ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1968 • $1.25

PLAYBOY



GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE

MARSHALL McLUHAN
ALBERTO MORAVIA
NORMAN THOMAS
ELDRIDGE CLEAVER
ALAN WATTS
LESLIE FIEDLER
ERIC HOFFER
LEN DEIGHTON
ROBERT MORLEY
HARRY MARK PETRAKIS
ARTHUR C. CLARKE
ROGER PRICE
OMAR SHARIF
KEN W. PURDY
BILL COSBY
ALBERTO VARGAS
JEAN SHEPHERD

TRUMAN CAPOTE
ARTHUR MILLER
JOHN UPDIKE
LAWRENCE DURRELL
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
HENRY MILLER
ABE BURROWS
LEROI JONES
GEORGES SIMENON
JAMES T. FARRELL
ALLEN GINSBERG
NORMAN PODHORETZ
WILLIAM STYRON
THE GIRLS OF THE ORIENT
A PORTFOLIO OF EROTIC ART
PLAYBOY'S YULE GIFT GUIDE

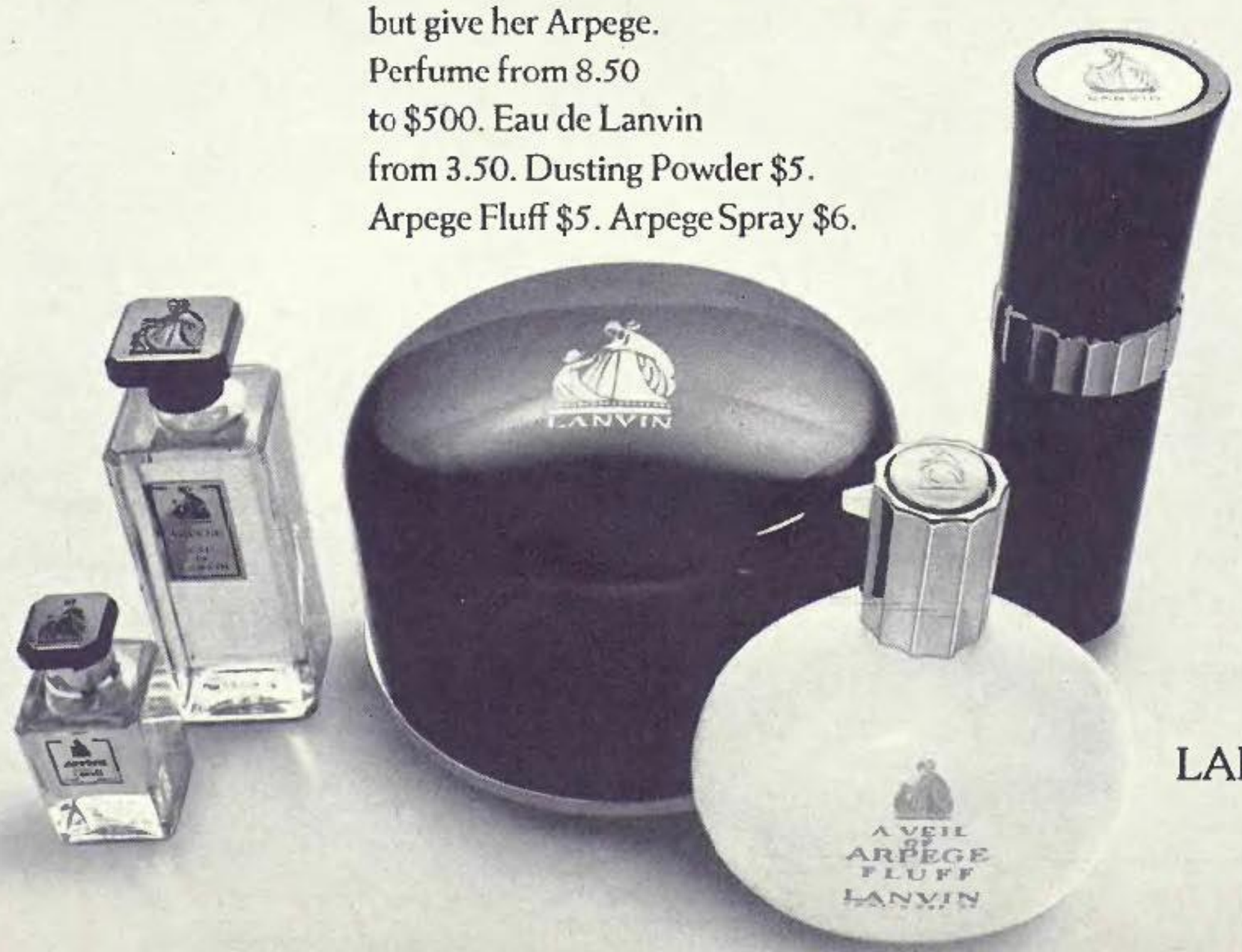
America's №1 Gift Scotch



THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS - NEW YORK, N.Y. - DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND - BLENDED 86 PROOF

He did it! He gave me Arpege.

We told you. Promise her anything
but give her Arpege.
Perfume from 8.50
to $500. Eau de Lanvin
from 3.50. Dusting Powder $5.
Arpege Fluff $5. Arpege Spray $6.



LANVIN

©LANVIN PARFUMS 1968

The whole idea
of a man's cologne
is to start a kind of fire
in a woman.

Burley
starts the kind of fire
a woman can't put out.



A NEW FRAGRANCE FROM THE MEN AT OLD SPICE. BURLEY: COLOGNE, AFTER SHAVE AND GIFT SETS.

PLAYBILL SPORTING THE LATEST in turned-on seasonal attire, cover girl Cynthia Myers—who beautifully performs double duty as our December Playmate—proffers a glowing invitation to partake of the festive fare that awaits within this gala holiday issue. Our mixed Santa's bag is overflowing with everything from whimsical humor and cultural analysis to stimulating fiction and nonfiction, piquant pictorials and savory seasonal recipes. In a twist on the spirit of Christmas present, we've assembled an old-style catalog of new yuletide gifts fit for good King Wenceslaus himself. In a compendium of short essays *On Creativity*, 13 eminent authors—including Truman Capote, John Updike and Henry Miller—reveal the spark that has sparked each one to success; and a daylong bash featuring that wildest of wintry gadgets, the snowmobile, is the subject of *Snow Ball!*, a lively six-page pictorial abetted by Thomas Mario's tips on the perfect *après-snowmobiling* feast.

A sampling from a forthcoming PLAYBOY series on erotica in art—this one in tandem with text by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen—features the best in Western art, from Rembrandt to Picasso. As professional psychologists, the Kronhausens are longtime devotees of sexual honesty. Best known for co-authoring *Pornography and the Law*, the husband-and-wife team recently toured Europe with a show of erotic art. Their account of it, *Erotic Art* (from which our selections were taken), is slated for publication by Grove Press next year.

Digital-computer technology is often blamed for creating a good deal of unemployment, but it is also about to fulfill one of the scientists' oldest dreams: the creation of an electronic counterpart to the human brain. In *The Mind of the Machine*, noted novelist-astrophysicist Arthur C. Clarke thoughtfully assesses the implications—both social and psychological—of this feat and outlines the radical changes in life style it will cause. As Stanley Kubrick's collaborator on *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Clarke was the creator of the first mechanical movie star—Hal, the soft-spoken, malevolent computer. Clarke tells us, "I expect to get involved in movies again—and hope to complete a volume of short stories next year—but now I'm mostly relaxing, photographing and skindiving in Ceylon."

Coping with the computer, of course, isn't the only problem the future poses. In *Wealth Versus Money*, scholar-philosopher Alan Watts suggests some basic misconceptions in the way Americans think about money—and offers new courses of economic thought and action that could help rehumanize society. Author of more than 20 books—including *The Way of Zen* and *The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are*—Dr. Watts is presently a visiting scholar at San Jose State College. In the works: a book on ethics for the late 20th Century.

Looking fondly in the opposite direction are Jean Shepherd and Bill Cosby, who give equal time to the past. In *Banjo Butt Meets Julia Child*, Shepherd summons up culinary visions of a cataclysmic epicurean experiment enacted by the Signal Corps in a World War Two mess hall. A three-time winner of our annual humor award, the nostalgic historian of Hammond, Indiana, also moonlights as a radio performer, lecturer and comedian. Auspiciously initiating a side career as a writer, actor-comic Bill Cosby returns to his boyhood world in *The Regular Way*, a touching and funny blunder-by-blunder remembrance of coming of age in Philadelphia. Currently the possessor of three Emmies, four Grammies and six gold records, the versatile Cosby presents his second television special next month and will add movies to his impressive list of credits next summer, when a remake of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*—a comedy in which he stars—is released.

Alternately acclaimed and excoriated as the messianic metaphysician of pop culture, Marshall McLuhan lives up to his controversial reputation in *The Reversal of the Overheated Image*, a machine-gun analysis of how, in the electronic age, new media create unforeseen problems that demand drastic new solutions. McLuhan, with the publication of *Understanding Media* and *The Medium Is the Message*, almost singlehandedly revolutionized communication theory. Presently director of the University of Toronto's Center for Culture and Technology and oracle of the *McLuhan Dew-Line* newsletter, he has a collection of literary essays called *Counterblast* forthcoming and will shortly make his debut as a recording artist, when *McLuhan Dew-Line Plattertudes* is issued.

Fiction with an international flavor also ornaments this bright holiday issue. Occupying our lead slot is the first installment of Britisher Francis Clifford's new suspense novel, *Another Way of Dying*. The taut account of an Englishman whose visit to Sicily turns into an all-too-real nightmare, *Another Way*—which will be completed in our January and February issues—clearly establishes Clifford as a likely heir to the late Ian Fleming's world-wide popularity. An earlier Clifford book, *The Naked Runner*, was made into a successful Frank Sinatra movie; and *The Third Side of the Coin*—another suspense novel—is now in film production. From the dean of Italian writers, Alberto Moravia, comes *Roman Quartet*—four sardonic vignettes fantasizing contemporary life in the historic


MC LUHAN

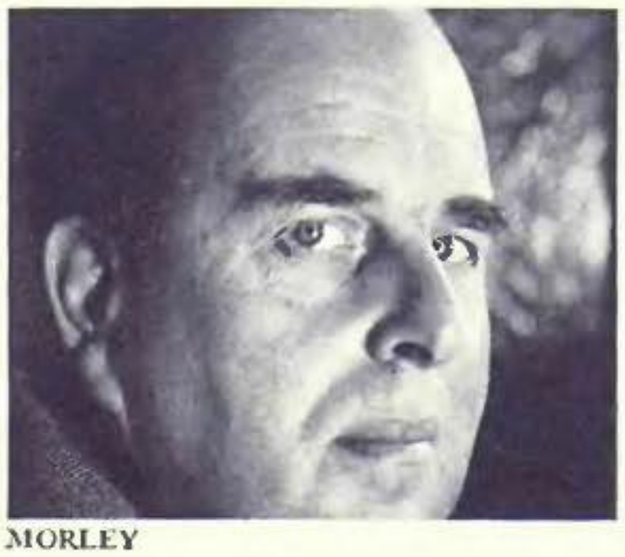

CLARKE


COSBY


FIEDLER


MORAVIA


HOFFER


MORLEY


SHEPHERD


THOMAS



PRICE



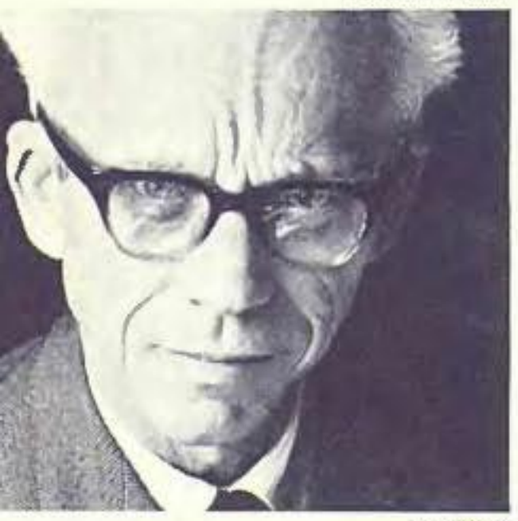
WATTS



KRONHAUSENS



DEIGHTON



PURDY

capital. A prolific author whose works include *Two Women*, *The Empty Canvas* and *The Lie*, Moravia ranks among the foremost novelists of our time.

Harry Mark Petrakis makes his fourth appearance in these pages with *Dark Eye*, the moving tale of a Greek immigrant committed to a dying art. Petrakis, a two-time National Book Award nominee—for *A Dream of Kings* and *Pericles on 31st Street*—reports that he spent the past 16 months adapting *A Dream of Kings* for the screen. Right now, he's putting finishing touches on a screenplay about gambler Nick the Greek for Paramount. Ben Maddow launches a comic assault on practically every ethnic cliché in the book in *The Circumcision of James Buttonwood*, the satiric saga of an American Indian who takes a job as coach of a black basketball team for a Jewish community center. A top Hollywood screenwriter by trade, Maddow has been living in Italy the past several months, soaking up inspiration for his film version of last year's fiction best seller *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*. Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy explores the elusive twilight zone between dream and reality in *Big Daddy Says Yes, Big Daddy Says No;* and the protean author of *Faust*, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, is revealed in an entirely new vein of lighthearted and tender wit in our Ribald Classic, *The Diary*—an ironic tale of a traveler's encounter with a willing young girl, translated into English verse for the first time by John F. Nims, a respected poet and scholar.

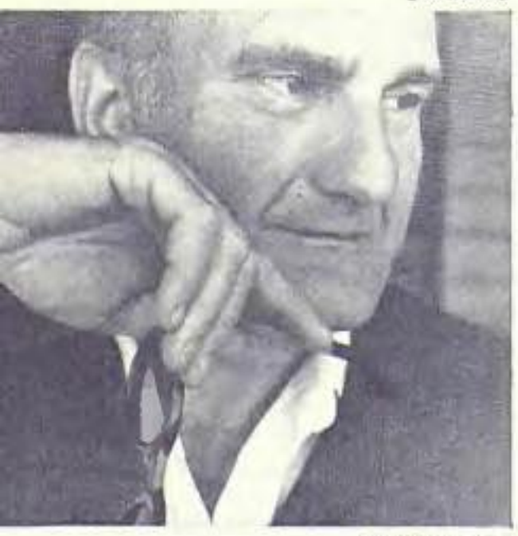
Aficionados of great American writing will learn much about the private life of this century's most charismatic author—Ernest Hemingway—in an exclusive reminiscence by his son Patrick. Now a 40-year-old professional hunter and a teacher at the College of African Wildlife Management in Moshi, Tanzania—where students from all over the continent are taught the principles of wildlife preservation and game-reserve operation—Hemingway recalls his father as parent, outdoorsman, writer—and simply as a man—in *My Papa, Papa*.

Norman Thomas, now in his mid-80s, has devoted a lifetime to the causes of American pacifism and socialism. As a six-time candidate for the Presidency on the Socialist ticket, a venerable author and an active participant in literally dozens of politically oriented groups, he has become the incarnation of committed dissent. Though legally blind and almost deaf, his mind is as sharp as his memory is long; with the help of Stephen Siteman and Timothy Sullivan, his secretaries, he has written a personal history of *Pacifism in America*. In it, Thomas chronicles the movement from World War One to the present—and details the similarities and contrasts between today's antiwar activity and that of the past.

Eric Hoffer, the crusty longshoreman-philosopher who spent years laboring along the San Francisco wharves and who was recently appointed to the President's Commission on Civil Disorder, offers an outspoken and unconventional assessment of the causes behind the political upheaval of our time in *The Madhouse of Change*. "If what I have to say about the Negro middle class is going to jar Negro leaders," he told us, "it is all to the good. They have all been exploiting the Negro masses shamelessly. I have more faith in the Negro masses than any Negro intellectual you can mention. . . . The Negro has to build himself a city. There is only one kind of genuine pride—that of achievement."

Long established as academia's erudite renegade in residence, Dr. Leslie Fiedler files here a strong brief for the necessity of *Academic Irresponsibility*. Arguing that a teacher's foremost responsibility is to be free, in the face of community standards or university policies, Fiedler maintains that only enlightened "irresponsibility" can truly educate—yourself or others. Fiedler, whose *Love and Death in the American Novel* has become a campus classic, was the principal in a widely reported marijuana arrest last year. His account of the event—*Being Busted*—is slated for spring publication.

Also on hand for the holidays: Portly British character actor Robert Morley—with a languid sigh—sits down to be counted *In Defense of Indolence;* Travel Editor Len Deighton charts the myriad attractions of unspoiled *Sardinia: Italy's Alabaster Isle* and the jet set's newest playground; the legendarily inscrutable *Girls of the Orient* are unveiled in all their inviting varieties, from the demure island natives to the emancipated teeny-boppers who flourish in most Asian capitals; in an explosive *Playboy Interview*, militant Black Panther spokesman Eldridge Cleaver prophesies that immediate and total social justice or armed insurrection are America's only alternatives; Roger Price, inventor of the droodle, conjures up a funny and sure-fire test of your girlfriend's kook quotient in *The Great Girl Nut Contest;* John Dempsey adds a cartoon paean to this merry season; assisted by the undraped *femmes* from *Funny Girl*, film idol Omar Sharif romps through six guises from his favorite movies in *Omar Acts Up;* and Judith Wax waxes poetic in our annual *Playboy's Christmas Cards*. Altogether, a panoply of year's-end pleasures guaranteed to keep any spirit bright.



PETRAKIS



DEMPSEY



HEMINGWAY



CLIFFORD

PLAYBOY, DECEMBER, 1968, VOLUME 15, NUMBER 12. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO. INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., $8 FOR ONE YEAR.

Why 100 Pipers?

Because you want your friends to be exceptionally gifted.

Legend says, sip a truly noble Scotch and you'll hear 100 pipers. We've crafted a whisky of just such nobility. Smooth and gentle as a Highland carol.

Knowing this, could you give your friends a gift of lesser note? Noblesse oblige!



Gift-givers shouldn't settle for less.

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

vol. 15, no. 12—december, 1968

PLAYBOY



Gifts Galore P. 215



Erotic Art P. 201



Oriental Girls P. 172



Changing Madhouse P. 166

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1968 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO. INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY® AND RABBIT HEAD DESIGN®, REGISTERED TRADEMARK, MARCIA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL CYNTHIA MYERS. PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: KNUT ANDREASSEN, P. 4; LLOYD ARNOLD, P. 4; BILL ARSENAULT, P. 127, 159 (2); TOM BLAU, P. 3; MARIO CASILLI, P. 4, 185, 223, 239; DAVID CHAN, P. 4, 119; DEVEREUX, P. 4; LARRY GORDON, P. 3; EDGAR W. D. HOLCOMB, P. 4; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 3, 135, 216, 217, 225, 229; CARL IRI, P. 239; DON JONES, P. 3; MARVIN KONER, P. 229; STAN MALINOWSKI, P. 4; JIM MARSHALL, P. 89; CHARLES MOORE, P. 178, 181, 183 (2), 184; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3, 238; VERN SMITH, P. 4; MORT TADDER, P. 222; HORST TAPPE, P. 3; ALEXAS URBA, P. 3, 4, 120-121, 166, 172-185 (22), 215-222 (42); KEN WILLIAMS, P. 3; MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE, P. 177, 178; JERRY YULSMAN, P. 3.

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		27
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		71
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		77
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ELDRIDGE CLEAVER—candid conversation		89
ANOTHER WAY OF DYING—fiction	FRANCIS CLIFFORD	110
THE REGULAR WAY—humor	BILL COSBY	115
THE MIND OF THE MACHINE—article	ARTHUR C. CLARKE	116
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS—verse	JUDITH WAX	120
DARK EYE—fiction	HARRY MARK PETRAKIS	123
SNOW BALL!—modern living		124
THE REVERSAL OF THE OVERHEATED IMAGE—article	MARSHALL MC LUHAN	131
THE GREAT GIRL NUT CONTEST—humor	ROGER PRICE	135
ON CREATIVITY—symposium	ABE BURROWS, TRUMAN CAPOTE, LAWRENCE DURRELL, JAMES T. FARRELL, ALLEN GINSBERG, LE ROI JONES, ARTHUR MILLER, HENRY MILLER, NORMAN PODHORETZ, GEORGES SIMENON, ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, WILLIAM STYRON, JOHN UPDIKE	136
BIG DADDY SAYS YES, BIG DADDY SAYS NO—fiction	KEN W. PURDY	142
OMAR ACTS UP—pictorial	MARIO CASILLI	145
BANJO BUTT MEETS JULIA CHILD—humor	JEAN SHEPHERD	152
PACIFISM IN AMERICA—article	NORMAN THOMAS	155
WHOLLY TOLEDO!—playboy's playmate of the month		156
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		164
THE MADHOUSE OF CHANGE—opinion	ERIC HOFFER	166
IN DEFENSE OF INDOLENCE—article	ROBERT MORLEY	169
THE GIRLS OF THE ORIENT—pictorial essay		172
THE CIRCUMCISION OF JAMES BUTTONWOOD—fiction	BEN MADDOW	187
ROMAN QUARTET—fiction	ALBERTO MORAVIA	189
MY PAPA, PAPA—nostalgia	PATRICK HEMINGWAY	197
EROTICA—pictorial essay	DRS. PHYLLIS and EBERHARD KRONHAUSEN	201
WEALTH VERSUS MONEY—opinion	ALAN WATTS	209
THE DIARY—ribald classic	JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE	212
PLAYBOY'S CATALOG OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS		215
ACADEMIC IRRESPONSIBILITY—opinion	LESLIE FIEDLER	225
SARDINIA: ITALY'S ALABASTER ISLE—travel	LEN DEIGHTON	229
WORD PLAY—satire	ROBERT CAROLA	269
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire	HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	321

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor* VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

SHELDON WAX *assistant managing editor;* MURRAY FISHER, MICHAEL LAURENCE, NAT LEHRMAN *senior editors;* ROBIE MACAULEY *fiction editor;* JAMES GOODE *articles editor;* ARTHUR KRETCHMER *associate articles editor;* TOM OWEN *modern living editor;* DAVID BUTLER, HENRY FENWICK, LAWRENCE LINDERMAN, ROBERT J. SHEA, DAVID STEVENS, ROBERT ANTON WILSON *associate editors;* ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director;* DAVID TAYLOR *fashion editor;* LEN DEIGHTON *travel editor;* REGINALD POTTERTON *travel reporter;* THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor;* J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance;* ARLENE BOURAS *copy chief;* KEN W. PURDY, KENNETH TYNAN *contributing editors;* RICHARD KOFF *administrative editor;* JULIA BAINBRIDGE, DURANT IMBODEN, ALAN RAVAGE, DAVID STANDISH, ROGER WIDENER, RAY WILLIAMS *assistant editors;* BEV CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor;* MARILYN GRABOWSKI, TOM SALLING *assistant picture editors;* MARIO CASILLI, DAVID CHAN, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS URBA *staff photographers;* RONALD BLUME *associate art director;* NORM SCHAEFER, BOB POST, GEORGE KENTON, KERIG POPE, TOM STAEBLER, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors;* WALTER KRADENYCH, LEN WILLIS, BOBBIE SHORTLIDGE *art assistants;* MICHELLE ALTMAN *assistant cartoon editor;* JOHN MASTRO *production manager;* ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager;* PAT PAPPAS *rights and permissions* • HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director;* JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER *associate advertising managers;* SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager;* ROBERT A. MC KENZIE *detroit advertising manager;* NELSON FUTCH *promotion director;* HELMUT LORSCH *publicity manager;* BENNY DUNN *public relations manager;* ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager;* THEO FREDERICK *personnel director;* JANET PILGRIM *reader service;* ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager;* ELDON SELLERS *special projects;* ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director.*

*T.M. G.C. Co., Inc.



Introducing Tiparillo LP
The long playing cigar

New Tiparillo® LP.* Long on looks.
Long on pleasure. 165 mild millimeters.
How's that for a new record?

PHOTOGRAPHEO AT THE PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL,
LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

Everybody's making bulky fisherman knits.

But the Kings Road Collection makes them seeworthy.

Sure the bulky, big stitch sweater look is back. And it's bigger than ever.

But it's the sweater that's supposed to look bulky ...not the guy who wears it.

That's why we've spun our fisherman knits from a very special Wintuk yarn of (machine washable) Orlon* acrylic. Special because it's bold and bulky on the outside. But once you're inside, it's so lightweight you won't want to take it off every time you put it on.

Colors? Natural, naturally, for easy mixing.

And aspen green, blue chip, chamois gold and tabasco for easier matching with socks and shirts from the Kings Road Collection.

Obviously, this isn't just another fisherman's knit story.

In fact, at under $14.50, it's the catch of the year.

Charge it on Sears Revolving Charge.



There's a new look at

KINGS ROAD COLLECTION

Sears *The Men's Store*

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

*Reg. DuPont T.M.

Don't forget the "martini man" again this year.

Our candidate for the forgotten man of the year: The "martini man" at Christmas.

People insist on giving him scotch or bourbon or brandy or shaving lotion. The same people who have never seen him drink anything but a martini before lunch or after work.

This year when you're making up your Christmas list remember the "martini man." And remember that the only martini he ever called by its first name was a Beefeater.

Beefeater. So dry. So delicate. So right.

This year things are going to be different.





BEEFEATER®
First name for the martini

FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. • 94 PROOF
TRIPLE DISTILLED • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE · PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

WAR CORRESPONDENTS

Recently, I reread George Orwell's *1984*—and now I have just finished Nat Hentoff's *The War on Dissent* in the September PLAYBOY. The parallels between the two are most disturbing. Before reading Hentoff's article, I had no concept of the magnitude of the attack on peaceful dissent nowadays; nor was I aware of the extent to which police use brutality to break up peaceful demonstrations. My thanks to Hentoff for enlightening me about what is really happening here in "the land of the free."

Marshall K. Snedegar
Morgantown, West Virginia

The War on Dissent delivers a timely challenge to the American people. Our repressive laws exist in direct proportion to the people's willingness to tolerate them. Not only do these laws stand, they multiply. Apparently, we not only tolerate them, we cultivate them. They are due not to a conscious desire to perpetuate injustice but to a genuine sense of fear—of the unknown, the alien, the different. And this fear, in turn, causes the systematic repression of anyone who challenges the *status quo*. Can it be that we are so insecure that we are terrified of a confrontation with real freedom?

Robert L. Payne
New York, New York

Congratulations on publishing Nat Hentoff's *The War on Dissent*. PLAYBOY has performed a public service in making this material available to all who are concerned with threats to our basic freedoms—a concern that is intensified by the response of the police to the Chicago demonstrations protesting the Democratic National Convention. Hentoff's piece is superb. His selection of material illustrating the mounting repression in this country is perceptive, his commentary eloquent and his conclusions chilling.

Frank J. Donner
New York, New York

A chronicler of the war on dissent in his own right, Donner is the author of "Spies on Campus," which appeared in our March 1968 issue.

Hentoff is right: Not only students but college instructors are exposed to police-state tactics, often on the flimsiest evidence. My instructor in American literature last semester once said that white suburban America might not respond to the problems of the blacks until the blacks burned down Levittown. One girl in the class reported this statement to her roommate, whose family lives in Levittown. The roommate immediately wrote to her father, who in turn reported the instructor's "activities" to the local police, who contacted the state police. Within days, state police descended upon the college (some 250 miles from Levittown), picked up the instructor and interrogated him about his plot to burn down Levittown.

Willard E. Morse
Peconic, New York

Nat Hentoff's article sounds a warning of critical importance to the American public. As he stated, radio station WBAI-FM broadcast, in 1962, an interview with Jack Levine, a former FBI agent, who revealed the Government's contingency plans to intern left-wingers under the McCarran Act. Even more directly to Hentoff's point was the Federal harassment to which WBAI and its owner, the Pacifica Foundation, were subjected in the aftermath of that broadcast. Staff, board members, volunteers, even "listener-sponsors" were called before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee at the behest of the redoubtable Senator from Connecticut Thomas Dodd. They were required to demonstrate why a lack of perfect awe for J. Edgar Hoover was not a priori evidence that all connected with Pacifica and its stations were minions of godless communism. This was followed by a lengthy delay in the renewal of our broadcast licenses by the Federal Communications Commission.

The desired result of this war on dissent is to increasingly limit the boundaries of the permissible in political disagreement. The growing legal sanctions are clear and well enumerated in Hentoff's article. Even more frightening to me are the covert effects of Governmental propaganda. Recently, someone on WBAI referred to President Johnson as "the old son-of-a-bitch"—not a particularly trenchant political analysis

There's music in the air...



...AND IT'S YOURS FOR THE TAPING WITH A SONY SOLID-STATE "255" STEREO TAPE DECK

The perfect addition to your stereo system, the Sony Model 255 adds up to a beautiful package of performance, price, and pleasure... for unforgettable evenings. For example, the 255 gives you beautiful high-fidelity performance at 3¾ ips (as well as at 7½), letting you play twice as long before changing reels. And exclusive instant tape threading and Automatic Sentinel shut-off mean you spend less of your evening holding hands with a tape recorder! Like to harmonize with yourself? You can do it with the 255's sound-on-sound. Even on the morning after, you can contemplate such wonders as a vibration-free motor, non-magnetizing record head, automatic tape lifter, three speeds, two VU meters and scrape flutter filter. What's a scrape flutter filter? Let your Sony dealer tell you — then think how you can impress her! Under $179.50.

SONY/SUPERSCOPE

You never heard it so good.

Send for free catalog. Superscope, Inc., 8152 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, Calif. 91352.

©1968 SUPERSCOPE, INC.

PLAYBOY, DECEMBER, 1968, VOL. 15, NO. 12. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $20 FOR THREE YEARS, $15 FOR TWO YEARS, $8 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $4.60 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGERS, 405 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, MU 8-3030; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, MI 2-1000; DETROIT, ROBERT A. MCKENZIE, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, OL 2-6790; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET, 434-2675; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PINNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.

TRY

Next time
try Seagram's V.O.,
the smoothest Canadian
of them all.

Seagram's V.O. Canadian.
Known by the company
it keeps.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

but, rather, an understandable sentiment. Some zealous superpatriot immediately filed a complaint with the FCC, stating that our broadcast license should be revoked because, if there is not a law against speaking disrespectfully of the President, there should be. This is a fascinating position to take, since it amounts to *laesa majestas*, a medieval legal concept repudiated in the Magna Carta.

Frank A. Millspaugh, Jr.
General Manager, WBAI-FM
Pacifica Radio in New York
New York, New York

In his chilling but timely article, Hentoff has rendered an important public service by calling attention to the many dangerous actions being undertaken to stifle dissent and suppress freedom in America. The threats by police and government against dissent, carefully documented by Hentoff, have now been underscored by the fascist brutality used against protesters, delegates and bystanders at the Democratic Convention in Chicago. As a black man who has devoted his life to fighting for freedom, I have never witnessed in the South as much savagery as I did in Chicago.

In my experience, the police state can be successfully resisted. I have had the privilege of leading many movements against oppression—in Selma, Birmingham, Savannah and St. Augustine. But these movements have been successful only because significant numbers of people were willing to stand up and challenge a reign of terror and to organize thousands of people in a movement against it.

What I am saying is that all who read Hentoff's article with alarm—and certainly any intelligent American should be alarmed—must make a personal commitment against the vicious war on dissent. This will involve much more than private discussion or petition signing. It will involve action. As I have said to some self-styled radicals: "God knows this country needs radicals. I dig radicals. But I dig you more when you're out there on the line."

A final word to those who may have doubts about the existence of a powerful police-state mentality in America: Ask those who demonstrated in Chicago about police brutality. Then you may begin to understand the fascist treatment of black people that has been going on in this country for centuries. If in the past you failed to support black people in their struggle, maybe the least you can do now is join the broader forces of dissent in America—to save yourself, if no one else.

Hosea L. Williams, Director
Voter Registration and Political
Education Department
Southern Christian Leadership
Conference
Atlanta, Georgia

I read *The War on Dissent* with some interest; for, although I am a hawk, I believe deeply in the right of others to disagree with me. This is, after all, one of the freedoms we are fighting to preserve. But I feel that Hentoff missed one important point. He neglected to mention that others have the same rights that he so vigorously defends. When Mr. Rusk and Mr. Humphrey exercise their right of free speech, they are often shouted down. What about *their* rights?

If a mob threw balloons full of blood on him, perhaps then Hentoff would be in a position to write about the abridgment of free speech. He is typical of the kind of hypocrite who wants all his rights protected but would deny those same rights to anyone who opposes his views. Dissent is a basic part of our freedom and should be defended in every way possible. But I will be damned if I will allow this kind of man to speak while his compatriots prevent others from exercising that same right.

Don Niemeier
Downey, California

On the grounds that two wrongs make a right?

I found Hentoff's article most enjoyable. Not that I agree with anything he was trying to convey. On the contrary, I was most encouraged to read that there are so many public officials doing what is necessary to curb traitors and draft dodgers. I, for one, am grateful that so many sane, thinking people have finally awakened to the fact that S. D. S., the A. C. L. U., etc., are as much an enemy as the U. S. S. R.

James Vallery
Wilmington, Ohio

EDUCATION *VS.* TRAINING

As one who professes management as an eclectic art and science, I was gratified to read J. Paul Getty's position, in his article *The Educated Executive*, which appeared in the September PLAYBOY. His advice that executives should avoid overspecialized professional training in favor of liberal education designed to broaden their cultural horizons has unquestionable merit. Getty's message has implications of inestimable value to future executives: Avoid narrowness of any description, especially the "one-track" mentality; cultivate the humanities; grow intellectually as you grow professionally; and, following commencement, commence your continuing cultural growth.

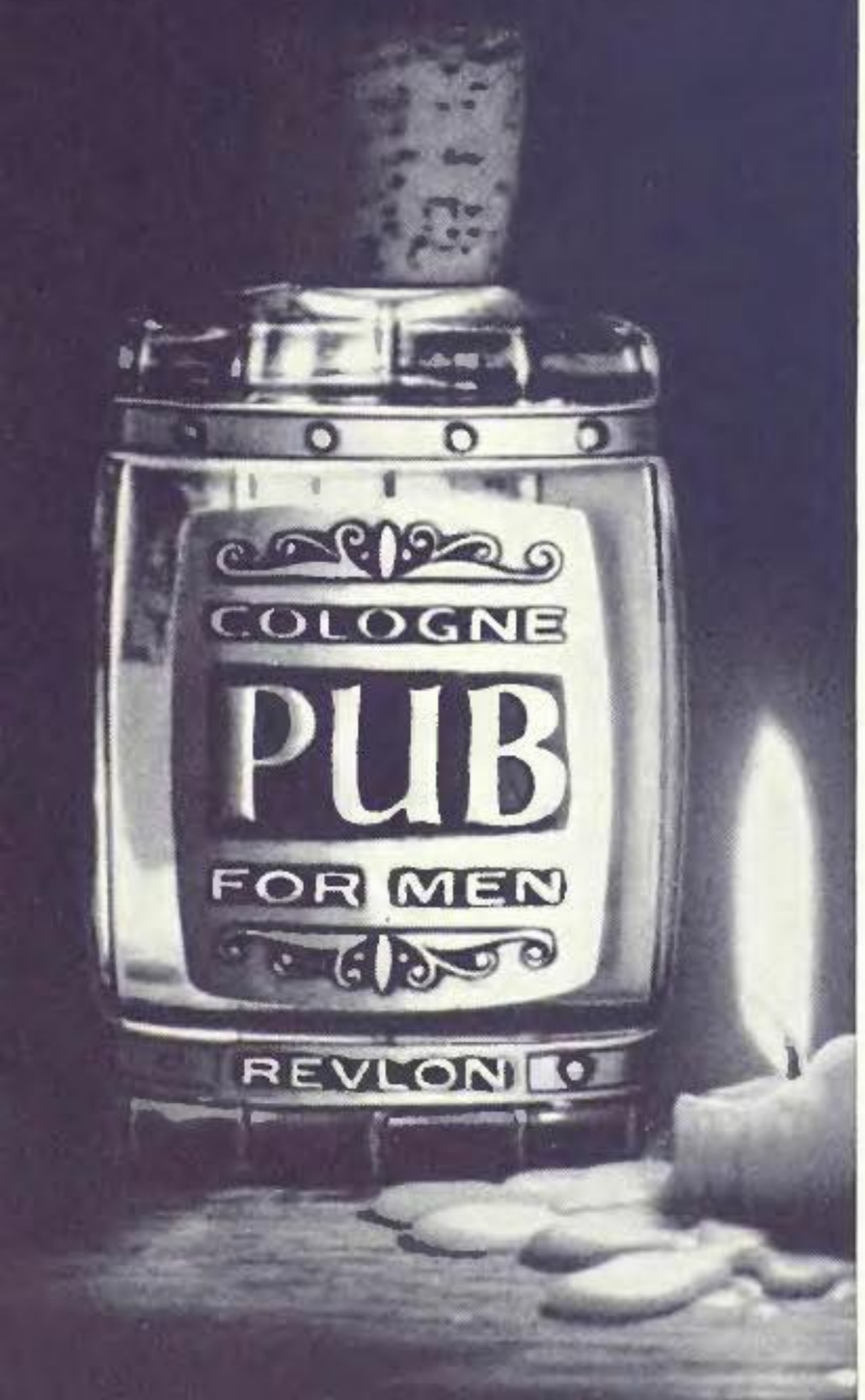
Dr. Robert Wright
Assistant Dean and Assistant
Professor of Management
College of Business Administration
Arizona State University
Tempe, Arizona

There was one large fault in the otherwise excellent article by Getty. His

*The registered trademark for B.F.Goodrich man-made porameric material.



Pub
for men
uncorks
the
lusty
life.



A rousing new fragrance
that stays with you.

After Shave, Cologne
and other essentials
for the lusty life.

Created for men by Revlon.

statement that business recognizes its responsibilities to society is, in a word, bull. For proof, I offer the almost total lack of initiative business has taken in society's attempt to solve the racial problem—plus the misleading advertising and packaging practices of many firms. Business recognizes only one responsibility—to perpetuate itself. Its responsibility to society surfaces only when a buck can be made.

J. Barry Allan
San Francisco, California

A TALE OF TWO TRANSPLANTS

Kurt Vonnegut just doesn't quit. His *Fortitude* in the September PLAYBOY was the most chillingly funny satire that I've ever read on prolonging life with artificial body parts. It set my plastic heart athumping, sent the simulated blood coursing through my polyethylene veins and made me laugh so hard my stainless-steel tear ducts were in danger of corrosion. Absolutely great.

Andy Lloyd
Worcester, Massachusetts

Fortitude: fine, fanciful, frightening fiction—fabulous!

Andrea Garfinkel
Norwalk, Connecticut

KUBRICK'S ODYSSEY

Your September interview with Stanley Kubrick was simply fascinating. Kubrick is an extremely perceptive individual; his views on future space travel and extraterrestrial beings are especially impressive.

Martin Kawadler
Boston, Massachusetts

Hail Kubrick! I wish to express my deep appreciation for the chance to experience a brilliant, open and very hip mind. If Kubrick's opinions were off the cuff, as they seem to have been, he has learned the true meaning of human existence. Even Pope Paul would do well to read what Kubrick said.

Paul Gagnon
Baltimore, Maryland

The interview with Kubrick equals *2001* in the profundity of its religious insight. God or no God, Kubrick suggests the overwhelming possibilities of the cosmic context that can free man of his pretensions to importance.

V. E. Barnet
Chicago, Illinois

As a participant in the design of what is possibly the world's first space station, I found Kubrick's *2001* philosophically exciting and technically stimulating. I have recommended it without qualification to every aerospace engineer I know. The aerospace industry could use more people with Kubrick's imagination. Your interview added immeasurably to my understanding of the depth of his philosophy. I wish I had read it before seeing his picture. As for the critic who termed the film "not the worst film I've ever seen, simply the dullest," ask him if he bothered to figure out why the computer was named Hal instead of, say, Joe. The answer, using a simple alphabetical code:

H + one letter = I
A + one letter = B
L + one letter = M

Michael E. Reynolds
Systems Engineer
Huntington Beach, California

Since I am fascinated with the concept of life in other solar systems, I greatly enjoyed your interview with Stanley Kubrick, who has rare foresight and intellect. One can only believe that somewhere in this universe, there is a life form higher than man.

Dennis C. Haraeimk
Eastchester, New York

PLAYBOY may go to the head of the class! Your interview with Stanley Kubrick was one of the best I have ever read.

Charles T. Ecker III
Baltimore, Maryland

After reading PLAYBOY's interview with Stanley Kubrick, the brilliant creator of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, I realize once more that science-fiction writers are a special breed of unappreciated people. Every one of the many remarkable ideas expressed in the interview is old, old hat among science fictionists. Yet how often does anyone express such a breadth of understanding—such a concentration of comprehension—concerning the dilemma of man in this vast universe?

As I observed, in turn, each of Kubrick's answers-in-depth, it was apparent that his sharp mind must have picked up all those implications and applications from sci-fi writer Arthur C. Clarke. In their four-year association, Kubrick must have received the equivalent of a university education in science fiction. No such course exists in any university. Yet Kubrick in the end reaped the benefits that come, first, from dealing with a genuine science-fiction professional (as compared with all those movie people who believe that any wild idea is science fiction) and that come, second, from being willing to listen and to learn as a good student ought, and then—and only then—to create.

What Kubrick created was basic science fiction: on the one hand, the poetry and motion of the planets and the stars, the beauty of space; and on the other hand, the questions that haunt every man's face as he goes about his work: Who am I? How did I get here? What's going to become of me? From its beginnings,

©1968 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Take out your own pen and compare it with this one.



If the pen in your hand compares badly, it's no wonder. This is the age of throwaway pens. Here today and thrown away for a new one every few months. Here's a chance to throw that whole idea away. This is our International Classic Ball Pen. Much of it is made by hand. And it is made with the idea that one pen should last a man a lifetime. Also, that he should have pride in what he uses as he writes his way through life. We offer it in brushed stainless steel, sterling silver (shown), and 12 or 14-K. gold fill. From $5 to $25. The next ball pen you buy from Parker ought to be your last.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC BALL PEN
PARKER

Get your mind off the honeys for a minute so that we can give you the word on CAREERS TODAY -- an audacious new monthly magazine about your second-greatest preoccupation -- your occupation.

At $5 off the regular subscription price, we're offering you a magazine that could drastically change your whole outlook on what you do, and what you want to do. Because for the first time since Eden, there are more jobs than people. The hangup is finding the right one.

Until this generation, there was precious little choice. All too many people resigned themselves to meaningless jobs -- became unwilling drudges just to keep bread on the table.

But now the situation is 180 degrees out. Today, the opportunities for meaningful work are almost unlimited. Now you can shape the system to fit your goals and values -- you can literally do things your own way.

This is where CAREERS TODAY comes in. It's full of information about the working world, the people in it, and those going into it. The purpose of CAREERS TODAY is to help the student to choose -- to help the employee to know when to stick it out, or bug out -- to help the parent to guide. So CAREERS TODAY is important even to those elderly folk over 30.

Here are the kinds of articles you can look forward to reading in CAREERS TODAY:

The Beatles in Business
The White Collar Blues
The Salary Trap
Bankers Without Vests
Wasted Women

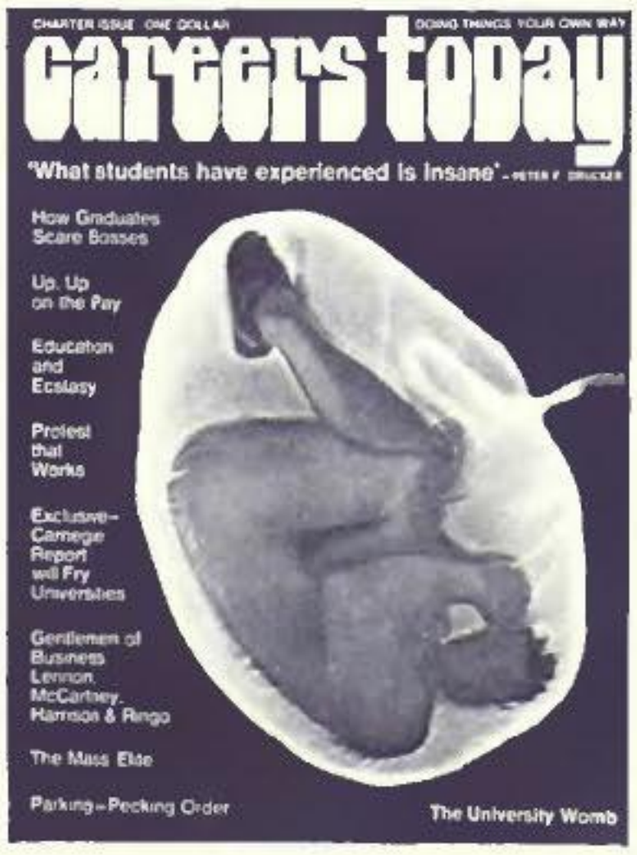
Now, about your second

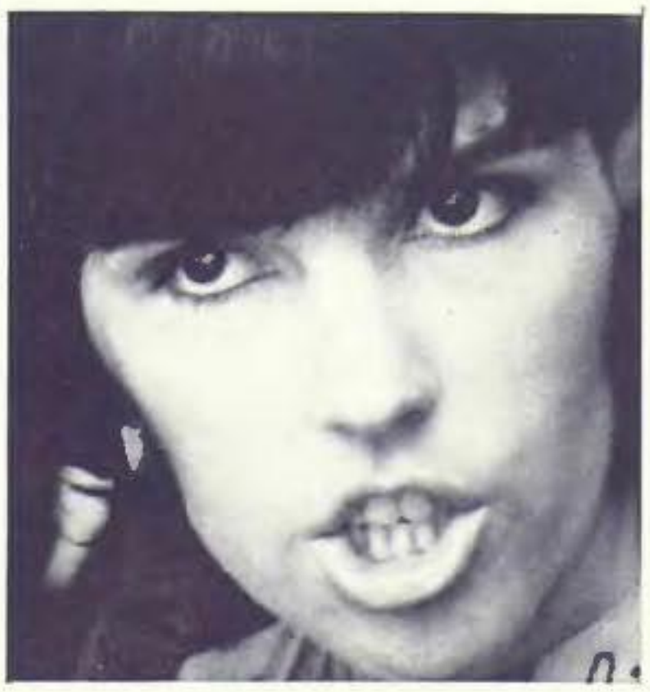
"If careers is a drab word, then it has been too long monopolized by drab souls."
T George Harris, Managing Editor, Careers Today

"You can't just sit on the outside and bitch. If you don't like something, by God go in and change it."
Del Behrend, Officer, Bank of America Charter Issue, Careers Today

"I owe my soul to myself as opposed to someone else. If I can find a way to finance my soul, I'm in business."
Gene Brooks, Watts Urban Workshop, Charter Issue, Careers Today

"We want to have a happy organization where everyone gets a decent share of the profits. I suppose it will be a sort of Western Communism."
Paul McCartney, Beatle, Charter Issue, Careers Today









Graduate School Prison
Black Power Companies
Mobile Managers
Big Money, Big Risks
Recruit vs. Recruiter
How Graduates Scare Bosses
People Brokers
Motivating Young Executives
Water Cooler Sex
University Conglomerates
What Makes Uncle Sam Run
Middle-Management Finks
Careers in 2001
Marriage as a Cop-Out
Computer Job-Matching
The Lonely Engineer
The Threat of Leisure

Also, there'll be special-emphasis issues on communications...marketing...engineering...Madison Avenue...business in the ghetto...medicine...electronic data processing...and many others.

You'll be turned on by the CAREERS TODAY format, too -- its graphics are as bold and unsettling as its editorial fare, which is laced with just enough humor and whimsy to keep everything in perspective.

This just has to be a great offer: a special half-price Charter Subscription that saves you $5 -- the regular annual subscription price is $10. If you don't subscribe now, you'll be paying $1 a copy for it at the newsstand.

Like all such offers, this one must be limited. So get with it. Just tear off the coupon we've cleverly worked in below, or rip out the post-paid reply card.

Become a Charter Subscriber to CAREERS TODAY. Today.

CAREERS TODAY: doing things your own way.

greatest preoccupation...

"Money is made only by standing up and taking chances."

Bill Berkley, 22, Wall Street tycoon, Charter Issue, Careers Today



"The thought that school educates is not one I have accepted yet. Knowledge today exists in action, not in hard covered books."

Peter Drucker, noted management consultant, Charter Issue, Careers Today



½ Price Charter Offer

"Take advantage of this special half-price offer now and save $5.00."

