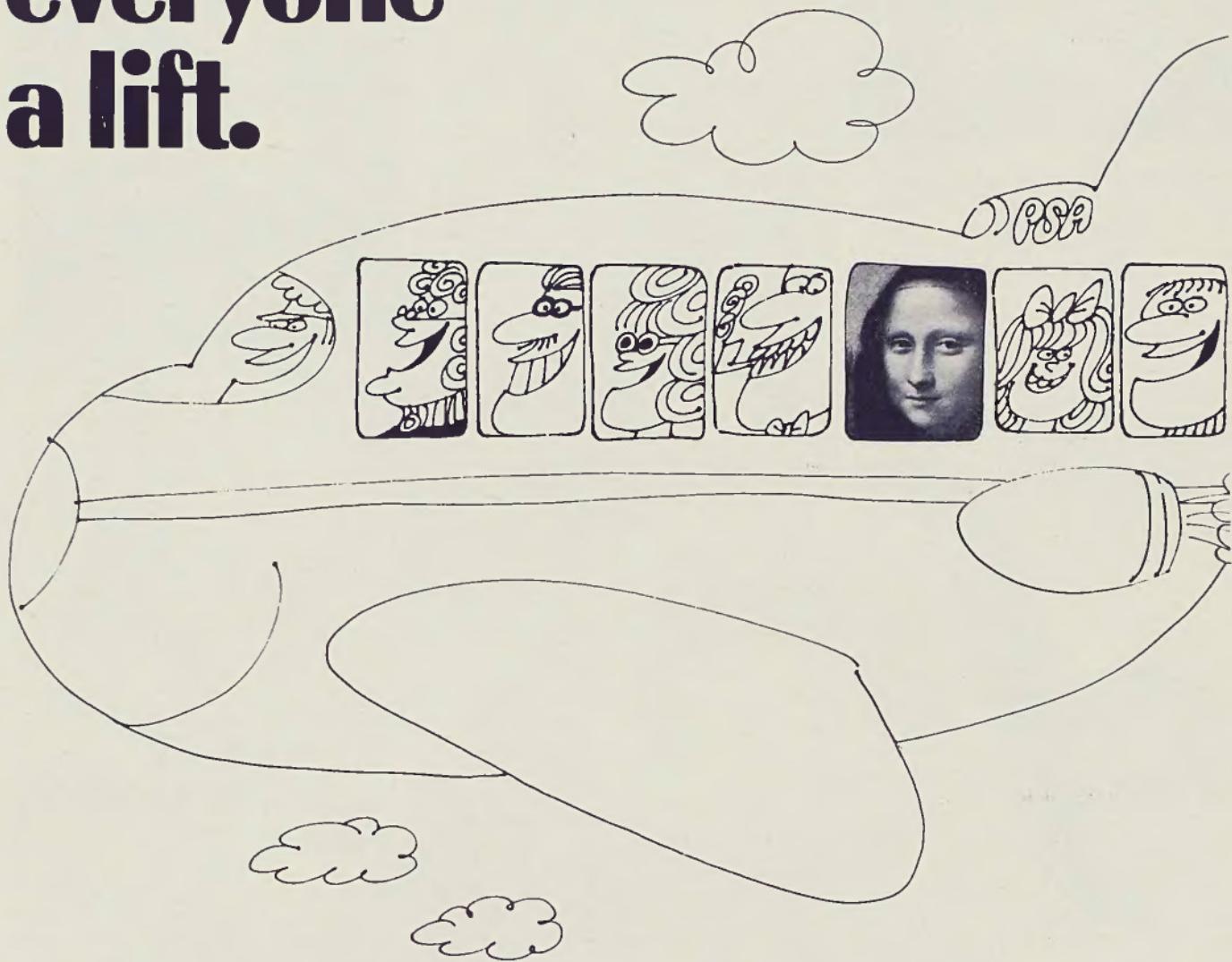
National Product up more). If the budgeted cost of Vietnam was admittedly creeping upward, McNamara argued, nevertheless the Gross National Product was continuing to jump by tens of billions at a time, guaranteeing to keep the burden minor. In other words, McNamara invoked the very inflation Vietnam had irritated to talk down the alarm the war provoked and to demonstrate that its impact was easing when, in fact, it was sharpening.

Despite the pretensions of the war-game players, the logic of the computer is singularly unsuited for analyzing the complicated phenomenon of warmaking. War is not an abstract hypothesis or a rigorously rational proposition. Wars and crises are infections, and their logic is the logic of pathology. The question about a war or a crisis arising from a war is whether the head of the government has the power to localize it—as, for example, Bismarck demonstrated that he had and as, in fact, Johnson admitted that he did not, when he and McNamara based their dealings with Russia on the assumption that she would take time out from arming his enemy to end his war for him. A war is the military equivalent of an infection. If localized, it calms down and is forgotten; if not, it flares up and becomes a carrier of poison throughout the system. McNamara's blunder lay in confusing the algebra measuring the infected area with the pathology of the infectious process. Truman had managed to localize his Korean War militarily, even though his economic mobilization for war represented a studied exercise in expansion. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the massive inflationary consequences of the Korean economic mobilization, the crisis was limited in its military, political and economic consequences, so that the test of strength in Korea did not weaken the American social system to the point of exposing it to an infection too virulent to be confined.

The paradox of Johnson's Vietnam war (he bitterly resented that designation, insisting that it was "America's war" just as American opinion was repudiating the war) was that, while it remained limited militarily, it did not remain limited socially. More paradoxical yet, the restraint that limited its military scope was the very infection its economic and intellectual backlash spread through America's social system. The infection proved fatal to Johnson's promise to create a Great Society and, in the process, it killed America's older promise to administer the *Pax Americana*.

Because McNamara's appeal to the quantitative logic of the computer ignored the qualitative logic of the spread of a virulent infection, Johnson was unprepared to see his commitment to Vietnam become so overpowering that it reversed his domestic priorities and

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frustrated his original commitments to stabilize the economy and to expand it to the ghetto. The ideals of America's Affluent Society had wandered far afield in the decade since its age of innocence, when, under the protective cover of Eisenhower's assurance of Peace and Prosperity, Galbraith had discussed its conspicuous virtues. Johnson's calculated exercise in political deception—no doubt it was also an exercise in personal self-deception—rationalized the propaganda about pacification in Vietnam as if Saigon could be merchandised as a model city for democracy in the Asiatic jungle. This bet that it could doomed the hope that America could finance model cities for itself in time to shield its affluence from the despair and violence latent in American society. Johnson's miscalculations reversed the terms of the test of strength he had set out to impose on Vietnam. The question he had originally posed—about how long North Vietnam could stand the strain—became the question he forced America to ponder for itself.

Johnson's failure, which led to Nixon's take-over, confronted not merely Nixon but every participant in the crisis over which Nixon found himself presiding. Johnson had left a legacy of "instant lawmanship": Pass a law and solve a problem. Actually, this was something of an American tradition, far predating Lyndon Johnson. Slavery had represented an obvious abuse; and, after the abolitionists and the moderates had finally combined at great cost to legislate a prohibition against it, it remained an obvious abuse, but at least it was illegal. In the post-Civil War era, big-business combinations had made too much of a good thing for themselves and enough of a bad thing for others to pose a problem. Legislation—all the way from the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the reduction of the tariff—had promised to solve the problem. But, as the lawyers say, the case was won and the client remained in litigation.

The most celebrated fiasco of instant lawmanship was staged during the combined phase of synthetic hedonism and puritanical revival that maintained the "noble experiment," as it was called, in the prohibition of alcoholic beverages. Alcoholism had been identified as a social abuse, and therefore the hoodlums made common cause with the reformers to pass a law that made the bootleggers rich and gave organized crime its start as a major growth business.

Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal was addicted to instant lawmanship—it was sophisticated in its standard technique of mobilizing redundant legislative programs to fill the gap left by ineffective and self-contradictory economic policies. Roosevelt's repeated response to evidence of sluggishness in the economy was to pass a new set of laws to create a new set of alphabet agencies, instead of groping for



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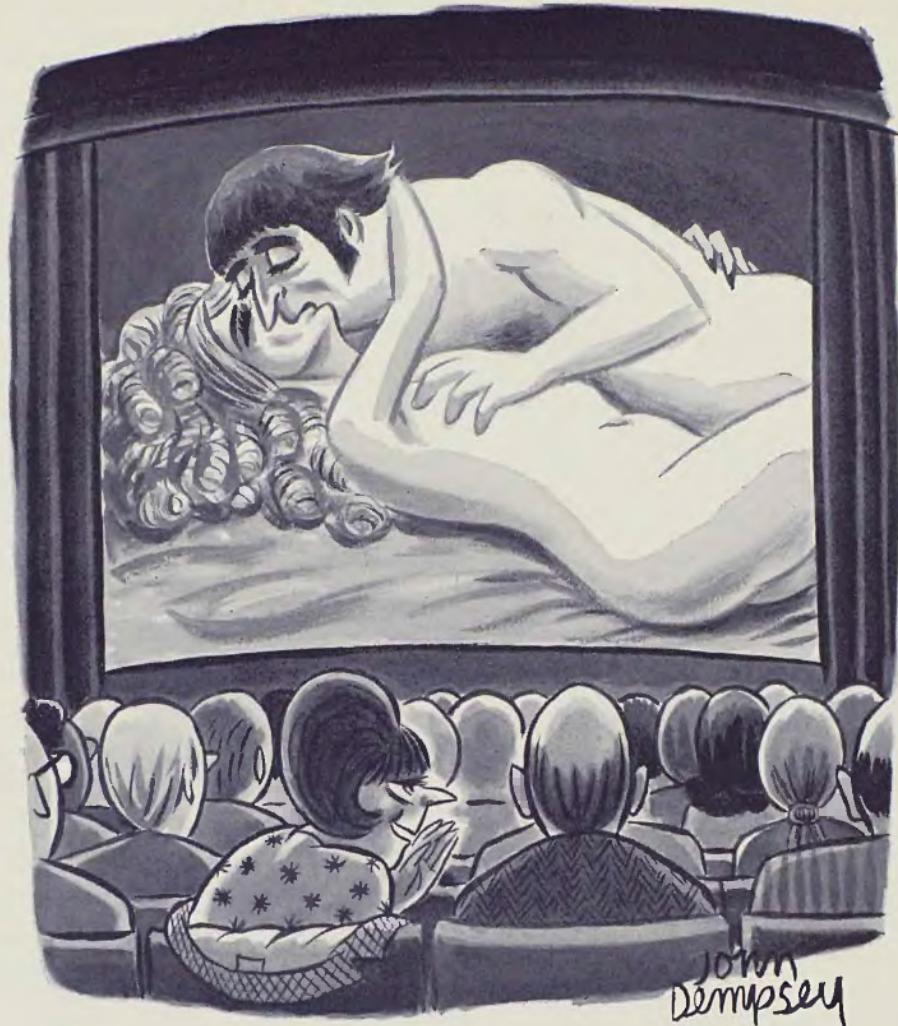
simple policies that would avoid such increasingly complicated and unworkable administrative complexes. Truman had an alibi for his systematic retreat from policy making to slogan slinging while he out-Roosevelted Roosevelt in his advocacy of instant lawmanship. He was happily spared the responsibility for administering the lost causes that he fought for during his term.

When Eisenhower's turn came, he hewed stubbornly to one policy line: never to yield to the temptation to be drawn openly into a military engagement. (His start-up venture in Vietnam was an exception to his policy only in substance, because the commitment was kept secret.) In the domestic area, he substituted drift for both policies and programs.

Kennedy had captured the imagination of the country on TV at a time of critical transition from the years of Eisenhower's passivity, when the overorganization of society had left the individuals in it haunted by a sense of inadequacy, if not downright irrelevance. At the level of popular fantasy, Jack and Jackie had staged a revival of the glamorous legend of Camelot, in modern dress and in real life, for everyone to see. To their fellow adventurers in opinion making, they had promised, as Gloria Steinem said, nothing less than a new Periclean age.

Like Kennedy, Johnson started out by capturing the imagination of the country. Unlike Kennedy, he owed the hold he won on public confidence to no glamorous posturings. On the contrary, his personality was downright repulsive, embodying the typical television watcher's caricature of a political wheeler-dealer. But for just this reason, Johnson generated a distinctive and respectful appeal, which was irresistible while it lasted. The public's confidence in Johnson lasted as long as Johnson's political magic worked where it counted—with Congress—and not a day longer. Kennedy had represented a reversion to the Truman technique of instant lawmanship advocated but not passed—and thus not needing to be administered. Johnson represented a reversion to Roosevelt's reliance upon legislative overkill; like Roosevelt, Johnson got his laws passed, and thus was held responsible for administering them. And like Roosevelt, Johnson ran his version of instant lawmanship without policy guidance. No one could have passed more laws than Johnson, but the policies he stumbled into finally negated the benevolent thrust of them all.

Looking back on Johnson's 1964 honeymoon with Congress, while he was still persuading his former associates to legislate Kennedy's programs, one after the other, Daniel Patrick Moynihan recalled that what surfaced as the all-important poverty legislation "represented not a



*"This sure beats watching Fred and Betsy next door."*

choice among policies so much as a collection of them." Legislative action for action's sake, Moynihan complained, came to dominate a program-packaging operation, so that priority of purpose was lost in the ensuing shuffle of excitement.

The average voters who gave Johnson a good "job rating"—until they turned against him and wanted him fired—did not know how Johnson did his job any more than he knew how to explain it to them. They were the members of what David Riesman called "the lonely crowd"; and they participated in its moods and decisions in the solitary confinement of their living rooms, linked to one another, to the White House and to the violence in Vietnam and in the streets by the television tube. The institutionalization of the modern television audience built a sensitive and continuous new dependence on political management into economic society. Many provocative old themes and slogans won an uneasy new lease on life—subject to the moods and whims of the well-fed, respectable, tranquilized mob whose mem-

bers depended on television for their connection with the worlds of both reality and make-believe. A continuous circus was staged. The spectators could not be manipulated by rations of bread—they had all the cake they could eat.

Every man's home had become a castle crackling with power. Every man could play at being a king, sitting in front of the tube, enforcing his decrees on politicians, policies, products and the pollsters who rate them all. The kingfish in the White House was on notice that any management failure on his part would turn the lonely crowd into a lynch mob. To keep them quiet and watching from outside the orbit of power, a manipulator was wanted at its center—and, in the person of Lyndon Johnson, he was appreciated for what he was as long as he functioned as what he was. Before the loose alliance of the establishment of bigness—beginning with Big Government, including Big Business, Big Labor, Big Agriculture, and by no means excluding Big Education and Big Welfare—faced the challenge to grow into the

Great Society, it had come to be held together by the belief that a master politician could be trusted to hold it together and by the evidence that the economic pudding being enjoyed by everyone had been baked by the experts who talked only to him. Earlier societies had tried and failed to fulfill the promise of continuous movement toward a better life for their citizens. But they, less ambitious than the Affluent Society, had aspired merely to continuous betterment, not absolute greatness.

In order to tranquilize and lead the Affluent Society, Johnson needed only to finance his programs to provide policy continuity for his experts and atmospheric continuity for his crowd of silent followers. The mechanics of fiscal politics had replaced the need for any philosophy of social purpose—that is, as long as the mechanics of fiscal politics worked. The mechanics of fiscal politics had become the crucial framework holding the Affluent Society together as the plausible precursor to that Great Society over the horizon. And, for a brief time, fiscal politics *did* work, in miraculous defiance of remembered assertions and expected reassessments about the economic equivalent of the law of gravity. Suddenly, what went up did not come crashing down. As long as these policies worked, the momentum of money flows animating the economy was accepted as a reliable measure of the effectiveness of national purpose.

If, however, the methods of politics once failed to finance the continuous circus, and if the lonely, well-fed, well-housed, tranquilized, respectable army participating in the TV fun turned violent and took to the streets, no counter-violence ordered from Washington could hope to rule it. But as long as the Big Society looked better than it was and had a chance to grow into a Great Society without falling apart, Johnson was free to govern its members, to keep his mandate and to hold the Affluent Society together as a going society. It was intelligible philosophically and it was doable politically. It was not too good to be true, but it did depend on what Lyndon Johnson's sponsor and mentor, Franklin Roosevelt, liked to call "an iffy proposition." For the trouble was that the independence that the Affluent Society gave its President from the politics of principle left him dependent on the experts who dominated the practical mechanics—specifically those of fiscal politics. Politically, Johnson was as vulnerable to violent change as he seemed invulnerable, as long as he operated behind the façade of continuity. Socially, the veneer of the Affluent Society was as flimsy as it seemed solid. When the political storm that drove Johnson from power cracked society's surface, it revealed a whirl of confusion and activity against a back-

ground that was big, rich and prone to violence—but no longer a society.