Jim Lance, Circulation Manager, Careers Today

Please enter my special half-price Charter Subscription to *Careers Today* for 1 year (11 issues); bill me after my subscription has started for just $5.00, half the regular $10.00 annual price.

careers today

P.O. Box 2574, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, California 90054

Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

Address _____

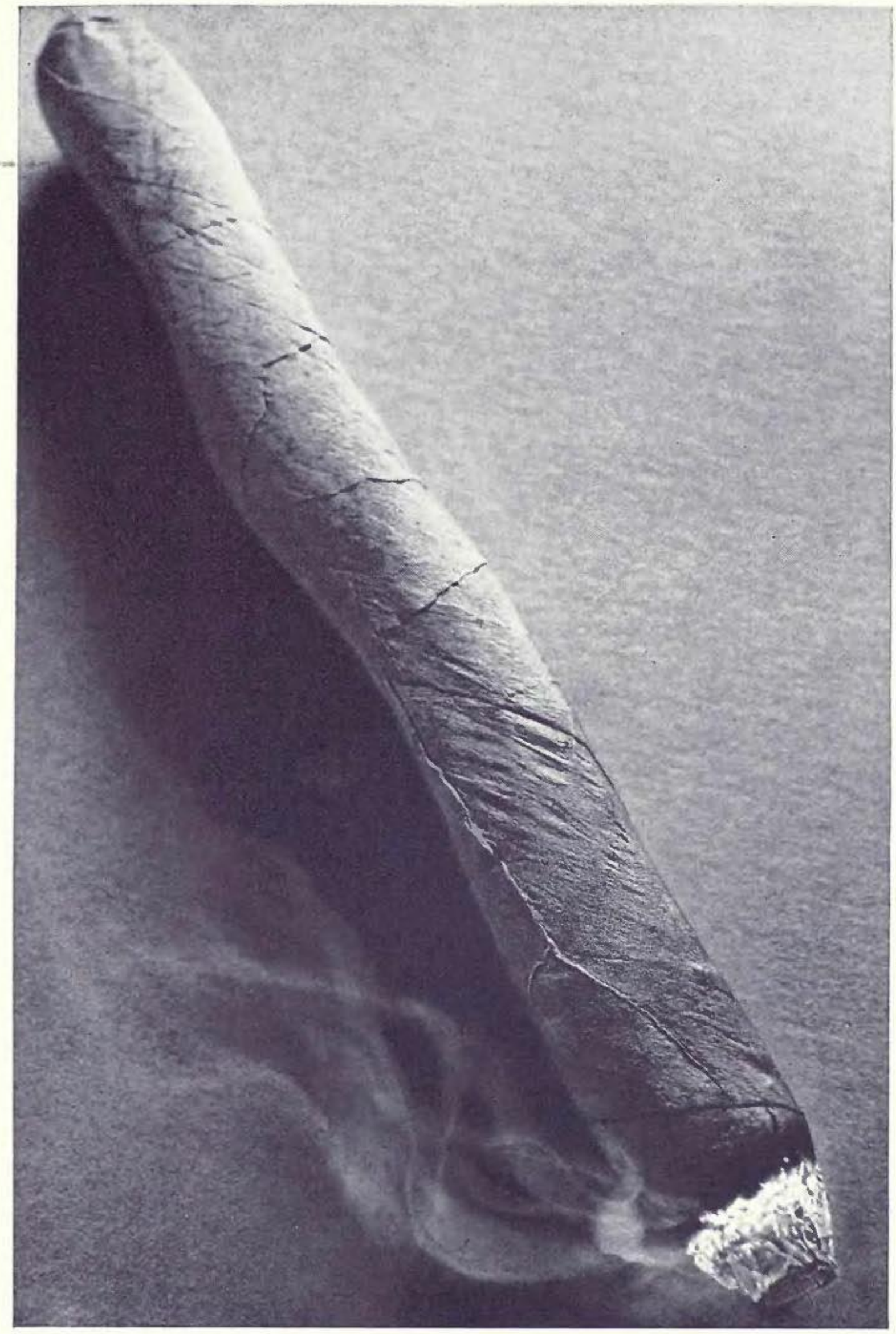
City _____ State & Zip _____

Occupation _____

Field of Study _____

Month & Year of Birth _____

161



science fiction has described such grandeur and such concepts, sometimes crudely, but often with great insight. No formal science-fiction accreditation is available for those who major in the subject. So let me simply assume the power bestowed on me by the right of seniority—and by my automatic status of at least a semi-*doyen* in the field—and pronounce upon Stanley Kubrick for his magnificent thesis, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and for his splendid showing in the oral examination to which PLAYBOY subjected him, the degree of Ph.D. in science fiction.

A. E. van Vogt
Hollywood, California

Van Vogt is the prolific author of such sci-fi classics as "Slan" and "The Weapon Makers."

We are grateful to Stanley Kubrick and to PLAYBOY for the discussion of cryonics—freezing the legally dead in hope of eventual rescue—but the Cryonics Societies have come farther than Kubrick seems to realize. While our facilities are, indeed, still only a handful, and there have been only eight confirmed freezings, we believe there is, nevertheless, a realistic hope.

To bolster this claim, we are delighted to report that the scientific establishment is rapidly thawing in its attitude toward cryonics. Our Scientific Advisory Council includes several of the world's leading researchers in low-temperature biology, and they are on record that the chance of revival is *not* small but merely unknown.

Cryonics Societies are active or forming in at least nine cities across the country. We don't promise to save your life, but we do promise an all-out effort—regardless of age or cause of death. But for practical and legal reasons, our help is pretty much restricted to members. The time to join is before it's too late. After you're dead, don't come crying to us.

R. C. W. Ettinger
Cryonics Societies of America
Oak Park, Michigan

Your interview with Stanley Kubrick is unequivocally the zenith of mind zapping. Kubrick's insight into the incalculable possibilities that await discovery is phenomenal. He is absolutely correct, for instance, when he suggests that ordinary beings give up in the face of futility. The idea that a man has to die of "old age" just because he's 90 or 100 is pure bunk. And I think that in the lifetime of most of us, we'll see evidence of this.

Hal Bickford
Lewiston, Maine

Kubrick is obviously an imaginative man with considerable scientific knowledge, but at one point, he says, in relation to cryobiology: "In addition, vast freezer facilities could possibly be

If you were soaked in 149 proof rum, you'd be a little crooked, too.

Great tobacco soaked in rum produces a flavor that is rich, smooth and mild. Wolf Crooks. A very different flavor and a very different shape. We also make smaller Wolf Crookettes. Same flavor. Same shape. They're both bent for pleasure.



18 Wolf Bros. Cigar Company Red Lion, Pa. 17356

THE PERFECT PILLOW FOR PILLOW FIGHTS. $2.50

Most pillows are too big, too bulky. They're only good for sleeping. And nothing else.

The Alka-Seltzer® pillow, among other things, is a fighting pillow. A compact pillow with heft and feel and balance. Perfect for those unguarded moments of hostility, frustration, yes, and even hatred.

For these are feelings which, if not given vent to harmlessly, are turned inward, upon yourself, where they can cause headaches, upset stomachs and bad blah feelings.

For only $2.50 you can have the Alka-Seltzer pillow. If you don't want it, go to a drugstore. For only 69¢ you can have our other product.


Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer

Why is Hitachi's mini-stereo tape recorder a big hit with playboys?



Because it helps you make a big hit with your playmates.
With the stirring sound of real stereo all around you (and her), it's a cinch to set a romantic mood. And the new Hitachi TRQ-222 is the world's first portable mini-stereo cassette tape recorder with two detachable, swingout, 5" speakers. It's one compact unit with convenient storage compartments in each speaker case. Weighs only 7 pounds, 5 ounces.
Records or plays anywhere: your pad this winter, the beach next summer, you name it—the TRQ-222 can romanticize it. Battery/AC. Solid state. Fuss-free cartridges instead of tape reels. Pop-up cartridge release. Adjustable tone control. Hitachi's exclusive "Level-matic" feature. $129.95* complete with accessories. Want it for Christmas? Hint! Or give it to yourself. With Hitachi mini-stereo, a playboy's life can be a lot more beautiful.



Quality always comes first at
HITACHI
Japan's largest manufacturer

*Suggested list price. Slightly higher in West, Southwest. For facts about other surprise values, write: Hitachi Sales Corp., Dept. P-3, 48-50 34th St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

"PLAYBOY" AND "PLAYMATE" ARE THE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF AND USED WITH PERMISSION OF HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC.

constructed on the dark side of the moon to store millions of bodies. The problems are legion, of course, but so are the potentialities." One of the problems is that the moon doesn't have a side that stays dark all the time—any more than the earth does. While the moon always keeps the same face to the earth, it revolves once every 27 days in relation to the sun. At full moon, the side we see is lighted; while at new moon, the other side gets the rays.

A/1C Jay D. Lutey
APO New York, New York

Kubrick only moonlights as a scientist.

Kubrick neglected to mention one of the more obvious of the many problems involved in the question of contact with extraterrestrial life: the relativity of size. Stars are known to have diameters of anywhere from 7000 to upward of two billion miles, compared with our sun's 864,000-mile diameter. Assuming that larger stars may have larger planets and larger life forms (and vice versa), the problem becomes evident: We may never meet aliens for the simple reason that we might not be able to see one another. Perhaps intelligent aliens have landed one of their largest intergalactic starships on earth—only to be crushed beneath the foot of a mouse. On the other hand, the earth itself may one day bounce unnoticed off the fuselage of an immense starship.

Gary Drake
Pekin, Illinois

Your September interview seemed to confuse Kubrick the film maker with Kubrick the pseudo scientist; the line of questioning and the pretentious answers it produced must have caused most film fans—and Kubrick fans, in particular—to wonder if perhaps he'd recently changed professions. Might we now expect an interview with a prominent astrophysicist in which the conversation centers on the finer points of movie-making—just to even things out?

Bill Spicer
Los Angeles, California

SOKOL SALUTE

Many of your readers send in raves about some article or other, but few people seem to mention your cartoons, which are amazingly witty, colorful and artistic. *Sokol's Sweatshirts* in the September issue, for instance, is a masterpiece of wit and caricature—especially the Hell's Angels motor-bike rider wearing the Pope John sweatshirt. For my money, that's cartooning at its best.

Cornelius Mulder
Honolulu, Hawaii

SHINING ARMOUR

In *The Depopulation Explosion* (PLAYBOY, September), Richard Armour has once again proved as effective with



We'd give all our gold medals...

to get you to try our Bourbon once.

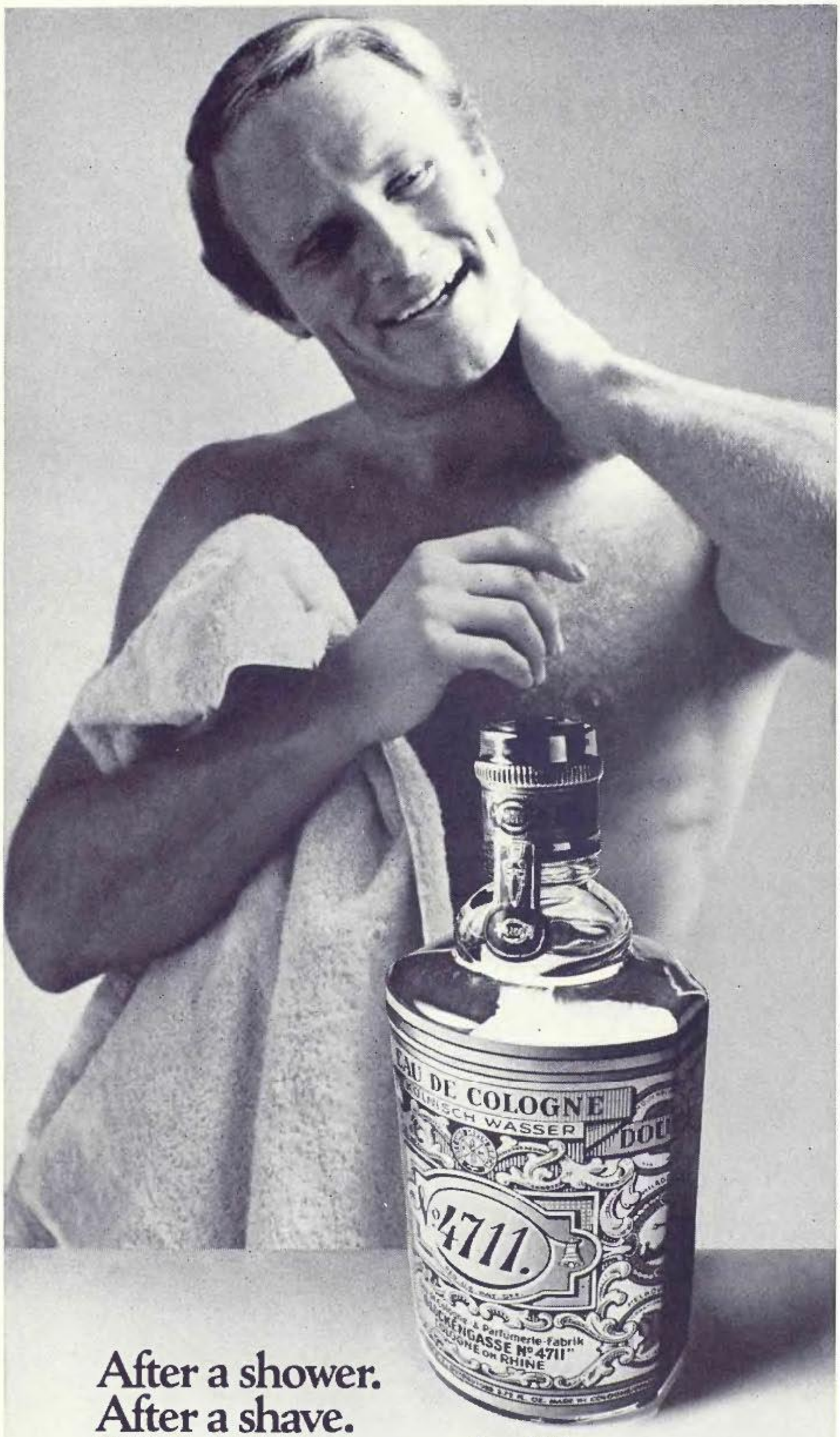
We'd do almost anything to get you to taste I. W. Harper . . . mellow Gold Medal or Bottled in Bond. We've even put it in a sleek new tapered bottle! Of course we'd never change the rare character of the Bourbon that won all those gold medals. Nor would you, once you taste it. Indulge yourself . . . try I. W. Harper. Learn how pleasant prize-winning Bourbon can be.



$6.25 FIFTH (PRICE MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.)

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND · BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY ·

© I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



the pen as he is on the lecture platform. Thousands of people crisscross this country telling us how we can be saved, but it takes the satirical pen of Richard Armour to bring home the fact that mankind is, indeed, on the verge of self-extinction. Congratulations on a fine article.

Carleton Rogers, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

Unfortunately, Armour's piece cannot be considered "humor"—it can be read only with a sense of gravity and concern for the human condition. The solution to the problems Armour outlines can be attained only through continued observation, examination and diagnosis by the patients themselves.

Jerry L. Punch
Greenville, North Carolina

Richard Armour wins my vote for pessimist of the month.

Barry Brownlee
Sheppard AFB, Texas

COMMUNICATION GAP

Donald E. Westlake has certainly turned a nagging marital problem into downright entertaining fiction in *It* (PLAYBOY, September). Single people might be hard pressed to believe that a marriage could explode because a couple refused to talk to each other about an out-of-place diaphragm—but molehills have become mountains over less. My congratulations on a splendid story.

Harry Cornelius
Chicago, Illinois

LAW AND ARDOR

I was delighted with your September Playmate, Dru Hart, but please keep her away from Ohio. If she were my legal aide, I would get no work done, my wife would leave me and the other lawyers in Toledo would try to hire away my help.

Stewart H. Aron
Toledo, Ohio

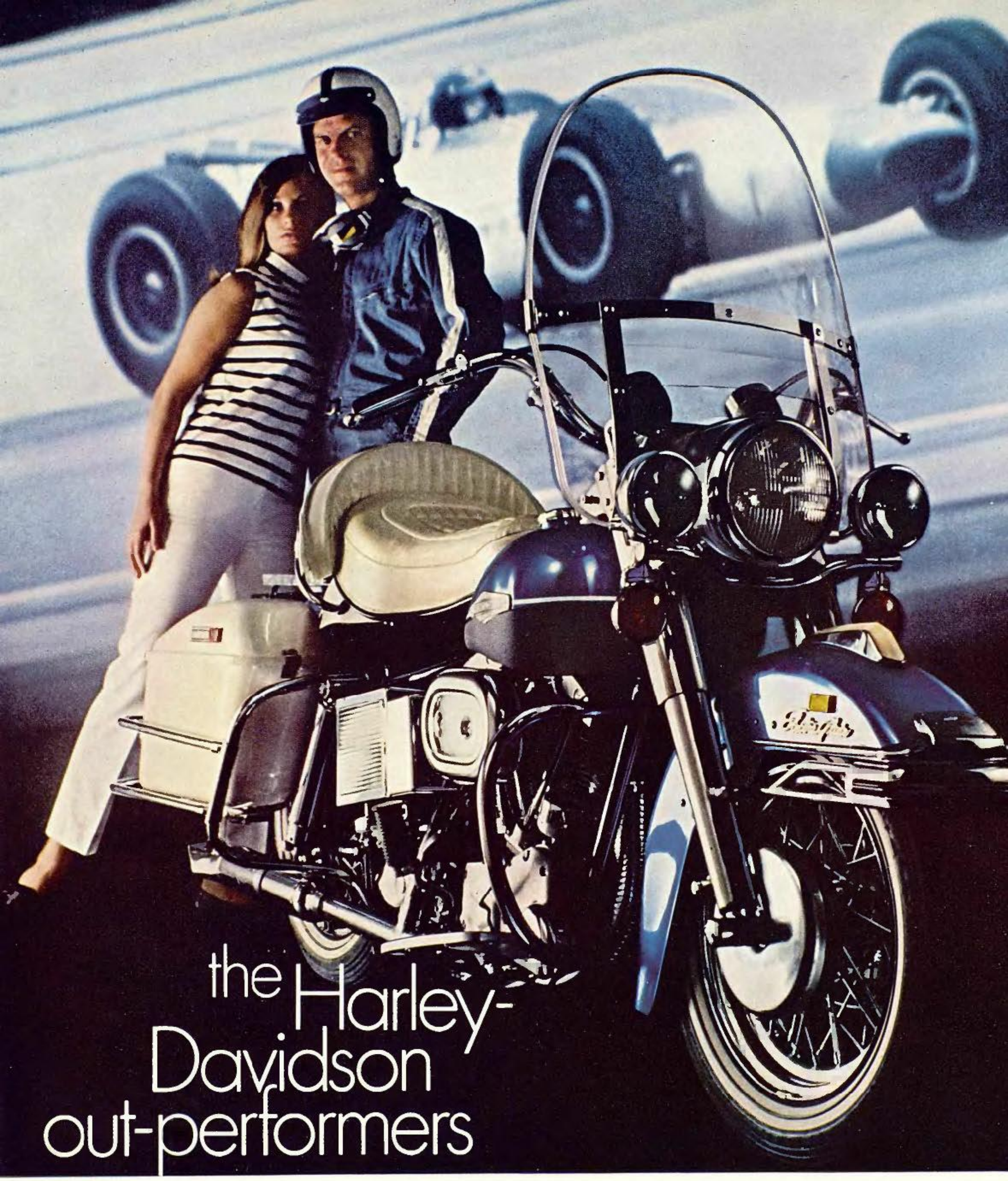
No need to worry about Dru, but watch out for this month's gatefold girl, Cynthia Myers, who hails from Toledo.

Thanks for choosing a legal secretary as September's Playmate of the Month. The public should be aware by now that secretaries are not really stern, long-skirted, horn-rimmed types but some of the most glamorous women in our society. And why not? No intelligent girl is going to look like a hag when she's in the constant company of attractive, interesting men all day.

Sara Ellen Totten
Newport Beach, California

FLOWER CHILLED

I've watched David Madden's progress with the greatest interest. He started out as a pedigreed highbrow, writing stuff for the university reviews, showing



1969 Electra Glide. You have to share it with the men who build it. This is the most powerful, sophisticated and complete motorcycle in the world. And that's no accident. It's the result of careful, critical engineering. But don't take our word for it. Make us prove it. Go for a test ride. You'll find a dozen subtle improvements in styling, brakes, clutch, lighting, security, balance and safety. And you'll find a level of craftsmanship so professional, it's almost personal. You may buy this motorcycle, but you'll always have to share it with the men who put it together. Stop in soon at your Harley-Davidson dealer. He can show you this great motorcycle and help you finance and insure it as well. Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wiscansin.

...out-perform everything on two wheels.

Extraordinary!
London$7.28–Here$4.99*

(and it's the very same Scotch!)



All over the world King George IV sells at the same prestige price as the other "top twelve" Scotches. But here, it is the only one of them you can buy for about five dollars.

How come? The Scots produce it, we Americans bottle it... and we pass the savings on to you. Why are we so generous? We want to become the largest selling Scotch around.

King George IV

ONE OF THE WORLD'S 'TOP 12' SCOTCHES

*NEW YORK STATE PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER OR LOWER IN OTHER STATES.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 80 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

scholarship so vast it was hard to believe, even when you saw it. But lately, he has been veering over to big-time publications like PLAYBOY and growing, I have felt, in stature. *The Day the Flowers Came* (PLAYBOY, September) is a fine specimen of his more recent phase and, to my taste, a beautiful, simple tale with a curious subtle quality. It doesn't depart by one decimal point from a rigorous, credible reality; and yet through it peeps something weird, a glimpse of death's horror that left me a little frightened.

James M. Cain
Hyattsville, Maryland

Author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and many other books, Cain recently added a novel titled "The Magician's Wife" to his long list of credits.

CONQUERING HERO

Ray Russell's story, *Here Comes John Henry*, in the September PLAYBOY came as a welcome and timely twist on the usual weary first-man-on-the-moon theme. That Russell's astronaut returns from the moon not anticipating glory but with assassination on his mind is a distressing —but, unfortunately, accurate—symbol of the frustration and political hypocrisy that characterizes our society.

Bill Foster
Bismarck, North Dakota

I congratulate Ray Russell for daring —fictionally, at least—to think the unthinkable: that political assassination may be a valid response to the actions of our rulers. In light of my own experience with the Secret Service, I wouldn't be surprised if Russell is investigated or arrested for his excellent story.

Fred Thomas
Moorefield, West Virginia

BEAUTIFUL LOSER

I was pleasantly surprised to encounter your *Student Body* pictorial (PLAYBOY, September) on the year's most exciting political candidate, my recent opponent —Vicky Drake. Although some of the fundamentals of her platform were not too firm, and although she clearly lacked support in vital areas, she nevertheless amply measured up as a front runner. Through the primary election, I must confess that I was simply unable to keep abreast of her. As a campaigner, she exhibited admirable integrity, absolutely refusing to pad her views. And even though she eventually proved to be a bust at politics, she must be credited with one success: She certainly managed to get a rise out of the administration.

Denis Hayes, President
Associated Students of
Stanford University
Stanford, California

IS IT TRUE A NEATNIK™ HAS MORE DATES?

Girls always go for the well-groomed man in a Sears Perma-Prest® shirt with matching tie and pocket handkerchief.

Sears Perma-Prest shirts are 50% Celanese® Fortrel® polyester and 50% cotton. So no more puckery seams, no wilted collars, no wrinkly cuffs. And no more ironing when tumble dried.

A great selection of assorted tattersalls and stripes in gold, green and blue. Deep-toned glens and windowpanes, too —all now at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Note to Neatniks: Only Sears has the Perma-Prest shirts men like.



New Spray Cologne
5.00

Cologne
5.00 & 8.00

After Shove
3.50 & 6.00

CHANEL FOR MEN

© 1968 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In view of the swinging welcome extended by Chicago's police to bearded out-of-towners, among others, during last summer's Democratic Convention, we would strongly advise Santa to steer clear of Mayor Daley's house while making his annual airborne tour of the Windy City this month. But if neither Mace nor clubs nor unsheathed bayonets will stay that merry messenger from his appointed rounds, we expect to read the following front-page story in our newspaper on the morning of December 25.

COPS, NATIONAL GUARD NAB HIPPIE TERRORIST ON MAYOR'S ROOFTOP

Police and National Guardsmen early this morning subdued a portly hippie and a small group of hooved animals on the roof of Mayor Richard J. Daley's home in the Bridgeport section of Chicago. The middle-aged anarchist carried no papers but identified himself as "S. Claus." He was apprehended while trying to force entry into the mayor's house via the chimney. Claus sported a full, bushy beard similar to that favored by beatnik poet Allen Ginsberg. He was wearing black combat boots, a bright-red Mao-type suit and a conical red stocking cap in the style worn by terrorists in the French Revolution. (Red, of course, is the color traditionally symbolizing the International Communist Movement.)

It all started at about 2:15 A.M., when 16 units of riot-helmeted Chicago police responded to an emergency call from the mayor himself, who had been wakened by suspicious noises on his roof. Eight companies of National Guardsmen —bivouacked since last August in a vacant lot adjacent to the mayor's home— assisted in the arrest.

Taken into custody along with Claus was a makeshift vehicle resembling an old-fashioned sleigh and eight tiny deer-like animals subsequently identified by experts at Lincoln Park Zoo as a rare species of arctic reindeer. Police suspect the animals are stolen property, and a spot check of major zoos across the country is now being conducted.

A police-intelligence spokesman, while reluctant to speculate about the reason for the animals' presence on the mayor's roof, reminded reporters that hippies last summer—in an apparent act of terrorism —released a 200-pound pig at Civic Center Plaza. "Draw your own conclusions," the spokesman told reporters.

Arresting officers said that Claus claimed the deer had aided him in gaining access to the rooftop, but their precise role is not clear. Police expect that a psychiatric examination of the suspect will cast additional light on this unusual assertion. The beasts were found trussed together with a bizarre, bell-studded harness. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been alerted, and S. P. C. A. officials are expected to lodge a complaint against Claus shortly.

Just before his arrest, the suspect was heard to speak to the animals. "He actually *talked* to them," one arresting officer said. "He called them 'Dancer' and 'Prancer' and other deviate terms of endearment." Pending a vice-squad investigation, conspiracy charges have been lodged against the eight codefendants, who are being held without bail in the municipal pound.

Claus himself has been charged with loitering, disorderly conduct, being a suspicious person, having no visible means of support, disturbing the peace, creating a public nuisance, trespassing, breaking and entering, resisting arrest, assaulting an officer and harboring unvaccinated pets.

After being apprehended, Claus was taken to Michael Reese Hospital, where a spokesman reported that he was treated for a possible concussion, multiple skull fractures, broken arms and legs, internal bleeding, lacerations, dog-bite wounds on both buttocks, human bite on right ear, tear-gas inhalation and temporary blindness attributed to an overdose of chemical Mace. Police said that minimum force was used in subduing the suspect, but that while Claus was being advised of his constitutional rights, he slipped on the icy roof and injured himself.

Upon reaching the hospital, Claus' walk was unsteady and he seemed to be chuckling in a low voice. This made police suspect that he may have been under the influence of narcotics. Blood and breathalyzer samples are now being analyzed.

A later police bulletin from the hospital reported that Claus said he and the animals "flew" to the mayor's roof from a hideaway north of Canada. Police noted that "flying" is a common hippie slang word to describe a dope-induced "high." One police lieutenant quoted Claus, a marijuana-type pipe smoker, as having admitted that he and the animals "were taking a trip—as we do every year."

Because of Claus' apparent foreign origins (besides his revolutionary garb, he is reported to speak with a heavy accent), the FBI has been called into the case. FBI spokesmen said a computer search of Government Social Security, Census and birth files reveals no record of Claus, which tends to support the case that the suspect is an agent of a foreign power.

Federal charges have yet to be filed, but an FBI agent said that if Claus did, indeed, fly into the U. S., a host of Federal charges will be lodged against him. These would include: illegal entry into the U. S., nonpossession of passport, failure to file a Customs declaration, noncompliance with animal-quarantine regulations, failure to file a flight plan with the Federal Aviation Authority, piloting an unregistered and uninspected aircraft, flying below legal altitudes and landing in an unauthorized zone.

Questioned by reporters, the FBI spokesman also acknowledged that charges of treason, espionage and sabotage—all punishable by death—are being explored. He said there will be no announcement about spy charges until the



We just invented the cigar for cigarette smokers.

The first thing you'll notice is smoothness. Tall n' Slims don't bite like most cigars. Next, you'll discover an independent taste. You don't have to inhale. But if you do, Tall n' Slims probably have less nicotine than the cigarettes you're now smoking. You can't say that about any other cigar.



United States Tobacco Company, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020

matter can be discussed with the Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department.

Still shrouded in mystery are the contents of a large, hippie-style tote bag that Claus was attempting to shove into the mayor's chimney when he was arrested. The bag was immediately impounded by members of the city's bomb squad, who are now engaged in the slow process of dismantling—and possibly deactivating—the contents. Arresting officers said the sack seemed to contain a number of small and potentially dangerous objects, cleverly disguised as gifts. Among the objects seen were water pistols, baseballs, bats and motorcycle helmets. Claus was reported as saying these are "children's toys"; but—as was apparent in the convention riots last summer—they could easily be used against the police.

Claus also was reported to have stated his intention to give the would-be riot weapons to "kids." If this turns out to be true, police say Claus will be charged under the recently passed Federal law prohibiting crossing state lines to incite a riot; and he will face state charges of contributing to the delinquency of minors and operating an unlicensed charity.

Police spokesmen declined comment on the possibility that Claus was a looter. If the contents of the sack prove to be stolen, an investigation of police misconduct can be expected, since not a single officer remembered to shoot to maim Claus before he was arrested, in accordance with Mayor Daley's widely praised directive of last spring. "There's no doubt Claus was roundly chastened," a police spokesman said, "but I don't think we can say he was maimed."

At press time, police opinion was still divided as to whether Claus is a "demented dope fiend" or "a very clever revolutionary programed by unknown powers to assassinate Mayor Daley." Reporters had conflicting interpretations of Claus' brief remarks at a hastily called press conference in his heavily guarded hospital room. Though his voice was muffled beneath an oxygen tent, the suspect was still heard to mutter: "Ho, ho, ho." Some reporters interpreted this as laughter, indicating that Claus was still "high" on drugs. But others pointed out that this is a common hippie cry of revolutionary intransigence, reverently chanting the name of the North Vietnamese leader, Ho Chi Minh.

Reporters agreed, however, that at the conclusion of the press conference, Claus slowly and defiantly placed a finger next to his nose—in what was obviously intended as an obscene gesture—and sarcastically declared: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

•

Now that elections are over, it should come as no surprise that people in mental institutions vote virtually the same way as everyone else. According to a

Some Beam gift bottles are very memorable.

Like this one.

Commemorative bottles pictured on the Jim Beam gold foil Holiday wrapping are from the prized Beam Collector's Series. Jim Beam 86 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Distilled and bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam Kentucky.

The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.



Introducing "Alley Cat"

for your car, because



Tiger Paws

it's a rough world out there.

Most tires don't exactly feel at home on city streets. With good reason.

They have to run barefoot on broken bottles, tin cans, bricks, planks and gaping potholes.

A tire can get killed that way.

As a matter of fact, many more tires are put out of commission on city streets than on the highway. It's a fact.

That's why we've just introduced the new "Alley Cat"™ Tiger Paws—because it's a rough world out there.

Not only is it a Tiger Paw, but it's a Wide Tiger Paw. (31% wider than a conventional tire.)

Not only is it a Wide Tiger Paw,™ but it has an extra protective 2-ply belt of glass fibre between the tread and the regular plies of cord.

Put all that together and you've got yourself an Alley Cat.

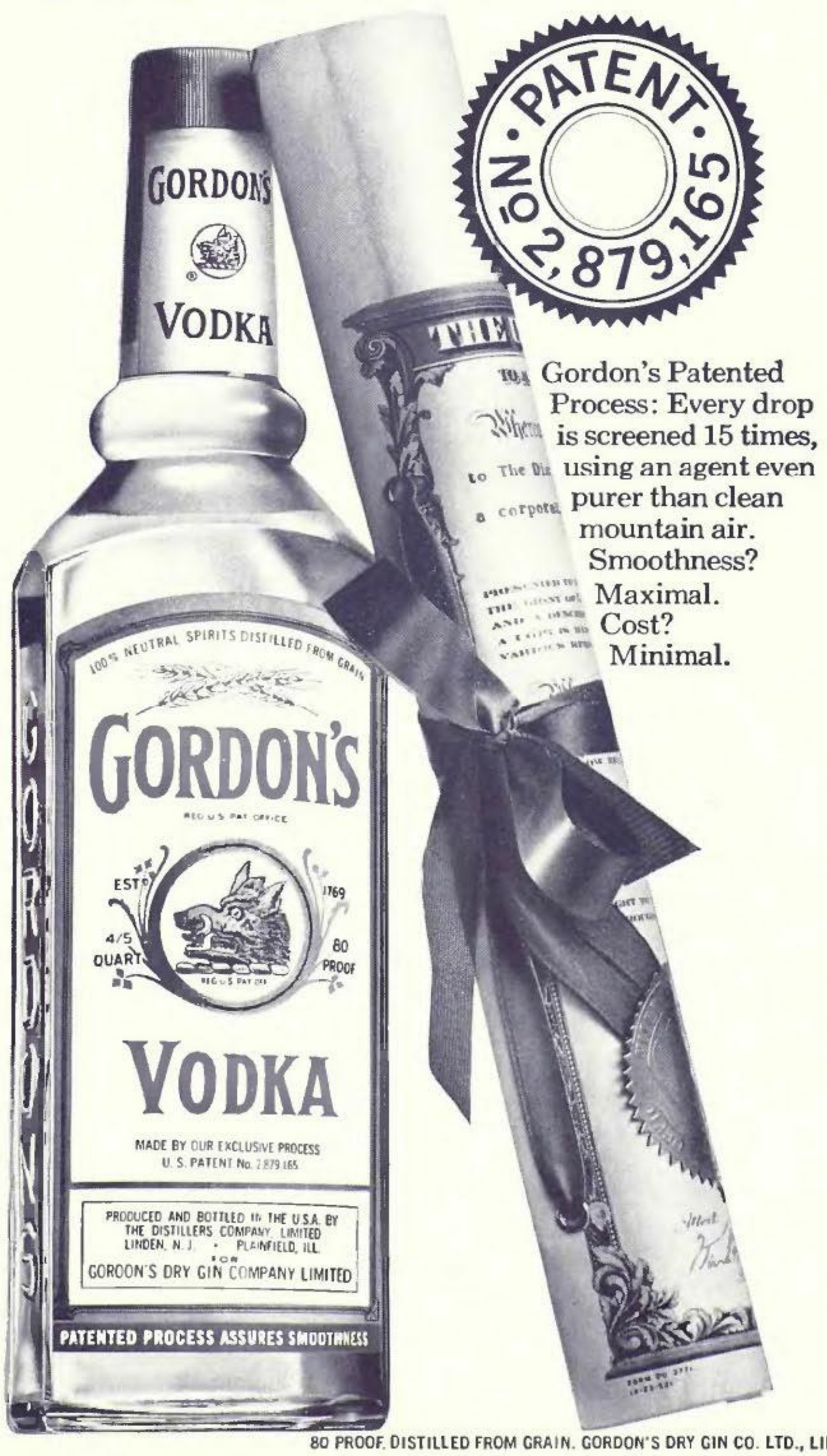
Not only is it great for high-speed turnpike driving and for rugged mountain roads, but it's very much at home going through tin can alley.

And not only is it less apt to get disabled, but it wears 55% longer than conventional tires.

If you do part of your driving on city streets or rough roads—and who doesn't?—you'll be glad you put these tough, scrappy paws on your car.

UNIROYAL

Gordon's... the only Vodka with a patent on smoothness!



Gordon's Patented Process: Every drop is screened 15 times, using an agent even purer than clean mountain air. Smoothness? Maximal. Cost? Minimal.

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

report made to the American Psychological Association, the only differences appear to be that a higher percentage of the inmates takes the trouble to vote and a smaller percentage invalidates the ballot by some error.

•

Things Must Be Pretty Bad Back Home Department: Spencer Murray and Ralph Poole, authors of a handy guidebook called *Power Boating the West Coast of Mexico*, describe thusly a hamlet they deem to be paradise enow: "Except for the bothersome flies and mosquitoes, the smells issuing from the beach where gutted fish are allowed to rot in the sun and the humidity under which the village suffers most of the year, Chimo is the sort of idyllic paradise for which so many search."

•

We were pleased to learn from *Magazine Industry Newsletter* that Mr. John R. Harvey has been kicked upstairs to assistant managing editor of *Successful Farming* magazine. His former title? Swine and sheep editor.

•

To Whom It May Concern: The New York Hilton is now renting rooms by the hour: minimum of three for $12.

•

Sean Connery, better known to moviegoers as Ian Fleming's 007, was fined $42 in a traffic court after he was caught speeding by London police sergeant James Bond.

•

Neither ornithologists nor dirty old men are advised to get their hopes up about a new service for tourists in Miami: RENT-A-BIRD, the brain storm of an enterprising 29-year-old entrepreneur who leases young ladies as guides—and only as guides—to show you the town.

•

From our man in the West Indies comes a report that Cayman Airways Ltd. was originally to be called Cayman Islands Airways, but that name was discarded because it was feared that "an aircraft with the initials C. I. A. would be endangered when flying over Cuba."

•

Job Opportunity of the Month from the Toronto *Globe and Mail*'s want-ad section: "One of Canada's most attractive lines of brassieres and girdles is available to well-rounded salesmen."

•

Perhaps in response to the papal encyclical on birth control, this help-wanted ad mysteriously appeared in the Montreal *Gazette*: "Administrative post. Retired gentleman, over 65, preferably of Italian origin, wanted for executive position, large, well-established religious organization. Duties: to direct all activities. No previous experience in similar

Suggested for mature audiences.



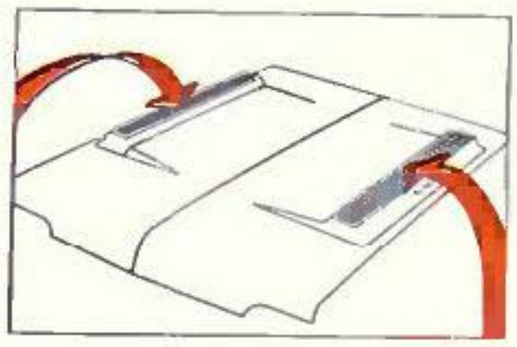
1969 Plymouth GTX

Plymouth GTX. As a member of an elite group, you crave the finer things in life. You know, the beach in the spring. The Strip. Miniskirts. Neat cars. Blood rare steaks. Things like that.

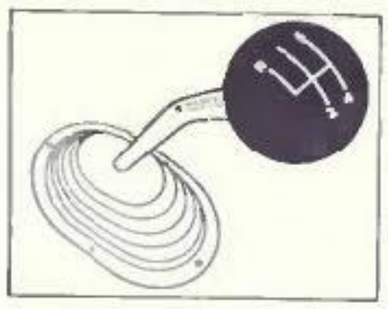
Well, we have good news for you.

The Boss is back. Bossier than ever.

There's a new Air Grabber option that lets the engine breathe cool air through the hood scoops. Since cool air contains more oxygen, the engine runs stronger. (A shutoff control underneath the dash lets you stop the flow of outside air whenever you want to.)



There are a variety of new high-performance axle packages you can order. Ratios now extend from 3.54 to 4.10:1 for better acceleration in all gears.



We've also included goodies like a Hurst shifter (so you take less time going through the gears), a heavy-duty radiator with viscous-drive fan (more power ends up at the wheels), a dual-breaker distributor (better spark), and a Sure-Grip differential (maximum traction).

You still get our terrific 440 cubic inch Super Commando engine with 4-barrel carburetor, performance cam, extra large throttle bores, and oversize ports and valves.

One of the nicest things about the high-performance GTX is the luxury that comes along with it.

Deep foam buckets and deluxe all-vinyl interiors.

Maturity *does* have its benefits, doesn't it?



Watch AFL Football on NBC-TV.

Look what Plymouth's up to now.



For bird watchers. The computer camera.

It's the camera for the guy who wants professional-like results, but gets his kicks out of something other than tweaking dials and knobs.

Its real name is the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic. And it's been doing its thing so well for so long, it's America's best-selling fine camera.

Much of this success comes from its uncannily precise full-format, through-the lens exposure control. Which is a long-winded way of saying you automatically get what you see in the viewfinder. Every time.

You compose. It calculates.

But if fiddling and fussing is your bag, you can do that, too. You can use as little of the Spotmatic's automation as you want.

However you use it, you'll like the way it feels. Everything about the Spotmatic—weight, size, balance and finish—speaks the kind of craftsmanship it's a pleasure to own.

With 50mm f/1.4 lens, the Spotmatic is about $290, depending upon accessories. With 55mm f/1.8 lens, it's about $250. Other Honeywell Pentax models are priced from about $150.

Go see (and handle) a Spotmatic at your Honeywell dealer's. Or mail the coupon for free literature.

Honeywell takes the guesswork out of fine photography

Honeywell Photographic 332
Mail Station 209, Denver, Colo. 80217
Please send Pentax literature to:

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Honeywell

job necessary, though must be single. Location: central-European capital. Salary to be discussed, but numerous fringe benefits. Preference given to applicant with previous record of infallibility."

•

This month's most heart-warming open letter appeared in the personal-ad pages of *The East Village Other*: "Sheldon—come home. Stop chasing flowers and hippies. The true values can be found only at home. When you're ready to come back, let us know in advance, because we rented your room. Poppa."

•

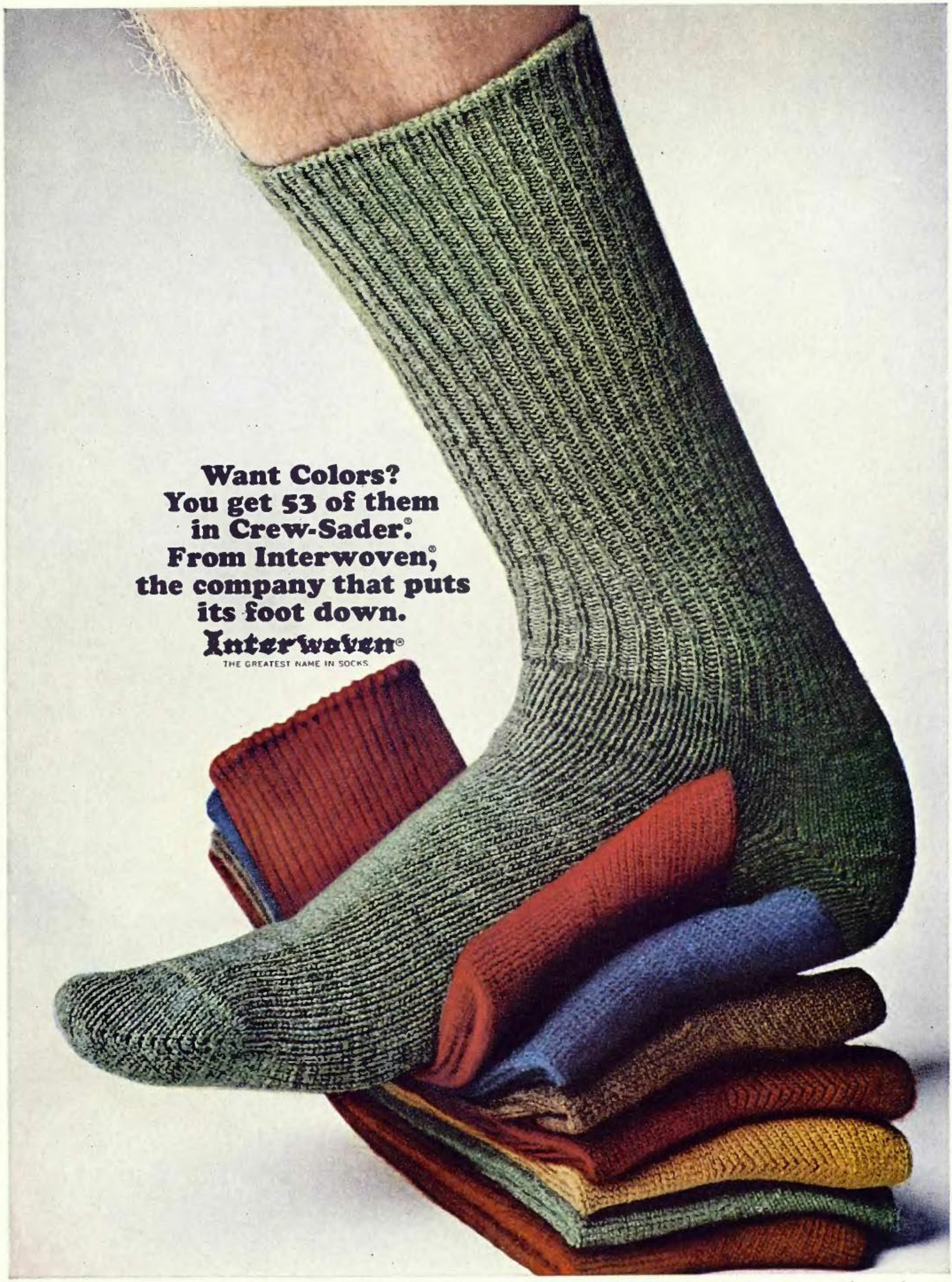
Workers, unite: A memo issued by the chief clerk of a London borough council announced that "owing to a severe shortage of staff, officials are advised to take advantage of their typists between the hours of 12 noon and 2 P.M."

•

Anent Chicago's Convention Week disturbances. Among the injuries to police officers listed in Mayor Daley's official white paper: one case of bruised knuckles.

BOOKS

For a third of a century, André Malraux has struggled to unite the realms of action and imagination. A contemplative activist, he took part in the early years of the Chinese Revolution and transformed his experiences into *Man's Fate*, one of the century's finest novels. A meditative soldier, he served as an officer in the maquis during the French Resistance (twice captured, twice escaped), then became a member of General De Gaulle's government. A reflective explorer, he nearly lost his life in the search for the lost city of Sheba, but returned to write speculatively of the cultures of the past, developing the concept of a museum without walls. The natural medium for such a man is the autobiography—the form in which, at its best, life is recounted as a pilgrimage of the spirit—and Malraux' ***Anti-Memoirs*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is a masterpiece of the genre, an interpenetration of memory and meditation, of action and thought, so profound that one can almost refer to his eventful life as the incarnation of a spiritual quest. Paradoxically, Malraux writes on the very first page, "I do not find myself very interesting"; but the paradox is resolved, and the title explained, when he later writes, of the time when he was confronted by a firing squad (only to discover, at the last moment, that it was just a German joke): "What was about to befall me was of passionate concern to a worthless part of myself, like the urge to escape from the water when one is drowning. But I did not seek the meaning of the world in a



We make the softest-walking crew sock you ever wore. But with colors, we don't pussyfoot around. We'll match anything you've got.
The Crew-Sader. 75% Orlon® acrylic/25% stretch nylon. One size fits 10-13. $1.50.
You don't get to be the greatest name in socks without putting your foot down. Another fine product of Kayser-Roth.



In 14th century Bellver Castle in Palma de Majorca.

And the question voiced is this: can "Wintuk" really be softer than a girl?

Discussing methods to test this interesting hypothesis is rodeo champion Larry Mahan and confident colleague, Debby Walton.

As intriguing as the airy texture of these new sweaters and pullovers, are their easy colors from ancient Majorca—beiges, greens, blues, reds, terra cotta, and Spanish gold.

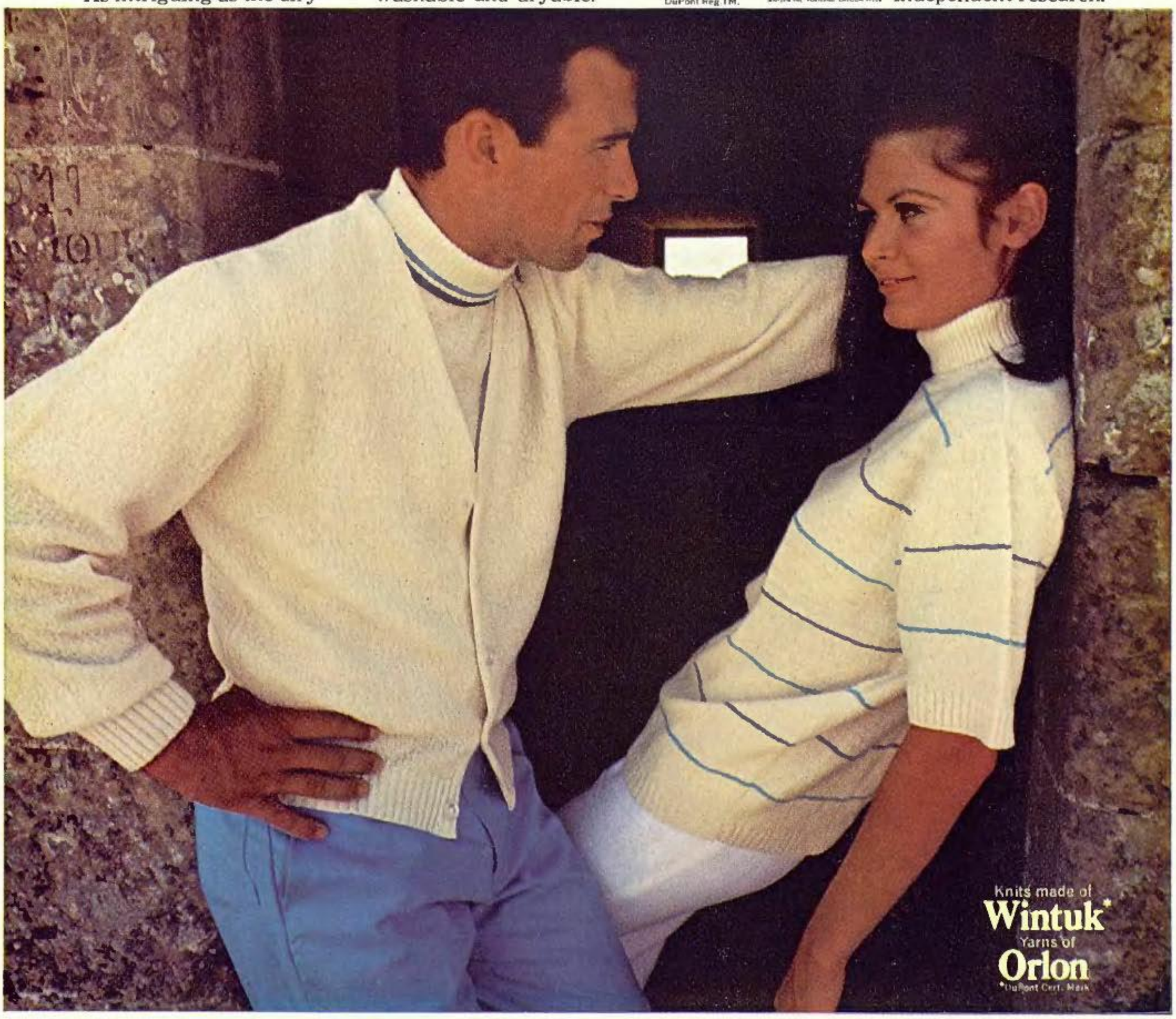
Larry's sweater, in boucle knit "Wintuk" yarns of Orlon® acrylic, is not only light as air, but machine washable and dryable.

*DuPont Reg.TM.

It's about $15, the knit pullover, about $10. Debby wears a mock turtle design in "Wintuk" from our Majorca Fiesta collection, about $11.

Jantzen

As to which is softer, girls or "Wintuk," we commend to you the rewards of independent research.



thrashing of limbs." Whether traveling into vanished or foreign civilizations (his tour of ancient Egypt is as vivid as his visits to modern India and China) or carrying on dialogs with history as well as with the great leaders of our age (his portraits of Mao and Nehru convey the tragic dignity of man's struggle to control destiny, while his portrayal of De Gaulle comprehends an enigmatic hero without diminishing the mystery of his personality), Malraux brings to politics and art, to war and culture, both passionate commitment and detached perspective, always seeking "the patient tide of life" beneath its ephemeral manifestations. In this lucid and lyrical, calm and vibrant, wise and questioning volume, one meets a whole man.

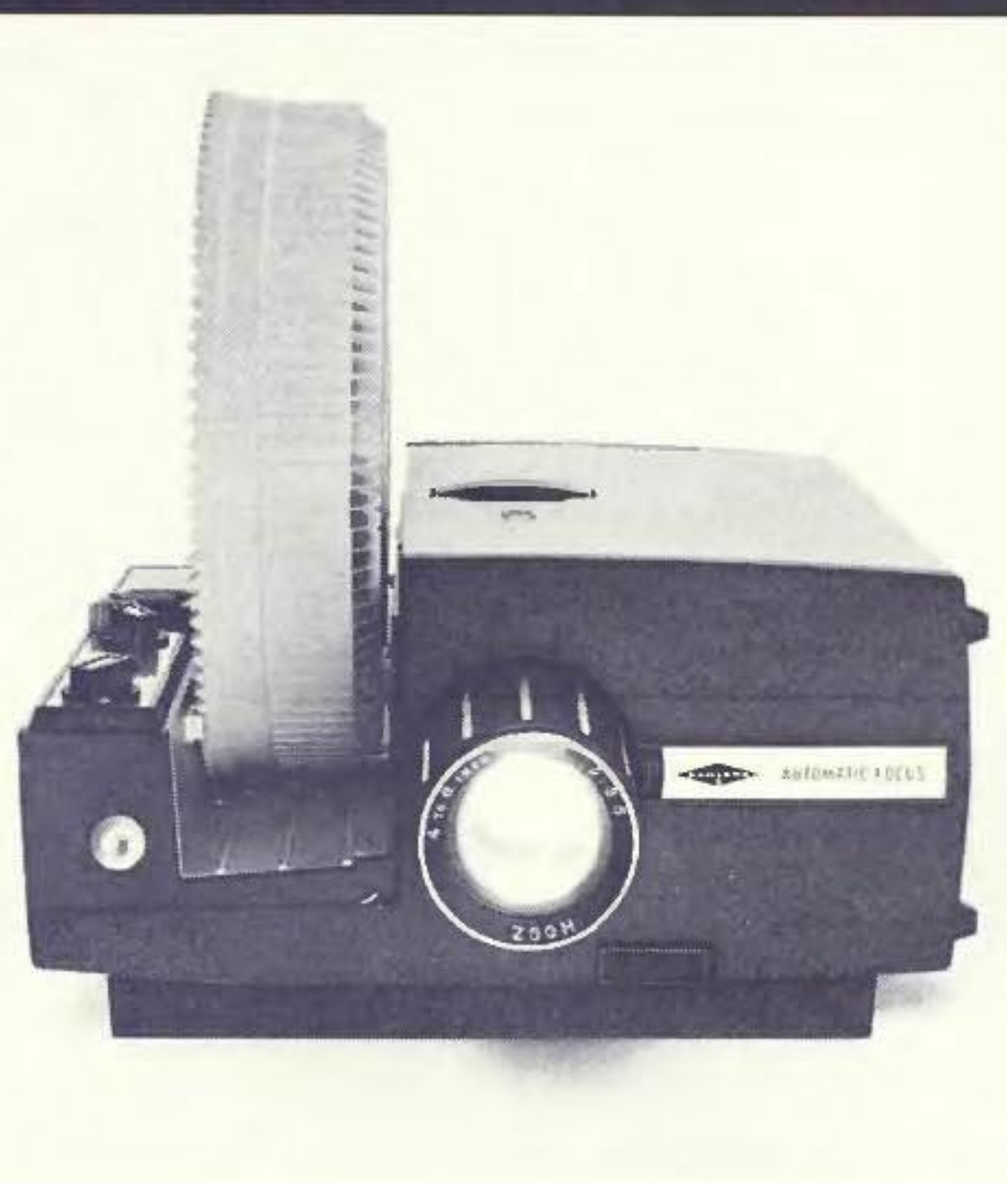
•

Wilfrid Sheed's new book, ***The Blacking Factory & Pennsylvania Gothic*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), accurately subtitled "A Short Novel and a Long Story," deals with unresolved adolescent angst. In suspenseful *Pennsylvania Gothic*, set in a small town outside Philadelphia, a 12-year-old boy becomes possessed by a coven of death wishes that he learns to live with but never quite subdues. The setting of the longer, more ambitious *The Blacking Factory* is a British public school. The hero, a 15-year-old American whose mother has been institutionalized because of insanity, is sent to Sopworth, a mini-Eton, shortly after World War Two by his gadabout father. At first, as a Yank at Sopworth, the boy suffers a profound case of culture shock among his stiff-lipped, tea-and-marmalade peers, his chief nutrient for survival being his dreams of America. But his summer vacation in America is disappointing; the general mindlessness of the teen scene overwhelms him and he yearns to be in England again. Alas, back at school in the fall, he learns the hard way that his image of England and Sopworth was as false as his romantic memory of America: "It was a feature of reality to be unexpectedly lousy." In writing about a British public school, Sheed has ventured onto the classy turf of Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell; in dealing with suburban Pennsylvania, he has edged into O'Hara-Updike country; and in examining the no man's but more-than-a-boy's land of adolescence, he has boldly invaded Salinger territory. It is a tribute to his quiet skills that he nonetheless succeeds in staking out a literary region and area of experience that is distinctively his own.

•

Though enjoying great vogue with members of the Now Generation from Lapland to Los Angeles, India's musical phenomenon Ravi Shankar has blunt words for the "unwashed, rebellious young people" who seek spirituality and peace of mind through either drugs or fealty to religious fakirs. He also shows

SHOULDN'T THE FIRST SLIDE PROJECTOR YOU BUY BE THE ONLY ONE YOU BUY?



It will be if it has a 4-6" zoom lens that lets you show slides big enough to fill the screen.

And automatic focusing. (You focus the first slide...the machine does all the rest.)

And a never-dim, Quartz Iodine lamp that delivers brighter, whiter light than ordinary bulbs.

Automatic operation should include: remote control forward and reverse, variable slide-changing time cycle, and built-in room light control.

You'll want a preview editor, trays that hold 100 slides, (twenty more than most), and a cord that reels into the projector so it can't get lost.

The Sawyer's 707 AQZ slide projector has all of this. That's why we call it the Automatic-Automatic slide projector.

It's the perfect last slide projector to buy.

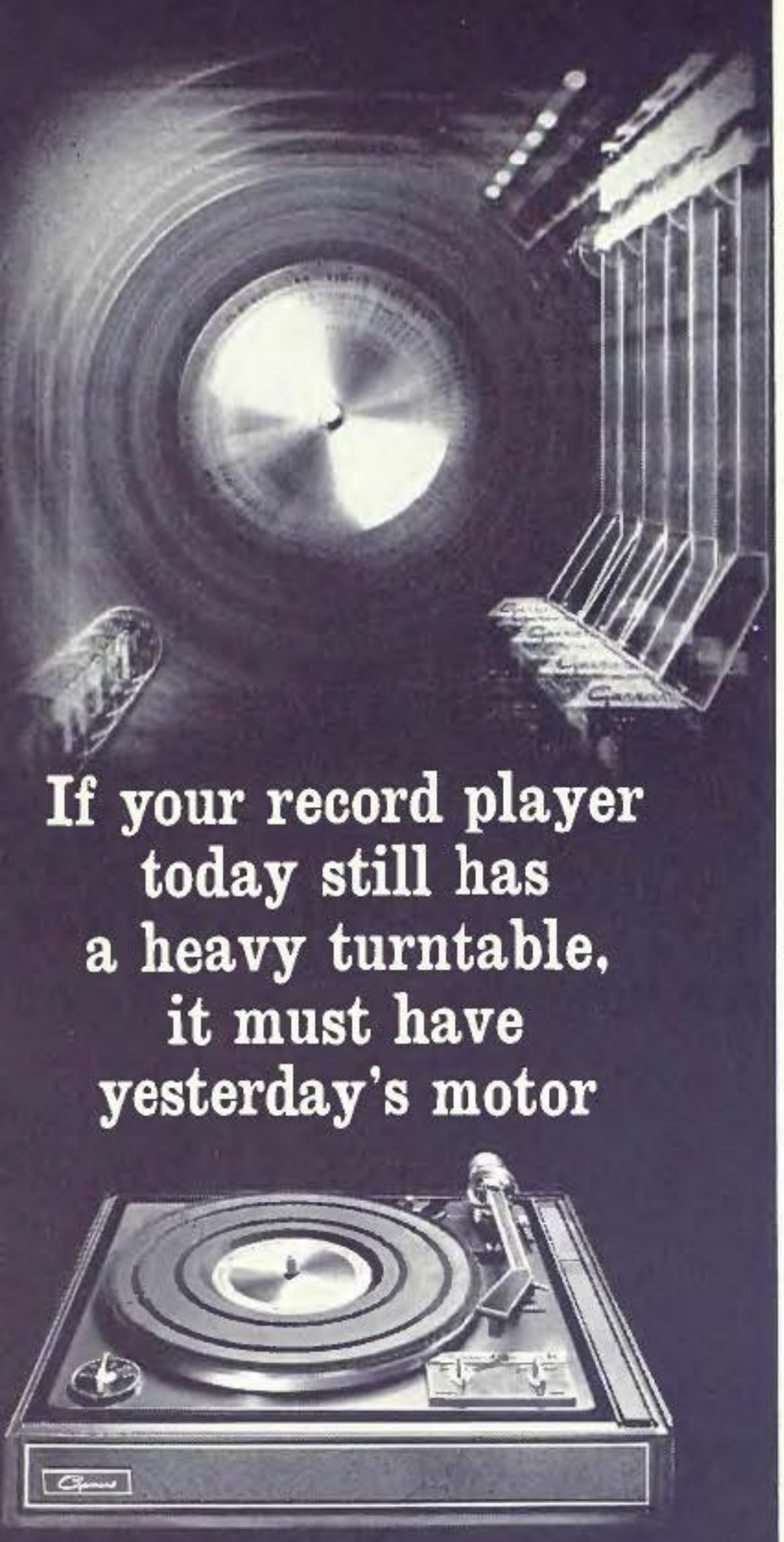
If it's your first, it should be the only slide projector you ever have to buy.

See all ten Sawyer's slide projector models. Prices start as low as $60. But pay special attention to the 707 AQZ. It's the one we call our Automatic-Automatic.

SAWYER'S

THE AUTOMATIC-AUTOMATIC SLIDE PROJECTOR

©GAF Corporation, 140 W. 51st Street, New York, N.Y. 10020



If your record player today still has a heavy turntable, it must have yesterday's motor

Why did Garrard switch from heavy turntables (which Garrard pioneered on automatics) to the scientifically correct low mass turntable on the SL 95? Simply because the synchronous Synchro-Lab™ Motor nas eliminated the need for heavy turntables, developed to compensate (by imparting flywheel action) for the speed fluctuations inherent in induction motors. The light, full 11½" aluminum turntable on the SL 95 relieves weight on the center bearing, reduces wear and rumble and gives records proper edge support.

The Synchro-Lab Motor has also made variable speed controls as obsolete as they are burdensome to use. The synchronous section of the motor locks into the rigidly controlled 60 cycle current (rather than voltage) to guarantee constant speed regardless of voltage, warm up, record load and other variables. This means unwavering musical pitch. And the induction seotion provides instant starting, high driving torque and freedom from rumble.

At $129.50, the SL 95 is the most advanced record playing unit available today. For Comparator Guide describing all models, write Garrard, Dept. AX238, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Garrard®
World's Finest

British Industries Co., division of Avnet, inc.

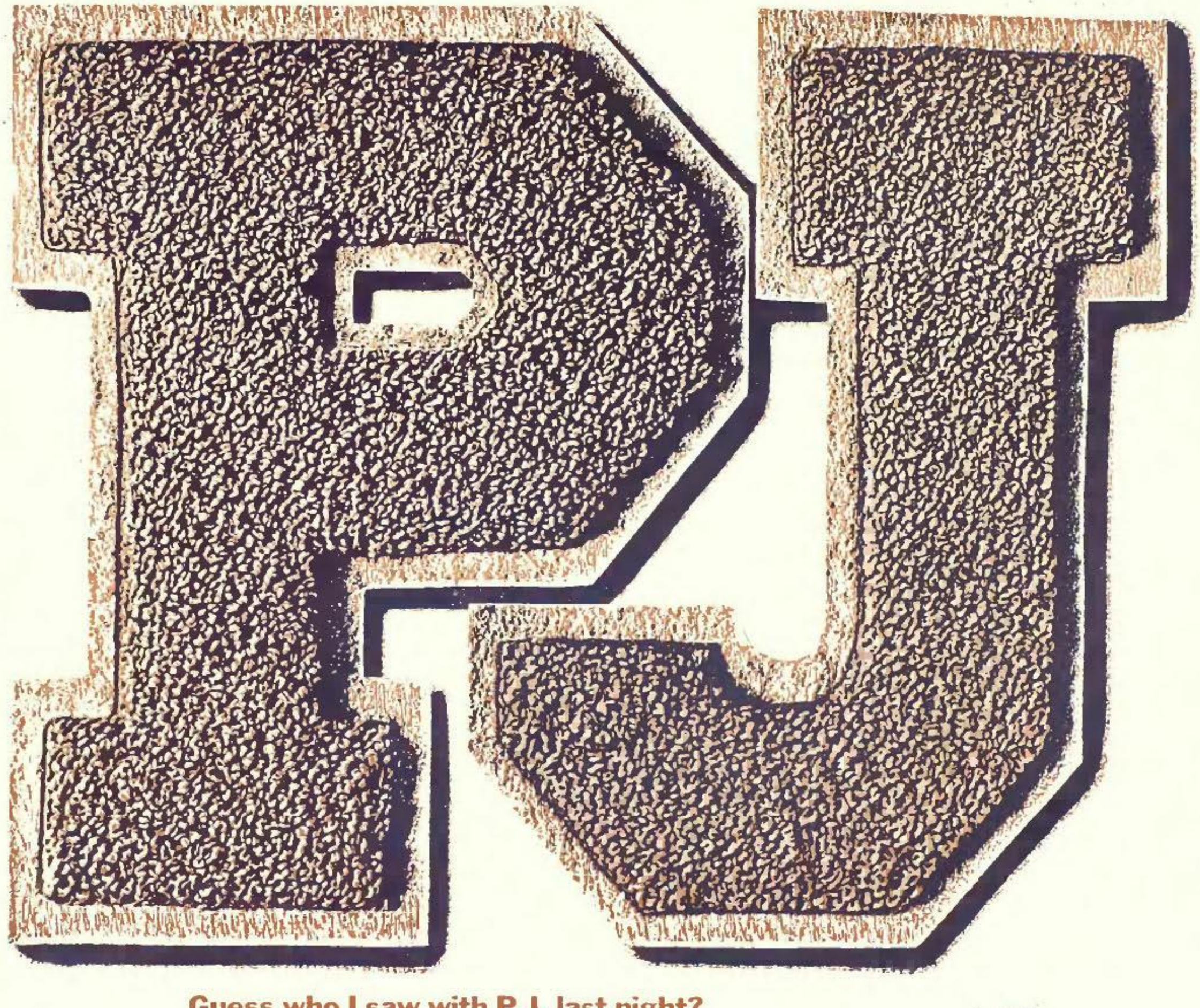
the patience of Buddha in describing the unwanted fame thrust upon him as the man who taught Beatle George Harrison to play the sitar. To Shankar, who dismisses the sitar sounds in contemporary pop song as a mere gimmick, Indian music is an exacting discipline in which a gifted student might learn the rudiments by practicing eight hours a day for no less than five years. Of Harrison's six-week crash course, he dryly remarks, "He is a Beatle first. We shall see how much of himself he devotes to the sitar." A cool, dry Hindu-cosmopolitan intelligence animates Shankar's ***My Music, My Life*** (Simon & Schuster), a portion of which enriched these pages in October. Only in the loosest sense an autobiography, the book is actually an omnibus volume in three parts—with the author's essay on his life sandwiched between a concise history of Indian classical music and an elementary manual for the sitar. We could hardly presume to evaluate the do-it-yourself sitar lessons after running into such passages as: "I may play *Raga Malkauns*, whose principal mood is *veera*, but I could begin by expressing *shanta* and *karuna* in the *alap* and develop into *veera* and *adbhuta* or even *raudra* in playing the *jor* or *jhala*." Obviously, the appended glossary of musical terms is indispensable; and it helps even more if the reader happens to be an Indian musicologist. Less than a third of the book is devoted to Shankar's own career, a showbiz saga told with disarming simplicity by a man of music who would be astonished, no doubt, by the Western belief that biography is a synonym for invasion of privacy. Shankar, nevertheless, describes himself frankly as a vain, girl-chasing dandy who spent his young manhood in Paris, achieving some prominence as a dancer in the troupe organized by his famous elder brother, Uday. There is a wealth of bizarre anecdotes in Ravi's account of how he abandoned a promising career abroad to seek deeper satisfaction, at last, with two great gurus, one to teach him music, one in the spiritual realm. Graceful touches of worldly wisdom and mysticism make this a curiously satisfying literary debut.

•

In the Cold-War-looking-glass world of John Le Carré, scratch a cynic and you find an idealist; tear off a cloak of respectability and you come up against a poison dagger; dig beneath any polished surface and you discover a compost heap. All not only is never as it seems but it never seems to be all. Revelation leads to revelation, an endless spiral, frustrating as any search for truth, hopeless as any quest for order. Le Carré's best books transcend the thriller genre and mark out a special place for themselves on the shelves of the literature of the absurd. In ***A Small Town in Germany*** (Coward-McCann), which, unfortunately, is not one of his best books, all the usual ingredients are present. The hero, Alan Turner, is a kind of common household spy—or antispy—a security man with the British Foreign Office. Turner is sent to Germany to track down a minor Bonn diplomatic hand who seems to have vanished with a carload of top-secret files. The time is the not-so-futuristic 1970, when Britannia is still plugging away in Brussels to be admitted to the Common Market and the neo-Nazi movement is cresting in West Germany. Like all good antispies, following the pattern of Dashiell Hammett's Continental Op, Turner runs headlong into hypocrisy, gets his lumps and reveals a soft moralistic heart that would have made Kahlil Gibran blush. He also manages to get to the bottom of the diplomat's disappearance; but by then, few readers will really care. For Le Carré, who usually fashions his thrillers with taut astringency, here allows himself too many writerly indulgences: elephantine descriptions, overdrawn characterizations, purple rhetoric. He would have done well to recall that though Hammett made his Continental Op fat, he always kept his writing style lean.

•

There are persistent reports, says journalist James Ridgeway in his admirable dissection of ***The Closed Corporation: American Universities in Crisis*** (Random House), that Yale is in the bra business. The reports have been denied; but why should Yale's putative interest in brassieres seem less believable than Purdue's airline, Dartmouth's timber forest, Columbia's tenements, Wesleyan's "sickening *Weekly Reader*" for school children or Wisconsin's "leading rat poison"? The business of modern universities, Ridgeway reports with breezy contempt, is business: "The idea that the university is a community of scholars is a myth." To few college students, bullied by bureaucrats and bored silly by nameless instructors, will this come as news. Ridgeway impressively documents his assertion that the university has become a community of moneygrubbing, power-grabbing professors who, with big business and Big Government, preside over the national destiny. The notion of such a far-reaching academic cartel may seem extreme, but Ridgeway seems to have done his homework very well, indeed. He tells us much, for example, about the campus Pentagods—the professors who help wage the war in Vietnam. He has gone to the trouble of listing which university presidents and deans serve on which corporation boards. Universities such as Cornell, he shows, suppress their own traffic-accident research because it might embarrass the automobile industry, and professors in the pay of pharmacological firms lobby in Congress to keep drug prices high. At



Guess who I saw with P.J. last night?

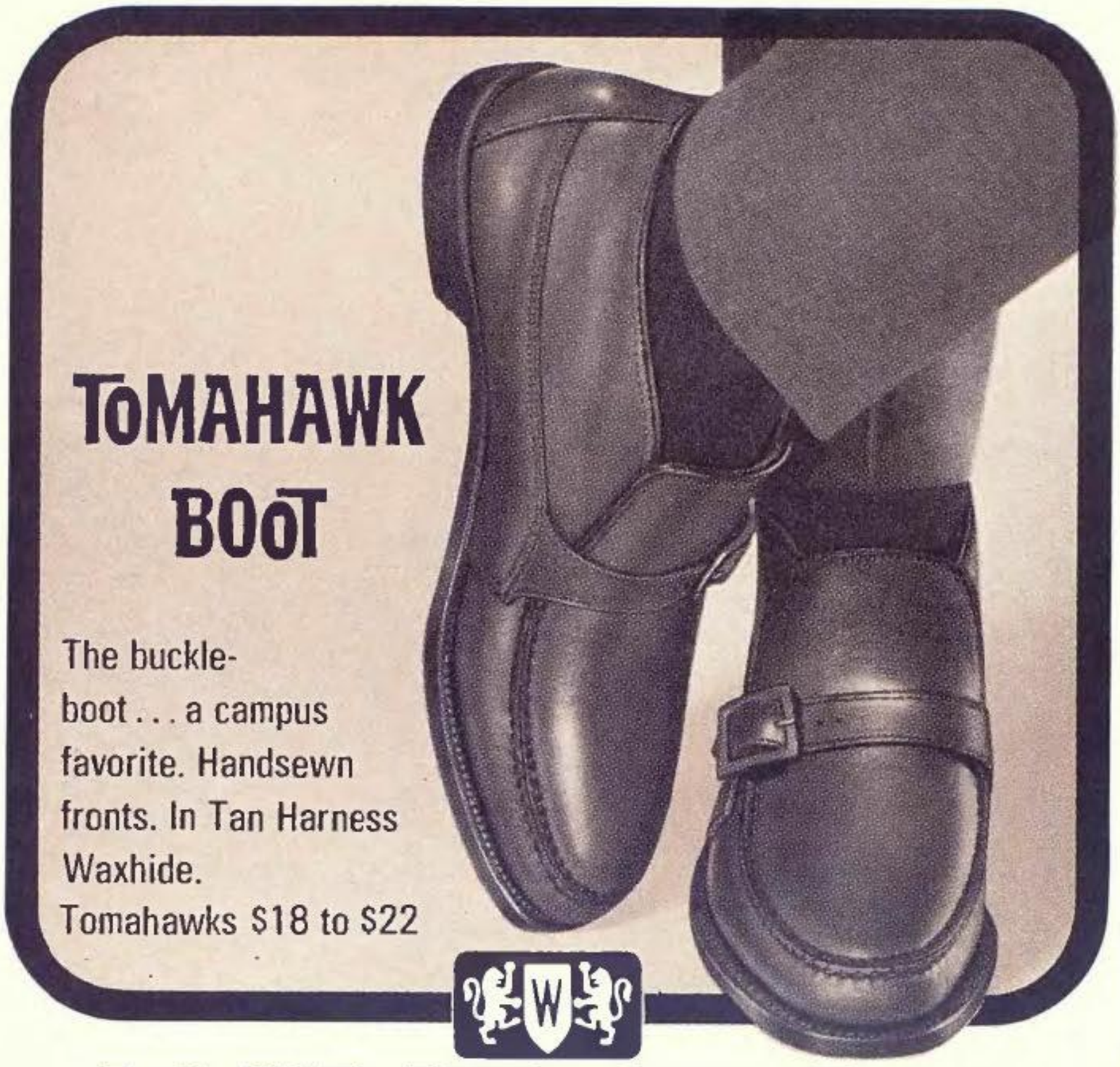
Practically everybody. Paul Jones is great with people. It's the rich whiskey with a different flavor: robust, yet light and smooth. Just right for the whole crowd. Priced right, too.

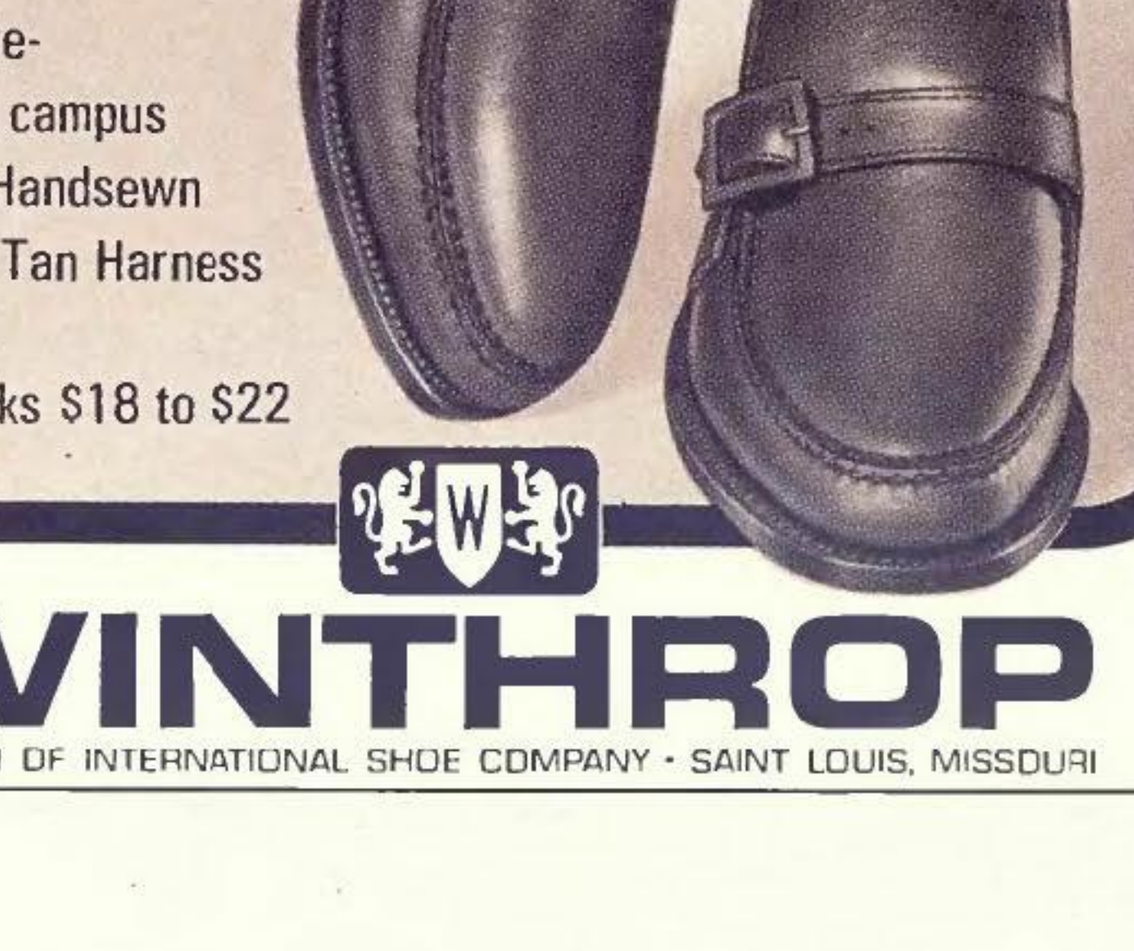




P.J. is Paul Jones. And smooth.

Blended Whiskey, 80 Proof, 72½% Grain neutral spirits, Paul Jones Distilling Co., Louisville, Kentucky





The mouse that roars.

You'd expect it to squeak. A tiny radio 1¼" high, 2¼" wide and ¾" deep doesn't exactly look like hi-fi.

But with integrated circuitry, big things can now come in small packages. One barely visible silicon chip holds 9 transistors, 4 diodes and 14 resistors.

It looks like a jewel in black and chrome. We even boxed it like a jewel. So if you can't afford diamonds, buy her a mini mouse for $39.95.* SONY ICR-100

*MFR'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE: INCLUDES BATTERY CHARGER.
© 1968 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

times, Ridgeway seems overwhelmed by all this iniquity. About the people in charge of the University of Chicago, he says their "ambition for political control is matched only by their loathing of the poor." As for Columbia University: "It would be difficult to find an institution of higher learning in the country so deeply and justly detested." Purple passages and all, this book is in the good old exposé tradition: It should let some much-needed light and air into *The Closed Corporation*.

•

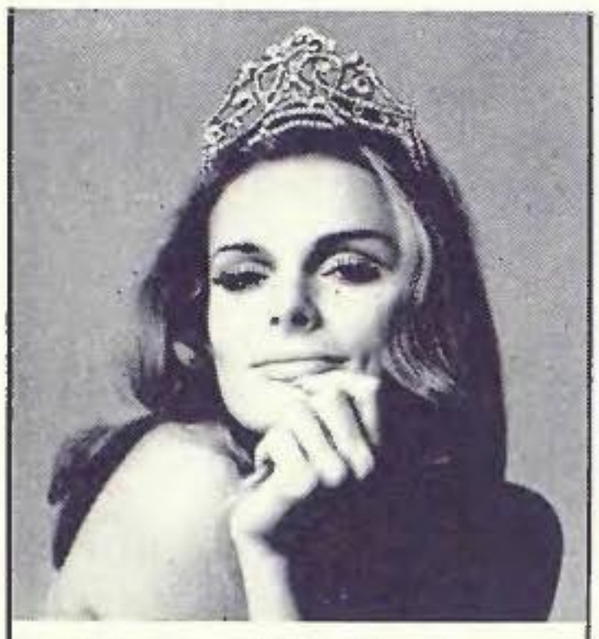
In 1965, Frank Sinatra turned 50, and it was a very good year for the man New York restaurateur Jilly likes to call "King of the World." In a prose style that combines a bit of Jilly with a lot of jelly, Frank's latest biographer, critic-musicologist Arnold Shaw, counts Sinatra's half-century blessings: three top-ten discs (as well as election to PLAYBOY's Jazz Hall of Fame), a smashing NBC-TV special (*A Man and His Music*), and two youngsters (Nancy and Frank, Jr.) making it in showbiz. Quoth Shaw, and we don't mean George Bernard: "Looking backward down the long, winding road his boots had trod from Hoboken to Hollywood in 25 years, he could glory in the continuing upward tilt of the many-laned highway. . . ." Sinatra deserves better—but he doesn't get it in ***Sinatra: Twentieth Century Romantic*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), a reverential nonbook based, we suspect, on batches of yellowed press clippings dating back to the early Forties, when bobby-soxers overcome by hysterical enuresis were drenching the Paramount Theater's best upholstery. Musically speaking, Shaw shows an easy familiarity with the collected works of his subject and places each recording in perspective to illustrate how The Voice of today evolved during a volatile era in pop music. But a Sinatra biography treated as music appreciation is dullsville, and this one ambles down memory lane with more hindsight than insight. Shaw reprints what Bosley Crowther thought about Frank's film roles, what Louella Parsons had to say about his politicking, his precedent-setting crusade against bigotry, his hobnobbing with *mafiosi*, his dizzying flights into love and/or marriage with some of the most dazzling birds of passage extant (Lana, Ava, Kim, Mia, Juliet, Lauren, Jill). *Twentieth Century Romantic* reproduces the public record. The man himself remains untouched.

•

This winter, golf nuts can solace themselves with three pleasurable books on the joys and tortures of the sport. The most substantial is George Plimpton's ***The Bogey Man*** (Harper & Row). Plimpton, as you may know, has built a reputation by participating as a devoted amateur in professional sports. For *Out*

The Essential Guide To Gifts of Fame and Fortune

An assemblage of gift facts, fantasies and advice. Designed to enlighten the confused gift-giver, guide the unworldly young miss, tickle the fancy of even the most jaded sophisticate and make everyone blissfully surrender to the joys of the holiday season.



TIARA: For Metropolitan Opera openings and Coronations. Probably a family heirloom, just inherited. Accept it, insure it immediately, and wear it at masquerades.



PERFUME: Fame, the sophisticated perfume born and bottled in France, makes exciting things happen. Prove your intentions are serious with this luxury gift.



CREME PERFUME COMPACTS: Her preference for this indicates good taste. The golden unicorn or fleurs d'or design will move you up three notches, at least.



PERFUME SPRAY: A petite, fluted, gold-tored Fame Perfume Spray ...will fit into her purse as smoothly as you'll fit into her life. Thanks to Fame!



FRAGRANCE KEY RING: The Fame perfume sachet in this chic gold-toned petite key ring always goes with her...carrying the reminder that you think kindly of her.



POUR LE BAIN: An elegant gift "for the bath." Fame Eau de Toilette and Fame Bath Powder to scent and caress her skin. The closer you get, the lovelier she'll be.



SPRAYGRANCE: Fame Spraygrance will find a permanent place on her dressing table...and in her heart. More gifts of Fame and you'll also be in her heart.



WHITE MINK: Accept it gracefully. It's time for a wholly new attitude. Wear it on ski lifts, at football games, and for winter rides in your Jaguar...top down, of course.



YACHT: Give her a bikini first, then say you know just the place to wear it...take her to the harbor, point out the 45 footer and say, "It's yours." Bon Voyage.



PURE SPRAY: A truly magnificent mille fleurs designer flacon to mist her with a Pure Spray of Fame Cologne. An elegant gift to bestow with panache.



DIAMONDS: As Lorelei once reminded the ladies, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend"...and truly, anything can happen when she wears (see picture on right.)

Fame de Corday

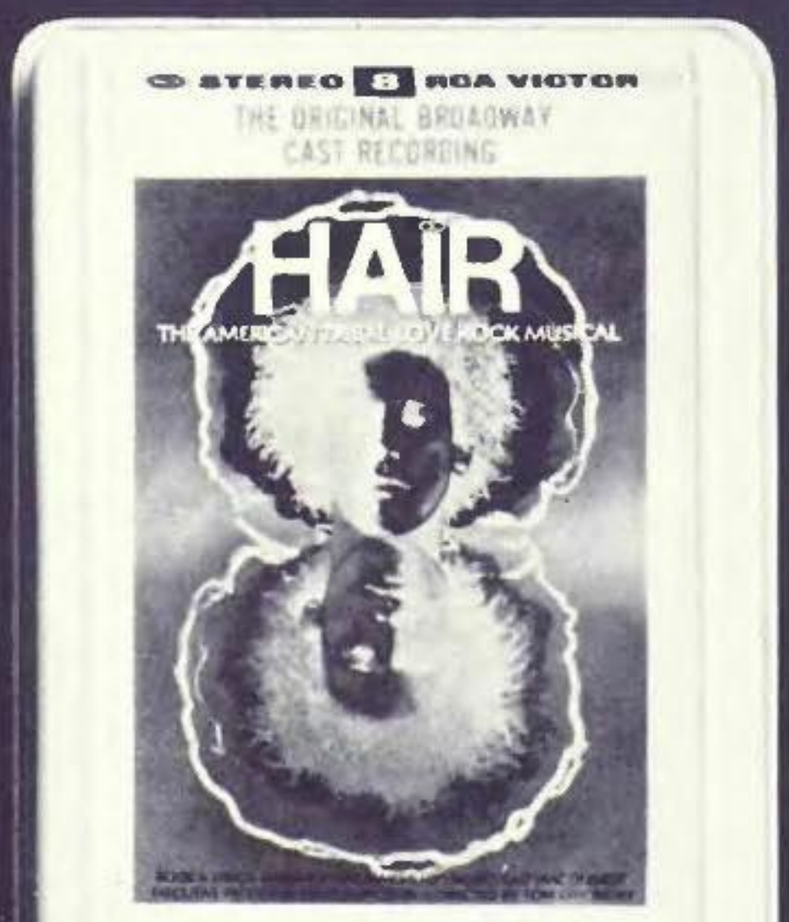
THE SPONSOR: This guide was cheerfully brought to all by Corday, creators of Fame, who let you delight in selecting impressive gifts from 3.50 to 40.00.

©1968 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

Remember, all Fame Perfume is imported directly from France, other Fame fragrances are thoughtfully blended in the U.S.A. with both domestic and imported essences. Available in Canada

it'll grow on you

Stereo 8 Cartridge Tape—A Whole New Listening Experience



Get into today's bag of "New Thing" theater. Dig every syllable of the show that has turned Broadway on. The Original Cast recording of "Hair" really happens in RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tape. Just push the cartridge into the player in your car, home... anywhere, and listen to the wild. "Hair" is just one of the more than 800 RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tapes now available by such greats as Henry Mancini, Feliciano, Jack Jones and Jefferson Airplane. Get yourself into the new way, the now way to go stereo.

RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tapes

of My League, he took the Yankee Stadium mound and pitched to major-league ballplayers. For *Paper Lion* he was, temporarily, a quarterback for a pro-football team. Now he recounts a month's tour as a contestant in three pro-amateur tournaments on the Professional Golfers' Association circuit. Playing with an 18 handicap, Plimpton hacked around the courses in true near-duffer style. But he was less interested in his own game than in discovering the mystique of the pro golfer. And once again, his eye for the singular detail and his insights into the emotional maelstrom of men who play games for a living bring a world of sport to intense life. The book is rounded out by Plimpton's research into the history and customs of golf; interviews with men such as Snead and Palmer; blunt conversations with caddies to whom no pro star is all hero; and a rich stream of golfing anecdotes. For comic relief, comedian Buddy Hackett recounts ***The Truth About Golf and Other Lies*** (Doubleday), with psychotherapeutic illustrations by PLAYBOY cartoonist Gahan Wilson. Based on the premise that "Golf is more fun than walking naked in a strange place, but not much," Hackett proceeds to club the game into submission with a staccato series of jokes, gags and funny-things-that-happened-to-him-on-the-way-to-the-green. Sample: The time, during Passover week, when he hit into the water, Hackett touched his club to the pond and the waters parted, allowing him to hit and walk through—but the Egyptian caddie following him was drowned. Last to tee off is Stephen Potter, the British creator of gamesmanship and other techniques of getting one-up on your opponent by a series of perfectly beastly ploys. Potter's ***Golfmanship*** (McGraw-Hill) covers all aspects of the sport, from how to unsettle your opponent while en route to the links to gambits for special occasions, such as asking at a crucial juncture in a close match, "May I just *watch* how you use your arms when you drive?" Potter's chip shots at the nature of human nature when on the golf course have plenty of arc and carry.

•

In ***The Politics of Ecstasy*** (Putnam), Timothy Leary has ill-advisedly put together a four-year collection of lectures, interviews and essays, and it proves to be —with the significant exception, if you'll pardon our immodesty, of his celebrated *Playboy Interview*, which is reprinted in its entirety—dishearteningly verbose, repetitive and even incomprehensible. In a phrase, mind-numbing. Trained as a scientist, Leary has the will to find truth and communicate it; as a mystic, he can experience truth and live it in a solipsistic world; but in trying to communicate his mystical experiences, he gets involved in this sort of thing: "Yes I listen

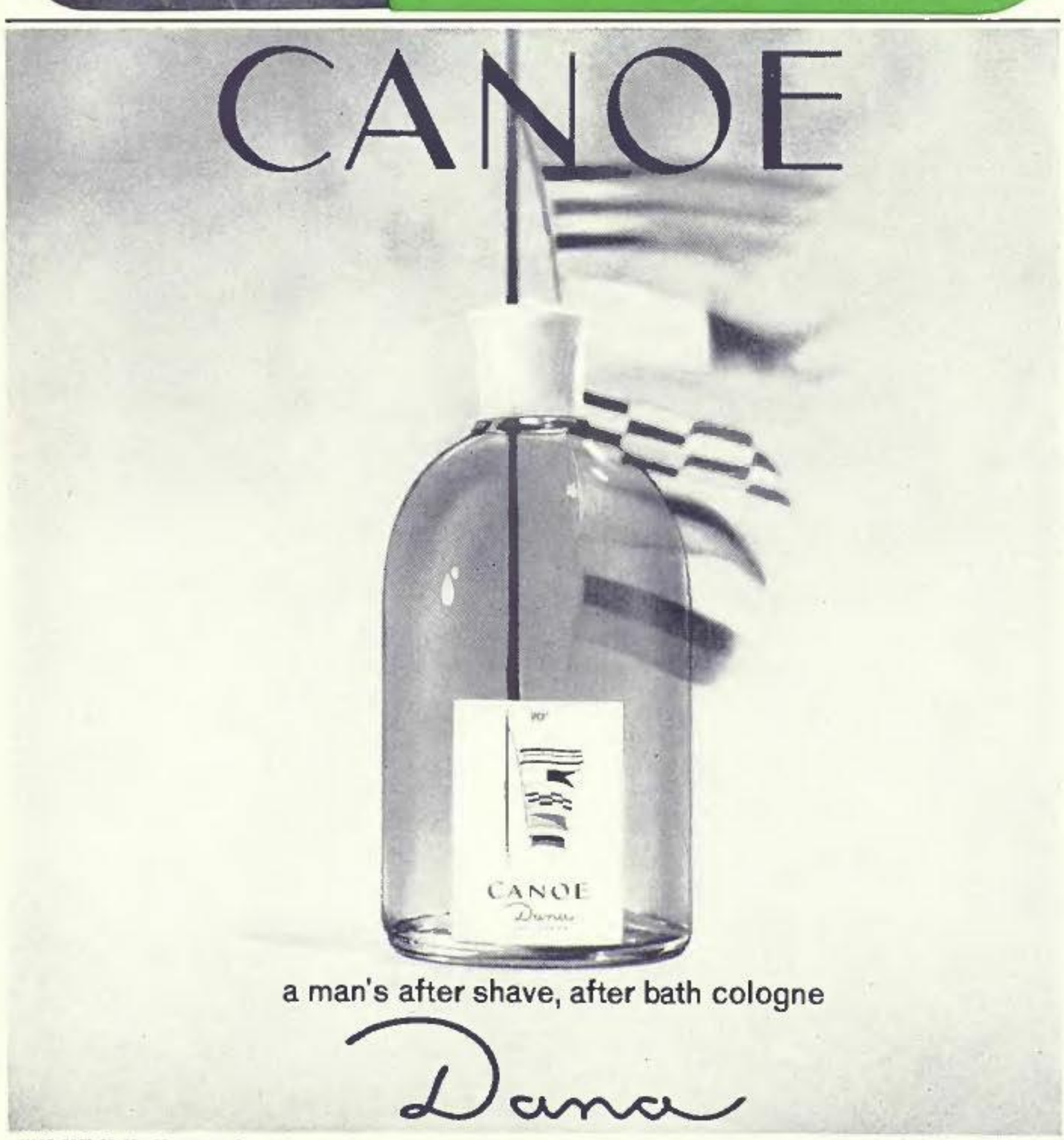
You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.



Gilbey's Vodka

VOOKA, 80 PROOF. OIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTO., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROO. CO.





to the trees and hear what *they* say and I think that they hear what I say. Not what I *say*, since trees don't speak English, but the trees are very aware of what I'm doing to them. . . . And by me I don't mean Timothy Leary. They don't talk that language." Few readers do, either. By contrast, the language used by W. V. Caldwell in his book ***LSD Psychotherapy*** (Grove) is lucid, perceptive and precise. Where Leary sets out to turn the reader on and succeeds only in turning him off, Caldwell, who severely cautions against taking LSD without medical supervision and who documents drug disasters, nevertheless presents the experience ("lovely indeed") so graphically that many a reader may be tempted to try it. What makes Caldwell's approach so persuasive is that he questions everything and advocates nothing. He describes the successes and failures of psychologists and psychiatrists who have experimented with LSD for therapeutic purposes, and the last half of his book is devoted to an attempt at fusing insights born of the LSD experience with the analytic concepts of Freudian theory. Only a psychoanalyst can evaluate Caldwell's theoretical contributions—but even turned-off readers will catch glimpses of themselves in this stimulating work.

•

When Moishe "Genghis" Cohn, a second-rate comic on the Yiddish burlesque circuit in eastern Europe, was about to be shot at Auschwitz by SS officer Schatz, he defied the outrage the only way he knew: He bent over and shouted, "*Kush mir in tokhes!*" ("Kiss my ass!") Schatz was so stunned that he "caught" Cohn's ghost, or dibbuk, which has held him in its power ever since, teaching him to speak Yiddish, to whip up a tasty piece gefüllte fish and to wonder why he is not circumcised. But the buddy-buddy symbiosis of the German possessed by the Jew (or is it the other way around?) is interrupted when Schatz, now a police chief, must solve the murders of 22 men who have died pantsless but smiling in ecstasy. It is at this point that novelist Romain Gary choreographs ***The Dance of Genghis Cohn*** (World) from a blackly humorous *pas de deux* into a nightmarishly hilarious dervish whirl. Suddenly, satiric humor and ironic exaggeration are transformed into allegory. The 22 victims have been lured to their deaths by the sexual invitation of Lily, a nymphomaniac who has left her noble husband for Florian, an impotent gamekeeper and the actual murderer. Florian, of course, represents death and/or the Devil. Lily is German *Kultur*, the perfect absolute of truth and beauty to which, Gary charges, the Germans were willing to sacrifice 6,000,000 Jews, not to mention millions of other victims. "Remember," Florian points out to Lily when she complains about some

The copier for people who bring business home.