Johnson's failure determined the shape of the challenge Richard Nixon found awaiting him. In assessing the options open to him for selecting the areas of continuity and change, instant lawmanship obviously seemed the course to avoid. For after a full generation of growth, the apparatus of Big Government had taken on elephantine proportions. Every one of its functions—from the making of strategic policy to manning the endless crazy quilt of duplicative and competing welfare agencies, and including the agencies wielding the authority to regulate the various sectors of the economy and to finance the Government—had lost the capacity to work with one another, much less to work toward the solution of the problems plaguing American society. Kennedy's characteristically ironical complaint, uttered in reaction to his own recognition that his Administration was developing into an exercise in showmanship rather than performance, was that the President, although expected to run the Government, could no longer even find out what was going on inside it. Johnson subsequently insisted that he not only could manage Government by meddling in it at all levels but that he meant to know every last detail of what was going on inside it, right down to what he could fathom from personal scrutiny of the daily logs the White House drivers turned in, in order that he might check up on who had been driven where and when. The reaction of the Nixon Administration was less personal and more in keeping with the professional character of auditors; namely, that merely to identify the endless administrative arms of the Federal apparatus was enough to explain the impossibility of making any of them work.

In an interview I published with Dr. Arthur Burns, President Nixon's counselor, in the May 8, 1969, *Chicago Tribune*, Burns summed up a new Administration's problems in this way:

There is an extraordinary continuity in American government. This is both good and bad. A new Administration appoints new Cabinet members. They come from all walks of life and at the start know very little about the intricacies of their new jobs. They depend on assistants to fill them in, and these in turn depend on their assistants. Consequently, you get a cadre of career staff people who stay on from Administration to Administration and provide continuity. The drawback is that they become entrenched and given to doing things in their own way, so that when a new Cabinet member wants to make changes, he has trouble getting his staff to go along.

The pendulum had, indeed, swung since Roosevelt had set out in 1933 to make Government effective by giving it more jobs to do. Nixon set out to make Government more effective by stripping it down to workable simplicity. The root of the difficulties Nixon faced grew from three decades of simplistic faith in instant lawmanship. Each new assurance, from Roosevelt to Johnson, that a problem had been solved because a law had been passed achieved a brief public-relations success for the lawmaker; and each success transferred the burden of responsibility—and the onus of prospective bankruptcy—to the innocent and helpless arms of the bureaucratic octopus charged with fulfilling the promises of instant lawmanship. Roosevelt made the most of this buck-passing process to shift the burden of responsibility from his Presidency to the Government bureaus for which the people's Congress appropriated their money. In his Senate days, Johnson had parlayed his power-oriented legislative leadership and a passive Presidency into an empire strong enough to supplement, if not actually to rival, the Presidency itself. But when he fell heir to the Presidency, he, too, exploited the technique of instant lawmanship to saddle the executive apparatus with the responsibility for future aimlessness of purpose and paralysis of function. The achievements of instant lawmanship proved easier to legislate than to operate.

Nixon was shrewd enough to opt for policy making as the source of his own expertise. He stood pat on programs and concentrated on finding policy priorities. The prudence that prompted Nixon to draw back from the expected speculation on instant lawmanship drew critical fire. But his selection of priorities drew the lines of battle for the 1972 Presidential contest before 1969 was many months old. "Do-nothingism" was not the issue raised against Nixon. On balance, he had far and away the winning side of the argument provoked by his renunciation of instant lawmanship. His critics benefited from the freedom his emphasis on policy gave them to concentrate their fire on his priorities; and his policy-making operation benefited reciprocally from their criticism. The old war he had inherited in Vietnam started out claiming his top priority; and the new war he had proclaimed against inflation claimed his second priority. "People" finished a poor third. But the experts in each area finished first—both in the department of policy making and in the department of policy implementation, where the experts are pre-eminent. Altogether, therefore, while Nixon's strategy for harnessing the uses of Presidential power benefited from Johnson's failure, he himself had ignored Johnson's advice.





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Seville Spain.  
We walked along cobble streets, past the  
Moorish Alcazar which stands in the shadow of  
the old Cathedral... and on through the narrow  
twisted lanes of Santa Cruz. The city was  
hot, and silent in siesta. And there, on the  
corner, framed by orange trees... a friendly  
tavern... and a familiar face.

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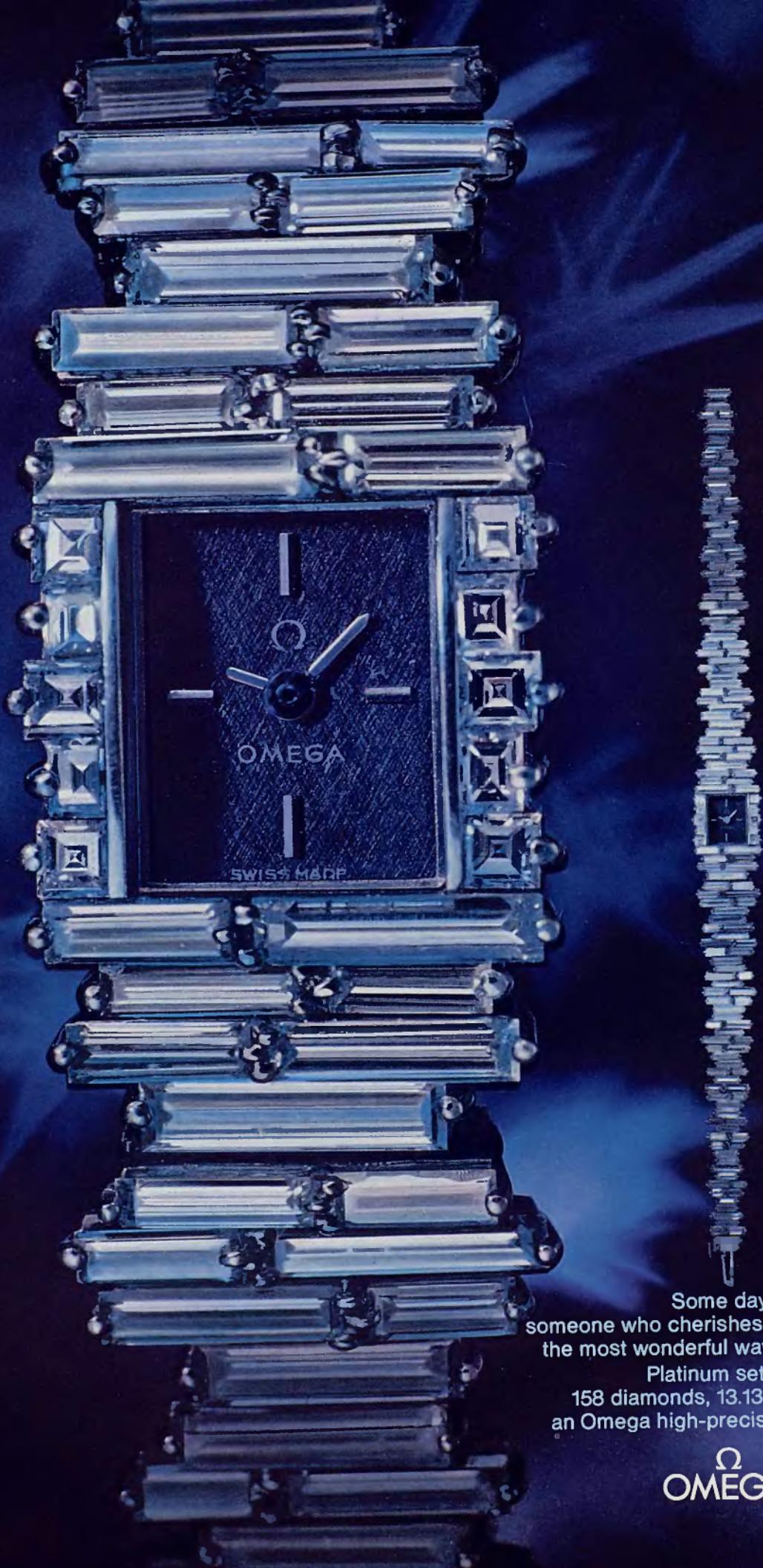
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the most wonderful watch in the world.

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AT THE BEACH they say it's the iodine in the air.

But Switzerland, for all its merchant navy, hasn't a drop of ocean. So it must be the ozone in the Alpine air. Or the scanty oxygen that keeps the red corpuscles stirring. Or something.

Why else should thousands of otherwise quite normal people leave their luxurious abodes for regions remote from any city, where, to make matters worse, deep snow is assured, and the view completely blocked by 13,000-foot mountains?

Why else do you suppose air-conditioned city-dwellers of all nations bare their faces (though admittedly their heavily greased faces) to the sun, and endure this torment hour after hour? Surely not just so that back at home people can see they've been enjoying Swiss air (two words).

Swiss Alpine air must be habit-forming. Or could it be something more than air that leads people to strap 7-foot boards on heavy boots and go roaring down mountainsides—and then, in their hard-earned plaster casts, to proclaim the ski instructor who taught them all this the hero of the day, and not of the day alone?

## Swissair grieves to admit that Swiss winter holidays are just the way you thought.

One begins to feel there must be a reason behind all this activity that goes by the low-key name of "winter holidays in Switzerland". There is, too. But eternal vigilance is the price of revelry. The winter-holiday paradise is open only to those (be they rich or poor) who have completed their day's stint on the trail, the race track, the rink, the bob-run, the swimming-pool, or the massage table.

Paradise opens its gates about 5 p.m., and is called *après-ski*. What, then, is *après-ski*?

*Après-ski* is when you're too tired to do anything sensible, but still in trim, through rigorous training, to do something foolish.

*Après-ski* is doing in the evening what you've spent all day recovering from. And re-

covering from what you've been doing all day.

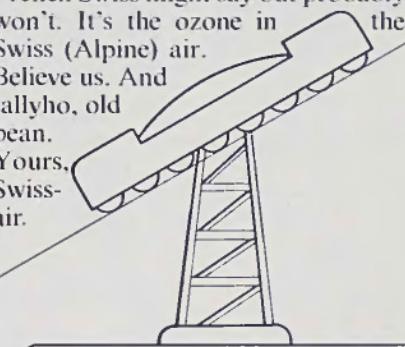
*Après-ski* is a midwinter night's dream, *service compris*. Catch as catch can for social posture and position. All's fair.

*Après-ski* is more than that. But you can't find out about it unless you go *après-skiing* yourself. Nobody will tell you. Even a hotelier who serves you in six languages will clam up about this in seven, like a Swiss bank.

*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, as our French Swiss might say but probably won't. It's the ozone in the Swiss (Alpine) air.

Believe us. And tallyho, old bean.

Yours,  
Swissair.



Dear Swissair,  
I'm not thinking of what you're thinking of. Besides, how do you know I imagine winter holidays in Switzerland that way? Look here, there are people with wives and children who have earned a rest, and none of this *après-ski* stuff. But be that as it may, kindly send me the brochure so expressively entitled "Snowbeach", which tells all about winter holidays in Switzerland. Thanks awfully.

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*"I'm kept pretty busy. In the afternoons there's Dr. Jekyll  
and in the evenings. . . ."*

## OH! CALCUTTA!

parody of a Masters-and-Johnson sex experiment (written by novelist Dan Greenburg, to give credit or discredit where due) as "the scene where a girl comes in for shock therapy and gets raped." There is something to be said, too, for the observation of Pearl Bailey, Broadway's *Dolly* and a stubbornly loyal wife, who remarked cryptically, "Put all five boys together and they still wouldn't make one Louis Bellson."

More positive responses came from shapely Shirley MacLaine, who caught the show two nights running and vowed to make herself available for the movie version (and after this breakthrough, don't bet there won't be one), Senator Jacob Javits ("very interesting"), Rudolf Nureyev ("Oh, those beautiful, beautiful nude bodies!") and Jerome Robbins ("a celebration"). At one performance, during the nude finale, comedian Buddy Hackett was sufficiently moved to shout from the audience, "This is the best fucking show I've ever seen!" But Shelley Winters may have offered the definitive word about the business of performing in the buff. Quoth Shelley, "I think it is disgusting, shameful and damaging to all things American. But if I were 22, with a great body, it would be artistic, tasteful, patriotic and a progressive religious experience."

Whether the show consistently provides the "elegant erotica" Tynan promised as a means of bridging the titillation gap seems pretty trivial in retrospect, compared with its effectiveness as an authentic Happening. When *Oh! Calcutta!* was only a fatherly gleam in his eye, Tynan wrote, "It occurred to me that there was no place for a civilized man to take a civilized woman for an evening of civilized erotic stimulation." It occurs to me that Tynan ("the Joseph Goebbels of the flesh peddlers," said *Time* critic T. E. Kalem, after hearing him proselytize at lunch) was so bedazzled by his own propaganda that he led critics and the public alike to anticipate a spectacle quite different from the one "conceived and directed" by Jacques Levy, a Ph.D. in psychology who left the Menninger Foundation for the headier success of such productions as *Scuba Duba* and *America Hurrah*.

As interpreted by Levy and a dozen free-associating writers, Tynan's vision of an evening dedicated to "the joyful nature of sex . . . the pursuit of happiness through sex" came out redolent with sexual hang-ups. The results are probably truer and more relevant than originally intended, but how do you explain that to an audience primed by advance publicity to expect a phallic *Magic Flute*? *Oh! Calcutta!* is stunning whenever its ten enlightened exhibitionists flaunt their

(continued from page 167)

sex (to tantalizing music by a group called The Open Window), improvising impudent remarks and challenging anyone to deny the pure beauty and innocence of their nakedness. The trouble occurs when they put their clothes on and expose the fact that the writers' words have often failed them.

Gauging the show's ultimate success as an aphrodisiac is difficult, to say the least. *Screw*, the underground newspaper dedicated to the joys of eroticism, grades all entertainment on a graphic Peter-Meter that reacts in the usual way. *Oh! Calcutta!* rated a whopping 91 percent, if that helps you. Though I wasn't turned on to any degree worth mentioning, I was decidedly tuned in to the people onstage, as well as grateful that they seemed delighted to do their thing and leave me to mine, without any of that Living Theater I-love-you jazz about melting the barriers between art and life.

Offstage, the performers exhibit traces of missionary zeal as a result of their participation in a sort of psychodrama conducted by Levy during casting and rehearsals. The first step for each actor who had got safely past the acting, singing and dancing auditions was a nude improvisation—it's a day when something wonderful has happened, you're bathing alone in a sylvan pool and composing a letter to a loved one. After that came the rehearsal period, which included sessions of grope therapy similar to those practiced at the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, with the actors initially opening one another's robes or sitting in a circle, eyes closed, trying to relate, crying. "It was beautiful. Two of the fellows would walk up and look at each other, then shake cocks instead of hands. We all became very close," says Margo Sappington, the show's 21-year-old choreographer and lead dancer, a freckle-faced Texan whose down-home drawl and bifocals make her seem a life-of-the-party girl in wallflower's disguise.

Once away from the theater during the touchy rehearsal period, members of the cast were strictly forbidden to fraternize, a Levy edict that caused some grumbling. Undertones of discontent can still be detected in conversations with bearded Mark Dempsey, an actor born to play handsome devils, who feels that the company was overpsychologized and underrehearsed, and might have garnered better reviews if it hadn't wasted so much time in therapy. Few of his colleagues would agree. "Personally and professionally, this is the most satisfying thing I have ever done," says Leon Russom, an articulate young blade who has left his wife since he went into *Oh! Calcutta!*, and adds, "We are all more aware of ourselves as sexual beings. The men were always more reticent than the women about exposing themselves,

both physically and emotionally. Even now, the girls are freer and very open about speaking up to a guy they might want to make it with, though there's not so much of that anymore."

Nancy Tribush, described as a happily married lady in a company of swinging singles, is unabashed when her actor husband asserts that before and after marriage, she was "a professional virgin," who has found a fresh outlook on life in the raw. Nancy's closest brush with embarrassment, though the incident seems to amuse her now, came as a result of her bare, bottom-side-up appearance in a sketch called *Who: Whom*, written by Tynan himself (I swear it but am sworn not to reveal my source), as "a turned-on sadist's view of free choice." As a Phi Beta Kappa and *summa cum laude* graduate of Brooklyn College, Nancy was surprised to learn that she had won a dishonorable mention in this year's commencement address for "exposing her buttocks every night on the stage of the Eden Theater." Displaying his, though, has taken years off comic Bill Macy—at 47, the oldest actor in the show—who has dropped pounds and picked up a good deal of speed and style, offstage and on, in amiable competition with men and birds many years his junior.