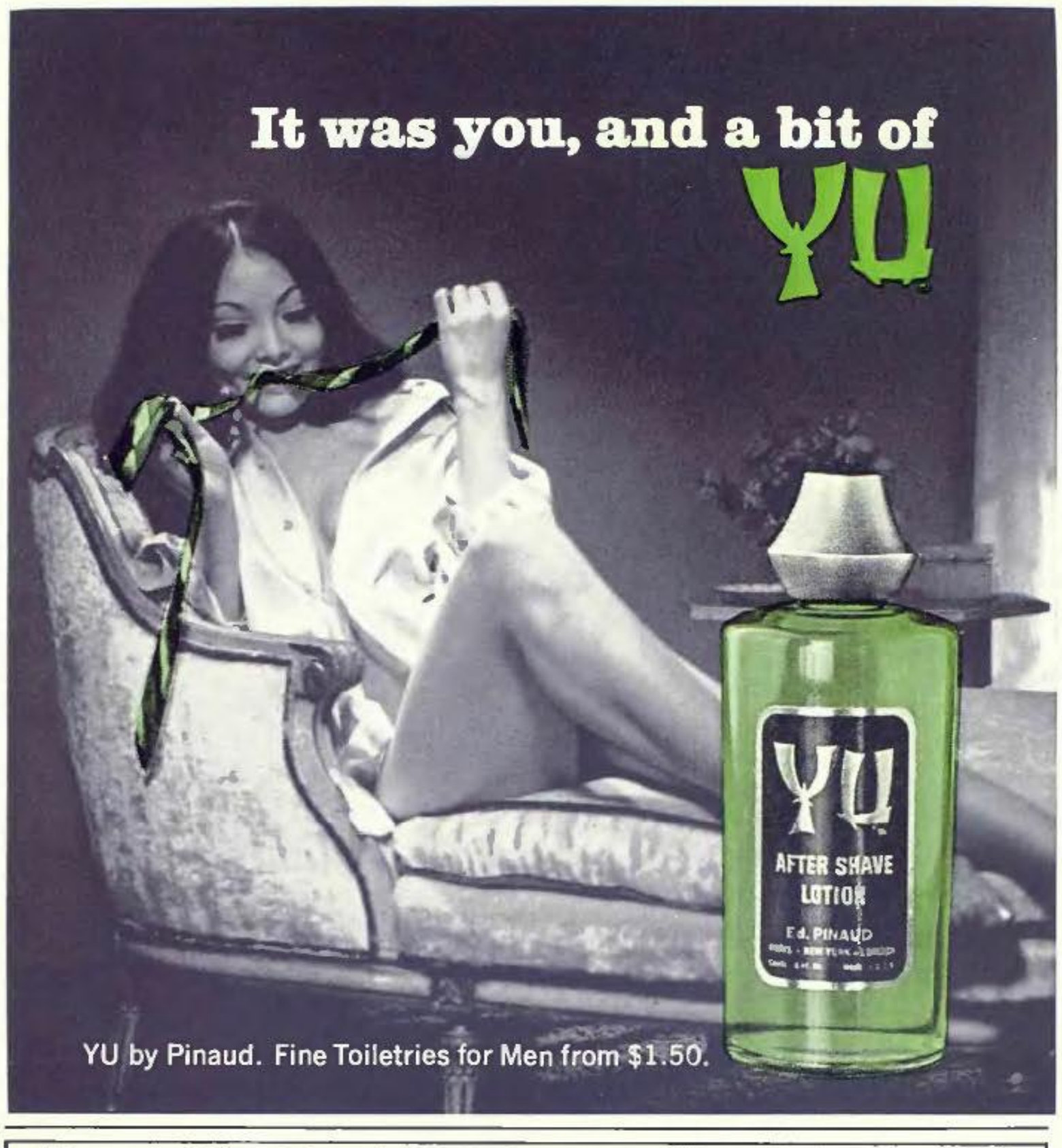
Chances are the copier at your office is a bit too heavy to lug home for the weekend. So now we've designed a compact copier you use at home or anywhere—the remarkable new COPYMATE.

COPYMATE requires no liquids or chemicals. It is completely dry. Produces sharp black-on-white copies on 8″ x 10″ COPYMATE Paper from any original up to 8½″ x 11″. In less than one minute. Copies everything, all colors, even pages in books. So easy to use—just two steps with automatic timer. And COPYMATE weighs only 8 pounds for easy carrying. Just plug it in anywhere. Price: $29.95.

GRAPHIC PRODUCTS, INC.
A SUBSIDIARY OF TRANSOGRAM CO., INC.
200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010

Buy COPYMATE and COPYMATE PAPER at better stores everywhere.

COPYMATE®
The $29.95 Dry Copier



suit yourself

Playboy accents the well-dressed man in you. Step out with gleaming rhodium jewelry—cuff links, tie bar, tie tack and key chain. Each bears the emblem of the sly Rabbit silhouetted in lustrous black. Fine fastenings for that finished look. Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.



Cuff Links and Tie Tack Set, JY100, **$7**

Cuff Links, JY102, **$5**

Tie Tack, JY101, **$2.50**

Cuff Links and Tie Bar Set, JY103, **$8**

Tie Bar, JY104, **$3.50**

Key Chain, JY105, **$3.50**

Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products**, Department JB1401, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key-Cards.

men's techniques of lovemaking, "when it's done through idealism, nothing is disgusting. They killed millions for the love of Christ. Millions for the love of Germany, or of France. . . . No matter what horrors they perform, they are merely making love to you. They are trying to make you come." And Gary suggests that in the nuclear era, something more than Nazism or a war in Vietnam will be needed to bring Lily to her cataclysmic orgasm. Shapeless, fanciful and with a tendency to repeat itself toward the end, Gary's allegory of love and evil is saved by its wildly bitter humor, its inventiveness and its insights. His book is like a dialog between Faust and Mephistopheles—ad-libbed by Rowan and Martin.

•

The Jeweler's Eye (Putnam) is a collection of newspaper and magazine articles by William Buckley, who relishes his role as the Peck's Bad Boy of political polemics. The title of the book comes from his own immodest self-description as "a perfectly average middle-aged American with, however, a jeweler's eye for political truths." Some have accused Buckley of looking through the wrong end of his jeweler's lens, but there's no denying that he focuses a good deal of heat, if little light, on the unfortunate objects of his scrutiny. "All of us are very much in the grip of contemporary historical judgments," he writes. "History selects its heroes and its villains and few of us resist participation either at the parade or at the guillotine." As an entertainment, Buckley seems to prefer the latter. Thronging his tumbrels in this volume are such varied victims as Eleanor Roosevelt, Bobby Kennedy, the Beatles, John Lindsay, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and *The Playboy Philosophy*. Never does he depart from his mission as a literary executioner—and flayer of liberal dragons—not even when he is trying to be kind. After the assassination of Martin Luther King, Buckley deplored the act, but went on to suggest that Dr. King did, after all, have his faults, "a terribly mistaken judgment above all," since he had had the temerity to claim that the United States was fighting an immoral war in Vietnam. In similar style, he bemoaned the death of John F. Kennedy but decided that the mourning had gotten quite out of control. His plea was for moderation and objectivity when considering the life, character and works of the late President. Reasonable; yet on the next page, at Douglas MacArthur's death side, Buckley writes, "Such men spring from the loins of nations in whose blood courage runs." Was that a tear in the jeweler's bloodshot eye?

•

One expects provocative stirrings from Marya Mannes. One gets them in









Which car costs less than $10,000?

If you have especially sharp eyes, you'll notice the little telltale emblem on the car in the upper right hand corner.

It says VW. (Which is your first clue.)

But even though the Maserati Ghibli (lower left), the ISO S-4 (upper left) and the DeTomaso Mangusta (lower right) are $10,000-plus sports cars, they have a lot in common with our $2,299* Karmann Ghia: Looks.

Which is not entirely accidental since our body was designed by the Ghia Studios of Turin, Italy, the people who build the bodies for the other three.

The difference lies under the hood.

In most $10,000 sports cars, you get a gleaming assortment of complex, precision machinery enabling you to drive at least twice as fast as most laws specify.

In the Volkswagen Karmann Ghia you get a Volkswagen.

Which is precision machinery of a slower, less troublesome variety, yet fast enough to attract the attention of every highway patrolman in the country.

So if you're looking for a beautiful $10,000 sports car that's more dependable than fast, you can get yourself a Karmann Ghia.

And over $7,000 in change.

Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E. $2,299 WEST COAST P.O.E.) LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL. WHITEWALLS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

SOUFFLE Grand Marnier



Melt 3 T of butter. Add 3 T of flour, blending thoroughly. Gradually stir in ¾ cup of hot milk. Add ¼ cup of sugar and continue stirring until sauce is thickened and smooth. Remove the pan from the fire. Beat 4 egg yolks until light and lemon-colored and add to the cream sauce. Allow it to cool for a few minutes and then add ¼ cup of Grand Marnier. Beat 5 egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold them in gently. Pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé dish which has been sprinkled with sugar. Bake in a 375 degree oven for about 30 minutes or until the soufflé is light, puffy and delicately browned. Serve at once with Grand Marnier sauce.

For a delightful sauce, steep crushed strawberries in Grand Marnier.

For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet. The complete home entertainment cook book, The Spirit of Grand Cuisine by Saul Krieg, published by Macmillan, now at your bookstore.



PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD. DEPT. 12, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

They (Doubleday), which is not so much a novel as social criticism in the guise of science fiction. The setting of her cringing new world is the mid-1970s, when everyone is mandatorily retired at 50, exiled for 10 years at 55 and liquidated at 65. The older generations are brutally divorced from society, denied communication with their offspring, doctored only by computers and forced to live with the terror of that final cutoff date. One of Miss Mannes' aging heroes says, "Like the Negroes, whose sin was color, ours was age." These "last living and breathing remnants of the tribe known as rugged individualists" are all members of an enclave of forced dropouts. The group includes a former women's editor, a painter and his earthy wife, a pop-music composer and a symphonic conductor. The burden of the novel falls upon their attempt to turn their ordeal into a cultural idyl. Miss Mannes provides an abundance of tender sentiment and acerbic wit ("There is nothing dirty about good clean pornography") and her polished prose usually gleams. Unfortunately, the pace is funereal, not because of the subject matter but because of the scarcity of plot material. Yet, ideas are on the march, even if dirgefully, and that rates a salute.

•

The world can be divided into two categories. Robert Benchley once wrote: those people who divide the world into two categories and those who don't. Temporarily putting himself into the former category, the distinguished diplomat and historian George F. Kennan chooses a place among those who emphasize order rather than among those who give primacy to justice. "Human justice is always imperfect," he writes. "The laws on which it bases itself are always to some extent unjust. . . . But the good order of society is something tangible and solid. There is little that can be done about men's motives; but if men can be restrained in their behavior, something is accomplished." The philosophy is intellectual and reformist—which helps explain why it infuriated so many zealots of the campus left when *The New York Times Magazine* published as an article a speech Kennan had delivered at Swarthmore. More than 200 letters hailed down upon the author, whose lengthy response is the main attraction of ***Democracy and the Student Left*** (Atlantic—Little, Brown). Measured against the original statement and a sampling of some two dozen letters that also appear here, Kennan's rejoinder marks a shift from a policy of diplomatic restraint to a doctrine of overkill. By turns patient, irritated, friendly, hostile, haughty, humble—but consistently eloquent—he disapproves of student revolutionaries, draft resisters, antiwar rioters, among other practitioners of militant "civil disobedience" who would scrap bourgeois democracy (For what? he repeatedly asks) in the search for Utopia Now. Though Kennan's devotion to "good form" sounds priggish, he says he is sympathetic to the impulse that has made many students feel "cornered by the system," as one Harvard freshman put it. Nevertheless, Kennan never allows sympathy to soften his punch. He says: "The problem is not how to make a bad system work well by abusing it: the problem is to change it in such a way that it will work well without abuse."

•

David Ely, novelist of note (*Trot, Seconds, The Tour*), comes forward now with a collection of short stories, titled ***Time Out*** (Delacorte). Included are two tales that, we are pleased to recall, first saw light in these pages—*An Angel of Mercy* and *The Academy*, a prize blood chiller. This collection confirms the fact that Ely knows how to apply his eerie originality to shorter fictional forms as to longer—not that we ever had any doubt. Two more PLAYBOY firsts are to be found in Isaac Bashevis Singer's new book of short stories, ***The Seance*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). These tales are full of miracles. If you're already a believer, you'll find them not only levitating but uplifting; if you're not, you may well be converted.

MOVIES

In ***I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!***, the flower people collide with the embattled Jewish middle class and carry off a booby prize: a Los Angeles lawyer named Harold (Peter Sellers), who begins his search for fulfillment by getting high on fudge brownies. The brownies are full of happy grass mixed according to a recipe in Miss Toklas' celebrated cookbook, and the movie is full of even happier quirks dreamed up by scenarists Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Though the film plays familiar variations on a swiftly passing scene, it plays them originally and well. As the turned-on attorney who finds the hip revolution nearly as exasperating as a long business lunch, Sellers is in top form, hanging loose but keeping cool, whether professing love for police officers or lying abed with his up-tight bride-to-be (drolly played by Joyce Van Patten), who likes to measure her sexual responses ("The earth moved") against those of a Hemingway heroine. How circumstances conspire to plant Harold behind the wheel of a psychedelically painted station wagon that serves as a hearse for his momma's late, lamented butcher is not easily explained, yet director Hy Averback's

Accutron®: Our only mistake was to make it look like a watch.

Any similarity between the Accutron timepiece and a conventional watch is purely coincidental.

Other than the fact that they both tell time, the two have little in common.

Accutron doesn't have a balance wheel, mainspring, or hairspring.

Those are the things that can make watches run wrong.

Accutron operates on the precise vibrations of an electronic-powered tuning fork.

(As the tuning fork vibrates, each second is split into 360 equal parts—where all other watches can only divide a second into 5 or 10 parts.)

And we guarantee it accurate to within a minute a month.*

So even if it looks like a watch, you can be sure it won't act like one.

ACCUTRON® by BULOVA

It goes hm-m-m-m.

Calendar "V": 14K gold filled; shock-resistant; water-resistant; date can be reset without changing time setting. $175. Others from $110.



*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron jeweler and returned to him within one year of date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

GREAT DIVIDE
Separates men from boys in "Endura-Press" oxford of 65% Dacron/ 35% cotton with soil-release . . . in 9 colors.



Available at fine stores everywhere, or write:
GOLOEN VEE Div., Piedmont Shirt Co., Inc., 4 West 33rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10001



pacing carries off every caprice with a kind of insane inevitability. In a supporting cast much too accomplished to dim their lights for a one-man show, Jo Van Fleet makes "mother" synonymous with chopped liver. And movie newcomer Leigh Taylor-Young, as a bird who grooves on brownies, is a delectable side dish all by herself.

•

The admirable French flair for keeping potboilers abubble with a saucy cinematic style is abundantly displayed in ***The Killing Game***. One scene alone deserves an award for outright impudence—when Jean-Pierre Cassel stands in the kitchen of a Swiss château, helping his matronly hostess dissect a bird and soft-selling unspeakably sensuous pleasures in every fiber of uncooked flesh. Elsewhere, *Game* seldom matches the sexy folderol of *Tom Jones*. With eyes open wide, writer-director Alain Jessua sets out to explore the limited horizons of pop art. His protagonists are a husband-and-wife cartoonist couple (Cassel and voluptuous Claudine Auger) invited by a rich young psychopath to his home in Switzerland. When ideas run short, he helps them create a murderously violent comic-strip hero in his own image. The need for "absurd, stupid worlds and images" to enliven a humdrum existence ultimately has the entire ménage confusing fact with fiction, living out their individual fantasies à la Captain Marvel. Jessua's message is admittedly a pretty special one, but rendered in bold, easy strokes by a man who knows his medium.

•

An incurable case of Beatlemania is prerequisite for all-out enjoyment of ***Yellow Submarine***, a zany cartoon feature loosely drawn from the popular Beatles tune and as uninhibited as finger painting. Under designer Heinz Edelmann, scores of artists went berserk creating an op-pop adventure fable set in a pipe dream called Pepperland. The narrative concerns some obstreperous blobs known as the Blue Meanies, who invade Pepperland, color the happy populace a rather dull shade of gray and turn off Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, the nation's only visible resource. Four characters (ringers for John, Paul, George and Ringo) comprise the band, but illogical winds prevail here, making it possible for an emissary from Pepperland to sail away to Liverpool in his yellow submarine and bring back another incarnation of the conquering Beatles. Much of this is grand nonsense for sophisticated kiddies; but we shudder in anticipation of the heavy think pieces it may inspire among grown-up social critics, soulmates of those scholars who used to argue that *Alice in Wonderland* owed everything to Sigmund Freud. If significance must be found, one might suggest that *Submarine* depicts the Beatles

BLENDED IN U.S./©1968 HOUBIGANT INC.



Give her enough Chantilly
to shake your world.

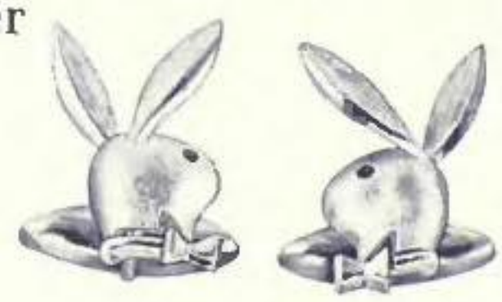
Essence de Chantilly
by Houbigant.

As shown :Dusting Powder,$5 ; Parfum de Toilette (8 oz.),$10 ; Parfum de Toilette Spraymist (refillable),$6.



mix 'n' match

Dress your cuff, trim your tie, keep your bills neatly in place. Playboy's Tie Tack, Cuff Links, Tie Bar and Money Clip are tasteful additions for your accessory collection. All with distinctive Rabbit design in Midas-toned Florentine finish. Choose any or all to enrich your wardrobe. Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.

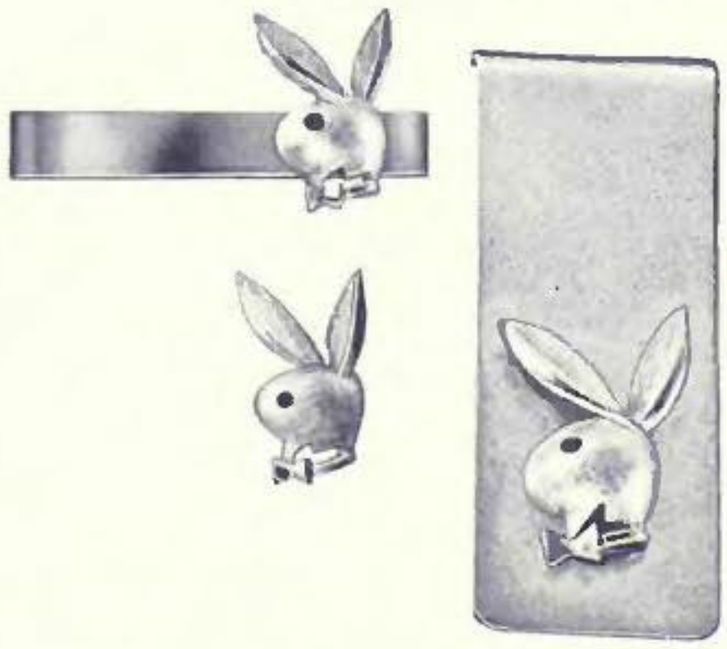


Cuff Links, JY151, **$10**

Tie Bar, JY152, **$5**

Tie Tack, JY150, **$5**

Money Clip, JY153, **$7.50**



Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: Playboy Products, Department JB1501, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key-Cards.

as messiahs for a whole insurgent generation. There's more fun, though, in taking the film on its own terms as an amiably unpretentious fantasy with a simple-minded view of life—love, joy and music *vs.* lovelessness, joylessness and Roly-Poly Blue Butterfly Stompers. Philosophically, it's hip; and the visual and verbal puns, reminiscent of Beatle Lennon's own literary style, are seemingly inexhaustible—but an adult moviegoer's patience is not. While our heroes make their way from the Sea of Holes to the Foot Hills and Head Lands, one also begins to see the hole of *Submarine*'s flimsy humor. But maybe that's how you get to be a Blue Meanie. *The Yellow Submarine* is available in book form, too (World)—presumably for those who don't like movies.

•

Cartoonists are riding high in the current crop of films, and none more so than animator Richard Williams, whose irreverent caricatures supply continuity for Tony Richardson's bold retelling of ***The Charge of the Light Brigade.*** Richardson at his peak is a brilliant director, and he daringly treats *Light Brigade* as a black comedy, using Williams' parodies of period art to mock the posturing Victorian patriotism expressed in Tennyson's familiar tribute to the valiant Six Hundred. The Crimean War, according to Richardson (via a trenchant scenario by Charles Wood, of *How I Won the War*), is a total absurdity, managed by dangerous clowns in defense of England's glory, Her Majesty's bloody honor and all that. Few antiwar epics have been quite so clever or so relentlessly cynical. An obligatory romantic triangle involving a war-loving young cavalry officer (David Hemmings) and his best friend's wife (Vanessa Redgrave) is played to perfection; but they, like all the important characters in the film, pique our interest without engaging deep sympathy. Withering scorn is what Richardson wants, and he aims his broadsides at a rogues' gallery of famous military leaders whose notions on practically any subject are the foggiest. Superb as Lord Raglan, John Gielgud bungles his command but very nearly steals the show, sniffing and fussing and forever forgetting that he's got to fight the Russians this time rather than his detested allies, the French. His closest rival in errors of judgment is Lord Cardigan (Trevor Howard), the vain, vengeful cock who dresses his hussars like London fops but abandons them during their fatal charge. Howard's particular triumph is a comic seduction scene in which—uttering scarcely a word—he persuades the ruttish young wife (Jill Bennett) of a junior officer to join him for cigars, brandy and a hilarious striptease. Despite fine color photography that lends a deathly pallor

FIND OUT IF YOU'VE ALREADY WON A 1969 REMINGTON® AUTO-HOME® SHAVER.



WITH A 1969 AMX ATTACHED.

More than 1000 chances to win in Remington's half million dollar sweepstakes —no purchase necessary!

Just tear out the illustration of the shaver and take it to a participating Remington or American Motors dealer. If the dial on the shaver matches the setting of the dial on the Auto-Home Sweepstakes display at the Remington or American Motors dealer you win one of the 100 1969 AMX cars. Specially equipped and modified AMXs hold 106 national, international and U.S. speed records.

It will come equipped with the optional performance *"Go Pack"* including 390-cu.-in. engine, 4-speed transmission and handling package. Accelerates from zero to 60 in under 7 seconds.

And with it you win a 1969 REMINGTON *Auto-Home* shaver... the most exciting electric shaver of the year.

The REMINGTON *Auto-Home* shaver has the new 78% sharper blades and the exclusive Comfort Dial. It comes in a gift case with a Soft Travel Pouch plus a 12-volt adapter for use in autos, boats, trailers or whatever your wheels are.

Or you may win one of 1000 Orrtronic auto stereo tape decks. So don't just stand there. Move out. To your nearest Remington or American Motors dealer. No purchase is required. Winning entries must be received by February 1, 1969.

REMINGTON

ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION/BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

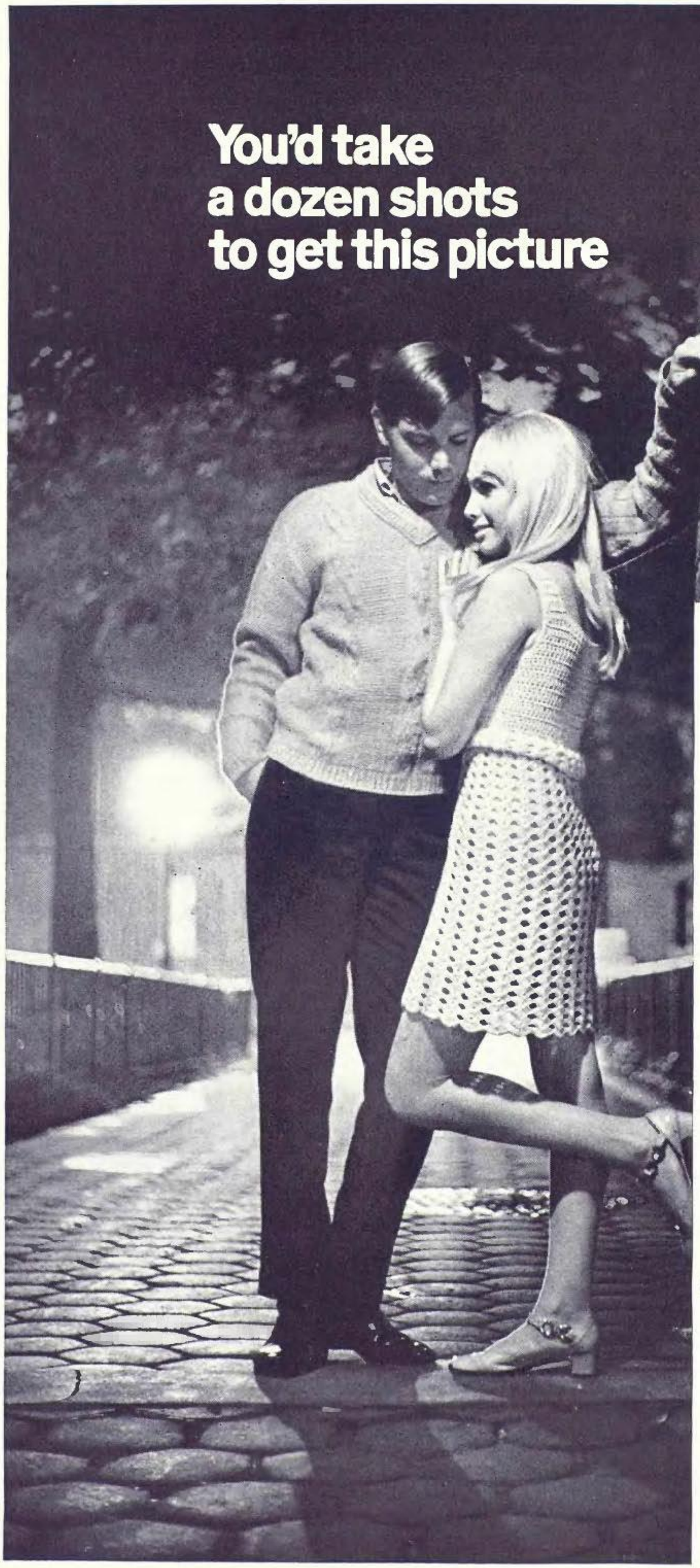


SPERRY RAND™

© 1968 Sperry Rand Corporation

RULES: If you are a winner, mail entry via registered mail, along with your name and address, to P. O. Box 604, Rosemount, Minn. 55068. Entries must be received by Feb. 1, 1969. Following validation by Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decision is final, you will receive your prize. Employees (and their families) of Sperry Rand, American Motors, their advertising agencies and Marden-Kane, Inc., are ineligible. Residents of Wisconsin & Ohio should write for a facsimile of display. To obtain one, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Remington Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 610, Rosemount, Minn. 55068. Void where prohibited by law.

You'd take a dozen shots to get this picture



With Yashica's Electro 35, one's enough

Cover photographer Charles Varon made only one exposure for this picture. Without flash. He used a Yashica Electro 35. Ordinarily, he would have "insured" himself with a dozen or more shots. But he knows the radically different electronic shutter of the Electro 35 automatically selects the precise exposure in a range of 1/500th through 30 full seconds.

He also knows the camera will take hard knocks, since its unique solid state computer is cased in epoxy. Get the picture?

With Yashinon f/1.7 lens, under **$115** plus case. Complete kit, under **$220.**



YASHICA INC., 50-17 QUEENS BOULEVARD, WOODSIDE, NEW YORK 11377 Dpt G

YASHICA

to the debacles of yesteryear, *Light Brigade*'s sprawling battle sequences offer the same old gore and, when the heat is on, the action may confuse the audience as well as the troops. Fortunately, armed with a flamboyant skepticism toward official history, Richardson excels at etching those extraordinary details that reveal more about war's idiot delights than thundering hooves and the clash of sabers.

•

The sneakiest caper in ***The Split*** is the casting of former football great Jim Brown as a criminal mastermind who holds up the box office at Los Angeles Stadium during a match between the Rams and the Green Bay Packers. The gate receipts amount to more than $500,000, and the latter half of *The Split* shows what may happen when thieves fall out. Ernest Borgnine, James Whitmore, Julie Harris and Diahann Carroll are but a few of the victims who meet violent deaths—new proof, if any was needed, that Hollywood moviemakers still find a blood bath as American as apple pie. More heartening new directions are evident in the film's treatment of Brown. He is unequivocally the star of the piece, tackling a romantic tough-guy role that ordinarily would seem a natural for Lee Marvin. Constructed like any standard crime melodrama, *Split* fields its cast of malefactors in a sociological vacuum where questions of truth or credibility become largely irrelevant. Brown plainly has a long way to go before he can match Sidney Poitier in acting ability, yet his scenes vis-à-vis Diahann, as the abused and ill-fated ex-wife who wishes their divorce would stick, leave no room for doubt that black *is* beautiful. Hardly grade A, but another small breakthrough in establishing minority rights to major movie roles.

•

In the opening scenes of ***Barbarella,*** the $3,500,000 production by Dino de Laurentiis of Jean-Claude Forest's comic striptease, a free-floating and fetching Jane Fonda as the title character languorously extricates herself from her space suit. The film's credits—featuring director Roger Vadim—spill out of the suit as Barbarella shakes it away from her until she arrives at the state of total nudity that will be her most effective weapon in the battles awaiting her. Unfortunately, this opening erotic ballet turns out to be *Barbarella*'s sexiest and most accomplished sequence. Commissioned by the president of a love-happy universe to locate an earthly scientist on an evil planet, Barbarella finds her man acting as concierge to a beautiful but perverse Black Queen, who gets her kicks dreaming her nights away in a multimedia chamber of projected pleasures and feeding lovely intruders to Hitchcockian birds. The fact that Forest's hip, sexy and willful heroine

Hush Puppies® for the go-anywhere, do-anything man.



Now there are styles that go great on almost any occasion. When you're being casually confident at the office. Or colorfully relaxed at the holiday bash. After ski, during (and after) golf, day and night, the new go-anywhere, do-anything Hush Puppies are comforting men as never before. With prices starting at $11, they make great gifts, too. Drop the hint.

Hush Puppies® BRAND CASUALS

A product of WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE

©1968, WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE, INC., ROCKFORD, MICH. 49341—makers of Hush Puppies® casuals and men's hosiery; Wolverine® shoes, boots, gloves; and Revive® shoe-care products.

A
reformed hippie
writes:



Like, man,
my search for
new intellectual
horizons was
going Nowheresville
until I switched to
Colt 45.

It succeeded where
my guru
failed.



**A completely
unique experience!**

©THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. OF BALTO., MD.
AT BALTO., MD. ALSO PHOENIX • MIAMI • DETROIT

works better on paper than on screen (see *The Bizarre Beauties of "Barbarella"* in last March's PLAYBOY) is due in part to the difference between the media: In the strip, for example, Pygar, the blind angel who assists Barbarella, is radiantly innocent; while in the movie, played by John Phillip Law, he manages to be wooden even when he isn't swinging, dangle-legged, from a winch, à la Superman. The film's apparently cardboard props give evidence that De Laurentiis' budget simply wasn't big enough to create the world of erotic wonder Forest accomplished in slight, suggestive strokes. Scriptwriter Terry (*Candy*) Southern, it is assumed, was responsible for the few flip lines, which are far more entertaining than *Barbarella*'s floppy props and finally sloppy sexiness.

•

All the trappings of an epic road-show attraction have been heaped upon **The Lion in Winter**: important names, countless costumed extras, liveried horses, location shots of wondrously grubby old castles in France and Wales. All these flourishes are easy to take—but entirely superfluous, for James Goldman's screen adaptation of his stage hit is exactly what it was on Broadway: an extremely playable historical comedy, a tantalizing duel of words between England's Henry II and his castoff queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine. In the roles originated by Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris, Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn put their spikes to every wounding syllable with the skill of seasoned adversaries who never hope to inflict anything worse than momentary paralysis. Resuming Henry's career some years after the time of *Becket*, O'Toole adds a new dimension of kingly authority to his rowdy brilliance of yore, while Miss Hepburn lets her soft heart be ruled by acrid humor under director Anthony Harvey (who filmed LeRoi Jones' *Dutchman*). The rather special quality of *Lion* is summed up by Kate in a memorable moment when her lord has left in a rage after disclosures of treason, incest and sodomy. "Well," milady muses, "what family *doesn't* have its ups and downs?"

•

A rapier-sharp performance by Daniel Massey (son of Raymond), as Noel Coward, cuts through the schmaltz of **Star!**, a gigantic musical bonbon commemorating the professional triumphs and private woes of the late Gertrude Lawrence. While Massey stealthily pilfers the acting honors with a cryptic portrayal that never descends to mere mimicry, Coward himself contributes most to the show with his nostalgic tunes and his pithy dialog. After a few shafts of Noel's wit, what remains of the script withers by comparison. The first half of the movie is, nonetheless, a lark, with Julie Andrews bouncing in Gertie's flighty footsteps through a batch of English music-hall specialties that led her from the sidewalks of Clapham to international stardom. But *Star!* ambles along for hours, and the champagne-and-caviar period finally taxes Julie's trouper instincts beyond the limits of credibility. She is supposed to be a bitchy, ambitious, egocentric charmer who refuses to understand why throwing her money away should spell bankruptcy, or why the daughter she neglects in childhood should grow up indifferent to Momma's occasional fits of loneliness. Audiences may find Gertie something of a bore off stage, despite *Star!*'s giddy assertion that she mesmerized noblemen, hoofers, men about town and financiers, one or two of whom she married. And the glossy finale, the "Jenny" number from Kurt Weill's *Lady in the Dark*, is a prime example of Hollywood overstatement *ad absurdum*. Her big solo obliterated by all those trapeze acts and tons of scenery, the temperamental Miss Lawrence would have been screaming for blood.

•

Sweden's beautiful Bibi Andersson, speaking French—and sounding sexier than ever she did in her native tongue—uses **Le Viol** (*The Rape*) to show what a first-rate actress can do with a small opportunity. Bibi's way is to relax and enjoy it, and her fetching presence lends personal excitement to an offbeat psychological thriller filmed in Stockholm by writer-director Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, French critic and cofounder of the famed periodical *Cahiers du Cinéma* (which is Holy Writ to a generation of film disciples). Though Doniol-Valcroze plainly practices what he preaches, so does everyone else nowadays, and there is little that's new in his camera angles, his playing around with erotic memories or his story. In fact, the racy misdeeds—real or imagined—of a wealthy young Parisian matron were made twice as provocative in Luis Buñuel's artful *Belle de Jour*. *Le Viol* concerns a wife, left alone in a luxury flat while her husband's gone ahunting, who is bullied, chloroformed, trussed up and ultimately teased into total submission by a mysterious assailant (Bruno Crémer). A surprise ending only hints at the whys and wherefores of a cat-and-mouse game that builds passable suspense for an hour or so, until the mouse reveals that prowling tomcats are her bag. Frankly, we weren't a bit surprised, just semiseduced by Bibi's own heady blend of sensuality and psychosis.

•

Hearts and flowers would be out of order in appraising the comeback of moviedom's hard-luck girl, Patricia Neal, whose last performance (*Hud*) won her an Oscar in 1964. Pat's strong, thoughtful, briskly intelligent portrayal of the mother in **The Subject Was Roses** stands up well against the sensitive teamwork

First Additions

Remember everyone during the holiday season—give soft-cover books from Playboy Press. Perfect to stuff a stocking, to grace the office grab bag or to provide that something extra for all the playmates on your gift list.

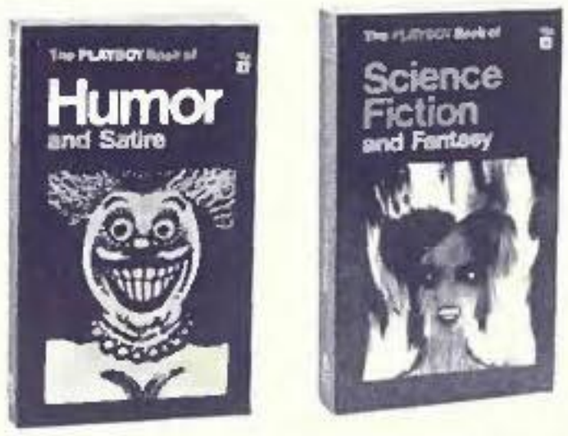




PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES, MORE PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES and **STILL MORE PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES** Limericks, jokes, cartoons—a lively trio of popular party favorites. 192 pages each. PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES, BK102; MORE PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES, BK105; STILL MORE PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES, BK108. **75c each.**

THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM, THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM 2 Hip humor for happy holidays. Two color-filled volumes of sophisticated and outrageously funny cartoons from PLAYBOY. 192 pages each. THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM, BK201; THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM 2, BK213. **$2 each.**

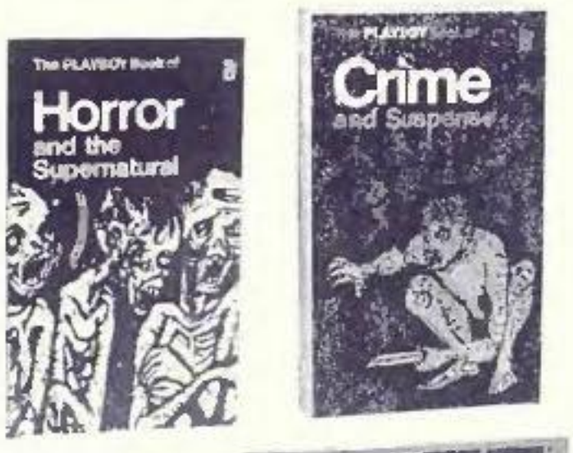


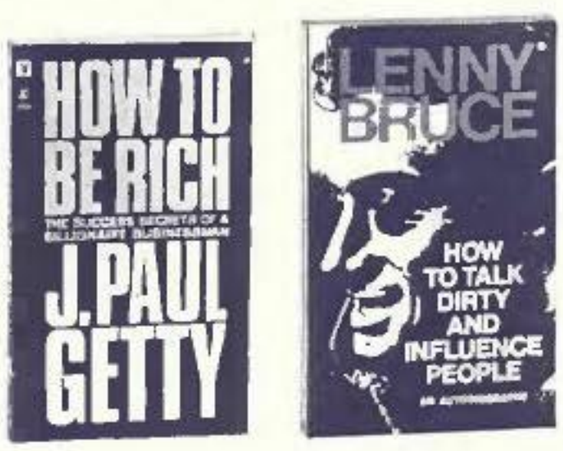


THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY NUMBER ONE, THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY NUMBER TWO Captivating collections of the finest pictorials, articles, humor, fiction and cartoons from PLAYBOY's past dozen years. The perfect pair. THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY NUMBER ONE, 192 pages (90 in full color), BK202; THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY NUMBER TWO, 198 pages (90 in full color), BK204. **$2.50 each.**

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF HUMOR AND SATIRE Over 30 wildly funny features by the biggest names in contemporary humor. 416 pages. BK120. **95c.**

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY Imaginative and prophetic stories by giants of the far-out genres. 416 pages BK115. **95c.**





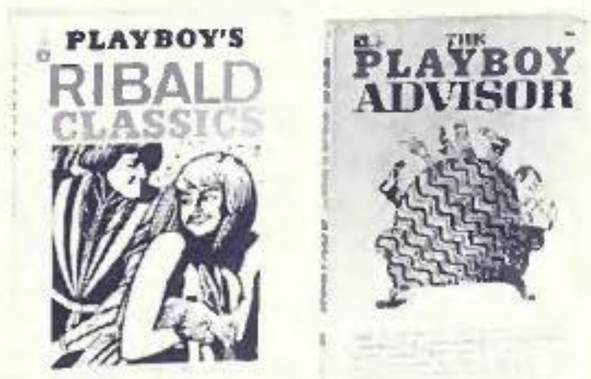
THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL Spine-tingling tales of madmen, vampires, ghouls and ghosts by modern masters of the macabre. 400 pages. BK119. **95c.**

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF CRIME AND SUSPENSE Robust reading by 26 experts on intrigue, including Ian Fleming with an exclusive James Bond adventure. 416 pages. BK116. **95c.**

HOW TO BE RICH J. Paul Getty, one of the world's richest men, talks about money and tells how to make it. 224 pages. BK112. **75c.**

HOW TO TALK DIRTY AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE The late Lenny Bruce tells it like it was in this, his unabashed autobiography. 256 pages. BK111. **75c.**





PLAYBOY'S TEEVEE JEEBIES, MORE PLAYBOY'S TEEVEE JEEBIES Two volumes of Shel Silverstein's capricious channel captions. 80 pages each. PLAYBOY'S TEEVEE JEEBIES, BK101; MORE PLAYBOY'S TEEVEE JEEBIES, BK104. **$1 each.**

PLAYBOY'S RIBALD CLASSICS 44 tales of love and laughter by the world's greatest writers. 192 pages. BK106. **75c.**

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR Provocative questions and nononsense answers from PLAYBOY's popular feature. 192 pages. BK107. **75c.**







LITTLE ANNIE FANNY A balmy blend of happy humor, timely satire and eye-arresting color. 128 pages. BK203. **$2.50.**

FEMALES BY COLE 52 wickedly gallant salutes to the delightfully opposite sex by distinguished cartoonist Jack Cole. 80 pages. BK103. **$1.**

THE BEDSIDE PLAYBOY Novelettes, short stories, interviews, humor; visual and verbal delights from PLAYBOY. 608 pages. BK114. **$1.50.**

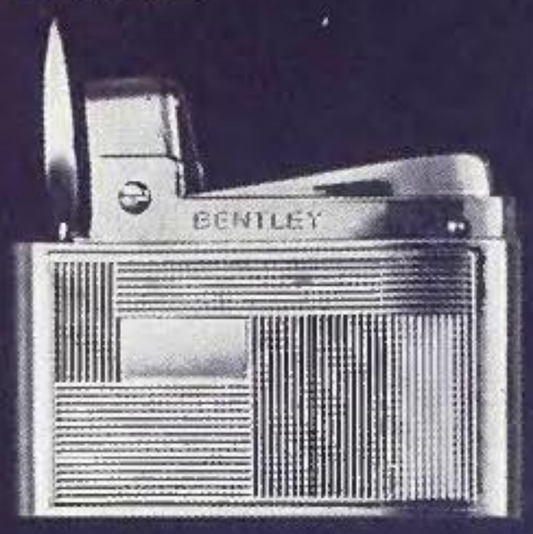
for your gift list

When ordering, list book numbers and quantity. Make check or money order payable to PLAYBOY PRESS.

Send to

PLAYBOY PRESS
The Playboy Building Dept. BF0101
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60611
Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

This beautiful Bentley will live forever



It has a replaceable heart.



The Bentley drop-in cartridge ends forever messy re-fueling. You simply drop in a fresh butane cartridge, and throw the old one away.

Each new cartridge gives thousands of lites. Also, each new cartridge has its own built-in valve, the heart of a butane lighter. It's like getting a new engine in a car each time you gas up.

Beautiful Bentleys, gift boxed, start at $4.95. Unconditionally guaranteed... no charge ever for service.



Also . . . new, patented PipeService

Fold-a-way pipe tamper, reamer and pick are built into base of lighter. $7.95

Bentley Lighter Corp., 1 W. 37 St., N.Y. 10018
Also available in Canada.

of Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen, who repeat their stage roles as father and son. If there is anything to apologize for in this film, it is director Ulu Grosbard's absolute fidelity to the tone and substance of Frank D. Gilroy's Broadway play—a surprise hit that nearly missed because of its low, low metabolism. *Roses* reads like one of those autobiographical first novels about a soldierboy who returns from World War Two and has to fight his way to manhood through a maze of unresolved family relationships. The lines of communication here are sealed by booze, religion, sex and other issues that gum up an Irish-Catholic working-class household. Essentially, it's the blame game, played across a kitchen table with plenty of time out for staring into empty cups. People talking this way can wring tears from an audience, but their tribulations come across as less satisfying and less convincing on film than on stage.

•

Deadfall, adapted by writer-director Bryan (*King Rat*) Forbes from a novel by Desmond Cory, is an uncommon thriller about love and honor among jewel thieves. Quickening a plot that seems fairly standard at first glance are a cool international crook (Michael Caine) and a mysterious beauty (Italy's exotic Giovanna Ralli), who share a weakness for sex, danger and diamonds and are wont to travel in fast cars through postcard views of the Spanish countryside. Nothing new there. The difference lies in Forbes' insistent probing of character, which finally places less emphasis on the big caper than on the tangled relationships that turn D day into a day of doom. He lets his rogues reveal themselves in verbal thrusts that have a nice biting edge. "You don't like queers?" asks the lady, at which her future colleague retorts, "I don't have to—I'm not married to one." A homosexual husband (Eric Portman, oozing elegance and gall) complicates the misdeeds afoot, and intrigue is piled upon intrigue at such a rate that it's occasionally difficult to keep the plot machinery in focus. Flagrant infidelity, incest and wartime links with the Gestapo are among the secrets spilled. Nothing, of course, appears to surprise Caine, whose face is a mask dimly illuminated by signs of sexual competence and Cockney impudence. Happily, Forbes achieves subtle irony without sacrificing suspense, and *Deadfall*'s tour-de-force scene is a robbery perfectly timed to match the rhythms of a symphonic suite (by composer John Barry) for classical guitar and orchestra—a concert attended by the unwitting victims, while crime pays to the sound of music.

•

The screen titles cautiously designate ***Paper Lion*** as an "amiable fiction," not intended as a depiction of its author,

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, BLAND, DELICATE LITTLE DAIQUIRI...



STAY AWAY FROM MYERS'S RUM.



Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., **Dept. 418,** 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

Electric accuracy came easy. It's the price that was tough.



*stays waterproof and dustproof as long as crystal, crown and back are intact.

The Electric Timex.

$39.95

Put the Electric Timex on your wrist and you get:
Electric accuracy.
No winding.
Dependability. (It's waterproof,* dustproof,* shock-resistant.)
Elegance.
This is some watch, at any price.
But at this price, it's amazing.

More people buy TIMEX®
than any other watch in the world.

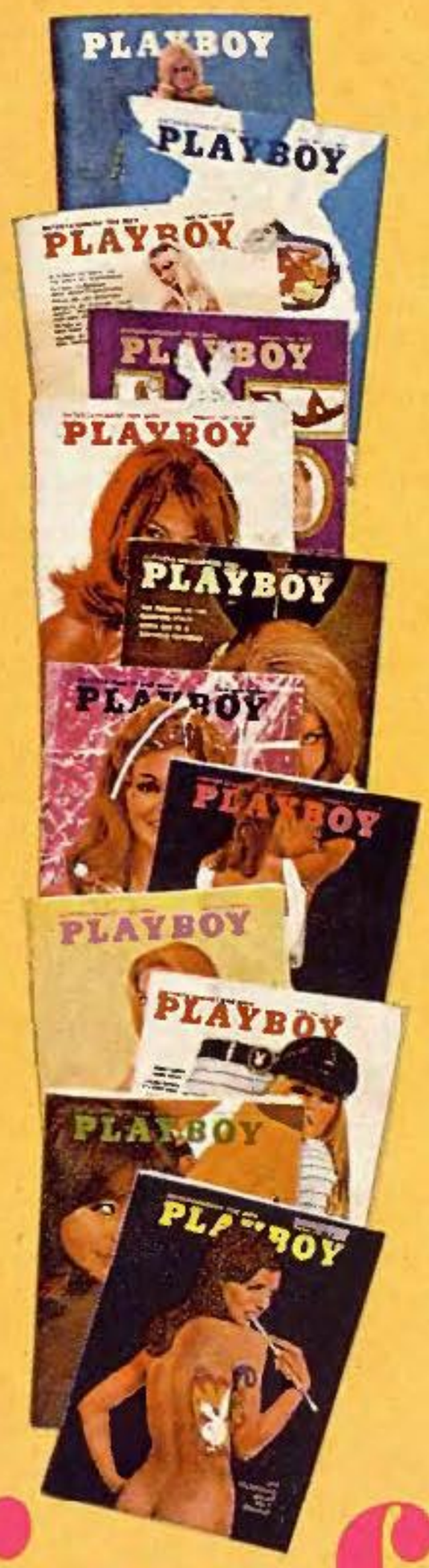


TURN ON that very special string of friends with PLAYBOY . . . the gift that keeps him glowing all year. No gift hunting—no guessing sizes or special tastes. You supply the gift list and PLAYBOY sends a dozen dazzling issues filled with the best in entertainment to please even the most discriminating man. And there's no better time to gift than now. Starting in February 1969, PLAYBOY's cover price will be $1.00—and gift rates will go up too.

OUR MERRY MESSENGER, Angela Dorian, Playmate of the Year, heralds your gift via the glittering card you see below. We'll sign it as you wish or send it along to you to deliver your own glad tidings.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, like Playmate Angela Dorian at the left, bedeck the pages of PLAYBOY—bring delight throughout his entire year, in 12 great issues.

DECORATED INSIDE AND OUT. Your handsomely wrapped gift, timed to arrive before tinsel time, begins with the big January issue. Then, it's festive unwrapping with each big $1 issue until the merry mirth-filled December '69 wrap-up (a $1.50 value).



A man without PLAYBOY is like Christmas without a tree. And it takes so little holiday green to give your friends a flock of:

- award-winning fact and fiction by greats like Stirling Moss, Norman Mailer, Irwin Shaw, Arthur C. Clarke, Saul Bellow, Ray Bradbury, Ken W. Purdy and Herbert Gald, to mention only a few.
- Probing PLAYBOY interviews with today's praminent pacemakers.
- Sound business tips and trends from financial wizard J. Paul Getty.
- wit and waggery fram Silverstein, Gahan Wilsan, Interlandi, Erich Sokol and Dedini plus the ever-amarous *Little Annie Fanny*.
- outstanding jazz and fashion issues; the finest in faod and drink; travel; sports cars; film, play, book and record reviews.
- PLUS all the other PLAYBOY features with the flavar no one can duplicate.

DON'T DELAY. ORDER TODAY. The gifts you give this year will be worth mare next year. Just $8 now far your first one-year gift (next year, $10). Only $6 for each additional one-year gift ($8 next seasan). With the single-copy price gaing ta $13.00 for 12 issues starting with February, your gift is worth mare to him, too. The more you give, the more you save—great for trimming the budget as well as a tree. For a worry-free Christmas use the postage-free envelope. Pay in '69 if yau prefer.

Great trim for any tree...PLAYBOY

This handsome card will announce yaur gift of PLAYBOY magazine.

$8 First 1-Year Gift (Save $2.00)*

PLAYBOY, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Send my gift

To: name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

gift card from "_____"

To: name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

gift card from "_____"

$6 Each Add'l 1-Year Gift (Save $4.00)*

my name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

PLEASE COMPLETE

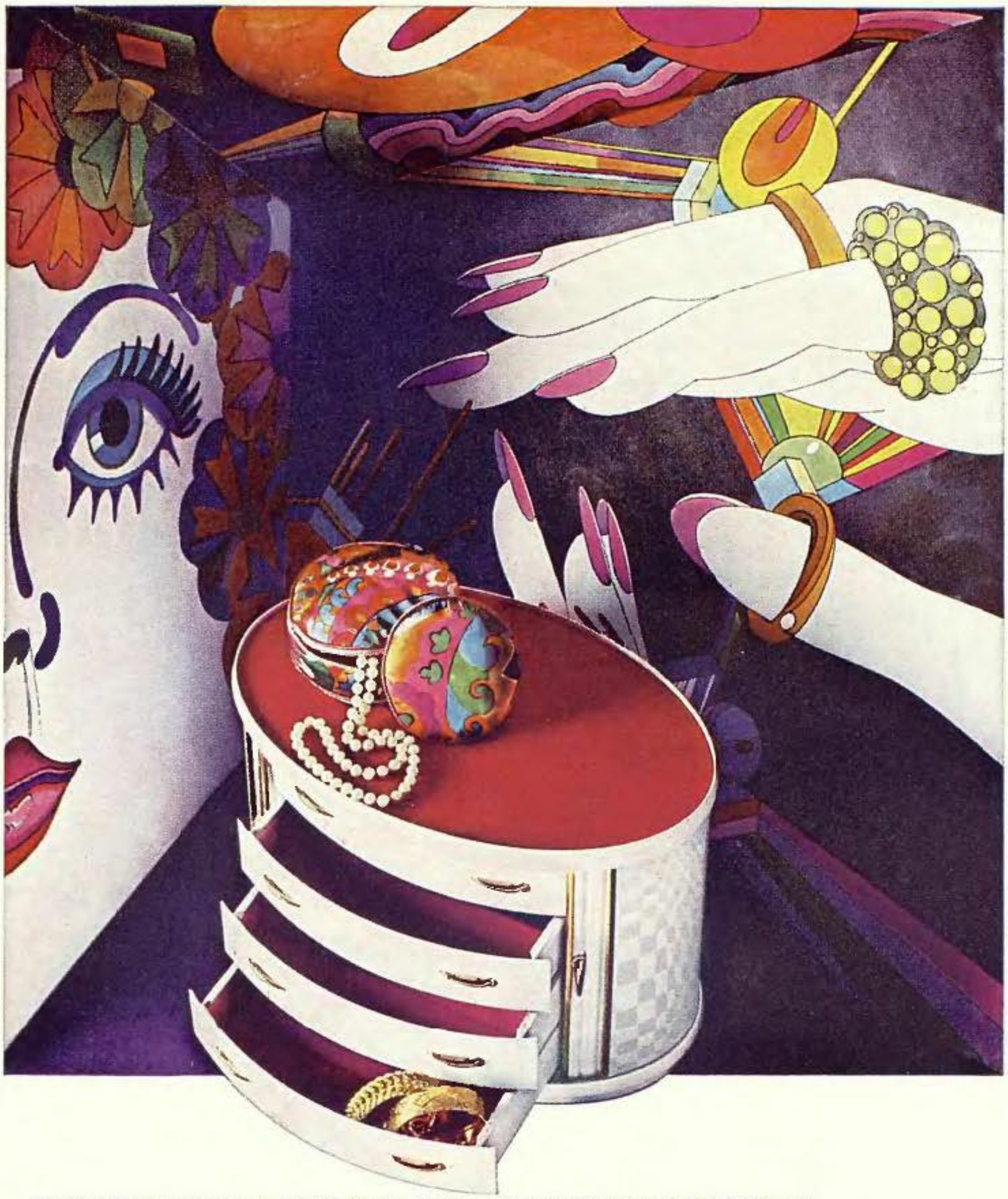
☐ Enter or ☐ renew my own subscriptian.

Total subscriptions ordered: _____.

$_____ erclased. ☐ Bill me later.

Enter additional subscriptians on separate paper.

*Based on current single-copy price. N371



THE GIFT THAT DOESN'T HAND HER THE SAME OLD LINE.

Hearts and flowers, phooey! Give it like she is, baby. Colorful. Vital. With it, this minute.

A Mele jewel case is unlike all those tried and true gifts in every way, shape and form. And, like her, it doesn't just sit there looking pretty. It will be one of the most useful, organized items in her possession.

The "Ultra Oval," above, $20. The "Printastic" traveling pouch, a fashion first, is just $2.50.

There's plenty more where that came from. From Mele. At fine stores everywhere.

"Mark I"
ivory, black. $30.





"Treasure Trove"
walnut, ivory, gold. $25.



"Magic Touch"
black, white, gold. $12.50

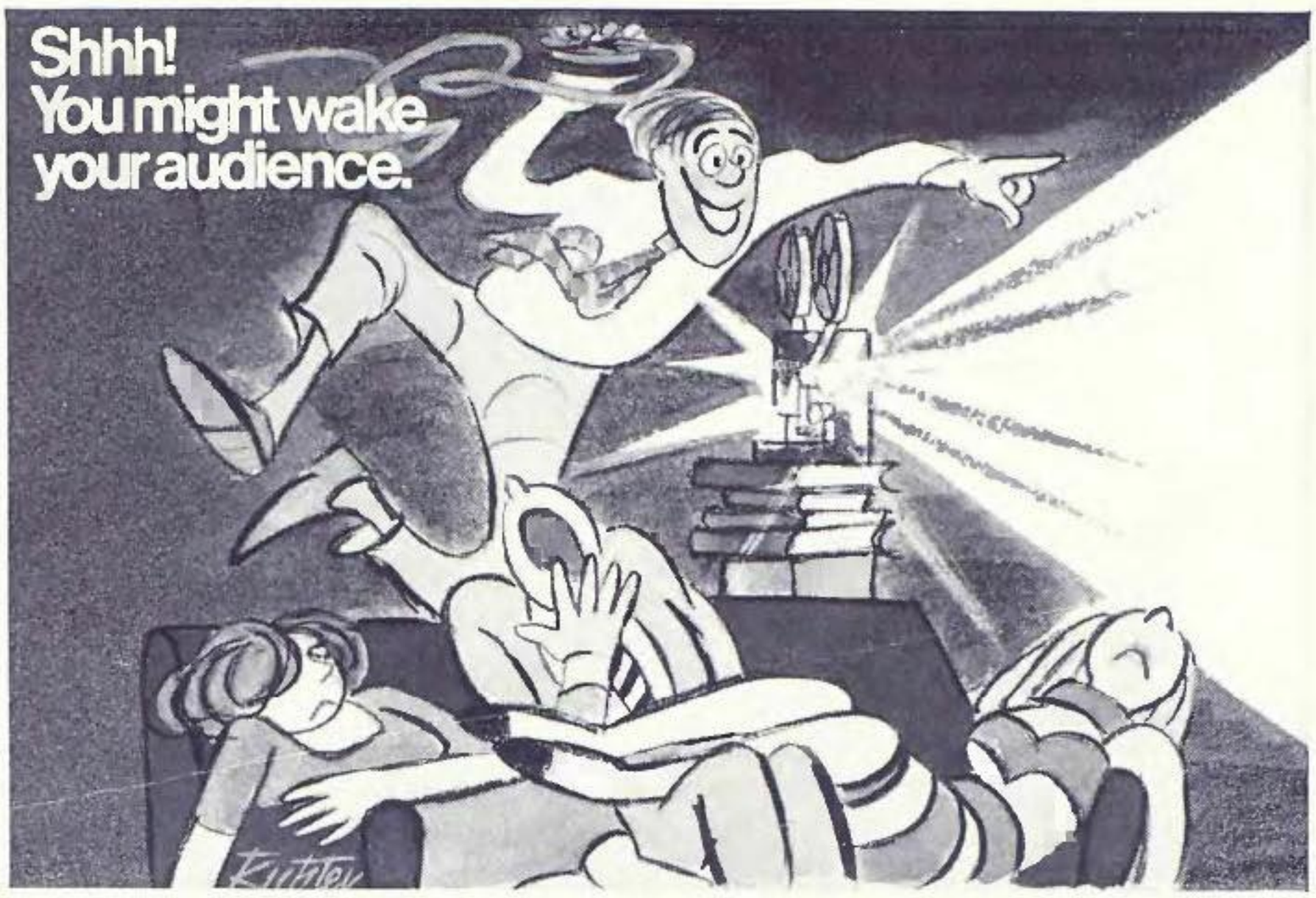
MELE®
Say Mee-Lee

New York, N. Y. 10016 Priced slightly higher on West Coast and Canada

George Plimpton. By the strongest coincidence, though, Broadway's Alan Alda plays a character named George Plimpton who even looks like the real thing —a socialite, *Paris Review* editor and tireless dilettante, sweating out a best seller from a series of magazine articles based on his adventures in professional football. The "fiction" by scenarist Lawrence Roman obviously refers to a fanciful flirtation with a stunning *Sports Illustrated* photographer (Lauren Hutton) assigned to cover his exploits on the playing field. But because the basic idea is so fresh, *Lion*'s sketchy secondary plot disappears under a blitzkrieg of laughs kicked off by a bright new team of screen comedians better known as the Detroit Lions. Burly lineman Alex Karras plays himself. So do John Gordy, Mike Lucci, coach Joe Schmidt and about 50 other coaches and players who enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion, re-creating from memory a notable time when their training camp was infiltrated by a skinny-legged intellectual from Harvard and Park Avenue. The players' resentment is understandable but ultimately gives way to grudging, then bemused acceptance of Plimpton, who combines sportsmanlike instincts with utter ineptitude on the field. His career as quarterback ends during a preseason game with St. Louis, when coach Schmidt sends him in for a disastrous but hilarious last minute of play. Alda as Plimpton captures the Mitty in all men; but the movie, by plunging headlong into the pride of the Lions in quasi-documentary style—intercepting the hail of obscenities they hurl from the bench, recording their delight in a corny drag show at training camp—manages to be more than just a smug triumph of mind over muscle. The real heroes of this insider's view of big-time sport are the earthy, aching gladiators with scars on their knees.

•

Germany, 1954. A branch of Britain's peacetime army is charged with guarding a strategic installation in case of a Soviet attack, yet the troops on duty in ***The Bofors Gun*** seldom see a Russian and scarcely need one. They are their own worst enemies, men brutalized by violence or the wasteful assumption that violence might someday, somehow, occur. This film, based on a play by John McGrath, looks with cold, brilliant realism at the psychological stresses besetting one nighttime detachment of guards. Nominally in command of their hut is an ambitious young lance bombardier (David Warner), decorously upholding authority while all tradition collapses, sick for home but eager to perform his duties without incident and pin down an appointment to officers' school. He meets his nemesis in a suicidal Irish gunner (Nicol Williamson), a congenital destroyer who so detests the



Most home movies put people to sleep. They're supposed to *move*, and most don't. So they look home-made.

Unless you take them with one of Bauer's eight Super 8 movie cameras. Because all eight offer professional features that add pace, variety and interesting effects to your movies. Depending on the model, features like: 8-to-1 *power* zoom lenses; an automatic wiping mask for fade-ins and fade-outs; and the *slowest* slow motion in Super 8. Plus bright, reflex viewing for perfect focus and thru-the-lens light metering for automatically correct exposures.

Prices range from about $50* to $420*. Bauer's three great Super 8 projectors start at about $80*. See them all at your camera dealer.

Or write for information. Allied Impex Corp., 300 Park Ave. So., New York 10010. Chicago, Dallas, Glendale, Calif.

Get even. Send us 50¢ and the name of your favorite home-movie bore. We'll send you a certificate you can award him in recognition of his talents. Maybe he'll get the message.

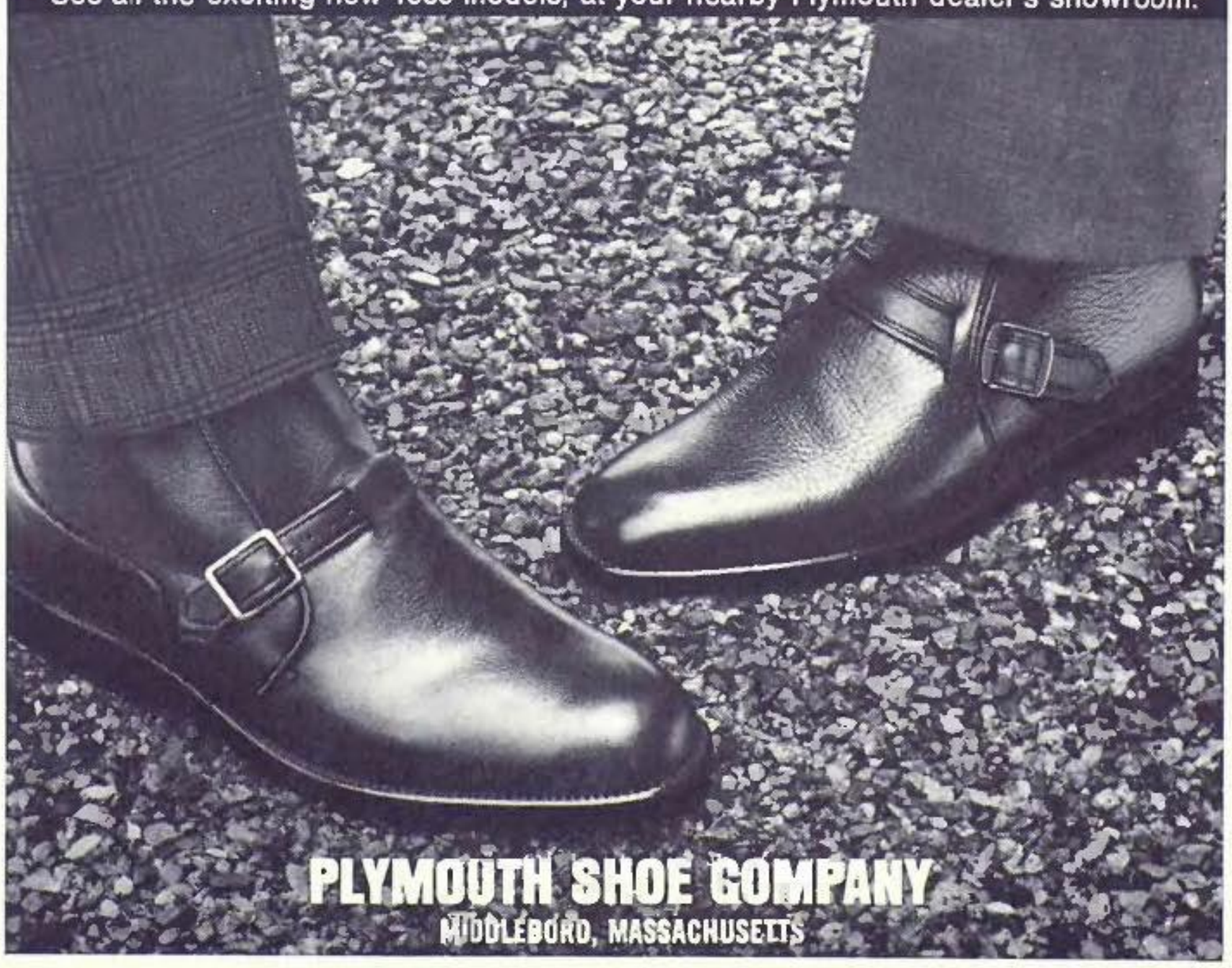


Bauer® for home movies that don't look home made

*DEALER DETERMINES PRICE IN YOUR AREA. BAUER® ROBERT BOSCH ELEKTRONIK AND PHOTOKINO GMBH

TEST WALK A PLYMOUTH.

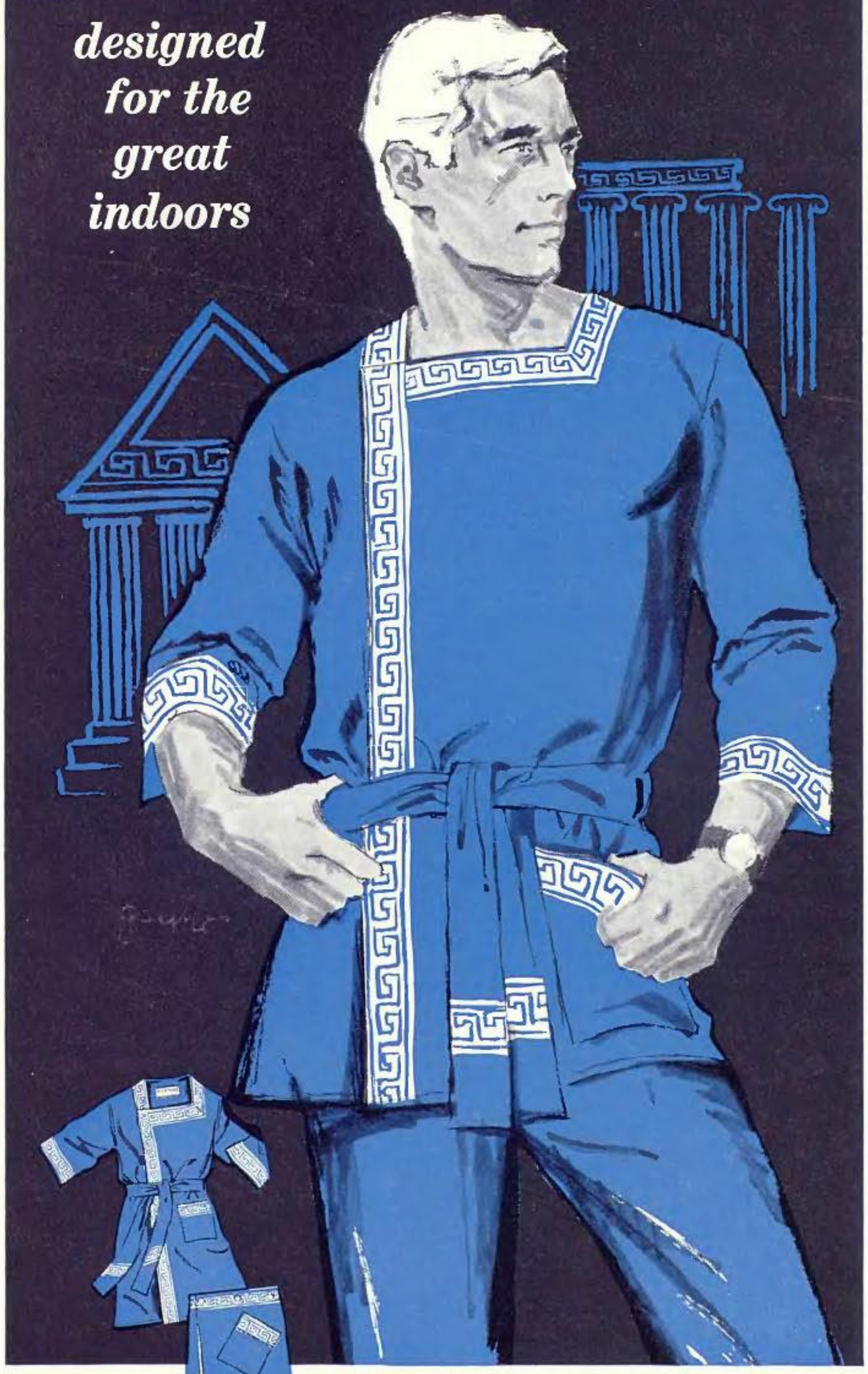
See all the exciting new 1969 models, at your nearby Plymouth dealer's showroom.



PLYMOUTH SHOE COMPANY
MIDDLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

PLEETWAY

designed for the great indoors



Zeus Loungearounds

A great way to look when you're planning important nights *in*. From the night before through the morning after Zeus stays smooth, keeps its cool in wrinkle-shedding, permanent press, 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton. One of the old-time Greek gods might have parted with his last drachma for drama like this. All you need is ten dollars and a men's wear store that's up on its lines. *Du Pont registered t.m.

Zeus wardrobe includes Patio Lounger Sizes A, B, C, D, $10.00; Matching Toga, Sizes A, B, C, D, $9.00; Terry-lined mini-wrap, $5.00 in Mediterranean Blue or Athenian Copper.
Pleetway Pajamas, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001
(A Division of Puritan Fashions Corp.) prices slightly higher on the West Coast

system that he would rather throw himself out a window than obey the boot-licking brass. Warner and Williamson (plus a feisty supporting cast headed by Ian Holm) make a long black night of it. The winner takes nothing, of course, but an audience can't lose, for these two performances fill the screen with spontaneous combustion.

•

Just to prove that it can be done with consummate professionalism from end to end, ***Funny Girl*** regenerates the tired conventions of musical biography by plugging in a live wire. Her name, of course, is Barbra Streisand. Already a Broadway legend for her superstarring debut in the life story of Fanny Brice, Barbra leaps into the movie version feet first. On roller skates. And singing. (For revealing glimpses of the fabled Ziegfeld beauties who share the screen with her, see PLAYBOY's September issue.) By now, actress and role have merged so surely that it's impossible to say where Fanny leaves off and Barbra begins. The facts of Fanny's fame, fortune and marital problems during the flapper era are given a sugary glaze, particularly when a thickening love story starts to crowd the songs and dances. But Barbra has remedies even for that; whether putting herself over as an act of defiance or putting herself down in self-defense, she is brash, vulnerable, hilarious and pathetic—a screen buffoon in the grand tradition and a surprisingly responsive romantic actress as well, opposite Omar Sharif in the waxy role of Fanny's troublesome gambler-husband Nick Arnstein (See *Omar Acts Up* on page 145 of this issue). Perhaps some credit should accrue to veteran Hollywood director William Wyler, who has never before made a musical but has pushed a score of female stars to their zeniths. Not that Barbra needs much of a push.

RECORDINGS

Donovan in Concert (Epic; also available on stereo tape) is the best LP by the Scottish rock minstrel since *Sunshine Superman*. Before an appreciative audience at the Anaheim Convention Center, Donovan displays his unaccompanied folk style on *Isle of Islay*, gets into a jazz groove on *Preachin' Love*, shows his mystical side on *Guinevere* and offers some satire on *Rules and Regulations*.

•

We don't expect the bagpipe to make any serious inroads into the soaring popularity of the sitar, but the way Rufus Harley gives out with the groovy skirls on ***A Tribute to Courage*** (Atlantic), the Scots may have to step up production. Harley limits his piping to side one (the title number, *Sunny* and *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*), but that's more than



Are you ashamed to be caught checking into the same hotel as your suitcase?



We know.

Walking a shabby suitcase across the lobby can make you wish you were invisible. That's why we made Samsonite Silhouette®.

We shaped it executive for a look that means business.

And put it together for keeps. With a sturdy lightweight magnesium frame. Hidden locks. Tough molded body of Samsonite Absolite®.

You'll find you can always put a little more into Silhouette than you expected.

The Two-Suiter shown here. Packs two suits, plus a whole load of accessories, all wrinkle-free. Only $48.50. Or choose from seven other cases for men.

Available at all fine department and specialty stores. In Deep Olive or Oxford Grey. Choose one before your next trip.

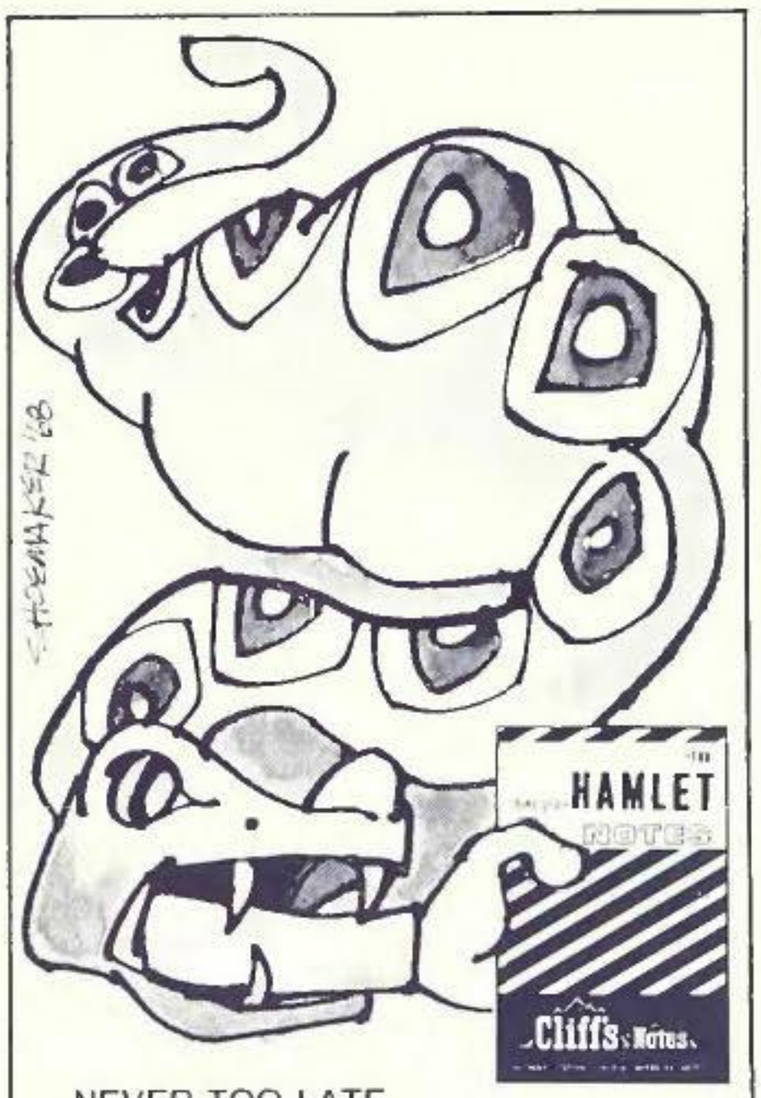
The ego you boost will be your own.

More men depend on

Samsonite®

than any other luggage on earth

Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217. Available in Canada. In Mexico through Altro, S.A.



NEVER TOO LATE
–UNDERSTANDING COMES FASTER
WITH CLIFF'S NOTES!

OVER 175 TITLES

Cliff's Notes
INCORPORATED
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA 68501

$1 AT YOUR BOOKSELLERS



it tastes expensive

...and is.

Maker's Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash
Distilled, aged and bottled by the STAR HILL DISTILLING CO. on Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

90 proof • Star Hill Distilling Co., Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Ky.

enough time for him to demonstrate that the bagpipe is not an ill wind that nobody blows good. Side two finds Harley acquitting himself admirably on flute, tenor and soprano saxes; however, Harley's bagpipe bag is the attention-getter.

•

Waylon Jennings doesn't quite measure up to the title of ***Only the Greatest*** (Victor; also available on stereo tape), but he does offer plenty of gutsy country music on the likes of *Walk On Out of My Mind*, *Kentucky Woman* and *You'll Think of Me*. A country-and-western reissue that isn't a bit dated is Hank Williams' ***In the Beginning*** (MGM; also available on stereo tape). These 11 tracks, including spirituals such as *Wealth Won't Save Your Soul* and worldly ballads such as *My Love for You*, have the timeless quality of all great folk art.

•

It's medley time with Ella Fitzgerald. Backed by a Benny Carter–led septet, the magnificent Miss Fitz stirs up surging waves of nostalgia on ***30 by Ella*** (Capitol). The LP is made up of a half dozen medleys, each containing six oldies (the instrumentalists take over for one item a set). Whatever your pop predilections, it's better than even money that Fitzgerald & Co. have reprised some of your favorite evergreens.

•

We'll admit it; we're a sucker for W. C. Fields. We even dig good Fields imitations. Which is why we flipped over ***Uncle Bill Socks It to Ya*** (Dot). Burt Wilson supplies the voice as "W. C." runs through such contemporary odes as *The Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Mighty Quinn*, *Here Comes the Judge* and *Yummy, Yummy, Yummy*, interspersing an insane assortment of drolleries. W. C. Fields is alive and well on Dot records.

•

Richly rewarding is ***Mercy, Mercy*** (Pacific Jazz; also available on stereo tape), recorded live at Caesar's Palace by the Buddy Rich Big Band. The tempo is almost always up, up and away, the ensemble work—even at fever pitch—is a joy to the ear and the occasional solos are skilled and inventive. Rich, of course, does a heroic job of leading his men into battle; a balladic *Alfie* provides the only respite throughout.

•

It Crawled into My Hand, Honest (Reprise; also available on stereo tape) shows that the Fugs have come a long way from their rude, crude beginnings. Whether singing harmless nonsense lyrics, *Ramses II Is Dead, My Love*, or taking aim at the squares, *Johnny Pissoff Meets the Red Angel*, Sanders, Kupferberg & Co. are consistently entertaining; what's more, they've acquired a surprising amount of musical know-how, as they demonstrate on *When the Mode of the Music Changes* and *Claude Pelieu and J. J. Lebel Discuss the Early Verlaine Bread Crust Fragments*. Another product of the folk-rock movement who combines lyrical ingenuity with musical dexterity, but in a much more serious way, is Janis Ian; she seems to improve with each release, and the mistitled ***The Secret Life of J. Eddy Fink*** (Verve; also available on stereo tape) is no exception. Miss Ian gets down to the nitty-gritty on *12nd St. Psycho Blues* and reveals a new, jazz-oriented style on *Mistaken Identity*.

•

After nearly four decades on the shelf, Shostakovich's ***Second and Third Symphonies*** (Victor) have been dusted off and recorded by conductor Morton Gould and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and it's about time. The music is full of the jaunty irreverence, joyful cacophonies and wry melodic gusto typical of Shostakovich prior to his run-in at the age of 29 with Stalin's artistic censors. These youthful symphonies are subtitled *To October* and *May Day*, and each concludes with a rousing chorus. Gould's lusty British singers sound as if they all hailed from the far side of the Volga.

•

One of the unusual features of that unusual film ***Chappaqua,*** Conrad Rooks' movie catharsis, is its Ravi Shankar score. (See pages 37 and 38 for a review of Shankar's autobiography.) The eminent sitarist, who performs throughout the Columbia sound-track LP, has managed to merge East and West in a kind of mystical, mesmeric portrait of Rooks' journey through the world of drugs.

•

Songwriter-vocalist Nilsson, whose earlier album was accompanied by balloons, buttons and other distracting trivia, flies without impedance on ***Aerial Ballet*** (Victor; also available on stereo tape). His childlike ballads are sometimes sentimental fairy tales, such as *Daddy's Song* and *Little Cowboy*; others, such as *Don't Leave Me* and *One*, have more to say, and Nilsson delivers them in a clear, articulate manner.

•

Plug Me In (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) finds Eddie Harris exploring the jazz capabilities of the electronically amplified tenor sax, with listeners the lucky beneficiaries of his discoveries. Behind him is a driving aggregation led by Charles Stepney. It's all original material, by either Harris or Stepney, and it permits Eddie to put on a dazzling display of instrumental virtuosity.

•

Solomon Burke, who may be the world's top soul singer, outdoes himself on ***I Wish I Knew*** (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape). Burke, whose forte is understatement, has an appropriate voice for each song. He rocks the house on *What'd I Say*, displays some country-style crooning on *Why, Why, Why*, gets into a Gospel bag on the title tune,

If you still think stereo is a phonograph, hop in your Edsel and go.

There's a much better way to play stereo recordings than on a phonograph. A newer way. An easier way. A better sounding way.

With the Ampex Micro 85 stereo cassette tape player/recorder. Which is a long way of saying a complete stereo sound system.

Our Micro 85 *plays* and *records* on cassettes, little tiny tapes sealed in plastic cases.

A cassette, unlike a record, never warps, scratches or wears out.

You just snap in a pre-recorded cassette, push a button and listen. Or record whatever you like on a blank cassette.

There are matched oiled-walnut speakers, push-button controls, inputs and outputs, stereo mikes and VU meter (for perfect recording), the works.

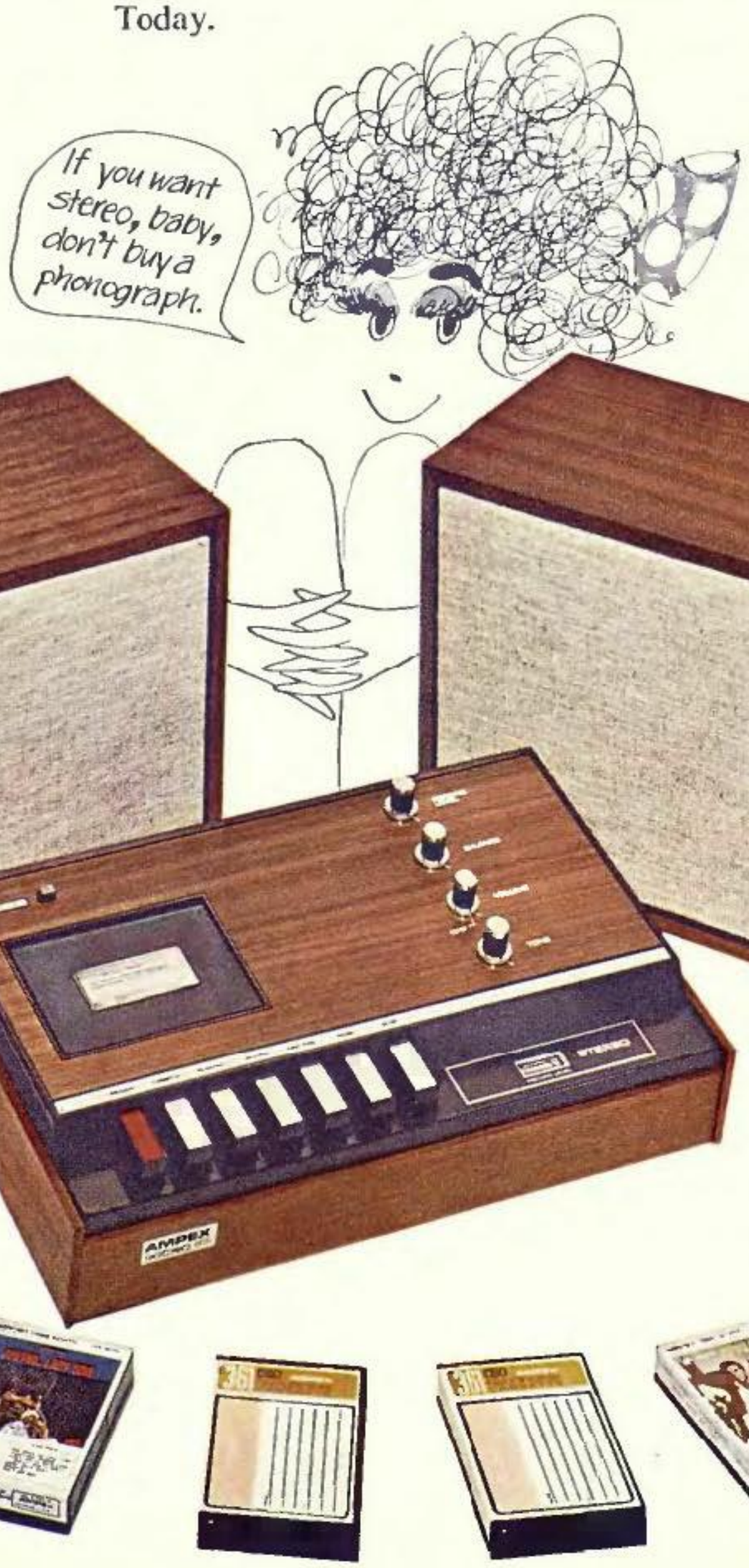
So if you still want to buy a phonograph, hop in your Edsel and get one. But for a stereo system that's as up-to-date as tomorrow, see the Ampex Micro 85.

Today.

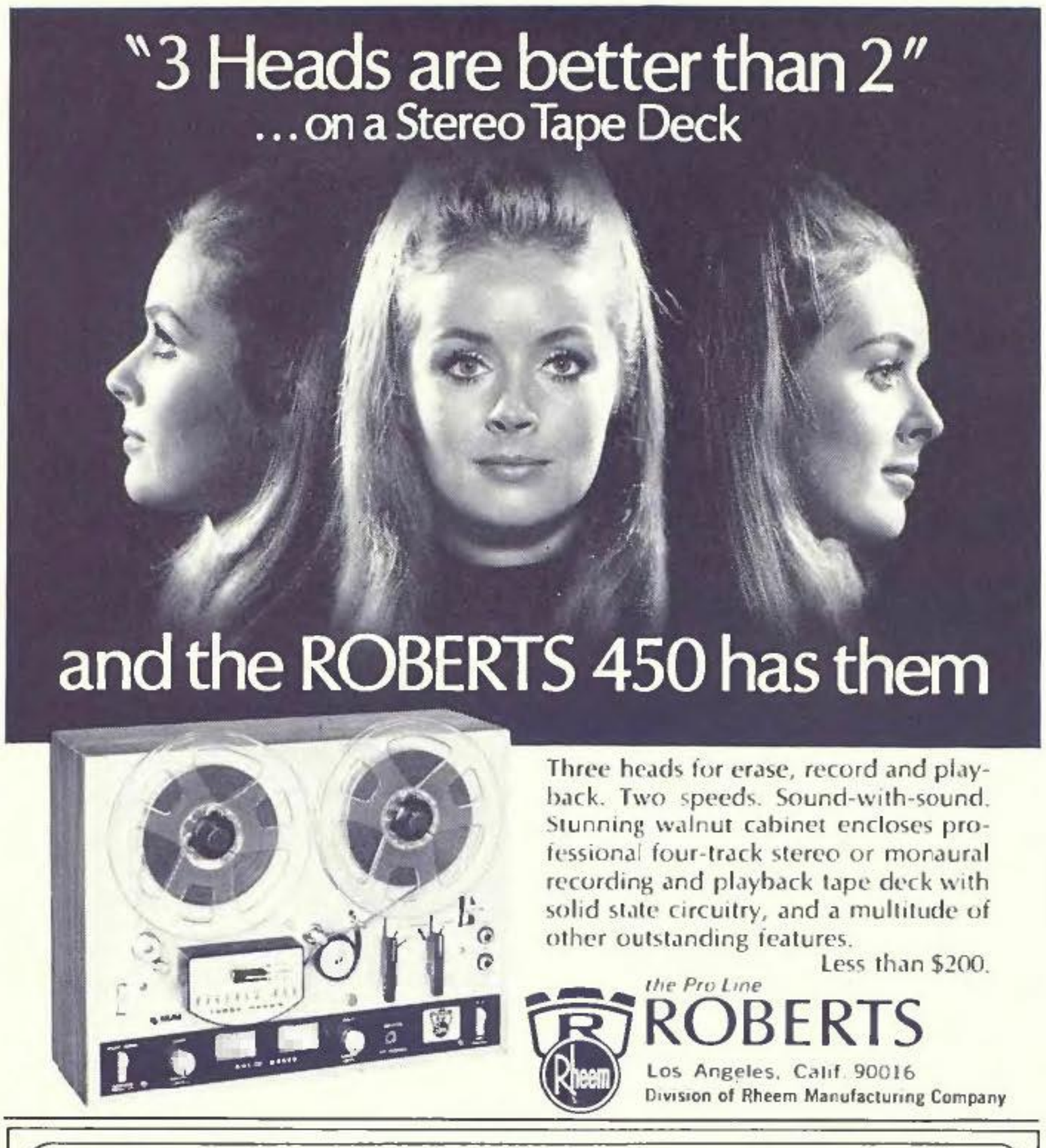
We'll give you over $30 worth of cassettes when you buy the new way to go stereo. And, we'll give you a big full color poster of Herb Alpert just for getting a demonstration at your Ampex dealer!

AMPEX

AMPEX CORPORATION
CONSUMER EQUIPMENT DIVISION
2201 LUNT AVENUE
ELK GROVE, ILLINOIS 60007



"3 Heads are better than 2"
...on a Stereo Tape Deck



and the ROBERTS 450 has them

Three heads for erase, record and playback. Two speeds. Sound-with-sound. Stunning walnut cabinet encloses professional four-track stereo or monaural recording and playback tape deck with solid state circuitry, and a multitude of other outstanding features.
Less than $200.

the Pro Line
ROBERTS
Los Angeles, Calif. 90016
Division of Rheem Manufacturing Company

teaming up

Playboy Warm-Up Shirts, the newest action-ready gear for guys and gals. The rugged good looks of fine cotton outside, soft, absorbent double-brushed fleece inside. The rollicking Rabbit is embroidered in white on black or black on white, chili, bright gold and emerald. S, M, L, XL sizes. Short Sleeve, WA106, **$4.50**; Long Sleeve, WA107, **$5.** Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.



Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products,** Department WB040 Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key-Cards.

shows his command of the blues on *Since I Met You Baby* and defies categorization as he slowly builds to a climax on *By the Time I Get to Phoenix.*

•

Fatha and the Rabbit have joined forces once more and the partnership of these jazz giants proves better than ever. ***Hodges & Hines / Swing's Our Thing*** (Verve) finds the twosome reinforced with a quintet of sidemen from the Ellington orchestra. The mixture of oldies (*Mean to Me* and *Over the Rainbow*) and originals is a potent one as alto man and pianist push each other to Olympian heights. Forget the snows of yesteryear; this is where it's at.

•

Religion may or may not be outmoded, but the Gospel continues to flourish in the hands of devotees such as Alice McClarity, whose church-sized voice makes it all seem real on ***One Life*** (Verve), whether she's lingering on the tones of a hymn such as *Climb Ev'ry Mountain* or slowly rocking toward heaven on *Every Time I Feel the Spirit.* An earthier brand of Gospel is the ***Good News*** (Jewel) brought by The Mighty Stars of Harmony, whose stylized but energetic performances on *Jesus Prays* and *I Got to Answer to the Lord* put most rock singing groups to shame.

•

One side of ***Super Session*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) finds organist-producer Al Kooper backing guitarist Mike Bloomfield on five blues improvisations; on the reverse, Bloomfield is replaced by Steve Stills of the disbanded Buffalo Springfield. Bloomfield is a fine blues-rock technician, as he shows on *Stop;* when he gets into a jazz bag, as on *His Holy Modal Majesty,* his technique outweighs his inspiration. The second side is dominated by Kooper's solid keyboard work and less-than-solid singing on *Season of the Witch* and a psychedelic *You Don't Love Me.*

•

What with pianist Herbie Hancock alternating on electric piano and guitarist George Benson being added on *Paraphernalia,* the Miles Davis group presents a different sound on ***Miles in the Sky*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape). Davis seems to be getting considerable bite into his attack these days, so the effect is much more robust than one has come to expect from the combo.

•

There's a very special quality in Morgana King's voice, a certain I've-paid-my-dues aura that permeates even the up-tempo numbers. The tunes on ***I Know How It Feels to Be Lonely*** (Verve) are almost all top caliber, with Lennon and McCartney, Simon, Webb and Donovan making major contributions; but no matter what the song, it's obvious that the King can do no wrong.



We made the Explorer because we wanted to see the hard working foot get a well deserved break.

The Explorer is a kind of moccasin's moccasin. It's got the foam cushion inner sole you expect from moccasins. But it comes in 4 colors and in a much finer, more supple leather. Which means that it'll stay more comfortable and better looking longer.

Besides, the Explorer goes for $7. At prices like that you can afford to give your feet a little time off.

JIFFIES®
LEISURE FOOTWEAR FOR MEN

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Give your feet some time off.

Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!



The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girl (500 miles away, alas) signs her letters to me "Love and XXXXXs," with each X symbolizing a kiss. I've been wondering how X came to symbolize a buss.—M. A., Madison, Wisconsin.

During the Middle Ages, illiteracy was the rule among commoners, and they used a cross, or X (after the sign of Saint Andrew, who was martyred on a cross of that shape), as their signature. When signing documents in such a manner, people would kiss the paper to show their sincerity. Before long, the kiss and the cross became synonymous; and osculators have long since forgotten about poor Saint Andrew as they've XXXXXXXed along their merry way.

I'll be going into the Army shortly and, because I've grown really attached to my Sting Ray, I'd rather store it than sell it. What precautions should be taken?—R. R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

First, drain the gas tank and run the engine until the carburetor and fuel pump are empty. (Some car experts recommend that you then put kerosene in the tank and run the engine until it dies, so that kerosene will be left in the carburetor and fuel lines, thus lessening the chances of their becoming gummed up.) Next, yank the sparkplugs and put about one half ounce of engine oil into each cylinder; turn the engine over several times with the starter motor so that a coating of oil is left on the cylinder walls. Drain the radiator and engine block; fill the differential, transmission and engine to operating capacity with appropriate lubricants. Release the hand brake and inflate the tires to just above the recommended pressures. Clean the upholstery, wash and wax the car and cover the chrome trim with Vaseline or a light oil. Paint or aerosal-spray all rubber weather stripping around doors, the trunk lid, etc., with a silicone-rubber lubricant. Remove the battery and give it away. Cover the car and, last but not least, keep a list of all the precautions you've taken.

A girl with whom I've been going steady for two years is becoming interested in another man, but I'm still crazy about her. A close friend of hers has advised me that my girl has gotten tired of me because I'm too nice to her. It seems the other guy treats her badly some of the time, and she finds this exciting. My girl's friend advises me that if I start getting a little rough with her, this is likely to win her back. Do you think this is good advice?—R. B., New York, New York.

No. If you did win your girl back that way, it wouldn't be you she was coming back to but a role you were playing. Furthermore, your girl sounds like she may be carrying a masochist bag, and you'll never relate to a masochist unless you're a sadist. Good relationships are not built on game playing; they're built on finding people who groove with you as you are. And vice versa.

Is there really a "Red Muslim" movement among American Indians, or is this just a hoax that some hippies or Provos invented to freak out suburbia?—D. B., Evanston, Illinois.

Many of the young Indians who belong to such organizations as the National Congress of American Indians and the National Indian Youth Council jokingly refer to themselves as "Red Muslims." The term has no official status and those who use it have not converted to the Mohammedan religion. They are merely emphasizing that their aim is independence from white society rather than integration into it.

One evening my date, whom I'd been seeing regularly, and I visited a local cocktail lounge. Surprisingly, she got quite stoned and we left. We drove out to a quiet spot in the country where, in time, she apparently sobered up. She then began kissing me profusely. I returned the favors with delight and soon we went all the way. From that day to this, she has not spoken to me nor even looked at me. My impression is that she thinks I took unfair advantage of her, which is simply not true. I would like to resume our relationship but don't know where to begin. Can PLAYBOY offer a solution?—M. F., Charlotte, North Carolina.

Begin by calling to ask her to lunch or a coffee date. Persist in letting her know you are interested in her, not solely in sex with her, and that she's someone you hope to continue dating. She is probably worried about what you think of her and full of her own doubts and guilts. If you let her know you want to keep seeing her, her confidence in both of you will be restored and she will gradually realize that what you had together that night in the car was just one kind of good time.

How are jewels used in watches? Is a 39-jewel watch really much different from a 17-jewel or a no-jewel watch?—R. K., Joplin, Missouri.