Unless the police interfere with their act—which seems unlikely, since producer Elkins cannily called on the cops and sundry protectors of the public morals to drop by for consultation during 41 previews—the performers can settle down for a long, profitable run, interrupted only by ringing telephones and heavy correspondence. Letters from home are a problem for some of the girls, whose parents tend to view their present employment with apprehension. Pinned to the mirror in her dressing room (if one can still call it that), Katie Drew-Wilkinson, an ebullient English kewpie, displays a crisply worded letter from her father, who suggests that she change her name. And no one escaped the ire of a Mrs. Smith, who wrote a vulgar note to each performer, under a Waldorf Towers letterhead, wishing them everything from incurable cancer to perpetual banishment from the centers of Western civilization. "I wanted to answer her and say thanks," says Margo, "keep those letters and postcards rolling in, folks."

Whatever they were like before, today the cast members appear unencumbered by either inhibitions or euphemisms, and their air of rich communal mystery might well intimidate an outsider who customarily goes around fully dressed. Invited backstage during a performance one balmy evening, I made my way to the Eden Theater, an appropriately rechristened burlesque house on Second Avenue in the East Village, somewhere between the Reno Chophouse and the

*Sock It To Me!* *boutique.* With absolutely nothing hanging out save my *PLAYBOY* credentials and a new blue tie, I stood in the shabby wings, while actors effected exits and entrances. Except for the fact that Bob Hope, Gina Lollobrigida and Johnny Carson were supposed to be out front that night, it was just another performance. And I noticed things:

Two elderly stagehands doze on a flowered sofa that is used for a wife-swapping orgy in the middle of the first act. A nude actress steps up to the water cooler beside them, but they appear oblivious to her.

Onstage, playing an irascible fetishist in a sketch by Jules Feiffer, Alan Rachins shouts, "You only fuck for companionship!" Stage manager Greg Taylor laughs.

Stark-naked on her way to a costume change, Katie stops to confide that she is thinking about her fantasy for the masturbation sketch. Seems the actors improvise their own words, changing from show to show. "We just say whatever comes into our heads. If I have a friend in the audience, as I do tonight, I say something sort of related." Later, I hear Katie getting a solid laugh with, "We were fucking in the flickering light of the Johnny Carson show."

Because Bob Hope is, indeed, out front, Leon expresses concern about the timing of his monolog.

Bodies, bodies everywhere, and no one the least bit self-conscious. Me neither; I am used to it now. Walter Kerr was wrong, I learn, about the dearth of erections ("Impotence is what is finally celebrated in all of these ventures"). The guys admit it happens all the time and the girls help them cover up, because the New York district attorney's office disapproves of onstage tumescence.

Someone invites me, facetiously, of course, to join the "fuck line," the cast's code phrase for the finale, a chain of nude bodies in a rousing simulated orgy.

Very few visitors backstage afterward. Gina left at the intermission. Carson never showed at all. Hope relays an equivocal message: He, too, wants to do the movie version.

Leon is scarcely out of the shower when a tall dark girl appears at the crack of his dressing-room door. She is a friend of someone he knows on *The Paris Review*. Fast hello and good night. Leon shrugs. "You never know whether to cover yourself with the towel or what. Not too many people come back. I think they're uneasy in this little subculture of ours."

Nude actors sound quite vulnerable when they begin to wonder about the value of what they are doing. "The houses are full," Katie observes. "but are we in a success or a peep show?" Mark, who is a friend of Nureyev's, insists that the

Russian dancer's enthusiasm for *Oh! Calcutta!* will prompt him to perform a nude ballet of his own within a year or two (and even the show's coolest critics have agreed that it frames a compelling case for nudity in dance). English actor Nicol Williamson has hinted that he may consent to do a nude version of *Prometheus Bound*.

If there were nothing else to commend it, and there is, Tynan's futtering brain child might claim distinction as a breakthrough in equal rights for women, who have waited centuries to ogle males for the sheer pleasure of the sport, while their menfolk told themselves that the ladies didn't crave that sort of stimulus. Which explains in part why women (very few functioning as drama critics, worse luck) respond as enthusiastically as most of them do to the purely physical excitement of *Oh! Calcutta!* More importantly, the show may prove a milestone in the galloping sexual revolution and does provide—with body English—a ringing answer to those indefatigable puritans who still complain in writing to the *Times* that any further sexual freedom marks a surrender to "our lower nature." It's that sort of thinking that makes one want to adopt "*Oh! Calcutta!*" as a battle cry.

Curtain up. G strings and jocks away.



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## THE TRUTH (continued from page 104)

part of the O'Bower character and, in tandem with an uncontrollable temper, it had galloped him toward the semi-exile of Bad Gasthaus, whose Disney-outlandish, ersatz fairy-tale houses, risen from the rubble that naughty Yank/limey bombs had made, were again being kissed by the ripple-lipped Schmuck. Colonel O'Bower, striding grimly along the river's bank, going from his wife to his geese, or vice versa, must have realized that command of the 14th Q. M. C. Regiment (Armored) was, for a career soldier, the end of the military line. Or perhaps he realized nothing of the kind—which is a conclusion I reached after nearly a year of acting as the O'Bower gooseboy, when I was able to observe him every single gander-scented day, supplementing this with the facts and rumors I collected by keeping my mouth shut and my ears open to the garrulities of the H. Q. Co. mess.

At the start, he'd been that anomaly, a

rich boy who wanted to go to the Military Academy. In the early summer of 1943, he was a newly minted West Point shavetail; in the late spring of 1945, he was, thanks to attrition, the acting C. O. of a Regimental Combat Team, a major whose fruit salad was garnished with a Bronze Star, a Silver Star and the Distinguished Service Cross. He returned to the United States in 1947 as a light colonel, promptly married one of the richest, and definitely the ugliest, young women in Illinois, and was ordered to Washington as an aide to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. A bird colonel's eagles came with the assignment. Everything was gold braid and glitter. The future could only be a series of sunbursts.

B U T —

(A bit of foreboding music here, professor)

on a November afternoon in 1949, a sunburst

(IMPLDED!)



*"At the tone, the time will be fifty-nine minutes and fifty seconds after seven . . . At the tone, the time will be eight o'clock, exactly . . . At the tone, the time will be ten seconds after eight . . . At the tone . . ."*

when he interrupted a minor interservice disagreement in a rear admiral's office by knocking a Navy captain arsey-versey straight into a 1"=1' scale model of the Bonhomme Richard, which smashed the artifact into dry flotsam, then concluded the discussion by kicking the admiral himself smack through the closed office door. The story never leaked to the newspapers, but muffled thunders were heard in several arcane Pentagon nooks. The Navy wanted Colonel O'Bower swung from the nearest yardarm. The Army, half angry, half amused, stalled and harrumphed, then harrumphed and stalled some more.

No action, pro or con, had been taken when the colonel escorted his hideous heiress wife to the Army-Navy football game, where Mrs. O'Bower, although swathed in the most expensive furs, managed to catch a chill that shivered into pneumonia. Within a week, despite all the uniformed medical cunning available at Walter Reed Hospital, plus the spate of civilian specialists summoned from their gaudy Atlantic Supermetropolis practices, she was as dead as Croesus' daughter. Her grieving husband had to be forcibly restrained from strangling the trio of physicians who had supervised her ultimate agonies.

Colonel O'Bower's superiors, sympathizing with his sorrow and perhaps appreciative of the unexpected increase of his personal wealth, let him off with nothing worse than a reprimand for his careless handling of explosive Naval personnel. At the outbreak of war in Korea, however, the swiftness and secrecy with which he was airlifted from a clean desk in miasmic Washington to a dirty regimental C. P. in the miasmic Pusan perimeter surprised even the generals who'd planned the transfer. Speed and subterfuge had been necessary, of course. If the Navy had had the scoop that a kicker of rear admirals' rears was in flight across the Pacific, orders would undoubtedly have been issued from Pearl Harbor to blow the rubbery bastard's plane out of the air and blame it on the Russians, or maybe the Red Chinese.

The O'Bower performance in Korea was, for the most part, that of an 88mm fieldpiece in a 75mm war. By the time the two sides set up light housekeeping at Panmunjom, he'd lost an eye in a fire fight outside Seoul and a frostbitten toe near the Yalu River. The former got him a compensatory cluster for his D. S. C. The latter didn't even get him a Purple Heart. When the cease-fire finally brought the fighting to an end, he was a temporary brigadier general, commanding a nondescript force of reconnaissance groups and assault teams that, due to the front-line tenacity of the teeming



Who put  
the passion fruit  
in my  
champagne?

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most outrageous  
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the flavors of  
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Chinese, had very little terrain in which to reconnoiter and no urge at all to assault it. And the frozen eagles that clung to his shoulders on his 1953 homecoming were the same ones he'd taken to the Far East with him. The brigadier's stars stayed in Asia.

Various reasons were given for Colonel O'Bower's remaining in grade, especially in view of his original fast start from the blocks. For instance, I heard that MacArthur had been opposed to anyone not named MacArthur rising so high, so young—and the colonel was then in his early 30s. But, as Doug of the Shades had been relieved by Harry, the Kitten on the Keys, back in 1951, this version was like a cobweb sieve full of heavy water.

Two other rumored incidents struck me as being more germane to the matter. Brigadier General (Temp.) O'Bower, it was reported, had once requested, through channels, that every tenth man in a certain R. O. K. division be shot for cowardice, after the unit had fallen back

a few miles in disorder. The request was refused, reasonably enough, whereupon O'Bower, flecks of froth at the corners of his mouth, personally oversaw the mounting of a machine gun on a jeep and was on the point of attending to the job himself when he was dissuaded by a delegation consisting of most of his command's field-grade officers. Their dissuasion took the form of sitting on O'Bower until a platoon of MPs could reach the scene. Before dark, that same day, he was en route to an R & R camp for Top Brass, a well-staffed hotel in rural Japan. What he was suffering from, presumably, was a virulent strain of Combat Fatigue. After a month of mysterious but intimate injections and Little One-Sided Conversations with self-effacing psychiatrists, interspersed by sessions with exquisitely adjustable girl bath attendants, he was returned to his ever-lovin' troops—his torso still pink from parboiling, his brain apparently still unwashed and a

latent physical interest in A-to-Ampersand Sex aroused. God help us! forevermore.

The second supposed incident took place shortly before the dancers lined up for the Panmunjom Polka. One night O'Bower, flailing through the tenth round of a losing bout with insomnia, decided that his G-3—a competent but highly strung colonel a dozen years older than himself—had engineered the rejection of the O'Bower R. O. K. Decimation Project; and by the time dawn had made up its mind to break once more over an undeserving world, the vengeance of a wronged Arthur O'Bower was roaring inescapably down the pike. The War went, neatly folded, into his footlocker, while he devoted all but the four hours each night he spent with his nodding acquaintance, sleep, in transforming the G-3's life into a mirror image of hell, until, at the end of six weeks, the last of his victim's high strings snapped. The poor tormented fellow heisted a weapons carrier, gunned it all out to the front lines, sped howling down a mined road between a bone-weary brace of our defense perimeters, miraculously failed to blow himself up on a mine and, ten seconds later, died with a pound of lead from Russian-made, Chinese-operated submachine guns tipping his mortal scale toward Jesus. From the brace of perimeters, the remnant of a mauled American battalion stopped making deadly noises to watch with astonished interest what it correctly assumed to be the suicide of some nut of a chicken colonel.

The Going-Forth-By-Day of his G-3 may not have been inscribed on Colonel O'Bower's Form 67-3, but word got around, for all that—indeed, word *did* get around. During the next 15 years, the only occasions on which he saw the interior of the Pentagon were when, between ASSIGNMENTS, he visited more tractable, chairborne friends. These ASSIGNMENTS, it was clear, were chosen to keep him either out of the country or out of sight, and mischief, in the boondocks, such as:

*(A little traveling music, professor, if you don't mind)*

12 GRIM MONTHS OF MUSKEG AND MOSQUITOES ON THE ALASKAN PENINSULA.

2. THE STAFF COLLEGE, in whose boring classrooms he developed a knack of sleeping with his eye open.

3. 36 MONTHS AS MILITARY ATTACHE WITH THE U. S. EMBASSY IN THE LARGEST AND MOST VIOLENT OF THE JUNTA-RULED LATIN-AMERICAN DEMOCRACIES,

where the army officers who ran the show had, as a curtain raiser, settled the debts they owed their political backers by propping them against walls to serve as targets in the marksmanship training of recruits. This endearingly simple solution to a double problem filled Colonel O'Bower's heart with a warm glow of



"How else is a girl going to meet a fellow in New York?"

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admiration—as it did the hearts of the *blanqueador* lobbyists, moonlighting as deputies in the new government, who grew rich selling whitewash for red-stained walls. Soon the colonel and the members of the junta were getting on famously together. O'Bower was also getting a great patriotic boot out of the continuous head and spirit busting in the capital, facilitated as it was by foreign-aid U.S. Army MP truncheons, wielded by cloddish soldiers and riot police in foreign-aid U.S. Army uniforms dyed black, who clanked along the potholed boulevards from atrocity to atrocity in U.S. Army tanks supplied, as might be expected, through the kindness of U.S. foreign aid.

#### 4. A SESSION AT THE COMMAND AND GENERAL-STAFF SCHOOL

where, lulled by the instructors' droning voices, he refined his technique for open-eyed sacking out.

#### 5. A YEAR WITH A FIELD-TRAINING TEAM ATTACHED TO THE TURKISH MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT,

interrupted frequently and at length by field studies of Istanbul bawdry.

#### 6. A POSTING TO FORT BOSTON C. MUDD, ON FLORIDA'S SOUTHEAST COAST,

as G-2 on the commanding general's staff. Colonel O'Bower's ordinarily closed fists, relaxed by the languorous *ambiance*, handed over nearly \$100,000 for a luxuriously outfitted cabin cruiser that might've had that subsurface type, Captain Nemo, licking his envious sybarite chops. The colonel liked to take anywhere from two to ten permissive young crew-women on weekend cruises, with himself as the only male aboard, during which the jolly fellow dreamed up all sorts of exotic games and goodies for his supple and gluttonous crew.

But then, alas! there came the Monday morning when the master of the vessel failed to answer reveille at Fort Boston C. Mudd. Late on Tuesday afternoon, a Navy helicopter located the abandoned cabin cruiser, drifting with lazy disinterest in the direction of the Sargasso Sea; and an hour later, as the chopper snarled past a small, uninhabited key, the pilot, a virginal ensign, stared in awe at four frantic and naked girls, waving lithe arms at him with considerable urgency from the tiny beach below. Standing broadside to this luscious line, eying their bras and bikinis of sunburned flesh with the aplomb of an officer inspecting crack troops, was Colonel Arthur O'Bower—dressed to the nines in sharkskin loafers, permanent-crease russet slacks, a white T-shirt, a blazer broadly striped in green and yellow, and a dashing yachtsman's cap of midnight blue. The grounds, the ensign noticed after he'd landed, had not been policed; bedding, empty bottles and items of bar equipment

were scattered over the hot sand. The blushing ensign also thought that the colonel acted as though he indulged in this sort of thing with some naked women every weekend—as he certainly had, but without as yet hitting the front pages.

The situation might not have come about if the most unseaworthy of the young ladies hadn't felt squeamish after a night of continuously heaving herself around in this berth or that, the motion augmented by slow ocean swells. Colonel O'Bower obligingly hove to off the tiny key; and before long, he had persuaded all four young ladies to compete in a naked swimming race to the key's minute beach. The winner was to get \$100 and First Dry-Land Go at their ruttish skipper, who, when he'd loaded the cabin cruiser's dinghy with blankets and cushions and buckets of ice cubes and some bottles of Jack Daniel's best, favored his good eye by rowing to starboard of the contestants. But after he and his wet-bottomed beauties had scampered ashore, had liquored up, lounged in the sun, entwined themselves together in several curious and interesting ways and indulged in some astonishing group-therapy activities, the colonel was able to lift his head from where it had been nestling, between the cloudless sky and a succulent set of ischial tuberosities, just long enough to learn that he'd forgotten to drop the cabin cruiser's anchor and had failed to haul the dinghy high enough up on the beach. As a result, the former was almost below the eastern horizon and the latter had vanished completely. The sea horse and his reddening fillies were marooned.