The main quality of a timepiece is accuracy, and its enemy is friction. The jewels in watches are small synthetic rubies or sapphires that rate high on the hardness scale, just below diamonds. They are used as bearings and help prevent the deterioration that results from metal rubbing against metal. Another



the 'forbidden' fragrance



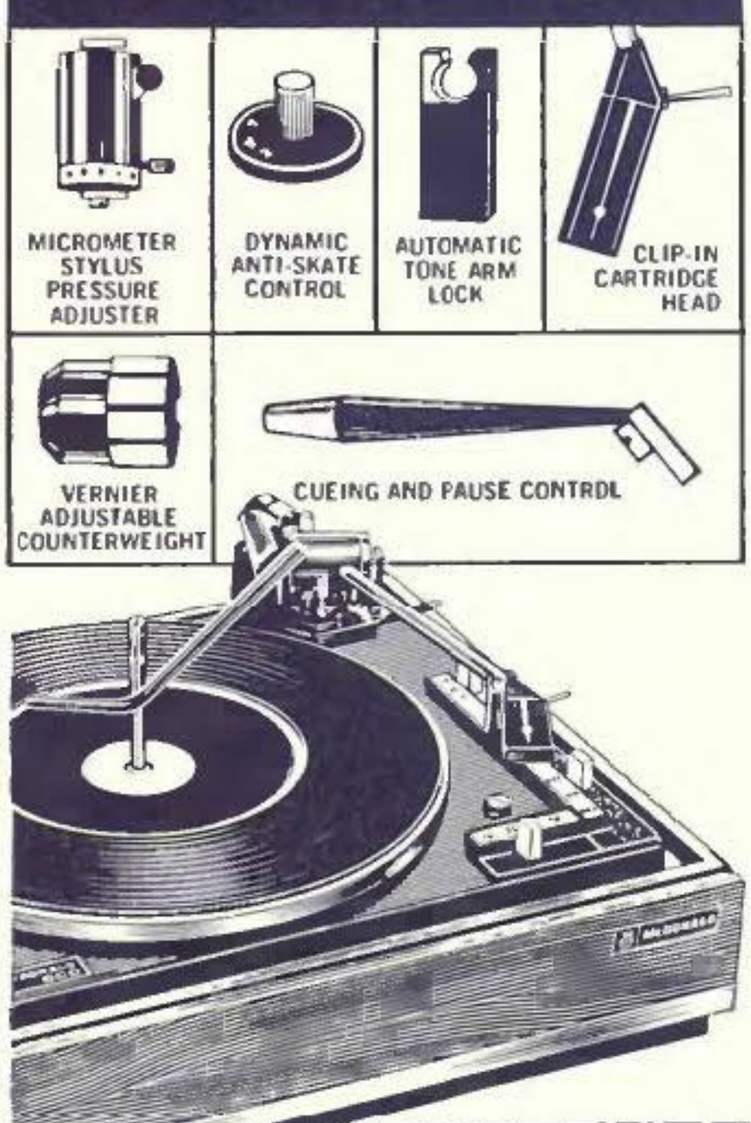
Dana

PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE
LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

©DANA PERFUMES CORP., 1963

Be an expert on how to select the best automatic turntable.

A true hi-fidelity automatic turntable is a precision built mechanism with many many parts, each of which has a very special function to perform. Very often, to save money in manufacturing, some companies either compromise on the quality of these parts, or leave certain of them out. The turntable will still operate of course but forget about getting maximum high-fidelity. How can you tell when a turntable has everything? Use our BSR McDonald 600 as an example of perfection. It has all of these essential features that a professional quality automatic turntable must have to insure peak performance.



J

Please send FREE detailed literature on all BSR McOonald automatic turntables.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BSR McDONALD

PRECISION CRAFTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BSR (USA) LTD., BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

advantage is that they are inexpensive and easily replaced. The standard, manually wound watch requires 17 or 21 of these bearings. An automatic, self-winding timepiece uses 26 or 27, because it has more moving parts. Since some of the jewels in a 39-jewel watch are used to seat nonmoving parts—and are therefore extraneous—the quality of this timepiece is not necessarily greater than one of fewer jewels. The most important factors in any watch are quality materials and workmanship.

For a long time, my girl and I saw each other almost every day. It was great until, all of a sudden, she started to cool off. She finally admitted that she was going steady with another guy. The reason she gave me was that I was not aggressive enough with her. She implied that she did not mean sexually aggressive, but I can't understand what else she might mean. Can you help me figure this one out, or should I give it up as a lost cause?—G. D., Omaha, Nebraska.

Aggressive, as this girl means it, is coming on with a presence that is commanding (without being bossy), thinking of interesting things to do and leading into them, and planning ahead; sometimes it means having an animation that makes the girl feel she is vital, too. It's often the difference between being just two people and being a couple. Basically, it's energy, more a matter of personality than physicality, more ego than intellect; it is, in short, a sense of being really alive.

I am a member of a well-known book club that each month offers me the opportunity of purchasing a best seller at a special price. I was quite satisfied with this arrangement until I noticed that the jacket of each book so acquired is labeled "Book Club Edition." Does this mean I am getting an abridged edition? —B. R., Louisville, Kentucky.

No. The label simply means that your club's edition has been more economically produced—without necessarily sacrificing quality—than the original.

Last summer my friend married a girl we both had been dating and, of course, I gave her up for lost. We all met at a party some months later and this chick and I began some heavy petting. When her husband found out I'd been kissing his wife at the party, he let me know he considered our friendship terminated. I have dated this girl three times since and she tells me she thinks she is breaking up with her husband—not because of me but because he doesn't want her to work and he beats her. Beats her! What do you think of a man who beats his wife? —R. M., Batavia, New York.

About as much as we do of a man who sees another man's wife on the sly.



pillow talk

Behind your back or off the top of your head, Playboy's Pillow boasts at-home fashion sense. Made of 100% cotton poplin, cord edged and kapok filled, the Rabbit-crested throw pillow adds a decorative touch to an "in" pad. Also a kicky accent for dorm or deck. In black with permanently flocked white Rabbit head. Please order by product number MY32901, **$6,** and add 50¢ for handling.

Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products,** The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.



talking turtle

Fashion is at the top with the full turtle look. Flat knit of the finest zephyr wool, Playboy's Turtleneck Classic is double knit for twice the good looks. White, black, gold, medium charcoal gray, marine blue or brown, crested with subtly stitched Rabbit. Comes with snap-shut storage bag. S, M, L, XL sizes, WY10801, **$30.** Please use product number and add 50¢ for handling.

Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products,** The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.


MAX FACTOR
GTO
cologne for men
New G.T.O.
A very moving
fragrance.
Bold. Fast.
Non-stop. All go.
Shift into it.
© 1968 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada



Trim, tapered fit for that rugged, athletic look. PERMA-SIZED for shrink-resistance. White, Black, Gold, Jet Blue, Spruce, Navy, Red and Chestnut. S-M-L.

XL in White, Black, Gold and Jet Blue only.

In Short Sleeves—$3.00.

at your favorite store, or write . . .

ROBERT REIS & CO.

350 Fifth Ave., New York 10001

The Great Escape Kit.

The famous Dopp Kit travel kit is made for fast getaways. Made to open wide—stay open—for easy packing of a man's toiletries. Closes flat to take minimum luggage space.

Made better, too—with waterproof lining, famous Dopp Kit bellows construction and leakproof pocket.

In impeccable leathers or tartan plaid. Three sizes including new King Size with plenty of room even for king-sized aerosols. From $9.00 at better stores everywhere.



DOPP KIT®

The *original*—ask for it by name!

What's the origin of the margarita?—T. C., Phoenix, Arizona.

According to legend, this tequila cocktail was first concocted by a Virginia City, Nevada, saloonkeeper in memory of his girlfriend, who contracted a fatal case of lead poisoning during a saloon brawl. Margarita thus became a notable potable.

I have been invited to dinner at an exclusive country club and find myself in a dilemma. I had dated one girl a while ago but now see her strictly for sex when I'm home from college. However, I now date another girl I like quite a bit. Of course, each does not know of my relationship with the other. It so happens that the party is being given by friends of the first girl. If I don't take her, I'll risk losing her, which I don't want to do. On the other hand, I don't want to ruin my chances with the girl I'm now dating by having her discover why I didn't take *her*. Regardless of whom I take, I'm afraid the other girl will find out, since gossiping mutual acquaintances will inevitably broadcast the news. Help!—S. S., Highland Park, Illinois.

This juggling act is bound to fail sooner or later. If you wish to make it later, skip the party and stay home with a 24-hour diplomatic virus.

A while ago, my wife and I joined some friends for dinner at a Beverly Hills restaurant. Since I wished to pay my share of the tab by credit card, I asked the waiter at the time we placed our orders to make out separate checks. Much to my surprise, he became surly and made some loud, sarcastic remarks. I asked the maitre de to send us another waiter. This was done and the evening proceeded without further incident. Did I do the right thing, or should I have chewed out the first waiter?—J. T., Los Angeles, California.

You did the right thing; chewing should be reserved for the food. It's up to the maitre de to keep surly servitors in line.

Efforts by my parents to break up my relationship with my girlfriend are really tearing me apart. I'm 18 and have been going with the girl for 16 months. We love each other and hope to marry one day, though we have no real plans. My folks want me to go out with other girls, because they think we are too young to be so close. So I have to sneak out in order to see her. I wasn't raised to sneak and I hate to do it. On the other hand, I feel the need to make my own decisions. How do I cope with this? The pressure is getting terrific.—J. L., Pensacola, Florida.

It's tough, at your age, to be so hung up on one girl that you miss the wider dating experience that would be so beneficial to you. But if you could work out a compromise with your parents that would allow you to widen your dating range without giving up your preferred girl, you might alleviate the problem. If that isn't acceptable to all concerned, you'll have to play showdown with your folks on your right to choose your own dates. But don't fall into the trap of hanging onto a girl, should the fire cool, just to prove a point.

My sex education was a do-it-yourself project, conducted on the sly with our obsolescent family sex manual in one hand and the dictionary in the other. Thus, I was able to avoid *some* of the misinformation that passed by word of mouth at school. However, even though I felt smugly superior at the time, I have since come to understand that sex education must start long before a child is mature enough to seek out his own answers. Now, as the father of 10- and 12-year-old daughters, I have the opportunity and, indeed, the responsibility to help my own children develop a healthy and rational concept of sex. I find instructing children in an "adult" subject a difficult task. Are you able to recommend any sex-education reference books, for parents, that are free of the warped ideas and misconceptions of our antisexual heritage?—N. K., Redwood City, California.

Two very good books for parents are the Child Study Association's "What to Tell Your Children About Sex" and Evelyn Duvall's "Today's Teenagers." When the girls are a little older, you might introduce them to Miss Duvall's "Love and the Facts of Life." As the infant field of sex education matures, increasingly better—that is, more honest—books are beginning to appear. To keep up with the best of these, we suggest that you get in touch with SIECUS (Sex Information and Education Council of the United States) at 1855 Broadway, New York, New York 10023. This group, directed by Dr. Mary S. Calderone, does an excellent job of shedding light on the sexual dark ages by providing, at minimal cost, bibliographies, reviews, pamphlets, etc. Irrespective of your reading, remember that your daughters' own questions and your straightforward answers will be among the most important parts of their education.

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 Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



SKI Vermont

The Beckoning Country...

Vermont Development Department
112 State Office Building
Montpelier/Vermont 05602

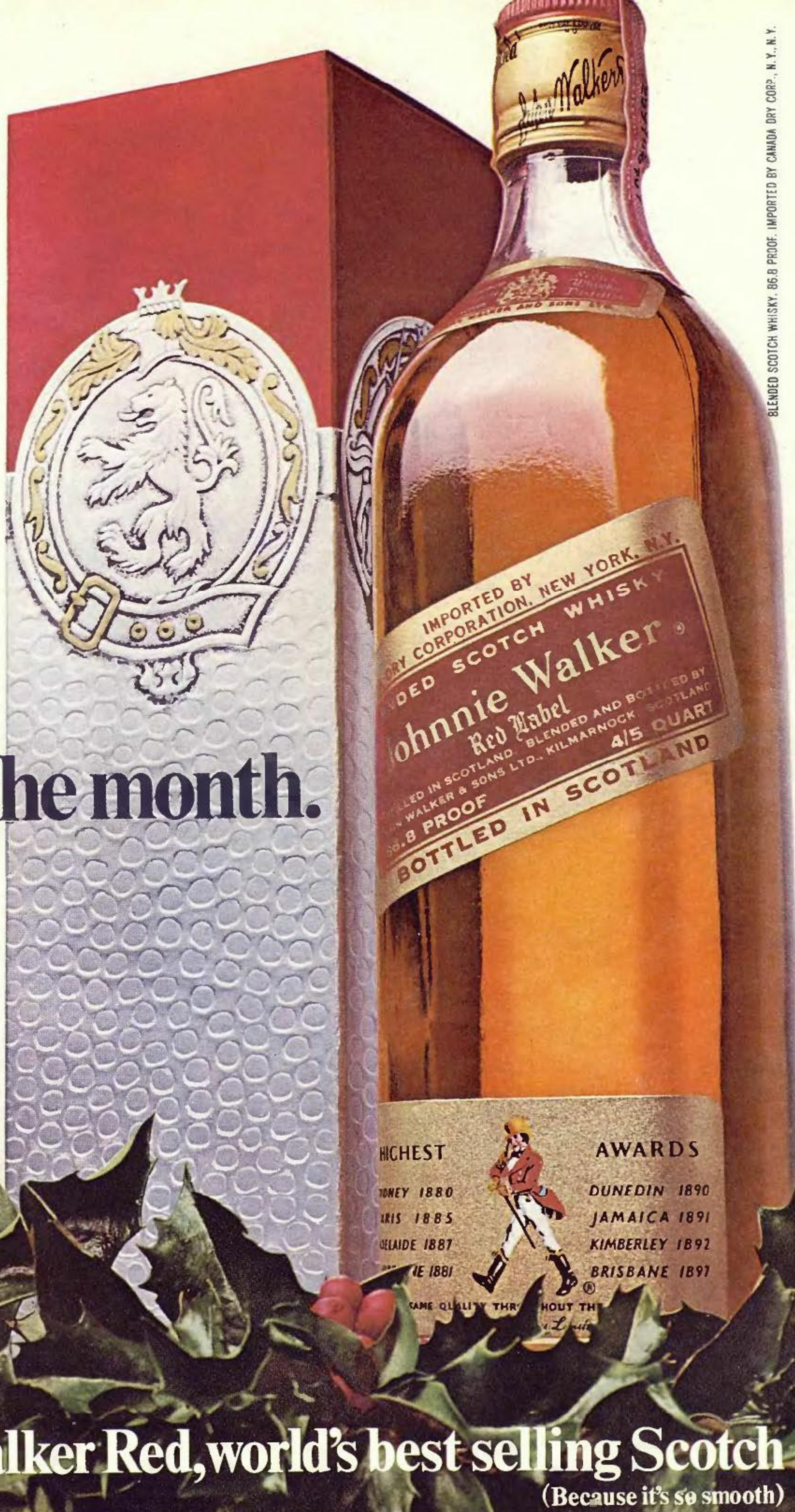
Please send me the 14 Vermont Ski Area brochures shown above, together with your new, full-color, 32-page book, VERMONT SKIING AND WINTER VACATIONS. I enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

Name .....

Address .....

..... Zip .....

Gift of the month.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORP., N.Y., N.Y.

Johnnie Walker Red, world's best selling Scotch

(Because it's so smooth)

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

FOR LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION

As a Christian, I feel that the prostitute and her customer debase sexuality and dehumanize each other. I also feel that in most cases, prostitution is a symptom of social injustice (for instance, in this city the great majority of prostitutes are products of the poverty and misery of the ghetto). However, since we will never be able to stamp out prostitution, it seems to me that the most humane thing to do is to legalize it and thereby lift the harassment by police. In this way, the health of both the girls and their customers would be safeguarded, a great deal of police corruption would end and men not wishing to buy would still retain the right to say no.

If this "radical" plan (which seems like old-fashioned common sense to me) is shocking to some people, let me point out that Jesus himself was accused of being the friend of prostitutes and sinners. He didn't cut himself off from people because their moral standards were different from his.

The Rev. Robert W. Cromey
St. Aidan's Church
San Francisco, California

SEX IS SEX

My husband and I have been discussing the September *Playboy Forum* letter from Jeffrey Arvin Nissen. We feel that to say, as he does, that premarital sex is wrong is to say that marital sex is wrong, because sex is sex, in or outside marriage. God did not establish marriage merely to legitimatize sex; marriage is a more complex, multipurposeful institution. It would make more sense to say that God established sex in order to enhance marriage.

Mr. Nissen says that marriage purifies sex; this is silly, because sex is never dirty and therefore needs no purification. As for the idea that love is indispensable to sex and that marriage is indispensable to love, this is nonsense, too; these are three separate things, each of which can exist apart from the other two. One doesn't need love to have sex nor does one need sex to have love. Sex isn't even necessary for marriage, though it sure helps. In point of fact, one doesn't need sex at all, any more than one needs any of the other pure pleasures of life. A person chooses these things freely because he is attracted to them and wants them, which is an important part of the pleasure they give. This necessarily free element in complete sexual pleasure is one reason why sex in marriage, when performed with a sense of obligation, is often joyless.

To each his own, Mr. Nissen.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peterson
San Diego, California

WAGES OF SIN

I agree with Jeffrey Arvin Nissen's view that premarital sex is wrong. God intended intercourse to be an act of love between a husband and his wife. Outside marriage, it is sinful and dirty. A girl who engages in fornication is a fool. It's the girl who loses out—her reputation, her virginity and her self-respect—and who takes the chance of becoming pregnant. The boy has little to lose and too often it's purely a selfish act on his part.

The Bible says repeatedly that fornication is wrong, a sin punishable by death.

Nancy Campbell
Seattle, Washington

SEMANTIC SPOOKS

Jeffrey Arvin Nissen's condemnation of premarital sex is an attack on a semantic spook. There is no such thing as premarital sex, because there is no such thing as marriage. Scientists do know of a relationship between members of opposite sexes (and sometimes between members of the same sex) called "pair-bonding." This type of relationship exists in various species, including the European snow goose and the human, but there are thousands of other species living in happy promiscuity who never have developed the genetic pattern that leads to pair-bonding. Even among species in which pair-bonding exists, it seldom happens that the first sex act immediately creates a pair-bond. Instead, the animal has a number of such trial matings before a more or less permanent bond is established with one particular mate. And often the pair-bond does not actually last for life.

Marriage, however, is not pair-bonding. Marriage is a social fiction endorsed by the church, by the state, or by both. Since the church and the state are themselves social fictions, or games that the players agree to enforce on everybody who lives among them, marriage is a subgame within the church and state games. No church or state has ever

give an FM stereo to your cartridge tape player



Looks like a tape cartridge
. . . with a dial.
Works like a tape cartridge . . . fits any 4 or 8 track player.
But it's not a tape cartridge!
It's an FM **Stereo** Tuner!
A great new idea from GW.
Perfect separation! Big sound—through your amp and speakers.
Exciting! The GW FM **Stereo** tuner—the one cartridge that always plays a different tune.
Under $60.
Other GW tuners start at under $20.
At your favorite tape dealer.

the tuner people
GW ELECTRONICS INC.
1647-4 W. Sepulveda Blvd.
Torrance, California 90501

existed that could prove to a skeptical observer that it was actually empowered by a divine being to make the rules for people to follow; all are pretenders.

Without the games of church and state and marriage, pair-bonding would still continue, being part of the genetic endowment of our species. Some pair-bonds would be permanent, some would be relatively short-lived. But before (and between) pair-bondings, there would be a great deal of casual experimentation. In short, things would be just as they presently are under the rule of church and state and marriage. The only difference is that people would not be frightening themselves with semantic spooks or believing nonsense to the effect that there has to be only one pair-bond in a person's life.

Warren Robertson, Ph.D.
Cuernavaca, Mexico

THE DEVALUATION OF VALUES

Jeffrey Arvin Nissen made a series of unproved assertions about premarital sex, all of which boil down to: "It's bad because I say it's bad." Mr. Nissen's error lies not as much in thinking that premarital sex is bad—he is free to feel that way if he chooses—as it is in thinking that he has tangible reasons for feeling the way he does. Much of mankind's woe stems from not recognizing that values are arbitrary, personal choices. People are so afraid to consult their own feelings when they have an important decision to make that they try to find rules in the Bible, the Kinsey report or the writings of Marx on which to base their choices. My own study of ethical questions convinces me that there is no ultimate principle on which moral systems can be based.

If it makes Jeffrey Arvin Nissen comfortable to think that there is a gaseous leviathan in space keeping score on people who sleep together without getting married, hooray for Jeffrey Arvin Nissen. I'm just as happy believing that man's only witness is himself.

John Stanton
New York, New York

THE PREMORAL GENERATION

You published an amusing excerpt in the September *Playboy Forum* from the *Marylike Crusader* in which murders and rioting are blamed on the exposure of women's navels. You might be interested in what an article in an intelligent liberal Catholic periodical, *Commonweal*, has to say on sex and the younger generation. The article, "Confessions of a Middle-Aged Moralist," begins with a description by author Robert Zoellner of a college-age couple examining PLAYBOY's gatefold:

> This brief vignette suggested a way of communicating, and a way of handling facts that I suspect is

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

BLUNDER IN THE GRASS

A 21-year-old Clevelander has been sentenced to 20 to 40 years in prison for selling $50 worth of Euphorbia dentata (poinsettia)—a weed with no stimulant, euphoric or psychotropic qualities—to a police informer. The sentence was justified on the ground that both the defendant and the buyer believed the weed was marijuana at the time of the transaction and, thus, the Ohio pot law was violated in intent.

In Winter Haven, Florida, a similar case involving a 19-year-old who sold parsley to a policeman, claiming it was marijuana, is scheduled for trial. The charges are disorderly conduct and petty larceny by fraud.

WHORES, PIMPS AND POLITICIANS

SAN FRANCISCO—*The Bay City has been besieged by controversy about prostitution, with various authorities proposing a variety of solutions to the "problem." Police Chief Thomas Cahill called for tougher laws against the ancient trade; grand-jury foreman Don Fazackerley asked why judges give out comparatively light sentences for this heinous crime; municipal judge Fitz-Gerald Ames replied to Fazackerley that faulty police work leads to inadequate evidence, thereby forcing the judges to throw out many cases. Judge Ames also suggested that police crack down on pimps and urged that policewomen disguised as whores be used to entrap the potential customers of prostitutes (to which one policewoman indignantly asked, "Who does he think we are?"). Meanwhile, the Reverend Robert W. Cromey (see this month's "Playboy Forum") suggested that prostitution be legalized, thus resolving the problem completely. Dr. Joel Fort, a physician specializing in public health and social psychiatry, spoke out against the hypocrisy relating to prostitution, which he said was reflected at the national level in our summer's political conventions, with prostitutes in hordes attending these conclaves "to provide relief during the delegates' intensive discussion of law and order and morality."*

SEX HEX IS DYING

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA—*A survey of the major American Protestant churches indicates that many have abandoned the antisexual position that previously made Christianity the* rara avis *among world religions. Dr. J. H. Phillips, associate professor of religion at Duke University, who conducted the study, says there was an "impressive uniformity" among the respondents—who included representatives of the Episcopal Church; the Lutheran Church in America; the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod; the Southern Baptist Convention; the Presbyterian Church; the Methodist Church and the United Church of Christ. Together, these represent a membership of about 40,000,000, according to* The New York Times. *Although premarital sex is still frowned on, the survey showed that support for this position is neither "moralistic legalism nor judgmental"; and most of the churches favor sex education. "Nowhere is the origin of sex explained as a consequence of the fall of man or is sex as such equated with sin," Phillips added.*

THE IDEAL MALE

NEW YORK—*A study has shown that although men believe otherwise, women prefer self-assertive males. A test given to over 1000 men and women by David J. Fox of the City University of New York offered them the alternative ideals of a family-oriented man or a self-achiever who considers his own satisfactions more important than his wife's or children's. The men saw themselves as fairly well balanced between the two, but indicated a strong belief that women would idealize the paterfamilias type. The women's preference, however, was weighted toward assertive and self-oriented men. These failures of communication are similar to misconceptions discovered in an earlier study of the ideal female—suggesting that while there's been more action between the sexes in the past decade, there still isn't enough talk.*

PREVENTING TEENAGE PREGNANCY

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—*The Sinai Hospital adolescent center in Baltimore has embarked on an experimental program aimed at preventing teenage pregnancies by means of pills rather than moral platitudes. A carefully selected group of girls, some as young as 12, have been provided with both counseling and oral contraceptives. Thus far, the program seems to have been effective: None of the girls who faithfully took the pill (85 percent of the whole group) became pregnant. In a comparable group of teenage girls who did not use birth control, nine out of ten became pregnant within one year after having begun sexual relations.*

CATHOLIC PILL DISSENT

"This obligation is not based on reason, but on the authority of the Roman pontiff," the official Vatican newspaper L' Osservatore Romano *said of Pope Paul's ban on birth control. For many*

Catholics around the world, however, it appears that authority without reason is also authority without moral force. Statements suggesting that Catholics may, if well-motivated, deviate from the Pope's teaching have come from Belgian and German bishops, while 5000 participants at a German Catholic Conference voted almost unanimously to demand a "revision" of the papal stand. In 95-percent-Catholic Ireland, the Reverend James Good, a leading theologian, called the encyclical a major tragedy and, as a result, was suspended by his superiors from preaching and hearing confessions. English Catholics demonstrated against the Pope's prohibition and scuffled at Westminster Cathedral with supporters of the edict.

In America, the most prominent outburst of Roman Catholic disagreement occurred in Washington, D. C., where there has been a prolonged battle between Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle and a large number of dissenting priests, Catholic University professors and churchgoers. At Saint Louis University, a Catholic institution, the head of the department of obstetrics and gynecology announced his intention to continue research on artificial contraception, and a panel of priests at the university said many Catholic clergymen will leave their vocations if required to obey directives that violate their consciences. In Buffalo, New York, seven priests were dismissed from the faculty of a seminary, an action hotly protested by many laymen in the area. An organization of Catholic laymen in New York voiced opposition to Pope Paul's encyclical and to Archbishop Terence J. Cooke's letter supporting it. Many Catholic doctors have said they will continue to prescribe contraceptives and a group of 60 Roman Catholic psychologists meeting in San Francisco criticized the encyclical because its conclusions about human psychology are unscientific.

The attitude of American Catholics as a whole was assayed by the Gallup Poll, which announced that 54 percent oppose the encyclical, 28 percent favor it and 18 percent have no opinion.

PILL AS GENOCIDE

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA—*Catholics aren't the only ones in open rebellion against their leaders over the question of birth control. According to* The New York Times, *Pittsburgh black militant William Haden, one of the most powerful civil rights leaders in the city, forced Planned Parenthood to close a birth-control clinic in the Homewood-Brushton ghetto, charging that contraception, as introduced in black communities with the purpose of cutting their birth rate, is a white plan to commit genocide. Seventy black women—joined by the Session, the governing body of the Bethesda United Presbyterian Church, a black congregation—immediately asked Planned Parenthood to reopen. Mrs. Georgiana Henderson, leader of the women's group, said of Mr. Haden, "He is only one person—and a man at that—and he can't speak for the women of Homewood."*

PILL FOR MEN

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE—*Biologists attending a meeting of the Society for the Study of Reproduction disclosed that a male birth-control pill is in the offing. They have been experimenting on rats, guinea pigs and monkeys with substances chemically classified as chlorohydrins, resulting in curbing of the animals' reproductive capacity. Sperm continues to be produced, but does not fertilize females. The biologists are not certain how the drugs work, suggesting that they may hinder circulation in the tissue through which the sperm passes. It is also possible that the drugs interfere with the sperm's oxygen supply or allow the build-up of wastes that neutralize the sperm. No experiments have yet been performed on humans.*

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

Three mental-health experts and a panel of academicians have offered diverse opinions on the climate of violence in America. Psychologist Bruno Bettelheim warned of the growing racist backlash, stating that "violence coming from white fascists" is more of a threat in the immediate future than "violence coming from black nationalists." Dr. Albert Ellis attributed the violent streak in American life to unnecessary restrictions on sexual behavior, saying "the more frustration a person builds up, the greater the tendency to violence." In preparing a book on the psychology of murderers and assassins, psychologist Ellis has also found that feelings of inadequacy are an important cause of violent behavior. In a third opinion, psychiatrist Karl Menninger suggested that the whole problem is not new and is, in fact, exaggerated by most commentators. "It never was safe to walk down some streets," Dr. Menninger asserted.

Meanwhile, a panel of 18 educators, political scientists, sociologists and historians arrived independently at Dr. Bettelheim's conclusion that a police state is a very real possibility in America's future. Working under the auspices of the Academy of Political Science at Columbia University, the group utterly rejected the claim of black militants and New Leftists that the United States is entering a revolutionary phase. The panel saw reactionaries reaping more benefits than radicals from civil disorder, as majority opinion turns more conservative. The panel's report soberly warned that "a rising tide of white resentment against the Negro movement" could lead to "an American style of fascism."

entirely alien to most members of my generation. Most striking was the openness, the frankness, the total lack of pose: the boy unabashedly manifesting his male sexuality, the girl accepting this as fundamental, so obvious and so normal as to be beyond comment.

Zoellner goes on to compare his generation's moral attitude with that of today's young people.

Because those under 30 have so obviously rejected our morality, we are resentfully inclined to call them immoral. But my experience on campus suggests that "immoral" does not fit the case. Neither does "amoral," nor any other traditional term. Rather, I would call them *premoral*, which I would define as the quality of being morally concerned and morally aware, without necessarily being committed to a particular morality. . . . It seems reasonably obvious that if one has to build a morality from scratch (and that is precisely the task that faces the under-30 generation, thanks to our failures), the essential first step is an assessment of reality as it is in itself, *before* the moral dimension is superimposed upon it, or derived from it, or both at once.

Timothy J. Rolfe
Wurtsmith AFB, Michigan

LOVE *VS.* SEX?

This letter is a postscript to the letter of the lady from Montpelier, Vermont, who states that she and her husband developed a better sex life when they learned to communicate (*The Playboy Forum*, September). When she and her husband finally talked without inhibition, they found they could also act without inhibition. Certainly, verbal taboos are connected with general sexual anxiety: Dr. Renatus Hartogs states this in his book *Four-Letter Word Games*. He observes that individuals—especially males—cannot reconcile the concept of loving and copulation, because the latter is called, usually, by an "obscene" name. Many times, Hartogs says, this outlook can lead to impotence for the male or frigidity for the female. Hartogs comments that when the loving and "screwing" concepts are reconciled, happy marriages become possible.

Mandy Vento
San Gabriel, California

UNORTHODOX SEX PATTERNS

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Brian G. Gilmartin tried to make a case for adultery and an anonymous letter writer took the opposite, traditional position. It seems to me that both letters miss the

for Christmas—
for all
occasions...



JADE EAST®

AFTER SHAVE from $2.50
COLOGNE from $3.00
SWANK Inc.–Sole Distributor

As an alternate fragrance,
try Jade East CORAL or
Jade East GOLDEN LIME

real issue: The subject of adultery will eventually become moot, because premarital permissiveness will make it possible for the young to "shop around" until they find a suitable partner.

Eugene Austin, Chairman
Missouri Council on Family Law
St. Louis, Missouri

The practice of consensual adultery has some unusual kinks, as my own experience demonstrates. Last fall, I was away from home on a business trip and had dinner at the home of a friend. Everything was quite conventional, until we had a nightcap prior to my returning to my hotel. Suddenly, my hostess perched herself on the arm of my chair, kissed me passionately and invited me to spend the night for a *soirée à trois*.

We retired to their king-size bed, where I, as the visitor, had the first inning. The home team then took over and performed quite creditably. After that, things got rather confused and were not entirely hetero.

When I awoke the following morning, my host had left for work. Feeling my oats, I proposed an encore to my hostess. She repulsed me and all my persuasion was in vain. She assured me that she would never do such a thing, except in the presence of her husband. She was "faithful in her fashion."

(Name withheld by request)
Bellaire, Texas

My husband and I had problems similar to those described by the women from Vermont and Texas whose letters appeared in the September *Playboy Forum*: a growing feeling that our marriage was a letdown, a lack of communication between us and a belief that we were not getting as much pleasure as we should out of sex. We thought that finding other sexual partners might put life back into our marriage, so we tried it. As a result, my husband's girlfriend is pregnant and I have lost my job and my reputation. The man I slept with talked too much, and this is a town where "swinging" is not tolerated. In return for the high price we paid for our fling, my husband and I did not get the benefits we expected; our divorce will be final in six weeks.

The lesson of my experience is this: Extramarital sex as a prescription for an ailing marriage is medicine that may work in some cases, but it is just as likely to lead to personal calamity.

(Name withheld by request)
Dubuque, Iowa

NONSEXUAL V. D. INFECTION

The June *Playboy Forum* quotes William F. Schwartz, educational consultant to the venereal-disease branch of the U. S. Public Health Service, as follows:

Both the gonococcus of gonorrhea and the spirochete of syphilis will live for periods of up to several minutes on inanimate objects under certain conditions; therefore, it is more than just theoretically possible to acquire either disease from such objects. Many such instances have been documented, but these are exceptions to the rule. There is really little to fear from the drinking fountain, toilet seat or door handle.

As a health-education instructor who consults numerous sources to ensure the accuracy of my lectures, I would like to ask Mr. Schwartz: (1) On what inanimate objects and under what conditions can spirochetes live for several minutes? (2) If the spirochete's normal life span in air is around five seconds, do the inanimate objects have some liquid medium in or on them to extend the viability of the microbe? What are some of the documented instances of this occurring? (3) If the above is true, yet we do not have to fear the "drinking fountain, toilet seat or door handle," what should we fear that might transmit spirochetes via inanimate objects, provided we are of normal sanitary habits?

In the interest of improved education for my students, I would appreciate Mr. Schwartz' elaboration.

Helen E. Ziff
Managua, Nicaragua

Mr. Schwartz replies:

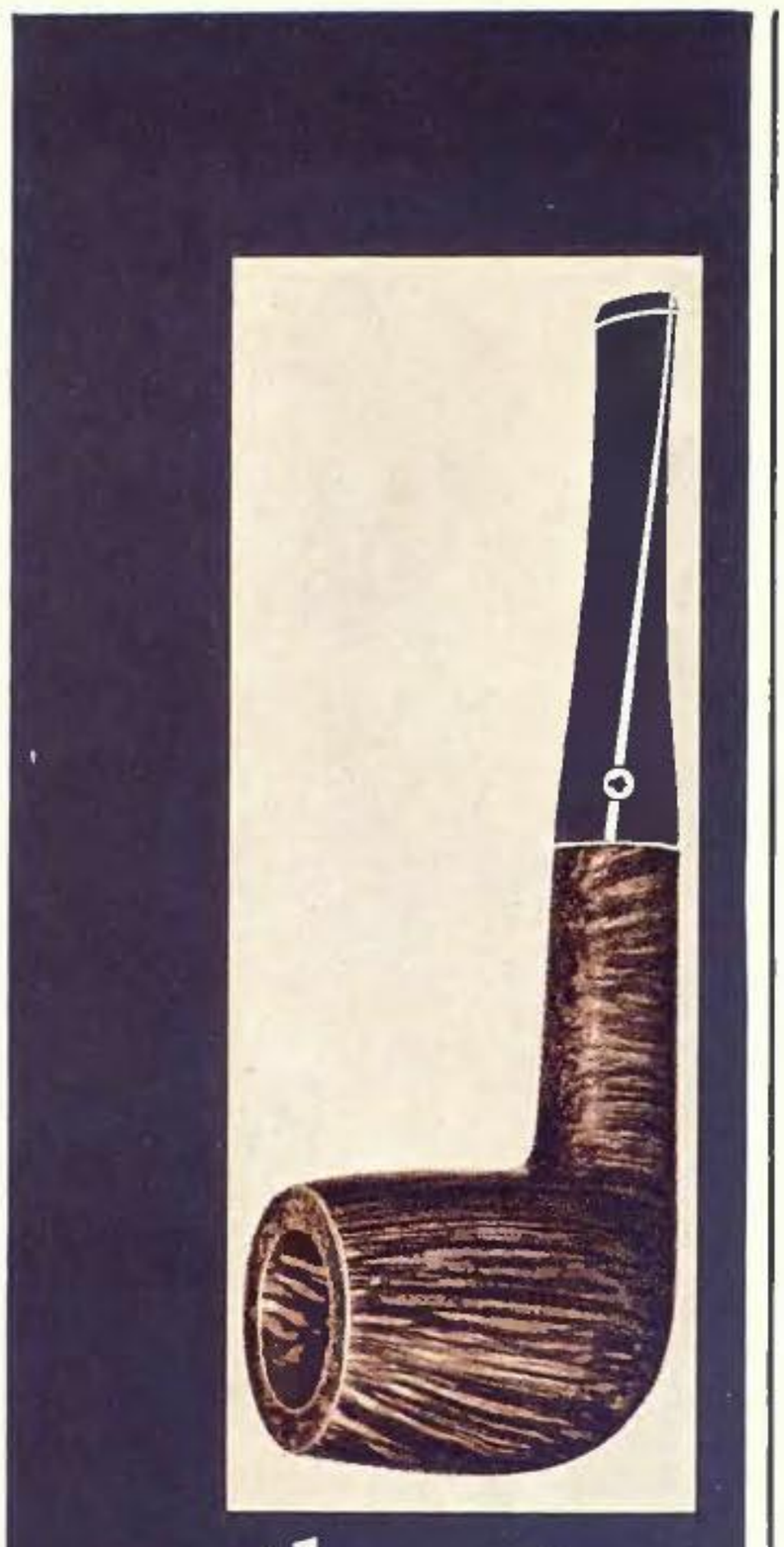
In our climate and culture, syphilis and gonorrhea are probably more often than not transmitted by sex-related, skin-to-skin contact. However, Stokes, Beerman and Ingraham in their monumental "Modern Cultural Syphilology," regarded as the greatest modern work on the natural history of the disease, say, "Objects such as pipes, cups and instruments that may be passed from person to person may be extremely dangerous. Gaston and Commandon found that Spirochaeta pallida [another name for T. pallidum, the syphilis germ] lives for 30 minutes on glasses washed only in cool water. Even antiseptics may fail to protect where the organism is shielded by a dense precipitate of protein."

Parran found that lipstick would protect the spirochete on a drinking glass for 24 hours, even after washing. Under moist conditions, the organism will withstand considerable change in temperature for variable periods. Zinsser and Hopkins found that 11½ hours is the approximate life of the spirochete in secretions contained in moist handkerchiefs. Boak, Carpenter and Warren were able to immobilize the spirochete when protected by fluid only after heating to 102.2 degrees

*Suggested retail price P.O.E., New York.



Match this. $1853: **FIAT** 850 Fastback Coupe



nothing about kaywoodie is ordinary

Precious aged briar, hand picked from hundreds of burls is hand-worked, coddled and caressed to the rich perfection that makes it Kaywoodie.

A comfortable bit is hand fitted to each bowl. Note how it feels just right in your mouth. Then the *Drinkless Fitment* that condenses moisture, traps tars and irritants is added.

Small wonder Kaywoodie smokes mild, dry, full flavored. Looks like no ordinary pipe. Smokes like no ordinary pipe. There's just no other pipe quite like Kaywoodie.

KAYWOODIE®

Send 25¢ for complete catalog. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows pipes from $5.95 to $250.00; other products: write Kaywoodie, N. Y. 10022, Dept. D22.

Fahrenheit for five hours, to 104 degrees Fahrenheit for three hours or to 106.3 degrees Fahrenheit for one hour. Klauder showed that it required at least two minutes for the organism to die in fluid heated to 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Soap is a powerful agent against the T. pallidum, and complete drying will destroy it almost immediately. If it were not for this last fact, there is good reason to believe we should all have been infected with syphilis long ago.

In answer to your third question: Assuming good sanitary habits, there is little to fear, statistically speaking, from the possibility of acquiring venereal disease from inanimate objects. The point, I feel, is that the statement one so often encounters—there's only one way to get a venereal disease—is irrational and irresponsible. As Stokes said, "The adaptability of [the syphilis spirochete] to the conditions of invasion and undisturbed parasitic existence in man is such that infection takes place too often when least expected and in spite of what may seem to be all reasonable precautions. Unawareness is therefore the great danger in encountering syphilis. . . ."

LIP SERVICE TO FREEDOM

I write as a Canadian well-wisher and observer of your country's politics. Many issues such as the war in Vietnam, racial equality and poverty have been paramount in the recent American elections and will be for some time to come. But the foundations of a good society rest on guarantees of individual, personal freedom; I think all can agree on that. All men of sense can also agree that since sex is so vital and essential a characteristic of human nature, sexual freedom is one of the most important personal freedoms. PLAYBOY readers should make an effort to find out from now on, by writing letters of interrogation, how all future candidates for office, from local to national levels, stand on such matters as laws governing private consensual sexual behavior, birth control, abortion and censorship. I suggest that you weigh the candidates' answers carefully in deciding how you vote. A conservative who doesn't believe in sexual freedom is only paying lip service to individual freedom and a liberal who is not sexually liberal does not really care for liberty.

Thomas Nelson
Toronto, Ontario

ONE THOUSAND DAYS

Let me congratulate you on your brilliant rebuttal to Martin Lordi's antimarijuana mythology (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I am very conscious of my health and have never smoked cigarettes because of the diseases caused by tobacco. After researching marijuana, I concluded that it was harmless. I then began smoking it for fun and relaxation. As a result, I am now serving three years in jail for possession of one ounce of the weed.

Marijuana certainly does not lead its users to stronger drugs. I have had many opportunities to sample heroin, LSD and other heavy "kicks" and I have refused them all, for health reasons. Pot is also nonaddictive. Though I smoked it every day for over a year, I stopped immediately the day I was arrested, even though I was out on bail for four months before going to prison. During that time, I never experienced any kind of withdrawal symptom. Nor does grass provoke antisocial behavior. On the contrary, the mother of a girl I know told me that when her daughter and her daughter's friends were booze drinkers, every party ended with a fist fight and smashed furniture; but since they've switched to pot, the parties are quiet, peaceful and friendly.

Yet society's only reason for locking me up is that marijuana is "dangerous" to me and they are, therefore, "protecting me from myself." So I sit here in a cage, "for my own good," counting how long three years is. It is almost as long as a full college career. It is long enough for a child to be conceived and born, to learn to walk and talk and to begin asking questions such as "Who made the world?" For those of you to whom John F. Kennedy's Presidency was the most meaningful experience in recent history, consider this: My sentence is 95 days longer than he spent in the White House. It is longer than Anne Boleyn reigned as queen of England, longer than 1000 days. As Oscar Wilde (who was also locked up "for his own good" to save him from his sexual unorthodoxy) wrote:

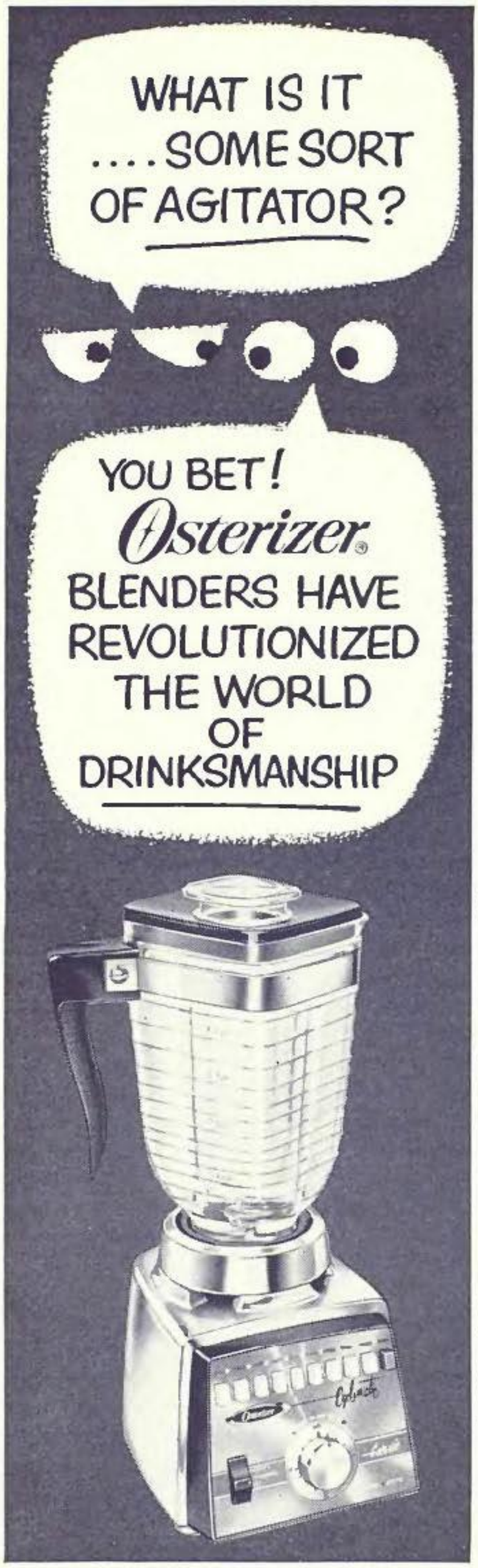
I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol:
Is that the walls are strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

Joseph Harris
Concord, New Hampshire

FRIGHTENED OF BOAT ROCKERS

As former director of religious activities for men at the University of Richmond, I was interested in the *Newsfront* item concerning the censoring of sexual-behavior statistics at Richmond (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I am not at all surprised at the predictably restrictive and coercive action of the university's administration. But the campus newspaper is not being singled out as the only boat rocker at the university. The majority of the administrators are


80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.
Irish Mist
Ireland's Legendary
Liqueur
Irish Mist® Liqueur. There's something in it Irish.
A touch of the poet. For Irishmen and all men. Irish Mist, Ireland's Legendary Liqueur.
Great straight. On the rocks. In Irish Coffee.



Why be modest? We started the "drinking class" revolution with the *original* liquefier-blender. And we've been stirring things up ever since. Take the unique 10-speed push-button Cyclomatic Osterizer . . . it uncomplicates the most complicated drinks. Better . . . quicker . . . no fuss! Operates all by itself to your pre-settings. Stirs, frappes, whips, grates, mixes, chops, blends, liquefies and purees. Then turns itself off. And in between drinks, the Osterizer is great for hors d'oeuvres.

Sophisticated drinkers of the world, unite! Give this great new Osterizer a whirl and start your own drinksmanship revolution.

Oster
Products with the Seeable Difference in
FEATURES/PERFORMANCE/SERVICE

© 1968 John Oster Manufacturing Co., Dept. PB 68
5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217

just as frightened of other so-called new ideas, such as racial integration and Christian involvement in social change. After all, it takes time to get across such an innovation as the latter—say 2000 years.

Fred M. Gibson, Chaplain
Ottawa University
Ottawa, Kansas

THE BATTLE OF CHICAGO

I resided in Mayor Daley's Chicago for eight months in 1968, deliberately choosing a black district in which to live. I wanted to understand firsthand what it felt like to live in a rat- and roach-infested tenement, to live each day in high-voltage fear. But being white and Canadian, I could only observe and I can never really know what it means to be condemned to such a life forever. I did experience unforgettably how millions of people's lives are disfigured by a galling, frustrating, repressive and authoritarian city government.

What happened at the Democratic National Convention was more frightening and more ominous than even the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. The single act of a killer leaves one shocked and grieving, but it is possible to resume living in the hope that informed concerned citizens can still contribute to their society. But when the wishes of the American people, repeatedly expressed in polls and primaries, can be overruled and crushed; when newsmen are beaten while attempting to record and report events truthfully; when thousands of young people are gassed, clubbed and dragged through the streets; when Mayor Daley can deny that any undue force was used; then we are facing an institutionalized violence that rationalizes itself, deprives people of hope and devalues humanity. As a psychological shock and wound, this setback to democracy within our own society is a more serious threat to humanity than the unsurprising suppression of Czech liberal reforms.

John Hofsess
Hamilton, Ontario

I have sent the following letter to Mayor Richard J. Daley:

As a practicing Chicago attorney, a supporter of the Democratic Party and a supporter of your administration, I respectfully must register my protest over your public denial that brutal attacks by some members of the Chicago Police Department occurred during the Democratic National Convention.

The human beings in Lincoln and Grant Parks—were they Yippies, hippies, flower children, lawyers or newspaper reporters, black or white—were not objects to be indiscriminately clubbed and kicked. Nevertheless, unreasonable attacks by some members of an undisciplined police force occurred.

There were provocations. Yes, there were those determined to precipitate violence. But certainly those relatively few could have been singled out and dealt with effectively without going against the entire crowd of protesters, newsmen and bystanders. And why were permits not issued for public assemblies, for parades? If the Shriners can be allowed to march up and down Michigan Avenue for hours, why can't the kids have the same privilege? Do beards, beads and sandals make that much difference? Is the Constitution good for only certain people?

In my opinion, and I readily admit that I do not have all the facts, these constitutionally protected rights were not fully afforded these demonstrators by the city of Chicago. Had the Yippies and other anti-war people been allowed to blow off steam, for example, at a demonstration at Soldier's Field, had they been allowed to march for several hours up and down Michigan Avenue during the daylight hours, the disgusting events of that week could have been largely prevented.

Michael I. Swygert
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

REQUEST FOR REPRINTS

We at the Council of Churches were most impressed with the May *Playboy Interview* with Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, authors of *Human Sexual Response*. It was an excellent presentation of their research and is proving to be a valuable tool for premarital counseling. If possible, we would like to obtain reprints for ourselves and for several pastors in this area who are also interested in this use of the interview.

The Rev. Dennis C. Benson
Director of Youth Ministry
Council of Churches of the
Pittsburgh Area
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Reprints are on the way.

PROGRESSIVE DUTCH CATHOLICS

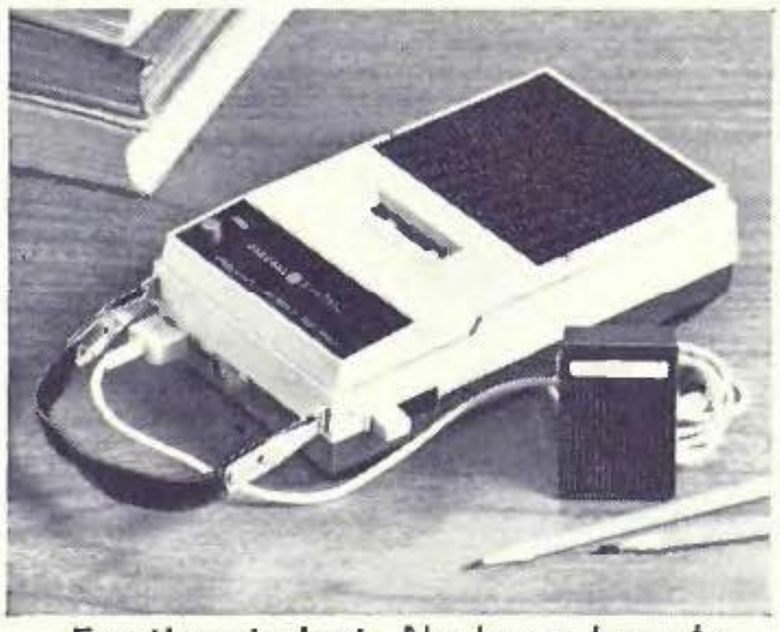
What many observers thought impossible has happened. The unchanging Roman Catholic Church has changed—in one country at least: Holland. Family planning through contraception is a Church-sanctioned reality for Dutch Catholics. This is a small, densely populated country where the average wage earner takes home the equivalent of $30 to $50

(continued on page 212)

FREE SPEECH!

Buy one of these General Electric tape recorders and we'll give you enough free tape to talk two hours! (That's 2 extra cassettes–a $5.30* value!)





For the student. No loose tape to fuss with. It comes pre-threaded in a cartridge. Just snap it in and you're ready to record or listen for an hour. Perfect for students. Complete with Dynamic microphone, $49.95*. Model M8320.



For the executive. It's a dictating machine. Slide narrator. Letter writer. Music maker. The pencil microphone has a remote switch. Push button operation. Mike, stand, earphone and carrying case, $74.95*. Model M8300.



For the ultimate. Convenient two-way power for battery or house current operation. Monitor switch. Bass/Treble control plus a full console of push-button controls. Does everything but tell you what to say, $85.00*. Model M8350.

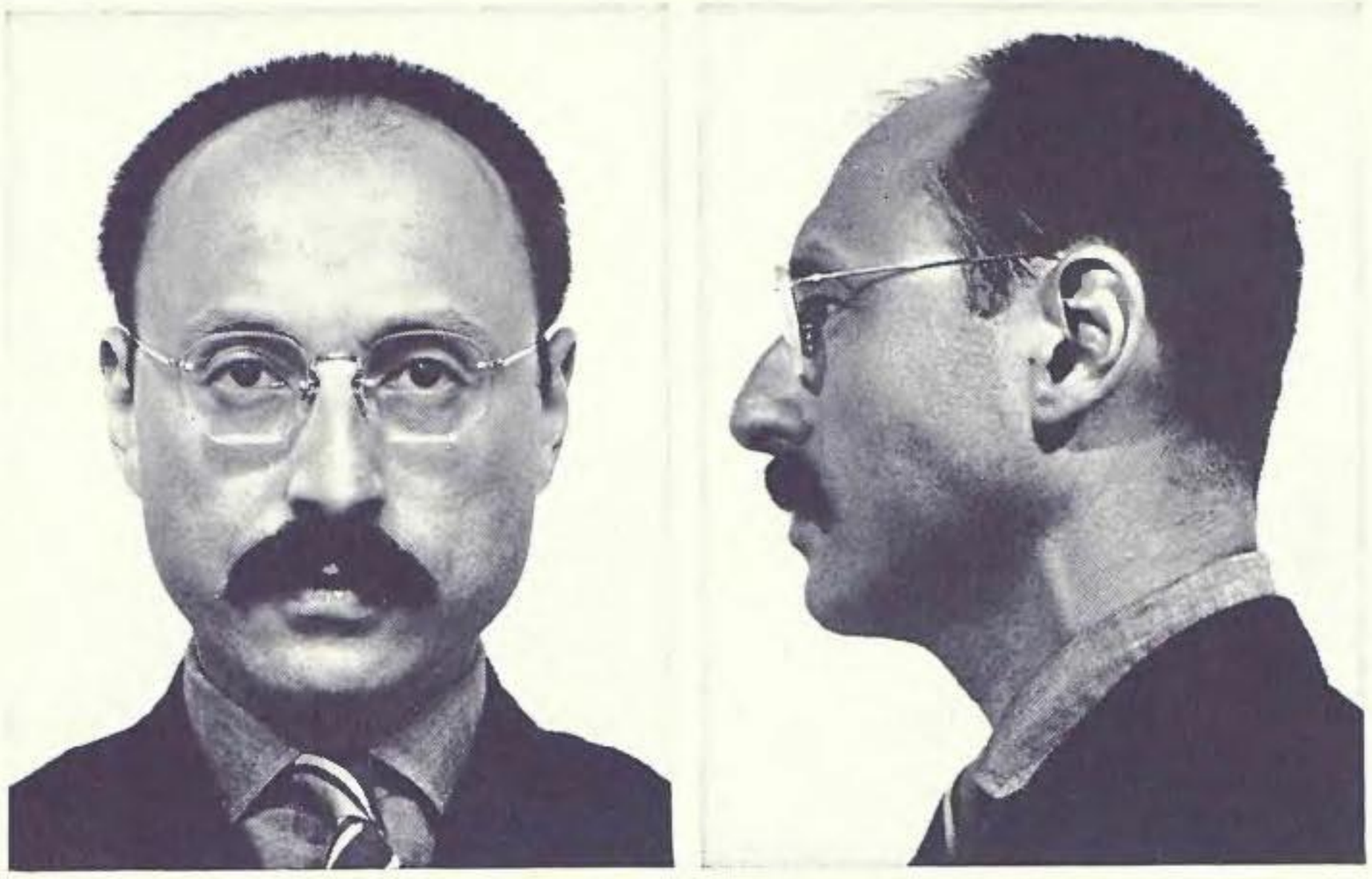
SPECIAL OFFER! Get 2 tape cassettes free! Simply write the words "Special Offer" on the purchase registration card you get when you buy any of these tape recorders. Offer limited to purchases made October through December, 1968. Cards must be received in Utica, N.Y. by January 20, 1969.

Whenever there's news in sound, you hear it from GE first

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York



WANTED

Pictured above is Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the most notorious and wanted magazines of the 20th Century.

First he launched the quarterly **Eros**, a magazine dedicated to the joys of love and sex. **Eros** was an instantaneous *succès de scandale* and over a quarter of a million people ordered subscriptions, despite the fact that they cost $25. But the U.S. Post Office declared **Eros** "obscene" and drove it out of business (and, incidentally, obtained for Ginzburg a five-year prison sentence, which has since been appealed).

Then he brought out the crusading bimonthly **Fact**, which was the first major American magazine to inveigh against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, cigarette advertising in the mass media, and Detroit's ruthless disregard for car safety (Ralph Nader was a **Fact** discovery). The intellectual community was galvanized by **Fact** and bought—devoured!—over half a million copies, despite the fact that **Fact** was not available at most newsstands (most newsdealers found it too controversial) and it was priced at a steep $1.25. But certain Very Important Persons got mad at **Fact**—including Barry Goldwater, who sued the magazine for $2 million—and it, too, was driven out of business.

Undaunted, Ginzburg rallied his forces and last year launched still a third magazine, **Avant-Garde**, which he describes as "a pyrotechnic, futuristic bimonthly of intellectual pleasure." This magazine, he predicted, "will be my wildest yet, and most universally wanted."

From all indications, Ginzburg's prediction is proving correct. Although still in its infancy, **Avant-Garde** already enjoys a readership of over one million, while its growth rate is one of the phenomena of modern publishing. Newsdealers report deliveries of copies sold out within a matter of minutes. Dentists report that **Avant-Garde** is the magazine in their waiting rooms most frequently purloined. And librarians order duplicate—and even triplicate—subscriptions in order to provide replacements for worn-out copies (and perhaps to obtain fresh copies for their own personal delectation). Everywhere, citizens who are normally upright, respectable, and law-abiding are being tempted to beg, borrow, or steal copies of **Avant-Garde**, the most spellbinding and desperately sought-after magazine in America today.

What makes **Avant-Garde** such a tutti-frutti frappe of a magazine? Why is it in such insane demand? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First, **Avant-Garde** is such rollicking great fun. Each issue really socks it to you with uproarious satire, irreverent interviews, madcap cartoons, ballsy editorials, deliberately biased reportage, demoniacal criticism, x-ray profiles, supernova fiction, and outrageous ribaldry. From cover to cover, **Avant-Garde** is one big bawdyhouse of intellectual pleasure.

Second, **Avant-Garde** stones readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the genius of Herb Lubalin, who is **Avant-Garde**'s art director (and, incidentally, America's foremost graphic designer). In just the first few months of its existence, **Avant-Garde** has won more awards for design excellence than any other magazine in the world.

Third, **Avant-Garde** captivates readers with articles that have something to *say*. They're more than just filler between advertisements, as in most other magazines. Perhaps the best way to prove this is to list for you the kinds of articles **Avant-Garde** prints:

Will the Vote for 18-Year-Olds Move America to the Left?

Caught in the Act An evening with New York's scandalous Orgy-and-Mystery Theater.

The Secret Plans of Leading Tobacco Companies to Market Marijuana—If, as, and when pot prohibition is lifted.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko's Epic Poem in Defense of Dr. Spock

Living High on "The Hog Farm"—A visit to America's most successful hippie *kibbutz*

Pre-Mortem—At Avant-Garde's invitation, 28 celebrities (including Art Buchwald, Harry Golden, Woody Allen, and Gore Vidal) dictate their own obituaries.

"In Gold We Trust"—A satire on America's changing spiritual values, by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

London's "Theatre of Eros"

The Case of Hitler's Missing Left Testicle—A round-table discussion on an intriguing detail of Russia's recently released autopsy of Der Fuhrer. (Satirist Paul Krassner speculates that "It's probably alive and well in Argentina." Philosopher Larry Josephson contends that "Hitler just wanted to prove that he was a consistent right-winger.")

My Son, the Revolutionary—A study of the family backgrounds of young American radicals.

Flowers of the Asphalt Jungle—A tour of Harlem's beautiful new African boutiques.

The Love Poetry of Eugene McCarthy

Custom-Made Man—The portent of latest genetic research.

Coming Attraction—"Sex is the closest I can come to explaining the way I sing," says San Francisco rock songstress Janis Joplin. "I want to do it till it isn't there any more."

Has LBJ Secretly Converted to Catholicism?—A mass of circumstantial evidence.

Live Wires—A report on Liberation News Service (LNS), the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), and Intergalactic World Brain (IWB), the three supercharged wire services that supply news to the nation's 200 underground newspapers.

R. Buckminster Fuller's Plan for a Floating City in Tokyo Bay

Fractured Hip—A collection of hilarious malapropisms by squares attempting to sound ultra-cool.

Free-Style Olympics—A report on the movement to revive Olympics in the nude.

Allen Ginsberg's Script for a New Film by Charlie Chaplin

The Pedernales River Baptism-a-thon: A Fugs Happening

"Amnesty Now!"—An impassioned outcry by the editors of Avant-Garde for the release of Dr. Howard Levy, David Miller, and more than 1000 other antiwar heroes now in prison.

Making a Scene—Never-to-be-forgotten stills from the scene in Andy Warhol's film *Romeo and Juliet* in which superstar Viva falls victim to an unplanned gang-rape.

Concrete Poetry: The New Hard Rock Verse

All the World's a Stage—From The Theater of the Street in New York to the Guerrilla Theater of Stanford, dramatic groups all across the country are bringing plays to audiences that have never seen the inside of a theater.

The First Church of Love—Photographs of a phantasmagorical chapel being built in New York to celebrate sensual pleasure.

Fellini's "Satyricon"—On the set with *Il Poeta*, filming his version of Petronius' bawdy classic (with a cast that includes Mae West, Groucho Marx, Anna Magnani, Jimmy Durante, Michael J. Pollard, Danny Kaye, the Beatles, and scores of other comedians and superstars).

Best-Sellers in Underground Bookstores

Abreast of the Times—A report on the sudden return to breast-feeding by America's most highly educated, sophisticated, and sexually liberated women.

The Psychology of Political Affiliation—What character traits determine whether a person will become a Democrat or Republican, a radical or conservative?

Miami: Newest Haven for Abortion—A serendipitous result of the influx of refugee doctors from Havana.

And Now—Would You Believe?—Auto-Destructive Art—A feature entitled "Pop Goes the Easel."

Coitus Non Interruptus: The Erotic Tomb Sculptures of Madagascar

The Electric Banana Tickle: Latest Pop Invention

The "Birth Tax"—Duke University's J.J. Spengler presents a plan to make life for prolific parents unbearable.

The Natural Superiority of Racially-Mixed Children

Phil Ochs: Kipling of the New Left

First Class Suggestion—Harvard sociologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan offers an ingenious plan to double the number of mail deliveries as a means to reduce Black unemployment.

Are Colds Psychosomatic?—Psychoanalyst Merl M. Jackel, of the State University of New York, believes they are since they almost always follow periods of depression and give the same medical symptoms as weeping.

Hold It, Please!—The growing popularity of Polaroid cameras for instant-pornography.

Brain Food—A report on the recent discovery by Dr. John Churchill, of the National Institute of Neurological Diseases, that certain foods can increase the power of the intellect.

Bob Dylan's Suppressed Novel "Tarantula"

Very Original Sin—A report on the increasing number of avant-garde theologians who are using kissing, hugging, and caressing to restore a sense of community to worship.

The Startling Increase in LBJ's Personal Wealth While in the White House

---

In sum, **Avant-Garde** is a hip, joyous feast of gourmet food-for-thought. It's the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

Small wonder, then, that 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 aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "An exotic literary menu....A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Ralph Ginzburg deserves considerable credit for having risked printing this," says Life. "**Avant-Garde**'s articles on medicine, space, and psychology have made science the eighth lively art," says the Boston Avatar. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the New York 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 New York East Village Other. "**Avant-Garde** is the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says Time. "Borders on the genius," says the Miami Beach Sun. "It'll be the undoing of the strait-laced," says the Los Angeles Free Press. "**Avant-Garde** is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Peter Schjeldahl. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Avant-Garde's contributors include the most brilliant artists, writers, and photographers of our time. Not only does **Avant-Garde** feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Tynan, Karl Menninger, John Updike, Allen Ginsberg, Roald Dahl, Henry Miller, Bert Stern, William Styron, Eliot Elisofon, Kenneth Rexroth, David Levine, Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Dali, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In format, **Avant-Garde** more closely resembles a $10 art folio than a magazine. It is printed on the finest antique and coated paper stocks by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and costly duotone offset lithography. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. The format of **Avant-Garde**, like its editorial contents, is intended to endure.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** cost $10 per year. This is not cheap. **However, right now, while Avant-Garde is still in its infancy, you may order a Special Introductory 8-Month Subscription for only $3.99!! This is a MERE FRACTION of the standard price.**

Moreover, if you enter your subscription right now, you'll be a Charter Subscriber. This will entitle you to:

- Buy gift subscriptions for only $3.99.
- Renew your subscription for $3.99 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.
- Start your subscription with one of **Avant-Garde**'s early issues. *This is not to be taken lightly since early issues of high-quality magazines often become valuable collectors' items* (especially if they're Ralph Ginzburg publications; early issues of **Eros** now sell for $100; early copies of **Fact** are worth $25; and copies of **Avant-Garde** published just a few months ago are already bringing $15).

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $3.99 to: **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry. This Special Introductory Offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive your first copy of the most wanted, arresting, and rewarding magazine in America today (and the only one put out by a publisher with real conviction).

AVANT GARDE 110 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

I enclose $3.99 for a subscription to **Avant-Garde**, the most wanted, arresting, and rewarding magazine in America today. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying a MERE FRACTION of the standard $10-per-year price!*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

©1968 AVANT GARDE, ANPLI

Before you buy a battery-operated portable, find out where the batteries go.

You thought they went inside, didn't you? Well, they do. In the Panasonic portable you're looking at. But just try to find another set with the batteries inside.

Look at every battery-operated portable TV ad carefully. Read the small print. Search for the words "optional battery pack." If you see them, you're in trouble.

Because a battery pack is a piece of equipment that can be a pain in the wallet as well as the neck. It costs up to $45. Can weigh 10 pounds or more. And means that you'll have both your hands full every time you want to take the portable outside. Because you've got to drag that extra piece of baggage along.

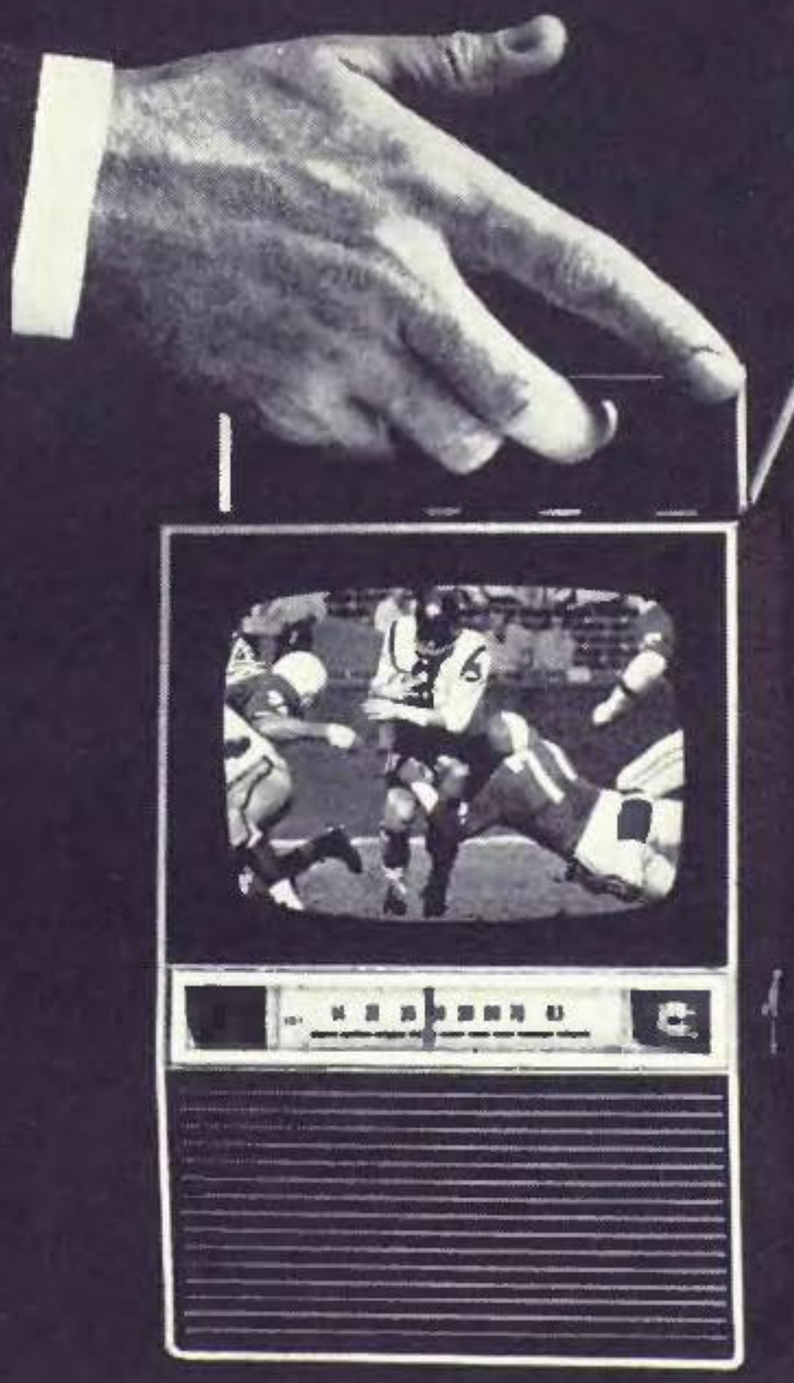
At Panasonic, we believe a portable TV should be every bit as portable as a portable radio. That's why we put the Waikiki's batteries inside. So when you feel like taking the set outside, you have only one lightweight package to carry. 12½ pounds. Flashlight-size batteries included. (They're included in the price, too.)

And you can recharge these batteries up to 30 times by simply plugging the Waikiki into any AC outlet. Which is how it works when you're home and want to save the batteries.

But it's outside where the Waikiki really shines. On the beach. On a boat. Even in a car. 48 Solid-State devices make sure this portable never gets travel sick. And supply the power to pull in a sharp, strong picture.

Before you buy a battery-operated TV, stop in at any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. And ask him, "Where are the batteries?" He'll show you they're where they should be. Inside. The Waikiki, Model TR-315B.

Picture simulated.



PANASONIC.®

200 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 10017

For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call (800) 243-0355. In Conn., 853-3600. We pay for the call.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

a candid conversation with the revolutionary leader of the black panthers

Eldridge Cleaver has been called the first black leader since Malcolm X with the potential to organize a militant mass movement of "black liberation." Whether he will succeed in forging it, whether he will remain free—or even alive—to lead it and whether, if he does, it will be a force for racial reconciliation or division remains to be seen. But there is no denying that Cleaver, like Malcolm X, has great impact on the young in the ghettos: They know his own ghetto origins; they identify with his defiance of the establishment and with his advocacy of self-defense; and, unlike SNCC's fiery former chieftain Stokely Carmichael, Cleaver offers them a growing organization to join—the Black Panther Party, of which he is minister of information. Carmichael, in fact, has recently joined the group himself. From their base in Oakland, California, the Panthers have established chapters in New York, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland and San Diego, with a membership estimated at anywhere between 1000 and 5000.

Immediately identifiable by their black berets, black jackets and the empty .50-caliber shell worn on a rawhide thong around the neck, the Panthers are increasingly evident at community meetings, in churches, on the streets—every place they can manifest their concern for organizing masses of black people. Police departments, along with many white citizens, consider them highly dangerous, but some civic officials disagree. New York City Human Rights Commissioner William Booth, for example, credits members of the Black Panther Party with helping "relieve tensions in the community." In any case, they are a force, and their leaders—Cleaver and Huey Newton, the Black Panthers' jailed minister of defense—enjoy rising support among radical young whites as well as in the black ghetto. But Cleaver, even more than Newton, generates the kind of magnetism that creates converts as well as enemies. As Jeff Shero, editor of Rat, *a New York underground newspaper, puts it: "The heroes aren't Tim Leary and Allen Ginsberg anymore; they're Che Guevara and Eldridge Cleaver."*

But not to everyone. Among opponents of his program and philosophy—in addition to those expectable proponents of the code phrase "law and order"—are many deeply concerned intellectuals, honest liberals and antiviolence workers for racial peace. Cleaver is accused of advocating justice via violence, which these people see as a tragic and dangerous contradiction. More importantly, perhaps, they have charged him with intensifying racial hostilities to the detriment of black Americans by alienating white sympathy and support for the cause of black equality; and with providing racists—in and out of uniform—with precisely the provocation that can lend legal legitimacy to suppression. That he has also alienated many dedicated integrationists is a fact he would be among the last to deny.

There are many, however—integrationists and otherwise—who regard Cleaver as far more than a revolutionary gang leader. By many in the intellectual community, he is considered a writer and theoretician of major dimensions. This past fall, he was invited to give a series of lectures at the University of California in Berkeley—precipitating a fierce conflict about his "moral character" between the university on the one hand and its board of regents, Governor Reagan and the state legislature on the other. The chief reasons for this brouhaha: Cleaver's leadership of the Panthers and his 1968 book of explosive essays on the American racial dilemma, "Soul on Ice," which has sold more than 56,000 copies. Among the many laudatory reviews was that of Richard Gilman in The New Republic, *who called it "a spiritual and intellectual autobiography that stands at the exact resonant center of the new Negro writing . . . a book for which we have to make room—but not on the shelves we have already built."*

This sudden thrust to national prominence has been achieved by a man of 33 who has spent most of his adult life in jail. Born in Little Rock, Cleaver grew up in the Los Angeles ghetto. After several convictions for possession of marijuana, he was sentenced in 1958 to a 14-year term for assault with intent to kill and rape. By the time he was paroled in December 1966, Huey Newton and Bobby Seale had formed the Black Panther Party in Oakland. Cleaver soon joined them. Since then, he has taken time out to write not only his book but several articles in Ramparts, *of which he is a senior editor, and to campaign this*



"If we don't get justice in the courts, we'll get it in the streets. If atrocities against us continue unpunished, if police aggression is not stopped, more and more blacks may have to fight gunfire with gunfire."



"Our basic demand is for proportionate participation in the real power that runs this country—decision-making power concerning all legislation, all appropriations, foreign policy—every area of life."



"What can whites do? Be Americans. Stand up for liberty. Stand up for justice. Stand up for the underdog; that's supposed to be the American way. Make this really the home of the free."

summer and fall for the Presidency as the nominee of the largely white Peace and Freedom Party. The leading supporter, among black militants, of coalition with white radical groups, he propounded his racial credo in "Soul on Ice": "If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself and other former Muslims can change, if young whites can change, then there is hope for America. . . . The sins of the fathers are visited upon the heads of the children—but only if the children continue in the evil deeds of the fathers."

Aside from his unequivocal call, as the candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, for immediate U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam and immediate reform of American social institutions that perpetuate the disenfranchisement of much of its nonwhite population, Cleaver has also become the most articulate and controversial spokesman for the Black Panthers—and the only one free to talk, as we go to press. Bobby Seale is on restrictive probation after conviction on a gun-law violation, and Huey Newton has been in jail since October 1967, when an encounter between him and two Oakland policemen resulted in the death of one of them. In September 1968, Newton was convicted of voluntary manslaughter and given a two-to-fifteen-year sentence. The case is being appealed.

Cleaver, too, has been back in jail. A gun battle between Panthers and the Oakland police in April of last year ended with the death of Panther Bobby Hutton and the wounding of Cleaver, whose parole was immediately revoked. But after two months in jail—and backed with demands for his release by such influential supporters as James Baldwin, Ossie Davis, Marlon Brando, Jules Feiffer, Tom Hayden, LeRoi Jones, Norman Mailer, Susan Sontag and the widow of Malcolm X—he was set free at a habeas corpus hearing, where the presiding judge accused the state of California of having rescinded Cleaver's parole because of his political views. Still pending against Cleaver, however, are charges of assault on a police officer and assault with intent to kill. When the California Adult Authority announced its intention of having Cleaver's parole revoked again, PLAYBOY *dispatched Nat Hentoff to interview the embattled activist in San Francisco before he was once again incommunicado behind bars.*

When he returned to New York with the longest and most searching interview Cleaver has ever granted, Hentoff wrote of his subject: "Having corresponded briefly with him while he was in prison a few years ago and having read 'Soul on Ice,' I was aware of the probing, resourceful quality of Cleaver's mind. But I wondered if some of the flamboyant rhetoric of his public statements since he'd become prominent indicated a change in the man—his constant use of the word 'pigs' to describe police, for example; the incendiary tone of a recent Yippie-Panther manifesto, signed by Cleaver and three leaders of the white student group, which in effect declared war on the establishment; and statements like: 'The cities of America have tasted the first flames of revolution. But a hotter fire rages in the hearts of black people today: total liberty for black people or total destruction for America.' Was he turning into a demagog? Did he still believe in the possibility of alliances with whites?

"We met in the office of his white attorney, Charles Garry. Present were two Panthers and Cleaver's wife, Kathleen, also active in the Black Panther Party. The 23-year-old daughter of a college professor who is now deputy director of the Foreign Service Mission to the Philippines, Kathleen is as militant and as radical as her husband. The bearded Cleaver, in black-leather jacket, black pants and an open shirt, was initially reserved and preoccupied. There was legal strategy to discuss with Garry about both Huey Newton's and his own cases, and he was also weighing a number of lucrative offers from publishers for an advance on his next book.

"Leaving the office, he and Kathleen drove me through the black Fillmore district of San Francisco, where he was frequently recognized and waved at—particularly by the young. Dropping Kathleen off, Cleaver and I went on to a white friend's house overlooking San Francisco Bay. 'I need a place to get away from the phones,' he told me. Nobody's got the number here.' Nonetheless, our conversation was occasionally interrupted by calls for him. 'Damn,' he said, 'you can never get away.'

"We started talking in the afternoon and continued late into the night. Cleaver gradually relaxed, but not entirely. A tautness remained, a reflection of the constant tension under which he works. He speaks softly and deliberately, taking time to think before answering. Physically, he projects strength; he has a boxer's build and there's the clear impression that he could handle himself in any reasonably equal encounter. But he is also very much an intellectual. I remembered, as we talked, the conversations I'd had with Malcolm X; both were intrigued with ideas and their ramifications, but both were impatient with theoretical formulations that did not have application to immediate reality.

"As the interview went on, I was more and more impressed with Eldridge Cleaver—with the quality of his mind, with the depth of his determination, with the totality of his commitment to his role as a leader in the new stage of the black movement for liberation. It was on the question of this new stage and the new kind of leadership he's convinced it requires that our interview began."

PLAYBOY: You have written that "a new black leadership with its own distinct style and philosophy will now come into its own, to center stage. Nothing can stop this leadership from taking over, because it is based on charisma, has the allegiance and support of the black masses, is conscious of its self and its position and is prepared to shoot its way to power if the need arises." As one who is increasingly regarded as among the pivotal figures in this new black leadership, how do you distinguish the new breed from those—such as Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young—most Americans consider the established Negro spokesmen?

CLEAVER: The so-called leaders you name have been willing to work within the framework of the rules laid down by the white establishment. They have tried to bring change within the system as it now is—without violence. Although Martin Luther King was the leader-spokesman for the nonviolent theme, all the rest condemn violence, too. Furthermore, all are careful to remind everybody that they're Americans as well as "Negroes," that the prestige of this country is as important to them as it is to whites. By contrast, the new black leadership identifies first and foremost with the best interests of the masses of *black* people, and we don't care about preserving the dignity of a country that has no regard for ours. We don't give a damn about any embarrassments we may cause the United States on an international level. And remember, I said the *masses* of black people. That's why we oppose Adam Clayton Powell. He's not militant enough and he represents only the black middle class, not the masses.

PLAYBOY: Since you consider yourself one of these new leaders representing the masses, what are your specific goals?

CLEAVER: Our basic demand is for proportionate participation in the real power that runs this country. This means that black people must have part of the decision-making power concerning all legislation, all appropriations of money, foreign policy—every area of life. We cannot accept anything less than that black people, like white people, have the best lives technology is able to offer at the present time. Black people know what's going on. They're aware of this country's productivity and they want in on the good life.

PLAYBOY: So far—apart from your willingness to resort to violence in achieving that goal—you haven't proposed anything specific, or different from the aims of the traditional Negro leadership.

CLEAVER: OK, the best way to be specific is to list the ten points of the Black Panther Party. They make clear that we are not willing to accept the rules of the

white establishment. One: We want freedom; we want power to determine the destiny of our black communities. Two: We want full employment for our people. Three: We want housing fit for the shelter of human beings. Four: We want all black men to be exempt from military service. Five: We want decent education for black people—education that teaches us the true nature of this decadent, racist society and that teaches young black brothers and sisters their rightful place in society; for if they don't know their place in society and the world, they can't relate to anything else. Six: We want an end to the robbery of black people in their own community by white-racist businessmen. Seven: We want an immediate end to police brutality and murder of black people. Eight: We want all black men held in city, county, state and Federal jails to be released, because they haven't had fair trials; they've been tried by all-white juries, and that's like being a Jew tried in Nazi Germany. Nine: We want black people accused of crimes to be tried by members of their peer group —a peer being one who comes from the same economic, social, religious, historical and racial community. Black people, in other words, would have to compose the jury in any trial of a black person. And ten: We want land, we want money, we want housing, we want clothing, we want education, we want justice, we want peace.

PLAYBOY: Peace? But you've written that "the genie of black revolutionary violence is here."

CLEAVER: Yes, but put that into context. I've said that war will come only if these basic demands are not met. Not just a race war, which in itself would destroy this country, but a guerrilla resistance movement that will amount to a second Civil War, with thousands of white John Browns fighting on the side of the blacks, plunging America into the depths of its most desperate nightmare on the way to realizing the American Dream.

PLAYBOY: How much time is there for these demands to be met before this takes place?

CLEAVER: What will happen—and when —will depend on the dynamics of the revolutionary struggle in the black and white communities; people are going to do what they feel they have to do as the movement takes shape and gathers strength. But how long do you expect black people, who are already fed up, to endure the continued indifference of the Federal Government to their needs? How long will they endure the continued escalation of police force and brutality? I can't give you an exact answer, but surely they will not wait indefinitely if their demands are not met —particularly since we think that the United States has already decided where its next campaign is going to be after the war in Vietnam is over. We think the Government has already picked this new target area, and it's black America. A lot of black people are very up tight about what they see in terms of preparations for the suppression of the black-liberation struggle in this country. We don't work on a timetable, but we do say that the situation is deteriorating rapidly. There have been more and more armed clashes and violent encounters with the police departments that occupy black communities. Who can tell at which point any one of the dozens of incidents that take place every day will just boil over and break out into an irrevocable war? Let me make myself clear. I don't dig violence. Guns are ugly. People are what's beautiful; and when you use a gun to kill someone, you're doing something ugly. But there are two forms of violence: violence directed at you to keep you in your place and violence to defend yourself against that suppression and to win your freedom. If our demands are not met, we will sooner or later have to make a choice between continuing to be victims or deciding to seize our freedom.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't there been at least a modicum of real progress toward meeting some of your demands? Isn't there more involvement in the ghetto by private industry, as in the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation set up in 1966 by the late Senator Kennedy, and similar projects around the country? And aren't a growing number of city administrations, like those in New York and San Francisco, trying to get more community participation in building up ghetto institutions?

CLEAVER: We think this is essentially just surface appeasement. The establishment believes that if it can keep a certain number of the most militant black people in each community pacified, large-scale disorders can be prevented. Small disorders they think they can deal with. But we consider this a deceitful approach that will not buy off the masses of black people as they become fully awakened to the fact that these programs are palliatives—though there's no denying that some have already been bought off. In San Francisco, one of the potentially strongest chapters of the Black Panther Party was growing in Hunters Point. But the mayor, Joseph Alioto, went in and started buying gas stations and giving some of the leaders there little handouts. He virtually destroyed the revolutionary morale of the people in Hunters Point by pumping small amounts of money into the area and by promises of more. Hell, Alioto even offered the Oakland Panthers some money and me a television show, if we'd soften our demands. We turned him down.

PLAYBOY: But other black militants, such as the leaders of CORE, are working now for black capitalism. They even helped draft a bill introduced in Congress last summer to set up neighborhood-controlled corporations. Federal funds would be channeled through those corporations and private firms would be given tax incentives to set up businesses in black neighborhoods—businesses that would eventually be turned over to ghetto residents through the corporations.

CLEAVER: I know. It's all part of a big move across the country to convince black people that this way, they can finally get into the economic system. But we don't feel it's going to work, because it won't go far enough and deep enough to give the masses of black people real community control of all their institutions. Remember how the War on Poverty looked on paper and how it worked out? You may recall that of all the organizations around then, it was CORE that rushed in most enthusiastically to embrace that delusion; in some cities, they formed a large part of the staff. But they didn't have the decisive control, and that's where it's at. They can call these new devices "community" corporations, but those private firms from the outside can always pull out and Congress can always cut down on the Federal funds they put in, just as happened in the War on Poverty.

Fewer and fewer black people are allowing themselves now to be sucked in by all of these games. A man finally reaches a point where he sees he's been tricked over and over again, and then he moves for ultimate liberation. But for the masses to achieve that, they will have to be organized so that they can make their collective weight felt, so that they themselves make the final decisions in their communities—from control of the police department to command over all social and economic programs that have to do with them. The struggle we're in now is on two levels—getting people together locally to implement our demands and organizing black people nationally into a unified body. We want black people to be represented by leaders of their choice who, with the power of the masses behind them, will be able to go into the political arena, set forth the desires and needs of black people and have those desires and needs acted upon.

PLAYBOY: But we repeat—isn't this already happening—at least on a small scale? There's a black mayor of Cleveland, Carl Stokes, and a black mayor of Gary, Richard Hatcher.

CLEAVER: You're talking about black personalities, not about basic changes in the system. There is a large and deepening layer of black people in this country who cannot be tricked anymore by having a few black faces put up front. Let me make this very clear. We are demanding structural changes in society, and that means a real redistribution of power, so that we have control over our own lives. Having a black mayor in the

present situation doesn't begin to accomplish that. And this is a question of more than breaking out of poverty. I know there are a lot of people in this country, particularly in urban ghettos, who are going hungry, who are deprived on all levels; but, obviously, it's not a matter of rampant famine. The people we deal with in the Black Panther Party are not literally dying of hunger; they're not going around in rags. But they are people who are tired of having their lives controlled and manipulated by outsiders and by people hostile to them. They're moving into a psychological and spiritual awareness of oppression, and they won't sit still for any more of it. Where we are now is in the final stages of a process with all our cards on the table. We've learned how to play cards; we know the game and we're just not going to be tricked anymore. That's what seems so difficult to get across to people.

PLAYBOY: Is it a trick, however, when Senator Eugene McCarthy, among others, says that since more and more industry and, therefore, jobs, are moving out to the suburbs, more blacks will have to move there, too, with accompanying desegregation of housing in the suburbs and massive funds for improved transportation facilities? Isn't that a sincere analysis of a current trend?

CLEAVER: We feel that a lot of these attempts to relocate black people are essentially hostile moves to break up the concentration of blacks, because in that concentration of numbers, we have potential political power. We didn't choose to be packed into ghettos, but since that's where we are, we're not going to get any real power over our lives unless we use what we have—our strength as a bloc. A lot of people in the Republican and Democratic Parties are worried about all this potential black voting power in the cities; that's why, under the guise of bettering the conditions of black people, they're trying to break us up.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't many blacks have higher incomes and live better if they could be integrated into the suburbs?

CLEAVER: I emphasize again that until black people as a whole gain power, it's not a question of where you are geographically if you're black; it's a question of where you are psychologically. No matter where you place black people under present conditions, they'll still be powerless, still subject to the whims and decisions of the white political and economic apparatus. That's why we've got to get together and stay together—especially with the country and the Congress getting more conservative politically every day, with police forces amassing more and more arms—arms on a scale to fit an army. That's why I say the situation is deteriorating rapidly—and why I'm also far from certain that the conflict between us and those who run the system can be solved short of a civil and guerrilla war.

PLAYBOY: If this civil and guerrilla war does take place, on what do you base your assertion that there will be "thousands of white John Browns fighting on the side of the blacks"?

CLEAVER: Because we recognize that there are a lot of white people in this country who want to see virtually a new world dawn here in North America. In the Bay Area alone, there are thousands of whites who have taken fundamental stands on certain issues, particularly on our demand to free Huey Newton. A person who can relate to that, who can move himself to understand the issues involved, is a person who has begun on a path of essential commitment. Many of these people have broken with the establishment by confronting the establishment. As a situation develops in which hostilities may increase to the point of war, they will have to make a decision on which way they want to move. A certain number of them can be expected to draw back and throw their hand in; but we think there is a hard core of whites, particularly young whites, who are very alarmed at the course this country is taking. They recognize that more than freedom for blacks is at issue; their *own* freedom is at stake. They've learned this at the hands of brutal police in many, many demonstrations, including what happened at the Democratic Convention in Chicago. They've been beaten, Maced, tear-gassed. They themselves have now experienced what's been happening to black people for so long, and they are prepared to draw the line. Previously, they recognized abstractly that this kind of suppression takes place in black communities, but they never thought it could be done to them. They are turning into a revolutionary force, and that's why we believe the Black Panthers can enter into coalitions with them as equal partners.

PLAYBOY: When and if it comes to the possibility of large-scale violence, won't most of these essentially middle-class whites—even those you call the hard core—retreat?

CLEAVER: You have to realize how deep the radicalization of young whites can become as the agents of repression against both them and us intensify their efforts. It's inevitable that the police, in order to suppress black militants, will also have to try to destroy the base of their support in the white community. When they arrest a black leader of the liberation struggle, they will also have to deal with the protests and the exposure of what they've done in certain white communities; and as they do, they will radicalize more whites. The forces of repression can no longer move just against black people. They cannot, let us say, put black people in concentration camps and simultaneously allow whites who are just as passionately involved in the liberation struggle to run around loose. There are already a lot of whites who will go to any lengths to aid their black comrades. We know this. Certainly, they must be a minority at this time; but the police, the pigs, are our best organizers for additional allies. Unwittingly, by their brutality against whites as well as blacks, they are going to keep helping us recruit more white allies who will not retreat; and that's why I don't have any doubts that we'll have thousands of new white John Browns in the future, if it comes to the point of mass revolt.

You see, whites in America really love this country. Especially young white idealists. They've always been taught that they're living in the freest country in the world, the fairest country in the world, a country that will always move to support the underdog. So when they see their Government murdering people in Vietnam, the outrage flowing from that realization is immeasurable. They don't storm the Pentagon immediately; but at a distance, they begin to focus on what's really going on. People go through various stages of shock after a first awareness; they get angry, then they get up tight and finally they want to do something to change what's going on. A lot of whites have already made a correct analysis of the situation: They're aware that the Government of their country has been usurped and is in the hands of a clique, what Eisenhower called the military-industrial complex, which manages the political system for the protection of the large corporations. Having made that analysis, there are enough people right now, I believe, who are so outraged at the way things are going that they would move against this usurpation if they knew how.

PLAYBOY: And how is that?

CLEAVER: That's the issue and the dilemma—how to find a revolutionary mode of moving in this most complicated of all situations. The people who supported McCarthy found out *that* wasn't the way. I'm not saying we, the Black Panthers, have the answer, either, but we're trying to find the way. One thing we do know is that we have to bring a lot of these loosely connected elements of opposition into an organizational framework. You can't have an amorphous thing pulling in all directions and realistically call it a "revolutionary movement." That's why we're organizing among blacks and intend the Panthers to be *the* black-national movement. At the same time, it makes no sense to holler for freedom for the black community and have no interconnection with white groups who also recognize the need for fundamental change. It's by coalition that we intend to bring together

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky · The Paddington Corporation, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

JUSTERINI & BROOKS
Founded 1740

Do unto others.



J&B rare scotch. Pennies more in cost, worlds apart in quality.

all the elements for liberation—by force, if all the alternatives are exhausted.

PLAYBOY: Are they exhausted, in your opinion?

CLEAVER: Not yet, but time is running out. It may still be possible, barely possible, to revolutionize this society—to get fundamental structural changes—without resorting to civil war, but only if we get enough power before it's too late.

PLAYBOY: If you fail in this last effort to effect wholesale social reform without violence, what makes you think you'll have any more success in an armed insurrection? Considering the enormously superior force and firepower of police and troops—and their apparent massive support among whites—is it realistic to believe that you can sustain a guerrilla war?

CLEAVER: Guerrilla warfare has traditionally been conceived and developed to deal with exactly this kind of situation—the presence of massive occupying forces on the one hand and the existence, on the other hand, of sizable numbers of people who are not going to confront those forces full-face but will strike swiftly at times and places of their own choosing. Works on guerrilla warfare have been widely circulated, and a lot of people understand that it doesn't take millions of people to undermine the stability of the American economic system in that way. That's what's at stake—the stability of the system. Of course, there will be tragedies, if it comes to guerrilla warfare. On the individual level, people will suffer, people will be killed. But on the mass level, more and more will be educated. It is the Government itself that will become the chief agent of this kind of education, for the thrust now is unmistakably toward increasing repression. That creates an endless chain of suspicion: everyone in dissent, black or white, becomes suspect. And if the Government intensifies the suppression of dissent, it cannot help but eventually become totalitarian. It creates and implements its own domino theory to the point where there won't even be lip service paid anymore to individual civil liberties for black *or* white.

PLAYBOY: Police and Federal agencies have shown great skill in infiltrating radical movements—including the Panthers. If conditions became such that you decided guerrilla warfare was the only alternative, isn't it likely that your group and all its potential allies—with or without the help of black veterans—would be instantly neutralized from within, because the Government would know every move you planned?

CLEAVER: As for the Panthers, we have always worked on the assumption that we're under constant surveillance and have long been infiltrated. But we figure this is something you just have to live with. In any case, the destruction of a particular organization will not destroy the will to freedom among any oppressed people. Nor will it destroy the certainty that they'll act to win it. Sure, we try to take precautions to make sure we're not including hostile elements in our organization, but we don't spend all our time worrying about it. If we go under—and that could easily be done with police frame-ups right now—there'll be others to take our place.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered the possibility that you could be wrong about the chances of waging a successful guerrilla war? Don't you run the risk that all your efforts toward that end—even if they don't escalate beyond rhetoric—could invite a massive wave of repression that would result in a black bloodbath and turn the country's ghettos into concentration camps?

CLEAVER: It seems to me a strange assumption that black people could just be killed or cooped up into concentration camps and that would be the end of it. This isn't the 1930s. We're not going to play Jews. The whole world is different now from what it was then. Not only would black people resist, with the help of white people, but we would also have the help of those around the world who are just waiting for some kind of extreme crisis within this country so that they can move for their own liberation from American repression abroad. This Government does not have unlimited forces of repression; it can't hold the whole world down—not at home *and* abroad. Eventually, it will be able to control the racial situation here only by ignoring its military "commitments" overseas. That might stop *our* movement for a while, but think what would be happening in Latin America, Asia and Africa. In that event, there would be a net gain for freedom in the world. We see our struggle as inextricably bound up with the struggle of all oppressed peoples, and there is no telling what sacrifices we in this country may have to make before that struggle is won.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you have any real chance of winning that struggle—even without Government repression—as long as the majority of white Americans, who outnumber blacks ten to one, remain hostile or indifferent to black aspirations? According to the indications of recent public-opinion surveys, they deplore even *nonviolent* demonstrations on behalf of civil rights.

CLEAVER: At the present stage, the majority of white people are indifferent and complacent simply because their own lives have remained more or less intact and as remote from the lives of most blacks as the old French aristocracy was from "the great unwashed." It's disturbing to them to hear about Hough burning, Watts burning, the black community in Newark burning. But they don't really understand why it's happening, and they don't really care, as long as *their* homes and *their* places of work—or the schools to which they send their children—aren't burning, too. So for most whites, what's happened up to now has been something like a spectator sport. There may be a lot more of them than there are of us, but they're not really involved; and there are millions and millions of black people in this country who *are*—more than the census shows. Maybe 30,000,000, maybe more. A lot of black people never get counted in the Census. It's not going to be easy to deal with that large a number, and it won't be possible to indefinitely limit the burning to black neighborhoods—even with all the tanks, tear gas, riot guns, paddy wagons and fire trucks in this country. But if it does come to massive repression of blacks, I don't think the majority of whites are going to either approve it or remain silent. If a situation breaks out in which soldiers are hunting down and killing black people obviously and openly, we don't think the majority will accept that for long. It could go on for a while, but at some point, we think large numbers of whites would become so revolted that leaders would arise in the white community and offer other solutions. So we don't accept the analysis that we're doomed because we're in a minority. We don't believe that the majority in this country would permit concentration camps and genocide.

PLAYBOY: Not even in the midst of large-scale violence in which white neighborhoods were being burned and looted, white children being endangered?

CLEAVER: Under those circumstances, it might be very possible for the power structure to capitalize sufficiently on white fear and anger to justify such atrocities even against those not involved in the violence. But there would still be elements in the white community that would resist massive and indiscriminate repression of all blacks; and once the immediate causes of fear and anger were over, I believe the majority would begin to protest and eventually move against mass imprisonment and genocide. I'm not saying most white people don't have racist attitudes. They do, because the values taught in this country inevitably result in whites' having racist attitudes. But I think a lot of whites are made racists against their essential humanity and without their conscious knowledge. And they get very uncomfortable when their actions are identified as racist, even by their own Kerner Commission. They would really be put on the spot if a large-scale confrontation took place between black people as a whole and white people as a whole. In that event, a lot of white people could not endure seeing themselves as part of the totalitarian apparatus. They would make it very clear that they opposed it and they would work to stop it—not only because of their

essential humanity but because it would be in their own self-interest. The United States has huge interests to safeguard around the world, and most whites would recognize how seriously those interests would be jeopardized if there was total suppression of blacks domestically. That's another reason why the fact of our numerical minority doesn't mean we're destined to lose in our struggle for freedom. It doesn't take into account the international context of the black-liberation movement here. If this country's power structure was really free to totally, brutally and openly suppress black people at home, it would have done so a long time ago. So we have more going for us than our numbers; and our numbers are getting larger.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you're right in claiming that most whites, for whatever reason, would not support massive repression of blacks in this country. These same whites, however, don't want black violence, either—but as you point out, most don't fully grasp the dimensions of the injustices against which that violence is a rebellion, nor do they understand why it continues in the wake of several milestone civil rights laws and Supreme Court decisions. The familiar question is: "What more do they want?" How would you answer it?