When the story reached the Officers Club at Fort Boston C. Mudd, a great deal of envy was expressed about the way the colonel had been amusing himself on recent weekends. Nevertheless, arguments arose as to why he hadn't shielded his companions' breasts, buttocks and bellies from the voyeurism of the sun by a judicious sharing of his own gaudy garments; and these disputes ended, more often than not, with all parties agreeing that a clothing issue would have been thoughtful, medicinal, the act of a gentleman and the bounden duty of any man holding a commission in the Armed Forces of the United States of America. U.S. Army officers, it would seem, still contain traces of what first began to die at Crécy, long ago.

A moribund vestige of chivalry lurked in the Topmost Brass of Fort Boston C. Mudd, as well; for after Colonel O'Bower had spent Wednesday unnecessarily in the Post Hospital, Thursday in buying back his cabin cruiser at an outrageous price from some amateur salvagers and Friday arranging to put the craft in the nautical equivalent of dead

storage, on Saturday morning, he was checked into a C-133 Cargomaster as a high-priority passenger, on his way to

#### 7. A 12-MONTH STINT IN THE WOMANLESS WASTES OF GREENLAND,

presumably as Our Man in Thule for the Inspector General's office, although he had nothing to inspect but rocks or snow, depending on the season.

The arctic ice quickly thawed out of the colonel, however, during

#### 8. A SECOND THREE YEARS AS MILITARY ATTACHE IN A CENTRAL-AMERICAN BACKWATER,

where yet another medal-hung junta, with a phenomenal aptitude for violence, kept the dirty, dark, devout and illiterate citizenry moaning under a rusty iron thumb. Again, the colonel found himself in rapport with the hard cases who called the tunes, in spite of the tunes being mostly dirges. As a matter of fact, one rumor was that during an evening spent mixing the local brandy with Japanese champagne, he told the junta's president—a captain of marines (in a country that had no navy), who still held onto a side-line job as comparison shopper for a chain of brothels (the country had thousands of *those*)—that he was tempted to resign his commission, buy as much as one fourth of the land area that was then so gently administered by the comparison-shopping marine and his cronies (including, of course, one fourth of the thousands of brothels), and then settle down to live the Arthur O'Bower version of the Really Good Life.

But he didn't. No sooner had the last second of his 36 months ticked by, when he was deposited in

#### 9. VIETNAM,

where the blind, leading the blind, had drawn over half a million Americans into a gigantic quicksand, cunningly disguised as a rice paddy. Here, the colonel's combat record in the booby-trapped Mekong Delta was as notable as it had been on Korea's mortared hills. Not only enemy soldiers but every Vietnamese man, woman and child was fair game; and every village, every hut, was available for arson. So Colonel O'Bower had a very pleasant time, until—

Well, until he gave an on-the-record interview to a *New York Times* correspondent who, incidentally, was a one-man dovecot when it came to U.S. Involvement in Vietnam. The colonel was quoted as saying that if we wanted to win the war quickly, we should start by shooting every *fifth* soldier in the South Vietnamese army, up to and including the goddamned gook generals. The government of goddamned gook generals that happened to be in power in Saigon that week screamed bloody murder, of course; and soon Colonel Arthur O'Bower, unassigned, was Stateside again, at

#### 10. FORT ANTONIO LÓPEZ DE SANTA ANA,



*"This is magnificent! I'll never watch real life again."*

a few miles inland from the seaside resort of Vista de Hideputa, between Los Angeles and the Mexican border. The colonel occupied himself by netting *mariposas de amor* occasionally, in and around that moth-eaten naturalists' paradise, Tijuana.

He'd passed several months in this Nabokovian pursuit when the Army, in sheer desperation, shipped him to

11. THE QUARTERMASTER SUBSISTENCE SCHOOL, gave him 24 weeks of Subsistence Technology courses, then shuttled him off to

12. WEST GERMANY

and the 14th Q. M. C. Regiment (Armored). He'd been C. O. of this outfit for two years and was badly in need of a

(OK, professor, drop the drums and

pick up the horns for honking)

brand-new gooseboy when his remaining eye, keen as a falcon's, fell on a chunk of meat freshly arrived, one Pfc. Beaudin P. Black.

(A rattle of asterisks, professor, to accompany a quickstep)

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water pumped from the River Schmuck, but its shallow murkiness, as I shortly learned, couldn't be cleared by any amount of draining and bottom scraping. A rectangular shed served Goosequarters as a dormitory on winter nights and, if the swollen creatures had been up to snuff, might've been used as a house of assignation on titillating spring evenings. But in the O'Bower gaggle, food had replaced sex; and any egg, fertilized or not, would've been gulped down by the nearest gourmandizing gander, probably before the female realized that she'd given birth.

Those ravenous ruffians would eat anything—alive, dead or inanimate. Every blade of grass, every bone-dry weed in the compound had long since gone through their insatiable guts. One of my chores was to dump into several troughs the special grain-and-water mash that had made them what they were. This revolting mess wasn't all they got, though—by no means. Another of my chores was to grab each goose as it staggered from a communal trough, then shove more great soggy wads of mash as far down its throat as my arm would reach, until the albino-cobra neck was

packed solid from breastbone to bill. This frosting on gluttony's cake was laid on at sunrise and in the late afternoon, every day, Sundays and holidays included—rain, snow or revulsion notwithstanding. In eight months, I had only one 48-hour pass. The hatred of the geese for me was clear, cold and continuous; but as my year as gooseboy crept along the calendar, their hate was equaled, and then surpassed, by my own. In fact, I often was tempted to—

BUT NO!

—NO, I CAN'T  
—CAN'T GO INTO DETAIL ABOUT  
—ABOUT THAT TERRIBLE

—T-E-R-R-I-B-L-E YEAR

(let it be enough to say that I bought some poison during my single 48-hour pass and although it was many months later and we were in another country before I put the stuff to good use, hamburg's a great town to buy war-surplus poisons in if you have the right connections and your eyes are blue, both of them that is).

My term of Army service had a mere 95 days remaining when the 14th Q. M. C. Regiment (Armored) unexpectedly got a new commanding officer and I got an unexpected rabbit punch from fate. Colonel O'Bower's self-written travel orders had him proceeding home to the Zone of the Interior via surface transportation, accompanied by his wife, his gross of geese and—damn the Old Man's solitary, seething eye!—by S/Sgt. Beaudin P. Black, the incorruptible gooseboy (who'd planned to be discharged in West Germany, then barrel around Europe for half a year, slowly decompressing in a fast little Porsche).

I spent the agonizing voyage aboard the Edward Teach, an Army transport that had once been part of the Confederate Navy, in a dark, dank, damnable stern hold next to the tub's churning screws, up to my crotch in geese. For 13 days, I never saw daylight. In the meantime, I was being pecked black and blue by the shadowy hissing bastards, as I fought to breathe air saturated with pungent goose guano and rancid spilled mash. The gaggle lost weight on the ship. So did I.

More weight was lost, by man and birds, on the next stage of their trip, due to the constant jiggling of the hulking trailer trucks, especially adapted for poultry, that toted a stunned Goosequarters and a deafened goose-C. Q. across the face of America the Beautiful, from a Hoboken dock to Fort Antonio López de Santa Ana. Here, the colonel, who'd flown ahead with his *Frau*, had already set up Goosequarters West on an acre of land midway between the Army post and Vista de Hideputa.

As the skinny gaggle, travel-numbed, began to stumble down the ramps from the trucks, Colonel O'Bower's eye patch (it was Friday: Red Eye Patch Day) seemed pale against the apoplectic suffusion of his phiz. "Fatten 'em up, sergeant, goddamn you!" he snarled at me. "Goddamned quick, too, or your hide'll hang on my wall. And you god-better-damned believe it!"

I believed it; you can bet your life I believed it. I'd seen Colonel O'Bower in irrational action too often not to trust absolutely that he'd carry out every last threat of violence he uttered. To tell the truth, I was downright afraid of the man.

I'm still afraid of him.

I always will be afraid of him

(—for I've scarcely touched on the grisly things that I'd heard he'd done or had actually seen him do. Perhaps I'll mention some of them later. Or perhaps I won't, depending).

Anyway, I fattened up his gaggle in a hurry. Also, because the colonel couldn't hang around Goosequarters the way he



"Remember, young man, 'The grass always looks greener on the other side.'"



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had in Bad Gasthaus-am-Schmuck, I regained a few pounds myself. This new unavailability of the colonel was a good thing, in a way, for I could now devote all my time to putting more meat on the bones of my charges. In another way, though, it was a bad thing, for it also allowed my charges to devote all their time to pecking more meat off the bones of S/Sgt. Black. Along with their redoubled depredations on my body and soul, to make it worse, many of the gaggle had a fresh trick of vomiting whatever I stuffed them with, thus forcing me, for my hide's sake, to scoop up handfuls of the regurgitated slop and shove it down their throats again. The Pikes Peak of our mutual loathing swelled to an Everest.

In another, more portentous way, the duty-ordained separation of the colonel from his geese was a bad thing, for his place was gradually taken over by a blondined bit of ball-bearing sockets and joints fleshed out here and there with silicone: Rosa Sineschpiener O'Bower, a displaced person of sorts.

While I'd been stuck in West Germany, our separate occupations commonly kept her in her bed and me out of mine, so our acquaintance was at best a nodding one. She'd been happy on her back in Bad Gasthaus, serving under the colonel in the former SS *Kommendant's* house; but in Southern California, with *Arr-r-rr-rrr-te-e-EE* on the go somewhere, 12 hours a day, she was a mighty sad ex-joybaby. During her first stop-off at Goosequarters West, she laid her emotional cards face up on the table with care, although a trifle obliquely, sighing that she didn't, *couldn't* properly Enjoy (lingering over the word) the split-level rancherito that the colonel had leased for them in Vista de Hideputa—an overpriced, underdesigned pile set uncertainly against the base of a fast-eroding hillock, whose picture windows offered a dull view of the dull Pacific reaches. Her life, she murmured, had become as empty as the seascape. My private Black Chamber decoded this message as meaning: I AM NOT GETTING LAID ENOUGH STOP REGARDS ROSA.

Considering her background, Mrs. O'Bower had good reason to be bored. To an old Hamburg hand, proximity to the ocean meant sailors and, on a secondary level, GIs—loaded with loot, on the prowl and kookie for nooky, whatever the price, method or receptacle used—but the only sailor in Vista de Hideputa was a retired vice-admiral, half paralyzed and thoroughly dotty. Nor were the brutal and licentious soldiery much in evidence, either. Indeed, the one officer stationed at Fort Antonio López de Santa Ana who could afford the astronomical cost of a leased place in town was Colonel Arthur O'Bower. Ordinary

generals, colonels and majors, too poor for such extraordinary avocations as goose gorging and marriage to inmates of European joy houses, practiced a grim economy by keeping their families in Government-provided houses on the post, with occasional blowouts at Knott's Berry Farm. The swarm of bachelor captains and lieutenants in the Officers Club had nothing to do after dark except belt down tax-free booze and dream of being shipped Where The Action Was—a recruiting center, say, in downtown Manhattan. As for the enlisted men, they spent their weekends and wads in Olde Tijuana, where Ladies of Ancient Spanish Lineage could be found whose insistence on the social amenities had reached such a peak of refinement that, were a \$20 bank note offered them, they would invariably back down—but invariably into a socially amenable position: back-down.

Each morning, Colonel O'Bower's driver picked him up for an 8:30 delivery to his office on the post, and that was the last his lonely wife saw of him until after dark. She soon, with a Hun's inbred love of routine, fell into a daily pattern of her own. After waving goodbye to the colonel, she would sit at the uncleared breakfast table, smoke a 100-mm cigarette or two, gaze disconsolately at the disconsolate Pacific, sip cold coffee, think about sex and how lonely she was, sigh every so often and, now and again, wipe away an incipient tear. Then, tear-fueled and sigh-propelled, she'd bathe, douse herself with cologne, slip into as few clothes as possible and go for a drive in the creamy Ford Thunderbird that had been a leased-house-warming present from her husband. The breakfast dishes were left until later. The colonel, like many rich men who are prodigal with large sums but miserly with small, had several money-saving idiosyncrasies, among which was an unwillingness to hire a live-in cook-housekeeper. A cleaning woman who came on Mondays was as far as the colonel'd go in the domestic-servant line. His wife, therefore, had to keep things tidy six days out of seven.

I was annoyed when Mrs. O'Bower began hanging around. The gaggle was then working me over with a vivacity engendered by the salt-sea-and-sagebrush air. I didn't cotton to a stranger kibitzing the job; and Mrs. O'Bower was, to all intents and purposes, a stranger. But she was also a high-octane Hun, showing no signs of the wear and tear of her recent profession. To glance at her invitationally constructed framework was to set the old Primal Urge to twitching his whiskers. As the colonel's gooseboy, I'd had about as much to do with women as an octogenarian museum guard in a room full of Renoir nudes; i.e., I was

reduced to wishful thinking and damned little of that.

My annoyance gradually faded, to be replaced by the low-keyed sympathy that one pawn can extend to another or a thwarted gooseboy extend to an unused bedgirl; and this, in turn, was abruptly transformed into a kind of loving non-love. This ultimate change came one morning while the horrible geese were giving me a rougher time than usual. Rosa Sineschpiener O'Bower strode into the fray with the self-confidence of a Prussian field marshal. "\*\*\*\*\*" she spat. (Asterisks have here been substituted for a German expletive 32 letters long, its meaning unknown to me, that sounded like a one-a.m. free-for-all in the parlor of a Hamburg sporting house.) Then, h'isting her skirt (hardly necessary, it being a micromini), she landed a Gestapotive kick in the ringleading gander's slats. The evil bird wobbled out of range, groggily swearing in Goose. "Ach, these devils!" Rosa snarled. "I wish they were dead in a mass grave, these \*\*\*\*\* **Bögel!**"

On her next visit, she appeared in suede boots, reaching to mid-thigh, with hard, pointed toes superbly suitable for goose kicking, and which shortly thereafter had sent five more obstreperous ganders off to sick bay. She punctuated each act of mayhem with fervent repetitions of her wish that the \*\*\*\*\* birds were dead.

I was charmed by this unforeseen aspect of Rosa's character, to the extent that I briefly went off my nut. "Hey, you know what?" I babbled. "I'd like to kill the whole tick-ridden lot of 'em. Me, Staff Sergeant Beaudin P. Black, ASN 32161733. And I've got the stuff to do it with, too. Poison. Greenish-colored, kind of. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bought it in Hamburg."

"Natürlich," Rosa muttered thoughtfully. "Where else would one buy it?" She stared at the geese for a while, frowning, then stared awhile at my midsection (I liked to work stripped to the waist, and then some). The frown was removed. An odd, Hunnish smile spread across her face. "Yes, why don't you poison them, these \*\*\*\*\* **Bögel**, these devil-Gänse?" she asked in a whisper. She brought her mouth close to my ear, in order to be heard above the gaggle's resentful honks and hisses. "And tell me about it afterward." Her nose nuzzled my ear. "In bed." She nibbled my earlobe. "My bed." She ran her tongue over my cheek. "When he's not home." She nibbled my lower lip. "I'll let you know when." She nibbled my upper lip. "After



*Buck Brown*

*"I gave you three wishes. Now, damn it, you give me one!!"*

they're in their mass grave, I mean." Somehow, she was nibbling my tongue. "Those Hamburg poisons, they're the world's best." And now her hands were—"Just like you, sweetie sergeant, wonderful." My God! her hands were—"Wunderbar!" And then she was gone.

So was I, utterly gone. In less than a minute, I'd grown a Third Leg; and the days of those hell-geese were numbered. I decided that, whatever Rosa S. O'Bower's faults might be, at least

*her villainies were hammer'd out of flowers.*

That same evening, I sat down at a typewriter in the deserted H. Q. Co. Mess Center and wrote myself a letter:

DEAR BEAU—

I DON'T THINK THAT THE HUMAN RACE IS QUITE READY FOR LOVE YET, AND I DON'T THINK THE LOWER ANIMALS ARE QUITE YET READY FOR THE HUMAN RACE. THIS MAKES ME SAD, NOT GLAD,

BECAUSE OF MY GENES, MY DREAMS AND MY ATTITUDES. I AM APOLITICAL. I HAVE NO BEARD. I REFUSE TO SEE SEX THROUGH A DOG'S EYES. I HAVE BEEN HONORABLY WOUNDED IN MY COUNTRY'S SERVICE. I AM SCRATCHING, SCRATCHING, SCRATCHING AT THE WINDOW OF THE WORLD. I DON'T MIND THE DEVIL HAVING A COMPASS, BUT WHY MUST THE NEEDLE ALWAYS POINT AT ME? I AM NOT MAGNETIC. I AM NOT THE NORTH. BUT, HOPING FOR AN EARLY REPLY, I CERTAINLY AM

YOUR OLD FRIEND,  
BEAUDIN P. BLACK

*The project would be carried out. And it was carried out. (Time for a snappy dirge, proffy, baby.) Carried out letter-perfect.*

COLONEL ARTHUR O'BOWER,

U. S. A.

REGRETS TO ANNOUNCE

THE

† DEATH †  
OF HIS

ONE HUNDRED AND  
FORTY-FOUR FAT &  
BELOVED GEESE DUE TO

!MURDER MOST FOUL!

AT THE HANDS OF

A PERSON

OR

PERSONS

?UNKNOWN?

ON MONDAY THE

TWENTY-FIRST OF APRIL

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND

SIXTY-NINE

AT THEIR HOME

IN

GOOSEQUARTERS WEST

BLACK TIE

Yes, letter-perfect—  
God help me....

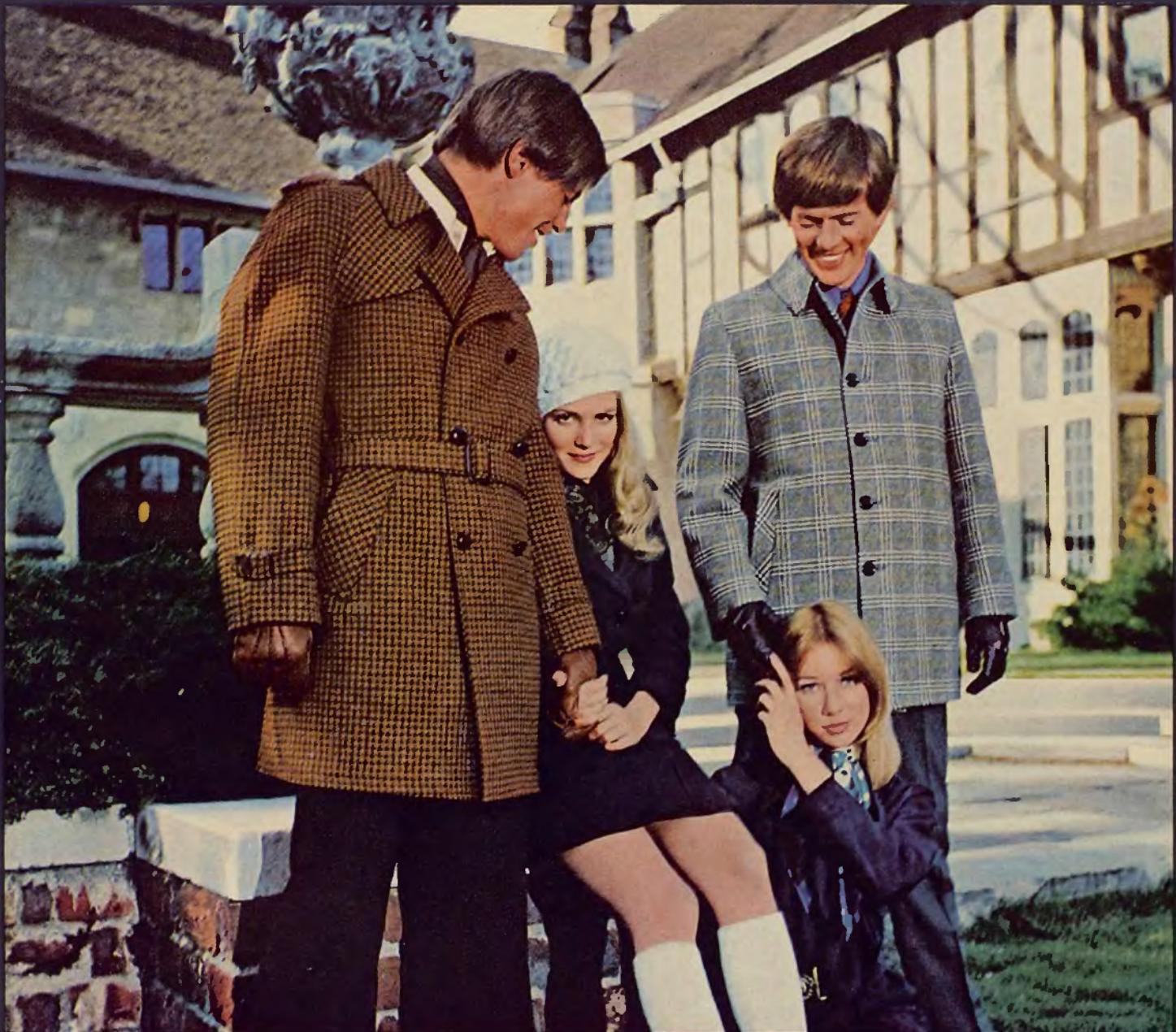
One thousand years spent hunkered down on a hot plate in hell would be less long-drawn-out and painful than the 48 hours I sweated through after Colonel O'Bower roared up in that commandeered half-track to confront his slaughtered darlings. To my own dying day, I'll shudder at the thought of those ghastly hours. The colonel opened the ball with a scream of malevolent grief that might've scared the throat of an insane puma. He leaped from the half-track with such force as to leave the vehicle rocking on its treads behind him. He cradled limp necks in his arms and cuddled ruffled cadavers in his lap until larruping fury finally overcame all his futile lachrymosities. He then sprang to his feet, flailed roundhouse swings at the universe, damned the republic, cursed the Deity and topped things off by chewing out the cosmos. For a second act, he pounded his fists against his temples and, as the curtain came down, was beating his head so hard against the trunk of a eucalyptus that the poor tree's roots squeaked. "Death!" he howled. "Hell! Vengeance! Blood! Murder! God! Gore! Damn! Vengeance! CHRIST! HELL! BLOOD! DEATH! R-E-V-E-N-G-E!!!" I was so scared that my sphincter muscle almost Did The Dirty to me, an embarrassment that hadn't happened since Victor Charlie was trying to mortar me to death in Vietnam. When the colonel, still ranting, had rumbled off in the half-track on his way to alert the world, I sagged on the chicken-wire fence, as close to a swoon as any sickly Victorian ingénue ever came without losing her amateur standing.

It never occurred to Colonel O'Bower, strangely enough, to suspect his incorruptible gooseboy. I suppose I was too



*"All right, the repair crew is on the way! In the meantime, how about turning off this damn music?"*

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close to home, too obvious—a regular Purloined Letter on the hoof. He did a fantastic amount of telephoning, however, and it wasn't long before some less grief-stricken, more suspicious fellows arrived in response to his summons. These included the Provost Marshal, every MP stationed at Fort Antonio López de Santa Ana, the Vista de Hideputa police, a troop of California State Police, the local chapter (Owen Lattimore Post No. 57) of the FBI, all the CIA men within 75 square miles who dared to cut classes that day and a couple of Mexican customs inspectors who'd heard the colonel's ravings as far south as Tijuana and had driven up to see what all the *ruido* was about. There were more narrow-eyed, nosy theoreticians poking around the scene of the crime than there were dead geese; and when they weren't poking around, they were grilling me in relays.

They got nowhere. Nowhere at all.

A childhood, an adolescence and a coming of age experienced in the lurch-

ing America that lived where the beanstock called World War Two ended had made me adept at holding the high ground long before I dug in and held my slit trench on Rosa S. O'Bower's high, hot hips. As for the heinous mass murder, my story, my attitude and, to a certain extent, my accent was: I din see nuttin' I din hear nuttin' I din know nuttin' but my tender heart wuz broke. Geez who coulda done a ting like dat tuh dem priddy boids and dat nice coineel huh? Neither the common, garden variety of uniformed fuzz nor the fancier hardy perennials in narrow ties and Italian-cut suits could brainwash me clean of a phrase tattooed on my cerebellum: BOYS I'M INNOCENT. The lawmen, civil and martial, gave up on me, finally, perhaps with an assist from a lieutenant of MPs. This lieutenant had nearly died, aged 15, when a jagged sliver of a goose's wishbone lodged in his throat; he thus took a dim view of the goddamned birds, dead or alive. "Well, now, hell," he said in an east-Texas drawl, "the sergeant

here's gittin' his *discharge* this week, and he's been a rarht fine sojer. Got hisse'f the Bronze Star. Puhpul Heart. Real clean reco'd, too. No Bad-Time anywhere. Way I look at it, now, if he was goin' to zap the buggers, he'd've done it mebbe nahm, ten months ago, jes' to git the critters out of his hair. Why wait till rarht now, hey, Black?"

"Yeah, that's for sure, lieutenant," I said. "Why wait until rarht now?"

(All rarht, professor, in a few minutes you can blend some fragments of "Charge," "Sick Call" and "Retreat" together and then tootle off home. Don't trip over the trombone on your way out.)

Colonel O'Bower was now too preoccupied with getting his gaggle underground and brooding on the refined tortures he intended to inflict on the captured killer to bother about my imminent departure, let alone be aware of it. Indeed, I neither spoke to him nor saw him during the brief period that remained until I got off the Army hook. The moment he lost his geese, of course, he lost all interest in his gooseboy. This was agreeable to me. I went on with what I was doing, which was nothing. I'd liquidated my military duty when I liquidated the personnel of Goosequarters West, so I was at liberty to prepare myself for an out-of-uniform world that I'd practically forgotten. I'd laid in a suit, along with some other items of civilian clothing and accessories, and bought a secondhand Mercedes 300SL straight off the dealer's floor, on the single Saturday evening that I'd spent in Vista de Hideputa. I was so excited at soon being free of the Army that it never crossed my mind that I'd be free of Colonel O'Bower as well. Gone from my memory, too, were the carnal possibilities that the colonel's lady had so recently whispered into odd corners of my face.

On Thursday, I came belching out of the H. Q. Co. mess hall after noon chow with my final GI meal in my belly and my discharge papers in my pocket. I was heading back to barracks, intending to get into my new suit and then get the hell away from khaki country, when Colonel O'Bower's jeep driver, a corporal, ran after me and handed me an envelope. "The Ole Man's Kraut gimme this for ya," he said. "I'd of give it to ya sooner, but I was in town all the mornin' tryin' ta get laid. Son of a bitch, it's hard enough on a holiday Saturday night, but on a normal nothin' mornin'—aw, sheeeeet!"

Inside the envelope was a one-line note. **This afternoon is When. Fünf o'clock. N/** "Where's the Old Man now?" I asked the corporal.

"Him? Ah, he druv up to L. A. early. Gonna buy himself some more of them geese at this goose ranch up there in that San Ferando Valley or some such name. Took his own heap, too, thank the sweet



*"I suggest we submit the \$180,000 initial deposit for 34 percent of the preferred stock and for the moment, at least, let the 2.5 percent debentures mature until such time as all options are secure, subject to SEC approval, thus utilizing the prospectus issued for fiscal 1968, bearing in mind the discount rate will more than offset any capital-gains advantage, assuming 'Big Frankie the Camel' bumps off the comptroller. . . ."*



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Christ, so now me, I'm gonna sack out till it's Satday night and time for Tia-wanna."

My intention had been to check into a Los Angeles hotel before dark; instead, off I went, then, to the split-level love-away and a frittered, form-fitting time. I wonder if the colonel had only known, a few form-fitting hours later, that what I was doing to his wife was not the cuckolding he assumed it to be, but merely a demonstration of the New Therapy in action, might not his—

**CHAPTER 3: IN WHICH THE FILM RESUMES, THE LADY REMOVES HER LOVER, THE GENTLEMEN REMOVE THE VENEER OF CIVILIZATION & I REMOVE MY PARTS TO OTHER PARTS**

—present and future villainies, too, have been hammer'd out of flowers?

Fat chance.

Only a fool like Beaudin P. Black—his fingers, wits and eardrums numb from that constant scratching, scratching, scratching at the window of the world—could ask himself such a foolish question (see Appendix A).

I have had questions equally foolish answered time and again (see Appendix B), look you, by a Tremendous Voice from a Swirling Cloud, at Whose rumbled NO! the earth shook.

For the villainies of Colonel Arthur O'Bower were, are and forever will be of a steel most excruciatingly milled, steel infinitely harder than any diamond, Sheffield-plus steel, Swedish-extra, the Ultimate Steel, sufficiently strong to shatter the descending hammer on impact, to wrinkle and crack the anvil below in 30 cast-iron ways, and to reduce the eggshell body of ex-Sgt. Black to atoms or anti-matter.

And now this pocket-sized, ultragalactic-steel monster was going into

**ACTION!** (See Appendix D.)  
(ohdearohdear)

(oh

... well) (See Appendix C.)

**APPENDIX A: CHALLENGE**

*Fear, the fear, dear goddess, sing, the sheer fear of Black's fool son, Beaudin, Jellying him into jiggles there on the stained, mussed and soggy Bed of fierce Revengeides, Obowerus, wouser of heroes, Even as on the chassis of slithery, water-tank-nippled Rosé, replete, he rode shotgun. Also, sweet alto, please tell us Which of the three involv'd will survive this eyeball-to-eyeball Showdown: Revengeides, the damp nymph, or tall Beaudin, Black's son? Meanwhile, should Zeus interrupt, simply ignore him. Sing louder. Better yet, don't sing. YELL. You'll have to, with all that thunder.*

*Hera can upstage Zeus, but he hates it when one of the Muses. . . .*

**APPENDIX B: RESPONSE**  
**THE CALIFORNIA DISTURBANCE:**  
**AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT**  
**GREEK REFUGEE SAW ALL**  
**"SHOCKING," SHE CLAIMS**  
**BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT**

VISTA DE HIDEPUTA, CALIF., April 25 (Special to the Helicon, Ohio, "Well-spring")—Mrs. Calliope A. Oeagros, age undisclosed, the widow of the late Thracian entrepreneur, was on the scene at 40 Proprio Tinto St. early yesterday evening when Col. Art R. Oberon, U. S. A., discovered his wife Rosalie in a compromising position with Buddin B. Blake. A two-year draftee, Blake had been discharged as a sergeant a few hours before.

According to Mrs. Oeagros, who has been on a world tour ever since King Constantine II was forced into exile by disaffected Greek army elements, she and her companion, Sir Geoffrey Monmouth, Camelot's Ambassador to the UN, made a forced landing after they found themselves in a thunderstorm of unprecedented violence.

"It was a driving, drenching rain," Mrs. Oeagros, who prefers to be described as a "rich refugee," said. "The thunderclaps were positively Olympian. The noise was so frightful that Geoff and I forgot our manners and sought shelter in the nearest house, which we thought to be unoccupied.

"When I realized what was transpiring inside that house, though, I regretted that we had not remained aloft, despite the definite possibility of disaster.

"The sight that met my eyes in the master bedroom of that house, where we had intended to divest ourselves of our rain-soaked outer garments, was shocking in the extreme. In my country, the middle-class people do not behave in such an outrageous fashion. Nor do they in the United States, or so I am informed."

Asked to elaborate on her statements, Mrs. Oeagros said: "This woman—a pretty, hard-faced blonde, vaguely foreign—was lying on her back on the bed without a stitch on. On top of her lay a young man, also without a stitch on. If they were not engaged in improper physical activity at the moment, they must have been engaged in an improper physical act in the immediate past, to judge from the condition of the bed. One can always judge by the condition of the bed. I will admit, however, that I could not see these two people as clearly as I would have preferred.

"The room was darker than ordinarily it would have been at that hour

of the day, due to the raging storm outside. No lamps had been lit, to my knowledge, anywhere in the house.

"The husband of the woman, who put in an appearance shortly after we did, undoubtedly remained standing on the staircase because he suspected that he might be in the wrong house. He seemed a forlorn, uncertain little fellow and I could not avoid feeling sorry for him. He is below the average in height, you see, whereas the younger man struck me as being much taller.

"Then Geoff, who adores history and battles and is continuously reading or writing or talking about them, remarked that the little chap was a colonel. My sympathies forthwith were extended to the other man, although it is difficult to be sympathetic to anyone, male or female, involved in such a shocking situation.

"But I strongly disapprove of all colonels, as a direct result of the harsh treatment some Hellenes holding that rank gave to dear, innocent Constantine, God bless him.

"This young man, hardly more than a boy, evidently was allowing his entire mass to press down on the woman, for she was screaming, in a panic-stricken, choked voice, for her husband to assist her. She was also calling upon all the strength she could muster to strike the young man about the head. The young man, needless to say, appeared to be 'petrified' from fright.

"An interesting side light to the affair is that at one point I honestly believed I heard the young man addressing me, using a nickname that I have not heard since I was a schoolgirl—"Goddess."

"Possibly I am incorrect in this assumption, for one is inclined to misunderstand or misinterpret words or phrases absorbed in moments of high moral drama—as may have been the case in this instance.

"On the heels of my aural confusion, the colonel chose to ascend the remaining stairs in great haste, then directed his steps toward the bedroom. His—"

Mrs. Oeagros, still shaken by her experience and disinclined to continue, begged her companion to resume the narrative thread. Sir Geoffrey, an amateur historian and the author of several novels in addition to his UN responsibilities and numerous other interests, gladly acceded to her request.

"Than fruysshed kyng Oboure thorow the portis of his corseynte," he said, "a knyght of corage wetily arayed, and a noble manne of armys, redyng to threst unto sir Beaudyn that the brayne and the blode myghte be clevid on his swerde."

Turning to Mrs. Oeagros, Sir Geoffrey



*"Hi!"*

inquired: "'Ow's that fer openers, Callie gel?"

"Knyghtly spokyn, parfoy, fayre Geoff," she replied.

"I busse youre ankelis bothe, swete godesse, from my herte-roote," Sir Geoffrey said, and gallantly proceeded to do so.

He thereupon resumed his account: "But biforn kynge Oboure coulde entry upon the bate, his ladye la belle Rose Sansépine did heve hire fayre hyppis en haut wythe freyshynned powere and in a manere of grete cunnyng. Than hire queynte smoote sir Beaudyn swich a buffyt that his nekke-bone was putte far from hire pappis soote and his conyng was from its derk hous out-snatched. His—"

#### APPENDIX C: SUMMATION

In the country of the blind, there is more than enough rheum for eyewitness accounts by stupid people who can't see the wood for the trees.

In the country of the stupid, an appendix is a small blind sac, an outpouching of the cecum that no longer serves any useful purpose. Occasionally, when one bursts, a nasty mess is left in the back of the book.

#### APPENDIX D: THE TRUE, UNEX-PURGATED, NOTARIZED DENOUEMENT, HERE APPENDED TO THE APPENDICES FOR THE FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE

My personal account of the events in question is, by great bad luck, that of a participant, a skinwitness, as it were; and thus may be considered accurate and

trustworthy in spite of being, to the narrator, tremendously painful. For all that, a precise restatement of what happened ought to have as much therapeutic value for me as the coupling (preinterruption) had for my treacherous partner. So, painful or not, I intend to get what's left of the story off my chest. I'll take up the yarn where I dropped it, on the chest of Mrs. O'Bower.

When her plaintive, palpably inaccurate, screeching alarm clock wound down, its terminal tick—a breathless, hissed "g-e-ee-eee-eeee-s-ss-sss-SSSS!"— jerked the trigger of the sawed-off human shotgun on the stairs. The muzzle emitted a deadly white-hot flame. A vengeful roar startled, then overwhelmed, the omnipotent, omnipresent thunder. Cordite's cruel, acrid stink permeated the master bedroom. And a load of buck-and-ball ammunition burst from the barrel in the person of Colonel Arthur O'Bower, on a collision course with Beaudin P. Black's naked, defenseless hide.

The colonel whizzed through the doorway so fast that, by the law of relativity, I should've seen him as a trench-coated, speed-of-light blur; yet he might've been approaching me in slow motion, for in my memory certain areas of O'Bower stand out in very sharp focus:

1. His face, for instance—a murderous, contorted mask.
2. His right hand—raising a heavy silver candlestick it'd snatched from a table beside the door.
3. His left hand—from which a pair of handcuffs dangled.

The problem of the handcuffs was stated and solved in a millisecond. He'd gotten into the habit of toting them around, awaiting the day when he could clap them onto the dastard who'd put the quietus on Goosequarters West; now he'd hauled them from his trench-coat pocket while his other hand was latching onto the bottom-weighted candlestick. Q. E. D.

I knew that a blow from this candlestick, practically guaranteed to fracture my skull, would be but the first and mildest of the torments he had in store for me—after I'd been handcuffed, gagged and brought back, none too tenderly, to a throbbing consciousness—but I was no more capable of defensive or evasive action than a fledgling paralyzed by a viper's deepfreeze eye. Maybe Rosa's industrious fists had already put me on the road to total anesthetization.

Whether they had or not, it was Rosa's industrious midsection that kept me from total annihilation. The stored-up energy that might have been wasted piecemeal on ten minor hip-heaves was now expended on a last-ditch ceilingward snap of her pelvis. This magnificent volcanic bump and grind blew me bang out of my slit trench on the high ground, and I went tumbling down her smooth but precipitous eastern slope to a new and indefensible position. This lay in open terrain on the enemy side of Sineschpiener Ridge, lacked facilities for either cover or concealment and had no tactical value whatsoever against Colonel O'Bower's onrushing steam-roller advance. I was a pushover for obliteration, failing an act of God.

Well, God works in such mysterious ways that He's not invariably on the side of the biggest battalions, including a few outsize outfits in which every man from C. O. to conscript was so fanatic a Christian that his scrotum gave off a dry, rustling sound. Perhaps the fact that mine didn't rustle helped save me on that devilish, deluged evening in Vista de Hideputa.

War, according to Dr. Hemingstein, is the province of chance. On this occasion, I guess I'd been voted an honorary citizen of the province—the ballot boxes having been stuffed by Rosa's overtime buttocks. And, although Clausewitz didn't comment on the paradox, an attacking force can have *too much* momentum. An advance of 50 miles will mean victory; of 100, disaster. A Great General's troops may be racing ahead like madmen, but the G. G. knows when to blow the whistle on them. He wants to be sure that the rapid forward movement doesn't become a stampede. It isn't that he's worried about having his supply lines cut; he's more concerned with how he's treated in the history books. You can bet your polished boots that the supply lines will be cut later; but an army whose momentum has swept it far beyond its objective



"You call this Lo Gow Gum Pan?"

eventually runs out of gas, breath and the power of positive thinking. It then has a tendency to be thrown off balance and into a state of panic by the weakest kind of counterattack—seven kids with slingshots, for example.

I can't recall a single general in history who let his army (a) go rumbling a sleeper-jump beyond its assigned objective because the objective (b) wasn't where it was supposed to be in the first place. Colonel Arthur O'Bower did, though, in his master bedroom.

Which is perhaps why he never made general permanently.

And which is certainly why his objective—Fort Beaudin P. Black—is still manned and active, instead of being a charred, unremembered patch somewhere on this round of solar ball-ammunition, the earth.

Sliding off Sineschpiener Ridge, with no place to go but Perdition (and by fast boat, at that), I decided I might as well go down fighting. After all, it's better to die on your love-matted abdomen than live on your concrete-chafed knees—although in the short doleful life that the revengeful colonel would be racking up for me, a few moments of knee-living might offer a pleasant change from the contorted attitudes I'd be in the rest of the time. So I wrapped the flag around me, boys, and jes' kep' rollin' along. Down from Rosa. Away from Rosa. Across the sweaty sheets. Toward the edge of the bed.

I reached this line of departure simultaneously with Colonel O'Bower, my rib cage and his thigh meeting in a mighty clash that cracked the bedstead and split the mattress straight down the middle. A couple of spring coils promptly popped free and poked into Rosa, one catching her between the shoulder blades and the other pricking her arse (to be precise: the left buttock, three and a quarter inches west of center). Understandably, she yelped.

Colonel O'Bower bellowed, gobbled and croaked concurrently—a sound that I'd never heard before and, God willing, won't hear again. The slaughterhouse bellow was meant to be Music To Accompany Candlesticks Descending On Heads. The gobble, worthy of a tom-turkey countertenor dodging the ax, was gobbled, because the colonel had discovered too late that my head wasn't where he and the candlestick thought it would be. And the croak, if anything, was a warning to Rosa Sineschpiener O'Bower to look out for descending candlesticks and colonels. In spite of her wanton talents, he saw her now as a frail and lovely woman being despoiled by a Fiend in a Human Suit; and no American officer and gentleman is going to bash a rape victim as a secondary objective, his primary being A. W. O. L.

The darkness kept him from seeing her clothes, which were neatly draped

Vive  
la différence...

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along a chaise longue ten feet from the bed with a care seldom taken by ladies in line for a raping. And the ravisher's garments, arranged with military precision, festooned a chair flanking the doorway opposite the table whence Colonel O'Bower had taken unto himself a weapon. Even if he had spotted his wife's displayed nylon scantinesses, it wouldn't've modulated his behavior; for a basic premise of the crazy O'Bower logic was that, to a dastard monstrous enough to murder a gross of dear old sweetie geese, rape is not only the most minor of vices but a humdrum daily activity to boot. I continued to roll, despite that concussive meeting of femur and ribs. Off the bed's rumpled edge I spun, and CLUNK! lit full length on some topaz wall-to-wall carpeting. This change of base went through without a hitch, mainly because the colonel's carcass was finished with acting like a road-block. His carcass was then in mid-air.

Unwittingly, making the strategic boo-boo that Clausewitz forgot to mention—of a force too impetuous for its own good—the colonel had let his momentum bear him so ridiculously far beyond his objective that he was thrown off balance en route. The jarring encounter with my Forlorn Hope had begun the ruin of his equilibrium.

Well, Colonel O'Bower may have been caught off balance, but panic failed to strike him. He rectified the over-all situation in mid-air, without particularly improving it; but for the moment, he averted catastrophe by the cloth of his eye patch. Between the take-off and the dead-stick landing, he had to accomplish three things: regain contact with me, wherever I was; avoid any interception of brutal candlestick by wifely flesh; and, with a splash-down impending on Rosa, land on her roiled expanse as lightly as he could. His solution was an Immelmann turn, executed above the lady, that would've snapped my spine but which the conditioned colonel brought off without setting himself up for some osteopathy. If the maneuver wasn't completely successful, blame it on his attempt to collar me with his left hand while his right was averting the candlestick from Rosa.

The O'Bower claws were so eager to clutch my windpipe that they forgot to hang onto the handcuffs. No sooner had I met the topaz carpeting than these dropped—*Clunk! Clunk!*—on my coccyx, then joined (*Clunk!*) my obverse (*Clunk!*) on the floor. At the same instant, the candlestick connected with the headboard, in lieu of Rosa, shivering the timber of the bedpost, gouging a pound of plaster from the wall and bending itself into a 30-degree angle in the process. The impact tore it from the colonel's grasp. It thudded to the carpet on the far side of the bed, even as her husband's body banged down atop Rosa, in roughly the same position I'd lately

relinquished. "~~Bo-o-oo-OOOO!~~" said Rosa. She then retired from action—the poor, sodden, squashed, put-upon, silicone Hun.

"Sorry, sweetie, goddamn it," Colonel O'Bower snorted. "Goddamned fortunes of war, baby." He scrambled off his gasping wife to retrieve his goddamned weapon.

This was a mistake; again the objective wasn't where it was supposed to be. A lot of groping was done in the dark before he located the candlestick against the wall under the headboard, curled up and anxious for sleep on a pallet of fallen plaster and mahogany splinters. This protracted search, which was accompanied by a flourish of Anglo-Saxon kettledrum cuss words, gave me an opportunity that I'd thought was lost at this stage of the game. The escape route was open.

I took it.

Backing onto the handcuffs as a souvenir of the occasion, I fought my way to my feet while a thunderclap that shook the house did its best to knock me off them. At its ear-blowing apex, I was grabbing as much of my clothing as the chair would release, and while the heavenly discordance faded, I was scuttling barefooted, bare-arsed, bare-fore and bare-aft, like a blind crab down the stairs. Behind me the flourishing O'Bower's Blasphemous Kettledrum Band shared the marquee with a new rock group of hailstones that was beating, beating, beating at the windows of the room.

In the dark at the bottom of the stairs, I found the front door by instinct; but when I turned the knob, I learned that what Rosa Sineschpiener O'Bower had failed to do when she let in a love-keen acquaintance, the colonel had done when he let in himself—namely, lock the wretched thing. The complaint of a sticking drawer being yanked open in the master bedroom was momentarily amplified over the plink of hailstones. My moth's-antennae fingers, hampered by a pair of darbies and assorted menswear, flickered along the doorjamb seeking the lock, which turned out to be set much lower than locks usually are. The original occupant must've been even a shorter man than the colonel.

But I hadn't the leisure then to compare males of below-average height, not in the infinitesimal space of time that separated Beaudin P. Black and Safety. I had my haberdashery hand on the unlatched lock and my police-state one on the knob, on the point of hurling myself out into the storm's concealment, when the hall was blasted with light so brilliant and atom-bombish that my eyes hurt. And a voice that might've been a 75mm recoilless rifle firing from the next foxhole roared: "*Ten-HUT!*"

The noise nearly imploded everything in my head. My 24 months of Army training, however, picked this occasion

to pay off—for the Army. I froze. My arms pressed against my sides. I came to a ramrod attention. Yet I made one concession to my new civilian status; for while my thumbs sought in vain for trouser seams on my naked thighs, I kept the clothes and the handcuffs pressed between my arms and my body.

"*Bout-HACE!*" The recoilless rifle had fired another round.

An about-face isn't as easy to do on bare feet as it is in combat boots, but mine wasn't too bad, considering. At the head of the stairs, Colonel Arthur O'Bower, who'd brought a black-power friend with him, stood at ease, a hellish grin warping his mouth, staring down at me with his companion. I didn't like this black-power friend at all. He was a .45-cal. Colt automatic pistol, U.S. Army Model, which is as black a symbol of power as I care to confront.

"I'd goddamned rather have you unpunctured, goddamn you," the colonel told me sweetly, "but I can't take any god-more-damned chances with a god-damned eel. Which is your goddamned Purple Heart leg, you goddamned rapist bastard of a goose killer?"

Sweat was exuding from my pores, without any help from Rosa for a change. "The—uh—my left leg, sir," I croaked. The condition of my throat would've made a July high noon in Death Valley seem like a dip in the Arctic Ocean.

"I'll even 'em up for you, bloodwise, in a minute, you goddamned broad-banging bugger." Colonel O'Bower shifted his stance from at ease to ready-on-the-firing-line. "No goddamned Purple Heart for *this* hole, soldier, goddamn you, if you live to be a hundred. Which you won't." His black-power friend drew a bead on my right kneecap. "No, soldier, goddamn you, you ought to live about three god-damned weeks more." He was squeezing the trigger. "If I ribbonate you v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y." The muzzle of the pistol was as steady as a Southern Baptist's faith in hell-fire. "Which I intend to do, you goddamned woman-molesting, exhibitionist, self-exposing goosicide!" He squeezed the trigger past any hope of redemption.

Nothing happened. Except a

(c-lick).

He hadn't cocked the pistol.

"GODDAMNHELLCHRISTDEATH-SHITJESUSBITCH!" yelled the colonel. He seized the top of the A5. When this had been jerked back over the exposed trigger and then slid forward again, a cartridge would be in the chamber and the pistol ready to fire.

Unfortunately for Colonel O'Bower's intentions, I wasn't going to stick around to evaluate his marksmanship. While he was messing with the upper reaches of his automatic, it occurred to me that I had, at the serviceable end of my throwing arm, a pair of unemployed handcuffs. I hadn't played any baseball in the Army, but, I decided, if I wanted to



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review the marksmanship of the B. P. Black muscles, this was as good a time as any.

Well, it seems that I wanted to.

The colonel was elevating the .45 for a leg shot that would be the Moment of Truth when I slung (a) the handcuffs at him and (b) a depths-of-the-soul prayer at you-know-Who. The Latter, luckily, had been listening. The former, as a result, connected with Colonel O'Bower's forehead—one above his eye patch, clang, one clang above his seeing eye—a double metallic bean ball. From there, they went on, with twin muted thumps, to the thickly padded runner of the third stair down.

Colonel O'Bower's reactions to the beanning were queer. The pistol sank, jerking and fluttering, like a flag being lowered in a stiff breeze, as he drew himself up to a wobbly attention. His shoulders were hunched so high that the eagles on the tabs of his trench coat must've tickled his ear lobes. Then, with his solitary eye—which now resembled a tiny round bowl of spun sugar—glazing across the empty air of the upper hallway, he intoned in an echo-chamber voice: "I-will-follow-you-and-catch-you-god-damn-you-and-I-will-god-well-damned-kill-you-by-damned-degrees-one-fine-day-you-can't-escape the ever-god-lasting-damned-vengeance-of-Arthur-O'Bower-U. S. A.-no-matter-where-you-go-or-attempt-to-god-hide-damn-for-I-will-god-damned-well-root-you-out-from-whatever-pig-sty-you-wallow-in-for-god-damned-sure-and-I-will-show-you-the-god-damned-torments-of-hell-you-god-damned-goosicide-you."

Then slowly, persistently, still at that hunched attention, he tilted forward like a truncated, trench-coated tree sawed through at its base. Finally, plumb out of the power of positive thinking, off balance for sure, he pinwheeled arse-over-teakettle toward me. The pistol didn't go off during the descent, a courtesy that I appreciated; I'd already absorbed my day's ration of loud noises.

I was polite enough to wait until the plummeting O'Bower stock had checked its downward trend and leveled off between the foot of the stairs and the front door, but I wasn't so polite as to linger while I determined if the colonel were alive or dead. So after noting that, whatever his mortal state, the mauve eye patch hadn't been disturbed and there appeared to be a tremor of the eyelids rimming the spun-sugar eye, I galloped out into the storm. Mother-naked, of course. I didn't bother to shut the door behind me.

*So help me, Frigga:*

(signed) BEAUDIN P. BLACK  
WITNESS: (signed) G. MOUTH, Kt., C.R.T.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss.  
County of Vista de Hideputa }

(S E A L)

ON THIS 24th day of April, A. D., 1969, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared Beaudin P. Black, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within Instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(signed) CALLIOPE A. OEGROS, age undisclosed

Notary Public in and for said County and State.  
(My Commission will never expire.)

**CHAPTER 4: IN WHICH I FIND MYSELF CAST NAKED UPON A DESERT SPORTS CAR & VERY SOON INDULGE IN A PRIMITIVE FORM OF ESCAPISM**

I'd parked the old Mercedes around the corner, because I didn't want the neighbors to brood about a strange car sitting in front of the O'Bower rancherito while the colonel was off on a business trip; although in a community of five-acre homesites and 1000-foot beach frontages, *around the corner* is apt to be code for "half a mile away."

It was raining cheetahs and Saint Bernards, and hailstones as big as Nasser's nose were bouncing off my noggin. After frayed webs of lightning had turned the landscape Los Alamos—white, the atmosphere would vibrate to 1,000,000 tons of 16-pound shot let loose at Beaudin P. Duckpin by a team of semipro demons. The hailstones were too big to melt when they'd caromed into immobility, so each mown lawn, each clipped hedge, seemed to be chattering under a light fall of snow. Lights gleamed opaquely from within the few houses I splashed past.

In an intensification of these, the first particular facet that glittered forth from my general fear blinked out the message, in Morse, that I might be arrested for indecent exposure. A Proper Vista de Hideputan would consider it his civic duty to inform the fuzz of a naked man on Proprio Tinto Street. Then a paddy wagon would pay a quiet call on me, having been careful not to startle any sensitive homeowner with a siren's plebeian wail. And after I'd been booked, my loins hidden by a drunk-tank blanket in the interests of modesty, the stupidest detective, third-grade, could easily retrace my dripping steps to the O'Bower loveaway, where he'd find—

My God, what would he find?  
Why, nothing repeat NOTHING

—for I'd reached the Mercedes now. The fantasy was temporarily stunted, reduced, dissolved.

I slumped against the low-slung heap, physically weak from my run and emotionally limp from the last 30 minutes, letting my overdrawn lungs lay some bread on their debt. Pretty soon, I discovered that the waterlogged coat of my new civilian wardrobe was the only item that I'd snatched from the chair while departing the Field of the Patch of Eye. My other wearables were back in the checkroom of Club O'Bower, an after-hours clip joint with a very rough bouncer.

But the suitcoat was what counted; and none of the absolute necessities in it had fallen out during my precipitate retreat. My money, my wallet and the car keys were all where they should've been. Therefore, having concluded that a motionless stone gathers no two in the bush, I unlocked the Mercedes, got in, got the motor het up in a hurry, and then got out of there at a speed that, in such weather, would have given palpitations to a drunken drag racer. I drove naked, too. It's the *only* way to travel, as Lady Godiva remarked to the hostler when he helped her off her Percheron.

I swerved the Mercedes around a Coast Highway cloverleaf, aimed her nose north and accelerated. The rain showed no sign of abating, but the output of my fear increased in proportion to the car's speed. The windshield resembled a millrace, and I had an impression of driving under water. My forward vision was, to put it mildly, limited; but there was no oncoming traffic to confuse me. Only a fool like Beaudin P. Black would rip along at 90 in a cloudburst like that. Meanwhile, my fear had topped 100, before resolving itself into a couple of premises and a conclusion, which I'll call

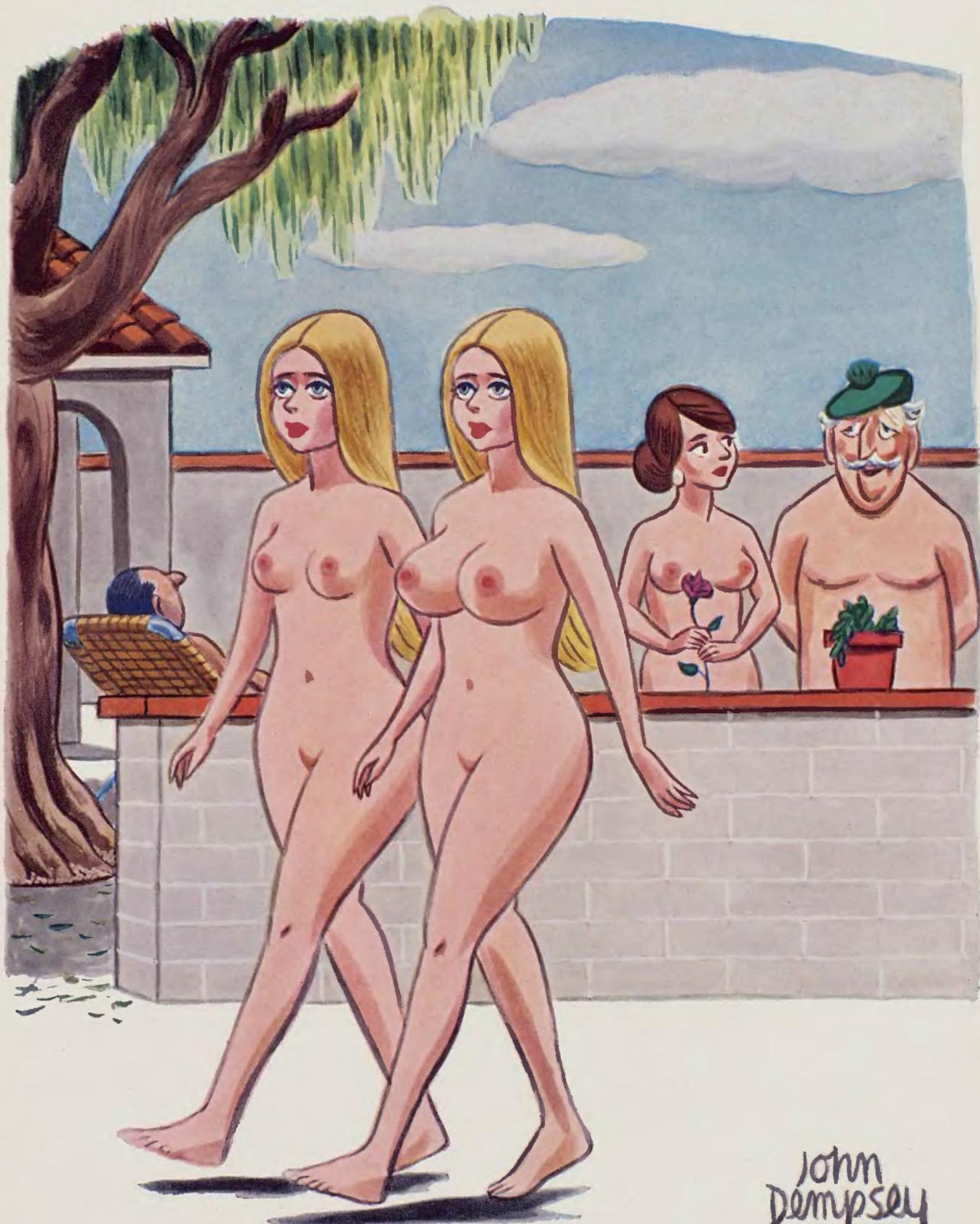
**TERROR ONE:**

- (a) The blow from the handcuffs had killed Colonel O'Bower; or, if not,
- (b) The tumble down the staircase had.

(∴) Either way, I was a murderer, and the staircase a mere inanimate accessory after the fact.

This pillowcase of logic came close to smothering me. Hunched over the wheel, peering at the blackness beyond the water-warped headlight beams, I simply couldn't suck in enough air. To roll down the side window was to get no relief; all it did was let the rain in, while my imagination went right on having a high old time. Such as—

Well, by now, Rosa S. O'Bower would've tripped over the corpse. She'd've called the police. An all-points bulletin would've already been broadcast, and every cop in Southern California was at present on a wild hunt for a slightly gimpy, possibly nude young male, white, in a black 1959 Mercedes



John  
Dempsey

*"No, Miss Pierpont, I don't think you  
can actually consider them identical twins."*

300SL. They'd nab me before I ever crossed the Los Angeles county line. A goblet of Why Bother? set my gorge to bubbling. The temptation to give myself up briefly became so urgent that I took my naked, sore sole off the accelerator. But as the needle of the tachometer wavered lower, I dropped in on a private revival meeting in the parlor of my heart, where I refurbished my courage with a little talk-in-tongues about the Gospel According To

*ANTI-TERROR ONE:*

- (a) If I had killed the colonel, I'd done it in self-defense.
- (b) Rosa would've known about the revenge her husband planned to take on the slayer of his fat, poison-prone pets.
- (c) Also, even with the wind knocked out of her, she'd've heard his threats to me.
- (d) She'd undoubtably seen him take the .45 automatic from the drawer in the bedroom.
- (e) The pistol, in fact, would be in the dead man's hand when the cops burst in.
- (.) The only rap they could pin on me would be rape or, at worst, manslaughter—and maybe neither one.

There was no point, not after this spate of premises, in driving back to Vista de Hideputa to let the dicks in the back room have another go at erasing my boys I'M INNOCENT tattoo. No, sir, if they had a yen to put me through the wringer, they'd have to nab me first. I wouldn't make it easy for them, either; nor would I contribute to their Police Pension Fund after their eventual apology for all the trouble they'd caused me. They'd also have to sweat out the capture of Beaudin P. Black, because from now on, their quarry was going to ride the secondary roads.

At the next junction, a sign said that a terrestrial zero called Bomba Ridge was an indecipherable number of miles down the road to the right. I hadn't the vaguest idea as to what Bomba Ridge was, and I'd've bet that most cops were in the same boat. So I slammed on the brakes, backed up and veered to the right—thataway.

The road to Bomba Ridge was unattractive to begin with, but within a mile the 1921 macadam gave up in disgust and surrendered to the potholes. I had to shift into a crawling first gear to avoid being clobbered by the roof of the car. This undesired drag-arse advance made it easy for a half inch of rain to treat the

windshield like a sluice without a sluice gate, and easier still for my fear to break jail and nail me again. This time, I was caught in a one-man submarine and given a bad beating from the battering-ram fists of

*TERROR TWO:*

- (a) Arthur O'Bower was not a murdered colonel at all.
- (b) He was a fiendish little man who had staggered to his feet with a gargantuan headache and
- (c) A lethal, irresistible urge to destroy Beaudin P. Black, body and soul (in no special order).
- (.) It would be Colonel Arthur O'Bower, not the assorted police of California, who'd be hunting me down, from a view to a death. In the morning?

This logic was inescapable. The colonel had told me he'd get me; and, whatever or how numerous his sins might be, he was a man—or monster—of his word. He'd be a sleepless, bloodthirsty, five-foot, nine-inch hellhound, slavering along in my footprints until his fangs were sunk in my throat, in a prelude to his killing me by degrees before casting my cadaver to some piranhas, say, that he'd ordered when his cabin cruiser chugged west through the Panama Canal. A week, a month, a year or a decade might go by, but eventually I'd be torn by those rabid fangs. I knew that Colonel O'Bower's atrocious threats, his hideous promises, would be fulfilled, and his terrible vengeance taken—and this grim knowledge made me giddy. I was, by God, a gone goose—gone infinitely farther than the sum total of ganders among the dearly departed who'd kicked the bucket of poisoned mash in Goosequarters West. And there was no hope of an *ANTI-TERROR TWO*. Not anymore.

My giddiness went out of control as my mind made my gory prospects more vivid. Eventually, I had to pull over to the side of the road, switch off the ignition and the headlights and sit numbly until the dizzy feeling chose to go away. But it didn't wane; it waxed. So did my imagination. At last, sensibly preferring oblivion to the revolting full-color pictures my personal UHF channels were receiving, I sighed and let myself swirl into blissful noninvolvement.

My final thought, just before a nebulous, cotton-boll Nowhere took me in as a temporary boarder, was: If what's happened to me since noontime is what happens to every well-meaning draftee on the day he completes his military service, then all I can say is—why, there's something malevolently wrong and rapaciously rotten in the Land of the Pilgrims' Pride, and it could be the fault of its funny little cut-rate, comic-opera Army.



*"Yes, 'The Autobiography of a Great Lady of the Stage' has a nice ring, but I'm not sure if it should be 'as told to Martin Fozzik' or just plain 'with Martin Fozzik.'"*

## ON THE WAY TO THE POORHOUSE

that the crowd began to howl, to stamp their feet and to denounce the rabbi, the elders, the leaders. One of them called out: "We have suffered long enough from these hypocrites."

"Brothers, let's go and break windows," shouted Beryl the barrelmaker. A pack of ruffians marched into the street, lifted rocks and hurled them through the windows of the important Janow citizens. A Talmud student on his way to the midnight study was beaten. A girl who came to pour out the slops was attacked and her braid cut off. From there, the rioters went into the tavern, bought a jug of vodka, a bagful of salt pretzels and proceeded to the poorhouse. The old and the sick were already asleep, but Tsilka was awake. She had been informed about the meeting. She supported her head on two pillows and, in the darkness, her eyes glowed like those of a she-wolf. Lights were lit and drinks were passed around. Tsilka downed a full glass of the liquor, bit off a bit of salt pretzel and began to malign the best people of Janow. Even though she knew the town only from peering through the prison bars, all the gossip and scandal had somehow reached her. The sleeping mendicants were awakened and treated to drinks. Yosele Bludgeon, who worked in the slaughterhouse, became so drunk that he tore off

(continued from page 118)

Tsilka's quilt, lifted her out of the bed and tried to dance with her. There was screaming, laughter, clapping of hands. The children of the poorhouse became wild and began to jump and hop as on the day of the rejoicing of the law.

Hodel the widow went into a frenzy. "People, the world is being destroyed!"

Someone went to wake Zorach the attendant, who was also the Janow gravedigger. He tried to calm the mob, but he received a blow. He went to the rabbi. It was Reb Zeinvele's custom to wake up every night to study Torah and to write commentaries while drinking tea from the samovar. The outside door was bolted, the shutters closed. Suddenly, someone banged at the shutters with a stick. Reb Zeinvele trembled. "Who's there?" he called.

"Rabbi, please open!"

The Messiah had come; the thought ran through Reb Zeinvele's mind, although he soon realized that the redemption would not begin at night. He went to unbolt the door. Zorach was panting. "Rabbi, we don't live in Janow but in Sodom," he cried.

"What happened?"

"There's lechery in the poorhouse."

The community won. A Janow salesman who delivered merchandise to Lublin

paid 30 gulden to the Lublin elders who signed a contract to keep Tsilka there until the day of her death. The Janow community was ready to send Tsilka to Lublin, but she took out a knife concealed beneath her pillow and threatened to stab anyone who tried to move her.

Berish the musician, her defender, swore that he would set fire to the houses of the community busybodies and that blood would be shed in Janow. Both sides bribed the authorities. It would have resulted in warfare if the women of the town, even those living on Bridge Street and Butcher's Alley, didn't side with Tsilka's enemies. Tsilka managed to instigate husbands against wives and broke up engagements. When women are determined, men lose the upper hand. Furthermore, Tsilka's pals fought among themselves and some exchanged blows. The community was now all set to execute its plan, but the coachmen's wives would not trust their husbands to take her in their wagons. Regular passengers refused to travel in her company. After much bickering, it was decided that Leibush the scabhead, who transported hides to Lublin tanneries, would take her in his cart. Leibush was already a man in his 50s and a grandfather. Other than Tsilka, he took with him a wandering beggar and two orphan sisters who went to Lublin for domestic service.

Tsilka's imprecations and knife waving



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were of no avail. Leibush, a small man, broad in the shoulders, with a thick red beard that began in the middle of his throat and reached his bulging eyes, stormed into the poorhouse, tore the knife out of Tsilka's hands, grabbed her like a calf destined for the slaughterhouse and threw her among the hides. The beggar and the maids were already in the cart and Leibush headed straight toward the Lublin road. Street urchins ran alongside the wagon, screaming: "Rachav the harlot." Girls peered from behind the curtains. Tsilka poured out the most violent curses. She spat at Leibush and at the two orphans. One of them mumbled: "You should spit with blood and pus." Tsilka flung herself at the girl to scratch her eyes out. Suddenly, she burst into laughter.

"I won't spit blood, but you will carry the chamber pots of your employers. All day long, you will work like an ox. At night, your mistress' precious son will force you to sleep with him and give you a belly. Later, you will be thrown out into the gutter, together with your bastard."

"You should get a boil on your behind for every decent maid there is in Lublin," Leibush spoke from the driver's seat, not turning his back.

"How do you know they are decent?" Tsilka asked. "Did you try to lie with them?"

"My own wife was a hired girl in Lublin. At the wedding, she was a kosher virgin."

"Kosher like a pig's knuckle. Greater sages than you have been tricked."

Tsilka was now pouring out vituperations. She bragged about her abominations. The two sisters, perplexed, pressed even closer to each other and remained silent. The mendicant leaned on his bag, which had been filled with food and old clothing by the charitable women of Janow. Leibush emitted a whistle, brandished his whip and spoke inquisitively. "You have discarded your last shred of shame, haven't you?"

"Those who are ashamed don't do what I did. I wouldn't be ashamed in front of my own mother."

"Don't you have any regrets?" the beggar asked. "After all, one gets older, not younger. You see already that God has punished you."

"My profession and regret don't blend. The poorhouse is full of cripples who constantly have God on the tip of their tongues. The pious also have a taste for the flesh. I should have so many good years for how many Yeshibah boys were my patrons. I was even visited by an itinerant preacher who specialized in sermons about morality."

"You should live so long, if you are telling the truth," Leibush said.

"Leibush scabhead, you should have so many blisters and carbuncles for the



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number of times this preacher had me."

"Shut your mouth or you'll soon find your teeth in your hand," Leibush cried out. The beggar tried to quiet him.

"It doesn't pay to fall into a rage, Reb Leibush. God does not listen to a whore's swearing."

"He listens, He listens, you nasty *schnorrer*. If you say one more word, I'll tear out your beard, with a piece of flesh in addition."

The two sisters, twins, let out one short shriek. They came from a decent home. Both had round faces, snub noses, lips that curled upward and high bosoms. They wore the same shawls and their hairdos were identical. Tsilka stuck her tongue out at them. "Two stuffed geese."

The night began to lower. The sun was setting; large, red, with a ribbon of cloud through the middle. The moonless night was humid; there was lightning not followed by thunder. The horse walked at a slow pace. In the darkness, one could see the glitter of glowworms, the outline of a windmill, a scarecrow, a haystack. Dogs barked in the villages. Horses spending the night in the pasture stood motionless. Once in a while, a humming could be heard, but it was difficult to know if it came from a beast or a bird of prey. After a while, the cart traveled on a road through a forest. From the thicket wafted smells of moss, wildflowers, swamp. Tsilka's talk became even more abandoned. She reviled and blasphemed. According to her, rabbis, scholars, important people had one thing on their minds only—lechery. She told of an episode with a rich young scholar who was boarding at his father-in-law's and who stayed three days and three nights in a hayloft with her. Occasionally, the horse stopped for a while, pricked up its ears, as if curious to listen to these human vanities. Suddenly, Tsilka cried out: "Leibush scabhead, take me down."

"What's the matter?"

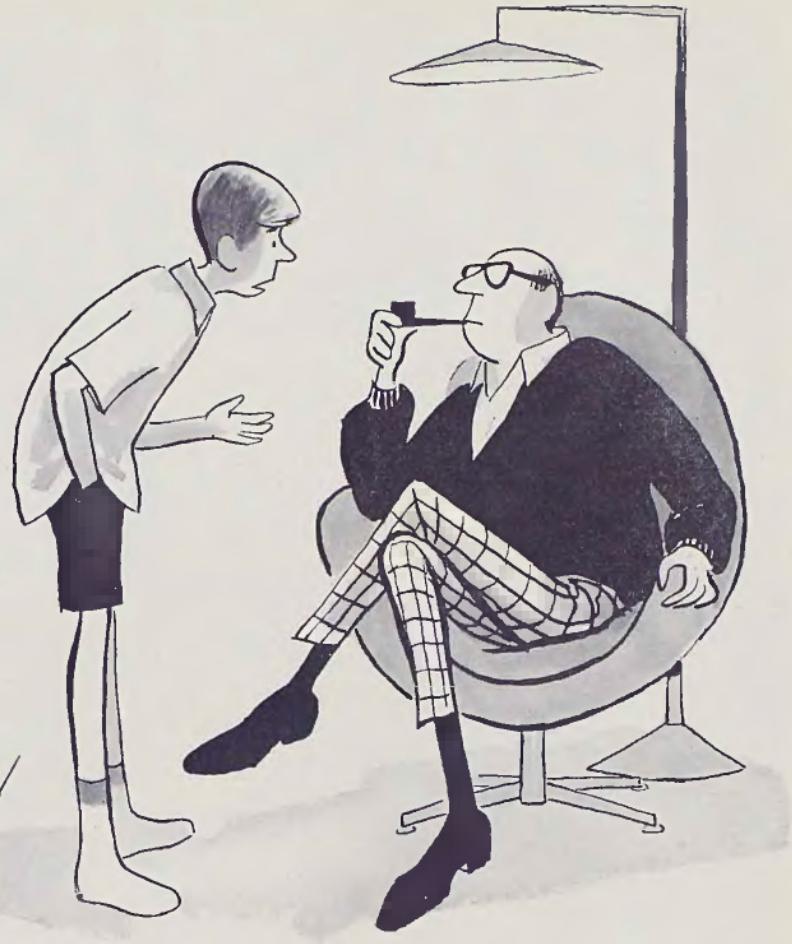
"I have to go where even a king goes on foot."

Since Tsilka was paralyzed, Leibush had to carry her. He lifted her with ease, as if she were a bundle of rags, and carried her behind the bushes. One of the twins uttered a laugh and grew silent again. The beggar rummaged in his bag, pulled out an onion, bit into it and spat it out. "By what merit does such an outcast remain alive?" he asked.

A quarter of an hour passed, perhaps more, but the two did not return. The horse kicked the ground once. The beggar remarked: "What are they doing so long?" and he answered himself: "They don't sing psalms."

Steps were heard. Leibush emerged from the thicket with Tsilka in his arms. She giggled and one could see by the light of the stars that she was tickling him and pulling at his beard. Leibush

*BUCK  
BROWN*



*"Dad, all this talk about birds and bees—you want me to fix you up with a broad or something?"*

carefully sat her in the cart. He then ordered, "Everybody else get out of the cart."

"What for?"

"I have to rearrange the hides."

The three of them alighted. Leibush jumped up onto the driver's seat, whipped the horse and shouted: "Heyta."

"Where are you going? Where are you leaving us? Oy, mama!" the sisters cried out in unison.

"Thief, brigand, whoremaster! Help, people, help!" the beggar wailed hoarsely.

They tried to run after the cart, but the road led downhill. The wagon soon disappeared. Leibush had taken the beggar's bag and the baskets belonging to the girls with him. The beggar beat his breast: "Children, we are lost."

"Oy, mama!" The two girls sank down and remained sitting on the needle-covered ground.

The beggar screamed with all his might: "There is a God! There is!"

The words reverberated and resounded with the mocking echo of those who rule in the night.

All three slept in the forest. The next day, they headed back toward Janow. In Zamosc, Bilgoraj, Frampol and Turbin,

the news spread about Leibush the hide dealer, who left a wife, children and grandchildren and ran away with a trollop. Messengers were dispatched, but they found no trace of the pair. Some people thought that Leibush crossed the border into Galicia with her. Others were of the opinion that the two sinners went to a priest in Lublin and were converted. Yet others maintained that Tsilka was a she-demon and that she carried Leibush away into the desert of Sodom, to Mount Seir, to Asmodeus' castle, into the dominion of the nether world.

Leibush's wife was never permitted to remarry. The mendicant swore on the Bible that he had kept 60 guldens in his bag, a dowry for his daughter, who was already past 30. He asked the community to reimburse him for his loss.

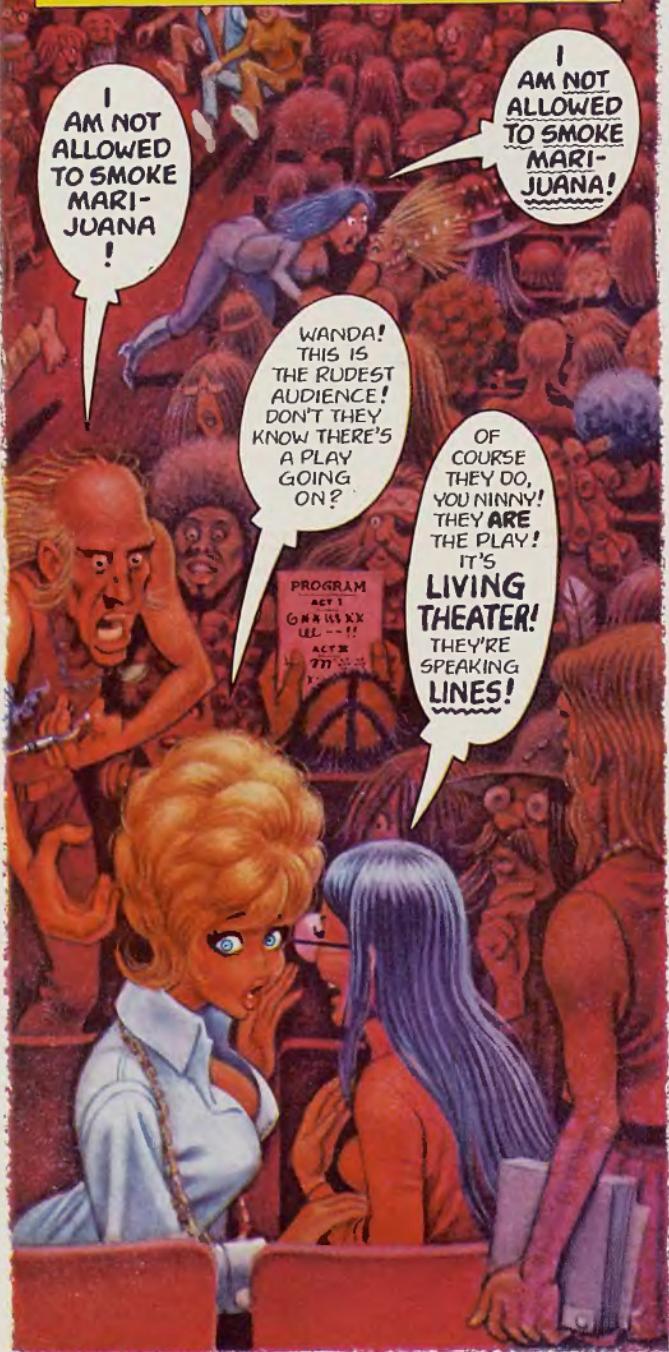
During the winter nights, when the girls of Janow got together to pickle cucumbers, pluck feathers or render chicken fat for Passover, they would tell the story of Tsilka the wicked and Leibush the adulterer, who vanished into regions from which no one has ever returned.



# Little Annie Fanny

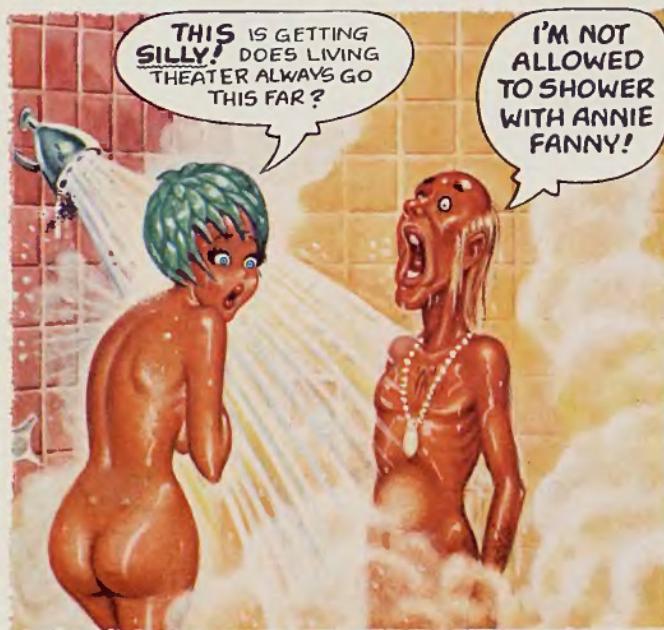
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

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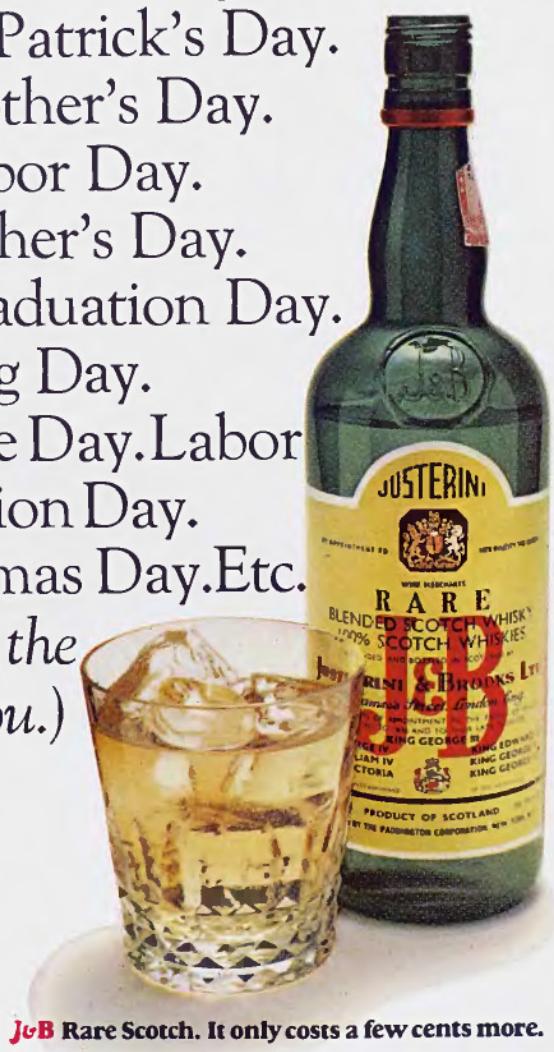
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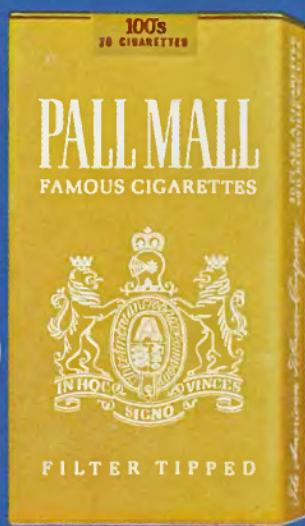
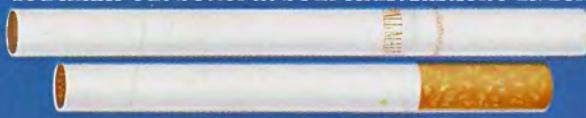
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