CLEAVER: I can only answer with what Malcolm X said. If you've had a knife in my back for 400 years, am I supposed to thank you for pulling it out? Because that's all those laws and decisions have accomplished. The very least of your responsibility now is to compensate me, however inadequately, for centuries of degradation and disenfranchisement by granting peacefully—before I take them forcefully—the same rights and opportunities for a decent life that you've taken for granted as an American birthright. This isn't a request but a *demand*, and the ten points of that demand are set down with crystal clarity in the Black Panther Party platform.

PLAYBOY: Many would doubt that you're serious about some of them. Point four, for instance: "We want all black men to be exempt from military service."

CLEAVER: We couldn't be *more* serious about that point. As a colonized people, we consider it absurd to fight the wars of the mother country against other colonized peoples, as in Vietnam right now. The conviction that no black man should be forced to fight for the system that's suppressing him is growing among more and more black people, outside the Black Panther Party as well as in it. And as we can organize masses of black people behind that demand for exemption, it will have to be taken seriously.

PLAYBOY: Are you equally serious about point eight, which demands that all black prisoners held in city, county, state and Federal jails be released because they haven't had fair trials; and about point nine, which demands that black defendants be tried by all-black juries?

CLEAVER: We think the day will come when these demands, too, will receive serious attention, because they deserve it. Take point eight. All the social sciences —criminology, sociology, psychology, economics—point out that if you subject people to deprivation and inhuman living conditions, you can predict that they will rebel against those conditions. What we have in this country is a system organized against black people in such a way that many are forced to rebel and turn to forms of behavior that are called criminal, in order to get the things they need to survive. Consider the basic contradiction here. You subject people to conditions that make rebellion inevitable and then you punish them for rebelling. Now, under those circumstances, does the black convict owe a debt to society or does society owe a debt to the black convict? Since the social, economic and political system is so rigged against black people, we feel the burden of the indictment should rest on the system and not on us. Therefore, black people should not be confined in jails and prisons for rebelling against that system—even though the rebellion might express itself in some unfortunate ways. And this idea can be taken further, to apply also to those white people who have been subjected to a disgusting system for so long that they resort to disgusting forms of behavior. This is part of our fundamental critique of the way this society, under its present system of organization, molds the character of its second-class citizens.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered the consequences to society of opening the prisons and setting all the inmates free? Their behavior may in one sense be society's fault, but they're still criminals.

CLEAVER: We don't feel that there's any black man or any white man in any prison in this country who could be compared in terms of criminality with Lyndon Johnson. No mass murderer in any penitentiary in America or in any other country comes anywhere close to the thousands and thousands of deaths for which Johnson is responsible.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that analogy is valid? After all, Johnson has been waging a war, however misguidedly, in the belief that his cause is just.

CLEAVER: Many murderers feel exactly the same way about *their* crimes. But let me give you another example: Compare the thieves in our prisons with the big-businessmen of this country, who are in control of a system that is depriving millions of people of a decent life. These people—the men who run the Government and the corporations—are much more dangerous than the guy who walks into a store with a pistol and robs somebody of a few dollars. The men in control are robbing the entire world of billions and billions of dollars.

PLAYBOY: *All* the men in control?

CLEAVER: That's what I said; and they're not only stealing money, they're robbing people of life itself. When you talk about criminals, you have to recognize the vastly different degrees of criminality.

PLAYBOY: Surely no criminality, proved in a court of law, should go unpunished.

CLEAVER: As you know, the poor and the black in this country don't seem to make out as well as the rich and the white in our courts of "justice." I wonder why.

PLAYBOY: You still haven't answered our question about the social consequences of releasing all those now behind bars.

CLEAVER: Those who are now in prison could be put through a process of real rehabilitation before their release—not caged like animals, as they are now, thus guaranteeing that they'll be hardened criminals when they get out if they weren't when they went in. By rehabilitation I mean they would be trained for jobs that would not be an insult to their dignity, that would give them some sense of security, that would allow them to achieve some brotherly connection with their fellow man. But for this kind of rehabilitation to happen on a large scale would entail the complete reorganization of society, not to mention the prison system. It would call for the teaching of a new set of ethics, based on the principle of cooperation, as opposed to the presently dominating principle of competition. It would require the transformation of the entire moral fabric of this country into a way of being that would make these former criminals feel more obligated to their fellow man than they do now. The way things are today, however, what reasons do these victims of society have for feeling an obligation to their fellow man? I look with respect on a guy who has walked the streets because he's been unable to find a job in a system that's rigged against him, but doesn't go around begging and instead walks into a store and says, "Stick 'em up, motherfucker!" I prefer that man to the Uncle Tom who does nothing but just shrink into himself and accept any shit that's thrown into his face.

PLAYBOY: Would you feel that way if it were *your* store that got held up?

CLEAVER: That's inconceivable: I wouldn't own a store. But for the sake of argument, let's say I did. I'd still respect the guy who came in and robbed me more than the panhandler who mooched a dime from me in the street.

PLAYBOY: But would you feel he was *justified* in robbing you because of his disadvantaged social background?

CLEAVER: Yes, I would—and this form of social rebellion is on the rise. When I went to San Quentin in 1958, black people constituted about 30 percent of the prison population. Recently, I was back at San Quentin, and the blacks are

now in the majority. There's an incredible number of black people coming in with each new load of prisoners. Moreover, I've talked to a lot of other people who've been in different prisons, and the percentage of black inmates there, too, is indisputably climbing. And within that growing number, the percentage of *young* black prisoners is increasing most of all. Youngsters from the ages of 18 to 23 are clearly in the majority of the new people who come to prison. The reason is that for a lot of black people, including the young, jobs are almost nonexistent, and the feeling of rebellion is particularly powerful among the young. Take a guy who was four years old in 1954, when the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation was handed down, a decision that was supposed to herald a whole new era. Obviously, it didn't, but it did accelerate agitation and unrest. So this guy, who was four then, has had a lifetime of hearing grievances articulated very sharply but of seeing nothing changed. By the time he's 18 or 19, he's very, very up tight. He's very turned off to the system and he has it in his mind that he's justified in moving against so unjust a system in any way he sees fit.

PLAYBOY: Can that be the whole explanation for the growing number of young black prisoners? Are they all in conscious rebellion against the white power structure?

CLEAVER: That's not the whole explanation, of course, but it would be a mistake to underestimate that rising mood of rebellion. Whatever their conscious motivation, though, every one of them is in prison because of the injustice of society itself. White people are able to get away with a lot of things black people can't begin to get away with; cops are much quicker to make busts in black neighborhoods. And even when they're arrested, whites are ahead because more of them can afford attorneys. A lot of black cats end up in prison solely because they didn't have someone to really present their case in court. They're left with the public defenders, whom prison inmates quite accurately call "penitentiary deliverers." I'll tell you what usually happens. It's the common practice of the police to file ten or so charges on you, and then the public defender comes and says, "Look, we can't beat them all, so the best thing you can do is plead guilty on one count. If you do that, I can get the others dropped." So a black cat is sitting there without real legal help, without any money, and he knows that if he's convicted of all ten counts, he'll get a thousand years. He's in a stupor of confusion and winds up taking the advice of the public defender. He doesn't know the law. He doesn't know how to make legal motions. He doesn't really know what's going on in that courtroom. So he goes along, wakes up in the penitentiary, starts exchanging experiences with other guys who have been through the same mill; and if he wasn't a rebel when he went in, he'll be a revolutionary by the time he gets out.

PLAYBOY: What about your own problems with the law? If you weren't the author of *Soul on Ice*, is it likely that you'd still be in prison?

CLEAVER: Certainly. If I had been just another black man, I wouldn't have had a chance in the world of getting out before my maximum sentence was served —especially not me, because I was involved in a lot of the prison politics. You know, the prison authorities consciously create and maintain a certain level of hostility among the various racial groups in prison. There is, for example, a preferential order on jobs: white prisoners get the best ones. And white prisoners do less time than black inmates for similar crimes: in the California prisons, the preferential order is whites, Mexican-Americans and then blacks. There's always been a lot of agitation within the prisons to change that. I was involved in that agitation and, as a result, I was told by members of the Probation Authority that I could just forget about getting out of prison until my entire 14-year term was up. It wasn't until I smuggled the manuscript of *Soul on Ice* out of prison and got it into the hands of people who had the book published that the attitude of the prison officials toward me started changing. And even then, it took a whole mobilization of prominent literary figures writing letters to get me out. But now that I'm out, it's starting to work the other way. Because of all the attention that's been focused on me both because of the book and because of my involvement with the Panthers, the state is trying to put me back in prison. You know, I used to think, I really did, that the Probation Authority would be proud of a man who had gone through their system, had gained a few skills while in prison and wasn't following the path of crime and violence he'd been on before he went in. But because I'm engaged in political activity, the Probation Authority would like nothing better than to lock me up again. The only reason they haven't been able to so far is that I'm not entirely powerless now.

PLAYBOY: What happens to the ordinary black inmate who has no special talent that earns him a reputation—and influential supporters—outside of prison?

CLEAVER: When I was in the guidance center at San Quentin last spring, I saw a lot of people like that—people I've known for years. Two of them had been in Los Angeles Juvenile Hall with me the first time I was ever arrested —some 18 years ago. Since then, they had done some time and been paroled, and here they were back in San Quentin on bullshit charges of parole violation. That's a device used all the time to keep sending people back to prison. These guys had done nothing more than have personality clashes with their parole officers, who were empowered to send them back up on their own arbitrary decision. This would never have happened if these guys had had any decent legal help. But neither had anybody outside but their mothers and fathers. And they were just two among hundreds of kids in that guidance center who'd been sent back on parole violations, for no better reason. They hadn't committed felonies; they hadn't done anything that would get the average white man hauled into court. The only conclusion one can draw is that the parole system is a procedure devised primarily for the purpose of running people in and out of jail —most of them black—in order to create and maintain a lot of jobs for the white prison system. In California, which I know best—and I'm sure it's the same in other states—there are thousands and thousands of people who draw their living directly or indirectly from the prison system: all the clerks, all the guards, all the bailiffs, all the people who sell goods to the prisons. They regard the inmates as a sort of product from which they all draw their livelihood, and the part of the crop they keep exploiting most are the black inmates.

PLAYBOY: And one of the ways you propose to solve this problem is by demanding not only that all black people in prisons be released but that all future trials of blacks be judged by all-black juries. Wouldn't the selection of a jury on the basis of color—whatever the motivation—be at variance with the U.S. Constitution?

CLEAVER: The Constitution says very little explicitly; it has to be interpreted. Given the racism in this country and the inability of white people to understand what's going on with black people, the only truly just way for a black man to be tried by his peers is for him to have a jury of people who have been victims of the same socioeconomic and political situations *he* has experienced.

PLAYBOY: By the same process of reasoning, wouldn't it follow that a member of the Ku Klux Klan accused of murdering a civil rights worker should be tried only by an all-white jury of Southern segregationists because only they would have backgrounds similar enough to understand his motivations?

CLEAVER: That's pretty much the way it happens, as a matter of fact. But I don't think the majority of whites will be content for too long with that kind of Ku Klux Klan subversion of justice. My primary concern, in any case, is justice for black people *by* black people; if we can achieve that, then we might be ready to talk about whether blacks and

Drink more pop.



Not just New Year's Eve, but as often as you like.
Lejon is the great champagne you can afford to drink. Anytime.
From Lejon Champagne Cellars, San Francisco, California.

whites could get together in accomplishing real justice across the board. But in our *present* society, the only way the Constitution can mean anything to blacks in terms of justice is for black people to be tried by their black peers.

PLAYBOY: Some might question whether it's fair to talk of justice for blacks, when you write of another kind of justice for whites: "Those savages who perpetrate atrocities against black people are going to be hunted down like the dogs they are and will receive the *justice* that Adolf Eichmann got, the same *justice* that they gave to their innocent victims." If you actually resort to this kind of vigilante violence, won't you be morally indistinguishable from K. K. K. night riders who lynch blacks and bomb black churches?

CLEAVER: No, because there is such a thing as justifiable homicide; and I would include in that category every lyncher and church bomber who ever got exonerated by a white-racist jury. If we don't get justice in the courts—for blacks as well as for those who brutalize them—then we'll get it in the streets. If atrocities against us continue not only unpunished but unprevented, if the campaign of aggression by the police and other government forces against us is not stopped, more and more blacks may have to respond as some in Cleveland did last summer—by fighting gunfire with gunfire. One way or another, we are going to have to get justice. It was Thomas Jefferson, after all, who maintained that when society's institutions no longer serve the needs of the people, they must be changed by constitutional means or by revolution. That's at the base of the so-called American tradition: if the people are tyrannized by their Government and that Government answers their demands for justice by intensifying that tyranny, it is not only their right but their duty to abolish that Government and set up another that will extend justice impartially and humanely to all its citizens. This applies even on the local level, and especially to those agencies of the establishment that are charged with the protection of the public. If the police department, for example, has abdicated its function of providing public safety to black people as well as to white, then we feel we have the right to provide for our own safety, even if that means confronting the police department. And if crimes are committed against us by the police, we have the right to defend ourselves and take whatever measures are necessary to prevent further atrocities from being committed against us. And we have the right to insist that perpetrators of past crimes against black people be punished.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the black community is keeping a "death list" of those who are guilty of crimes against black people. Is this true?

CLEAVER: The names of murderers, including police officers—pigs—who have gotten off without any penalty after killing black people are all on record. People in each local area know who they are. I myself have a long list of people who I know have done these things. These crimes are so atrocious and have been so well publicized and documented that even if a complete list doesn't exist, it will be a simple matter of research to go back, dig them up and deal with the murderers—if the law doesn't do it for us.

PLAYBOY: You seem to alternate between advocating revolutionary violence and allowing for the possibility of social reform without violence. Which is it going to be?

CLEAVER: What happens, as I've said, will depend on the continuing dynamics of the situation. What we're doing now is telling the Government that if it does not do its duty, then we will see to it ourselves that justice is done. Again, I can't tell you when we may have to start defending ourselves by violence from continued violence against us. That will depend on what is done against us and on whether real change can be accomplished nonviolently within the system. We'd much rather do it that way, because we don't feel it would be a healthy situation to have even black revolutionaries going around distributing justice. I'd much prefer a society in which we wouldn't have to use—or even carry—guns, but that means the pigs would have to be disarmed, too. In the meantime, as long as this remains an unjust and unsafe society for black people, we're faced with a situation in which our survival is at stake. We will do whatever we must to protect our lives and to redeem the lives of our people—without too much concern for the niceties of a system that is rigged against us.

PLAYBOY: Some black militants say there is an alternative to revolution or capitulation: the formation of a separate black nation within the United States. At a meeting in Detroit last March, a group of black nationalists proposed the creation of a state called New Africa, encompassing all the territory now occupied by Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. Do you think that's a viable plan?

CLEAVER: I don't have any sympathy with that approach, but the Black Panthers feel that it's a proposal black people should be polled on. There have been too many people and too many organizations in the past who claimed to speak for the ultimate destiny of black people. Some call for a new state; some have insisted that black people should go back to Africa. We Black Panthers, on the other hand, don't feel we should speak for all black people. We say that black people deserve an opportunity to record their own national will.

PLAYBOY: Black people have already had a chance to record their will on this subject, according to CBS. A network survey last September revealed that in a poll of black Americans, five percent favored formation of a separate black state.

CLEAVER: Fuck CBS. I don't trust any polls of black people by whites who are part of the system of oppression. The kind of poll we want to see—the only kind of poll that would have any international legitimacy—is a UN-supervised plebiscite throughout the black communities of this country on the question of whether black people want to be integrated into this nation or whether they want to be separated from it; and, if the latter, whether in a separate state or by controlling the communities where they live now.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any reason to believe that the United Nations would consider holding such a plebiscite?

CLEAVER: We already know there are a lot of countries in the world that sympathize with the black cause in America and would be willing to support us on this question. As the political situation worsens—as it inevitably must—both domestically and internationally, we feel we will be able to persuade enough nations to place the idea of a plebiscite on the agenda of the General Assembly, just as so many colonized peoples in other parts of the world have been able to do. After all, we're dealing with a black population in this country that outnumbers that of many UN member nations. We don't see why we have to remain powerless indefinitely when other formerly colonized peoples have won their freedom and their independence. Another plan we have is to invite UN observers to station themselves in the large urban areas so that they can witness the activities of police departments that to us are nothing but occupying armies. We ask this as a colonized people within the mother country.

PLAYBOY: Few, if any, colonized peoples have the support of a contingent of the colonizing power; yet the Black Panthers have formed a working coalition with the Peace and Freedom Party in California—a group that is predominantly white. Isn't there an ideological inconsistency in such a coalition—despite what you've said about the good will and dedication of many sympathetic young whites—at a time when other militant black organizations, such as SNCC, pointedly reject all white allies as agents of the white power structure?

CLEAVER: There is no inconsistency if you don't confuse coalitions with mergers. We believe black people should be in full control of their organizations; the Black Panthers have always been. You may remember that Stokely Carmichael, when he came out for an all-black SNCC, also said that the role of whites was to go into their own communities and organize, so that there could be a basis for eventual coalitions. We've now



Every smoker tries to love a pipe at least once in his lifetime. But it's usually a brief affair. Too bothersome. Too much paraphernalia and ritual. You've been spoiled. Cigarettes are so easy. So handy. So what else is new?

The Pipe: any similarity between this by-product of the Space Age and conventional pipes is purely a matter of shape. When it comes to convenience, to satisfaction, The Pipe has more in common with the simplicity of cigarette smoking.

The Inside Story: the difference is Pyrolytic Graphite, 99.995% pure carbon, the most heat-resistant material known. When a way was found to manufacture this exotic substance (for the Polaris missile), we seized on it as a way to civilize pipe-smoking. This pure carbon liner was everything that briar should be... but isn't. The smoke is 10° to 20° cooler, with up to 83% less tar, 71% less nicotine*! There's no drying out. No need to rotate 4 or 5 pipes. No break-in period. And, it tastes good! Like a pipe should.

That, in brief, is The Pipe's inside story. The other side is something else again.

The Outside: fundamentalists may wish to frown, but here for the Emancipated Male is a pipe to set your personal pace—The Pipe—boldly pointing the way in six heroic colors. The hues are deep, rich and real. They cost $15 and they look it. (In basic black, The Pipe costs $12.50). So if you know someone who'd look good in a pipe, give him **the pipe**

Tar Gard/Venturi Companies, Member of the Pipe and Tobacco Council, Hearst Building, San Francisco, California 94103.

*The latest Surgeon General's Report on Smoking and Health (Public Health Service Publication #1103) should make pipe smokers breathe as easy as non-smokers. Read it.

reached a point where many white people have, in fact, organized in their own communities; therefore, we see no reason to maintain an alienated posture and to refuse to work with such groups.

PLAYBOY: One of the passages in *Soul on Ice* had particular impact on many young white people who felt they had been drummed out of "the movement." You wrote: "There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect, and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history." Having since worked in collaboration with the Peace and Freedom Party, do you still think as highly of the new generation of white youth?

CLEAVER: I'm even more convinced it's true than when I wrote those lines. We work with these young people all the time, and we've had nothing but encouraging experiences with them. These young white people aren't hung up battling to maintain the *status quo* like some of the older people who think they'll become extinct if the system changes. They're adventurous; they're willing to experiment with new forms; they're willing to confront life. And I don't mean only those on college campuses. A lot who aren't in college share with their college counterparts an ability to welcome and work for change.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that this generation of youth is going to "sell out" to the *status quo* as it moves into middle age?

CLEAVER: I expect all of us will become somewhat less resilient as we get into our 40s and 50s—if we live that long—and I'm sure that those who come after us will look back on us as being conservative. Even us Panthers. But I don't think this generation will become as rigid as the ones before; and, for that matter, I don't write off all older people right now. There are a lot of older whites and blacks who keep working for change. So there are people over 30 I trust. *I'm* over 30, and I trust *me*.

PLAYBOY: You speak of trust, and yet there are many young whites—despite what you've said—who wonder if black people are really willing to trust them and to work with them on a basis of mutual respect. Bobby Seale, a Black Panther leader, for instance, told an audience of young whites in New York last spring: "We hate you white people! And the next time one of you paddies comes up here and accuses me of hating you because of the color of your skin, I will kick you in your ass. We started *out* hating you because of the color of your skin. . . . In school, when a little white liberal walked by, I used to come up with my knife and say, 'Give me your lunch money or I'll cut your guts out.' And he'd give me his lunch money. Pretty soon, I'd say, 'Tomorrow you bring me two dollars.' And the next day he'd bring me two dollars. Because that two dollars was mine. Mine because of 400 years of racism and oppression. When I take two dollars from you, pig, don't you say nothing." What kind of white person, unless he's a masochist, could form a coalition with black people on this basis?

CLEAVER: I heard about that speech. There's been a lot of reaction to it, and it's unfortunate. As I understand it, Bobby had been preceded on that program by LeRoi Jones and a lot of that kind of thing, and maybe Bobby was turned on by all that. I don't know. But I do know Bobby; and if that quote is correct, it does not represent how he really feels—not deep inside. You have to remember that Bobby Seale, with Huey Newton, laid the foundation for the Black Panthers; and it was because of their attitudes that the party has been able to steer clear of getting involved in any of these dead-end racist positions. If you go around and talk to the white people in the Bay Area who have worked with Bobby, you'll find that they know the real Bobby Seale and are not disturbed by what he might have said on one particular occasion. It's even fair to say that a lot of them love Bobby. When that particular speech was made, I was in jail; but I've talked with Bobby about it since, and I don't condemn him for it.

PLAYBOY: As you know, however, there are many who do and who believe he really meant what he said that night. In reaction to his and Jones' remarks, one young white radical wrote in *Rat Subterranean News*, the underground New York biweekly: "You are denying my humanity and my individuality. Though I am in deepest empathy with you and with all blacks—all people—in their struggle to be free, you are in danger of becoming my enemy. I must revolt against your racism, your scorn of everything white, just as I revolt against the racism of white America. I will not let you put me in a bag. Your enemies and my enemies are the same people, the same institutions. . . . I feel no special loyalty to White, but only Self. I feel no love for the leaders or institutions or culture of this country, but only for individual people, in an ever-growing number, with whom I share love and trust. I deny my whiteness; I affirm my humanity. You are urging your black brothers to see me only as White, in just the same way as we have been raised to see you only as Negro. . . . I don't feel white enough or guilty enough to die joyfully by a bullet from a black man's gun, crying 'Absolved at last!' And I know that soon *you*, by denying me my me-ness, will become for me just as much an oppressor, just as much an enemy, as the white culture we are both fighting. . . . To remain free, and to transform society, I have to maintain my hard-won differentiation from the mass of white people, and I won't let even a black person, no matter how hard-bent he be on black liberation, squeeze me back into honkiedom. If I have to shoot a black racist one of these days, well, baby, that's part of the struggle." This rejection of racism has been echoed by many young whites. What's your reaction to it?

CLEAVER: I think it's a commendable statement. But there are many whites who do deny the humanity of black people, and I think LeRoi and Bobby were talking about them. If you're white and you don't fall into that bag, though, there is no reason why you should accept that analysis as applying to you. You have to judge people by what they do. Those white people who are still functioning as part of the juggernaut of oppression are, indeed, guilty. But those who place themselves outside the system of oppression, those who struggle against that system, ought not to consider that judgment applied against them. I think when a person has reached the kind of awareness expressed by this cat, he is totally justified in rebelling against the honkie tag. But he ought not to expect some kind of instant recognition by black people that he's "different." You cannot expect black people to make immediate distinctions while blacks themselves are still involved in the total fabric of oppression. Those whites who have freed themselves of the system know who they are; and, by what they do, *we* will get to know who they are.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, what can they do, what must they do, to earn your respect and trust?

CLEAVER: There are a whole lot of things they can do. They can organize white people so that together we can go into the halls of Government, demand our rights—and get them. They can organize politically and get rid of all the clods and racists in the legislatures around the country. They can help keep the police from rioting. They can help make public servants recognize that they *are* public servants, that the public—black and white—pays their salaries and that they don't own the people and must be responsive to them. What can whites do? Just be Americans, as the rhetoric claims Americans are supposed to be. Just stand up for liberty everywhere. Stand up for justice everywhere—especially right here in their own country. Stand up for the underdog; that's supposed to be the American way. Make this *really* the home of the free. But that will never happen unless they help us conduct a thorough housecleaning of the political and economic arenas. Now is the time for whites to help us get the machinery together, to organize themselves and then form coalitions with black groups and Mexican and Puerto Rican groups

Miller makes it right!

Big party
...or a few
unexpected guests
...Miller makes it right!
Hearty.
Robust.
Deep-down good.
That's Miller High Life.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



© MILLER BREWING CO., Milwaukee

that also want to bring about social change—and then act to do just that.

PLAYBOY: What about whites—undoubtedly a much larger number—who are just not revolutionaries but still want to work for positive change?

CLEAVER: That's simple, too. Find out which white organizations are for real and join them. Many whites can help educate other whites about the true nature of the system. And they can help black people—in the courts, in the social clubs, in the Congress, in the city councils, in the board rooms—win their demands for justice. The number-one problem right now, as we see it, is that of repression by the police. Whites should become aware of what the police are doing and why the Black Panther Party, to name only one group, has gotten so hung up over this crucial question. It's not only just police brutality and crimes; it's police intimidation of black communities. When we started, it became very clear to us that the reason black people don't come out to meetings, don't join organizations working for real change, is that they're afraid of various forms of retaliation from the police. They're afraid of being identified as members of a militant organization. So we recognized that the first thing we had to do was to expose and deal with the Gestapo power of the police. Once we've done that, we can move to mobilize people who will then be free to come out and start discussing and articulating their grievances, as well as proposing various changes and solutions. We are doing that in the Bay Area and in other areas where the Black Panther Party is now active. But there are many places where the police continue to intimidate, and it would be a great help for white people to start their own local organizations or to form local chapters of the Peace and Freedom Party. They could then focus community attention on what the police actually do—as opposed to what the police and the city administrations *claim* they do—and work with black people who are trying to break free. That kind of organized activity is really the only hope for this country.

PLAYBOY: If whites were to do this, wouldn't they have a lot to lose, even if they themselves don't become the victims of police repression? Radicals keep telling them that if they're really going to join in the struggle, they can't go on living as they do now; that they can't expect to continue enjoying the material comforts of a system they intend to confront; that anyone who "breaks free" is going to have to change his entire style of life. Do you agree?

CLEAVER: Well, they're certainly going to have to give up those privileges that are based on the oppression and exploitation of other people. Most whites today are in the position of being the recipients of stolen property. This country was *built*, in large part, on the sweat of slaves. The standard of living most white people enjoy today is a direct result of the historical exploitation of blacks, and of the third world, by the imperialist nations, of which America is now the leader. But thanks to technological advances, even if that exploitation were stopped and there were just distribution of wealth abroad and at home, whites wouldn't really have to suffer materially. If the money now used for bombs and airplanes were redirected to build more houses and better schools—as even the white man's Kerner Commission recommended—I can't see how white people would have to make any sacrifices at all. And think of how much more wholesome—and peaceful—a social environment there'd be for everybody. It seems to me the only whites who would be losing anything are those irretrievably committed, emotionally or economically, to the continued subordination of nonwhites. But those whites who are not wedded to exploitation and oppression can only benefit if basic change comes.

PLAYBOY: There are whites who would say that black people have not indicated that they have the determination, the discipline or even the good will to work toward such a goal. As you know, many privately feel that black people, with some exceptions, are lazy, irresponsible, destructive rather than constructive, unable to hold onto jobs, etc., etc. How do you think this problem of noncomprehension and lingering prejudice can be overcome?

CLEAVER: Well, insofar as any of these stereotypes seem to have some basis in fact, they're the result of *strategic* forms of behavior by black people. Think about that. I don't see any reason, for instance, why black people should have been knocking themselves out on the plantations. Under slavery, the black man who could find ways to get out of work was really a very wise man. It's no different under the present system of exploitation, a system rigged against black people straight across the board. Why should any black man strive to excel, to better himself, when the system is set up to keep him "in his place"? I think anyone who can beat that system and draw a living from it with the least expenditure of energy is doing the best thing he can do for himself. It's stupid to be a dedicated, hardworking and loyal victim. But if black people were in a situation where their labor had meaning and dignity, where they were really building good lives for themselves and their children, then all this strategic behavior would cease to be functional.

PLAYBOY: That answer might help convince some potential white allies of the viability of a black-white coalition for change. But how do you reconcile such expressions of hope with a statement you wrote for *Ramparts* shortly after the murder of Martin Luther King? "There is a holocaust coming . . . the war has begun. The violent phase of the black liberation struggle is here, and it will spread. From that shot, from that blood, America will be painted red. Dead bodies will litter the streets and the scenes will be reminiscent of the disgusting, terrifying, nightmarish news reports coming out of Algeria during the height of the general violence right before the final breakdown of the French colonial regime." If you really believe that, what's the point of talking about black-white coalitions?

CLEAVER: Let me emphasize again that I try to be realistic. I keep working for change, in the hope that violence will not be necessary; but I cannot pretend, in the face of the currently deteriorating situation, that a holocaust is not very possible, even likely. Perhaps if enough people recognize how possible it is, they'll work all the harder for the basic changes that can prevent it. Obviously, there have already been dead bodies on the streets since the murder of King; and at some point, there can occur an eruption that will escalate beyond control. But let me also make clear that I do not justify shooting the wrong people. If the holocaust comes, the bodies on the streets would be those of the oppressors: those who control the corporations that profiteer off the poor, that oil the war machine, that traffic with racist nations like South Africa; those who use the economic and military power of the U. S. to exploit and exterminate the disenfranchised in this country and around the world; and, above all, those politicians who use their public trust to kill social reform and perpetuate injustice. The rest are just part of the machinery. They're not making decisions. They're not manipulating the masses. They're being manipulated themselves by the criminals who run the country.

PLAYBOY: And these "criminals" are to be killed if there's a violent revolution?

CLEAVER: It seems to be a hallmark of any revolutionary war that the worst culprits are stood up against the wall and executed. There are a lot of people in the category of active oppressor for whom I think execution would be a mild punishment. However, given an ideal situation, it might be possible to incarcerate these people, re-educate them and then allow them back into society, if they're not actually guilty of willful murder. But in the heat of a violent day-to-day struggle, one might not have time to be so fastidious with these people; in that event, anything that's done to them would be all right with me.

PLAYBOY: In everything you say, there are the intertwining themes of vengeance



CONNIE KRESKI



DOLLY READ



REAGAN WILSON



MICHELLE HAMILTON



GWEN WONG



SUE WILLIAMS



TISH HOWARD



HEATHER RYAN



DE DE LIND



BRITT FREDRIKSEN



ANGELA DORIAN

Make A Date With A Dazzling Dozen

Keeping up to date with PLAYBOY's Playmate Calendar is the beautiful way to appreciate the joys of the changing seasons. Each month of the year, your days and dates are arranged by the most provocative Playmates ever to have graced a gatefold. All in full color—all in captivating new poses.



PAT RUSSO

The Playmate Calendar is great for the guy who looks forward to each passing month (even for that rare guy who wants time to stand still). Choose the compact DESK-TOP CALENDAR for den or office. If you've got bigger ideas, select the WALL CALENDAR. Great for gifting, too.

On Sale At Your Newsdealer 75¢

Wall and Desk Calendars Available from Newsstand Agents in the U. K.



Desk Cal. 5½" x 7⅜"



Wall Cal. 8½" x 12½"

and forgiveness, of violent revolution and nonviolent social reform; and that leads to a good deal of confusion among many whites as to what the Black Panthers are really for. On the one hand, you write of the coming holocaust and of bodies littering the streets. And yet the day before you wrote that article, you were at a junior high school in Oakland, where the black kids had decided to burn down the school in anger at the murder of Dr. King, and you talked them out of it. Similarly, you and other Panthers speak of a black revolutionary generation that has the courage to kill; yet when a group of seventh and eighth graders at another Oakland school tried to emulate what they thought the Panthers stood for by turning into a gang and beating up other kids, several Panther leaders went to the school at the invitation of the principal and told the kids they were in the wrong bag. The Panthers' advice was for black youngsters to study hard, so that they could be in a better position to help their brothers. They also told them not to hate whites but to learn to work with them. Which is the *real* Black Panther philosophy?

CLEAVER: There is no contradiction between what we say and what we do. We are for responsible action. That's why we don't advocate people going around inventing hostilities and burning down schools and thereby depriving youngsters of a place to learn. What we do advocate is that hostilities in the black community be focused on specific targets. The police are a specific target. As I said before, we are engaged in organizing black communities so that they will have the power to stop the police from wanton harassment and killing of black people. And that also means self-defense, if necessary. Beyond that, it means getting enough power so that we can have autonomous black departments of safety in black communities. We have the courage—and the good sense—to defend ourselves, but we are not about to engage in the kind of random violence that will give the pigs an opportunity to destroy us. We are revolutionary, but that means we're disciplined, that we're working out programs, that we intend to create a radical political machinery in coalition with whites that will uproot this decadent society, transform its politics and economics and build a structure fit to exist on a civilized planet inhabited by *humanized* beings.

PLAYBOY: You say the police are a prime target for Panther hostility. Is this, perhaps, because the reverse is also true? Police departments in all the cities in which the Panthers have organized claim that your group is a public menace—engaged in beatings, shakedowns, thefts, shootings, fire bombings and other criminal activities.

CLEAVER: Who are the criminals? I know about these rumors of what Panthers are supposed to be doing, but that's all they are—false reports spread by racist cops. They'd like the public to forget that it was Black Panthers in Brooklyn who were attacked by off-duty *police* outside a courtroom last September. Who were the criminals there? And who shot up the Black Panther office in Oakland in a drunken orgy, riddling pictures of Huey Newton and me—and a picture of Bobby Hutton, whom they had already killed? Two pigs from the Oakland Police Department. Of course, they're going to spread these false rumors about us; it's one of the ways they're trying to destroy us before we destroy them with the truth about their own lawlessness.

PLAYBOY: Granted there have been conflicts between the Panthers and the police; but aren't you exaggerating their intent when you claim, as you did recently, that they're out to "systematically eliminate our leadership"?

CLEAVER: Not in the least. We are a great threat to the police and to the whole white power structure in Alameda County and in Oakland, where the Panthers were born. The police are the agents of the power structure, in trying to destroy us. Let me give you the background. When Bobby Seale and Huey Newton organized the Black Panther Party in October 1966, they initiated armed black patrols. Each car, which had four men, would follow the police around, observing them. When police accosted a citizen on the street and started doing something wrong to him, the patrol would be there as witnesses and to tell the person being mistreated what his rights were. In this way, the Panthers focused community attention on the police and the people learned they didn't have to submit to the kind of oppressive, arbitrary brutality that had been directed against the black people in Oakland for a long time.

When the Panthers started to educate the community, those in power were afraid that blacks would go on to organize and exercise real political power. And the police were told to prevent this. They tried to do this first by multiple arrests. Anyone known to be a Panther would be rousted on ridiculous charges that couldn't stand up in court but that led to our having to spend a lot of money on bail and legal fees. That didn't work. They couldn't intimidate us. Then in October 1967, they finally got Huey Newton into a position where a shoot-out occurred. Huey was wounded, a cop was killed and another was wounded. Murder charges were filed against Huey; he was eventually convicted and sentenced to two to fifteen years, and that case is now on appeal. After the shoot-out and the arrest of Huey, the whole Black Panther Party became involved in mobilizing community awareness of the political aspects of that case.

We had such great effect in that effort that the police tried even harder to stifle us. They moved against just about everyone who had taken an active part in speaking and mobilizing for Huey. To give you some examples, on January 15 of this year, our national captain, David Hilliard, was arrested while passing out leaflets at Oakland Tech. The next day, police broke down the door of my apartment and searched it without a warrant. On February 5, a Panther and his girlfriend were arrested for "disturbing the peace" after a rally at which Dr. Spock had spoken. They were beaten in jail. On February 24, Panther Jimmy Charley approached a policeman who was assaulting a black person. He questioned the officer and was immediately arrested and charged with "resisting arrest." On February 25, at 3:30 in the morning, police broke down the door of Bobby Seale's home. Again, there was no warrant. During the third and fourth weeks of February, there was a rash of arrests of black men either in the Panthers or identified with them. And on and on. None of the charges ever made it to court.

PLAYBOY: What about the widely publicized shooting of April sixth, in which 17-year-old Black Panther Bobby Hutton was killed and two others, including yourself, were wounded? The official version has been circulated in the daily newspapers. Can you give your account of what happened?

CLEAVER: Certain points I can't discuss, because I don't want to alert the prosecution to what we're going to bring out in court, but I'll give you the basic details. April sixth was a Saturday. We were going to have a barbecue picnic the next day—a black-community picnic in Oakland. We'd been leafleting the community and driving around in sound trucks, urging people to attend the picnic. And that night, we were involved in getting the food together—cooking the meat, picking up potatoes for potato salad, and all that. During the preceding days, we'd been having continuous trouble with the Oakland Police Department about the picnic. They tried to prevent our getting a permit to hold it; and although we got it after three or four days, there were severe restrictions on what we could do—no political speeches, no leafleting, things like that. This harassment and interference with our constitutional rights was nothing new. It happened with all the fund-raising events we planned. The police knew about them immediately and always started a mass of arrests, so that whatever money we'd raise would be drained off in bail and legal fees.

Anyway, this picnic was especially important to us, because we badly needed money for the Huey Newton Defense Fund and for political campaigns; Bobby

YMM Apache Slacks with button adjustments. About $27.50.

©1968 Jaymar-Ruby, Inc.



TRADITIONALLY, YMM SLACKS LOOK BETTER...SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY ARE!

See for yourself. Look at the cut. Look at the colors. Jaymar captures the campus viewpoint in unmistakably traditional fashion! You can see it in their lean, tapered line...in the "in" look of the latest solids, checks and plaids. What's more, you'll enjoy features like Ban-Rol®—to absolutely prevent waistband curl—which are just part of the meticulous attention to detail you'll find in every stitch and seam. Try on a pair in the rich fabric of 100% imported Italian wool today! A product of Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana.

YMM
young man's mood

By the makers of Sansabelt®

A JAYMAR® SLACK

Made by people who care for people . . . who care®

Available at these and more than 5,000 other fine stores coast to coast:

Charleston, West Virginia ..... Kelley's Mens Shop
Chicago, Illinois ..... Broadstreet's
Chicago, Illinois ..... Cohn & Stern
Detroit, Michigan ..... Danby's
Detroit, Michigan ..... Van Horn's Men's Stores
Fargo, North Dakota ..... Fargo Toggery
Huntington, West Virginia ..... Amsbary-Johnson
Milwaukee, Wisconsin ..... Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfs
Pontiac, Michigan ..... Osmun's
Providence, Rhode Island. Philip Wolfe Haberdashers
Shreveport, Louisiana ..... Selber Bros.
Youngstown, Ohio ..... Hartzell's-Rose & Sons

Seale was running for the state assembly and Huey was running for Congress from jail. We'd come through all the police interference, until that Saturday. That night, I was driving a car that had been lent to us by a white man. It was a white Ford with Florida license plates, and for days before, Panthers who had been driving that car were constantly stopped by cops and questioned. "Are you from Florida?" "Where did you get this car?" All kinds of silly annoyances. Obviously, they were always on the lookout for that car. While driving it that Saturday night on the way to a Panther's apartment, where we were assembling all the food, I had to take a piss, so I pulled over on a dark street and got out of the car. The two other Panther cars in the caravan stopped behind me. Just then, this police car came around the corner. I didn't know at first it was a police car, because it was very dark and the car was some distance away. I was only concerned that somebody was coming, and it would be embarrassing to be caught standing there taking a leak. So I went around to the other side of the car. All of a sudden, the squad car turned a spotlight on me and the cops started yelling, "Come out from behind there!" Well, I was in the middle of taking this leak, so it took me a little time to get my fly zipped up and to get out into the middle of the street. Just as I cleared the front of my car, these cops started shooting.

PLAYBOY: How do you know it was the police who started shooting?

CLEAVER: Because all the Panthers were *behind* me and all the shots came from in *front* of me—where the cops were. And the shots were aimed *at* me; there's absolutely no question about it. Now I'm tempted to say that they knew who I was and that they were shooting at me specifically, but I don't really know that for sure. I *do* know, though, that they started shooting without any warning. My reaction was to dive down in front of the car. It wasn't a few seconds before another cop car came around the other corner from the opposite direction and also started shooting. Now, after checking out what happened, it seems pretty clear that some of those in the Panther cars also had guns; I mean, you never know when a Panther has a gun.

PLAYBOY: Don't Panthers always carry guns?

CLEAVER: No. Panthers are not supposed to carry any arms just for show. Guns are carried only if there is reason to anticipate the need for self-defense or for certain security purposes, such as the protection of Panther leaders under dangerous circumstances. That night, in view of the police harassment of us in Oakland, which had intensified during the preceding week, it would have been logical for some Panthers to have guns. I don't know who in particular had a gun, but there was some exchange of shots. Meanwhile, we were all scattering, because it was a regular shooting gallery; the cops were coming from everywhere—at least 50 of them. Now the police story is that they were all responding to an emergency call by a cop who had just been shot, but how come so many arrived instantaneously from so many directions? Anyway, we were all running to get away from all that shooting. One cop was shooting at me with a shotgun, and I ended up going over a little shed between two houses. When I got on the other side, Bobby Hutton was already there. All kinds of cops on the street were shooting at us; Bobby had a rifle and he started shooting back, clearing the cops out of the immediate area. As they took cover, we had a chance to find a door into the cellar of this house.

From that point on, I suppose it's kind of flattering to say we had a shootout with the cops, but that's not what really happened. We were involved in ducking bullets. For 90 minutes, the cops poured bullets and tear gas into that house, and we got very badly asphyxiated by the gas. I also got shot in the leg, and one of those tear-gas canisters hit me in the chest and knocked the breath out of me. It was very dark in the cellar and Bobby thought I'd been wounded badly; so in the dark, he removed my clothes and tried to pat me down to find out where the blood was. The news reports said I came out naked. It's true, but that wasn't a plan I'd consciously devised so that the cops would be able to see I wasn't carrying a weapon and wouldn't have an excuse to kill me. When we decided to give up, Bobby tossed his rifle outside. Having been shot in the leg, I couldn't walk on my own; and when we went out, Bobby was helping me. There was a kind of step down past the threshold of the cellar door, and we fell down.

The cops surrounded us and about 30 of them hit us with guns and kicked us for a while—I don't know just how long. It ended with their telling us to stand up. Bobby helped me rise, and the cops seemed to resent his helping me. They snatched him away and told us to run down to a police car parked in the street. I couldn't run, so they told Bobby to run and shoved him. When he stumbled a few steps, they opened fire and killed him. Then they turned to me. I'm convinced that the only reason they didn't shoot me, too, was that by that time, a lot of people had been attracted to the scene by all the gunshots; and when they saw the cops shoot Bobby, they started pointing at me and yelling at the police, "Leave him alone!" and calling them murderers and pigs.

A cop, whom I knew from previous encounters, came over and asked where I was wounded. I told him it was my foot; this bastard kicked me on that foot and then told the other cops to get me out of there. They handcuffed me and put me in one of those big black vans. Two cops came in after me, but before they were all the way in, the cop driving the van told headquarters over the radio that they had a prisoner. Headquarters wanted to know who it was; the driver asked my name; I gave it to him and he radioed it in. That probably saved my life, because everything that comes in over the switchboard of the Oakland Police Department is put on a constantly operating tape. When the two cops from the outside got in, they started hitting me and told the man in front to drive slowly to the hospital. The driver said, "Don't do that, we've already radioed in his name." The two cops cursed him out, but they had to take me to the hospital. That was the end of the physical violence. Within about six hours, they took me to San Quentin. I stayed there three or four hours and then I was taken to Vacaville Prison, where they kept me for about 60 days until a judge released me. I was indicted on three counts of assault with intent to kill and three counts of assault on a police officer. So you see, it's not just my imagination that there's an awful lot of pressure to get rid of Panther spokesmen.

PLAYBOY: You've also been a spokesman for the Peace and Freedom Party, of which you were this year's Presidential nominee. How significant do you consider that kind of political activity, in terms of your plans for the growth of the Black Panthers?

CLEAVER: Well, I never exactly dreamed of waking up in the White House after the November election, but I took part in that campaign because I think it's necessary to pull a lot of people together, black and white. Certainly, we're concerned with building the Black Panther Party, but we also have to build a national coalition between white activists and black activists. We have to build some machinery so that they can work on a coordinated basis. Right now, you have thousands and thousands of young activists, black and white, who are working at cross purposes, who don't communicate with one another, who are isolated and alienated from one another. But they could be a source of mutual strength and support. I believe that if we can simultaneously move forward the liberation struggle that's going on in the black colonies of this country and the revolutionary struggle that's going on in the mother country, we can amass the strength and numbers needed to change the course of American history.

PLAYBOY: There are those who believe that this vision of yours is just another of those fugitive illusions that appear from time to time among radicals, black

Smirnoff®

80 & 100 PROOF. DIST. FROM GRAIN. STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

Smirnoff makes the party come alive. Talented Smirnoff. It bedazzles orange juice. Snaps up holiday punch. Adds brilliant sparkle to whatever's good to drink. That's why the choicest holiday parties come in Smirnoff packages.



Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless.

and white. Michael Harris, a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, wrote in *The Nation* last July, quoting a law-enforcement agent who had infiltrated the Panthers: "If the Federal Government makes a serious effort to pump lots of money into the ghetto, you can likely kiss the Panthers goodbye. You simply can't agitate happy people." Do you think that's likely to happen?

CLEAVER: If the Federal Government moved to honor all the grievances of black people, to not merely alleviate but eliminate oppression, we'd be delighted to fold the whole thing up and call it a day. There are many other—and certainly safer—things we'd prefer to be doing with our lives. But until the Government moves to undo all the injustices —every one of them, every last shadow of colonialism—no amount of bribes, brutality, threats or promises is going to deter us from our cause. There will be no compromise, no surrender and no sell-out; we will accept nothing less than total victory. That's why more and more black people have faith in us—because we offer a totally inflexible program in terms of our demands for black people, yet we have steered clear of doing this in a racist manner, as the Muslims have done. People are turning not to Muslims, not to the NAACP, not to CORE or SNCC but to the Black Panther Party.

PLAYBOY: Is this happening more among older people or among the young?

CLEAVER: We're getting older people, but we're acquiring particular strength in colleges, high schools, junior high schools, even grammar schools. We count very heavily on the young, in terms of the future. The Black Panther Party is a natural organization for them to join. It was organized by their peers; it understands the world the way they understand it. And for the young black male, the Black Panther Party supplies very badly needed standards of masculinity. The result is that all the young chicks in the black community nowadays relate to young men who are Black Panthers.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have undergone quite a change in attitude since you were their age, when you related not to black girls but to white women, and in a decidedly unhealthy way. In *Soul on Ice*, you wrote: "Somehow I arrived at the conclusion that, as a matter of principle, it was of paramount importance for me to have an antagonistic, ruthless attitude toward white women. . . . I had stepped outside of the white man's law, which I repudiated with scorn and self-satisfaction. I became a law unto myself—my own legislature, my own Supreme Court, my own executive. . . . Rape was an insurrectionary act." Were you really being completely honest when you attributed your sexual attacks solely to ideological motives?

CLEAVER: Well, at that time, I'd read a smattering of revolutionary works, though not with very much understanding. Passionate things like Lenin's exhortatory writings, and Bakunin, and Nechayev's *Catechism of the Revolutionist*. And Machiavelli. I felt I knew what insurrection was and what rebellion was. So I called rape an insurrectionary act. But basically, it was my delight in violating what I conceived of as white men's laws, and my delight in defiling white women in revenge over the way white men have used black women. I was in a wild frame of mind and rape was simply one of the weird forms my rebellion took at that stage. So it was probably a combination of business and pleasure.

PLAYBOY: You went back to prison in 1958 for a 14-year sentence, after being convicted of assault with intent to kill and rape. During the nine years you served, what changed you to the point at which you admitted, in *Soul on Ice*, that you were wrong? "I had gone astray," you wrote, "astray not so much from the white man's law as from being human, civilized —for I could not approve the act of rape. Even though I had some insight into my own motivations, I did not feel justified. I lost my self-respect. My pride as a man dissolved and my whole fragile moral structure seemed to collapse, completely shattered."

CLEAVER: I came to realize that the particular women I had victimized had not been involved in actively oppressing me or other black people. I was taking revenge on them for what the whole system was responsible for. And as I thought about it, I felt I had become less than human. I also came to see that the price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less. But this didn't happen all at once; beginning to write was an important part of getting myself together. In fact, looking back, I started writing to save myself.

PLAYBOY: In none of your own writing so far have you gone into any detail about your formative years and about whether the pressures on you as a boy in the ghetto were representative, in your view, of the pressures on young black people throughout the society. Were they?

CLEAVER: So much so that I realized very soon after getting out of prison how little progress—if any—had been made in the nine years since I was sent up. What struck me more than anything else was the fact that the police still practice a systematic program to limit the opportunities in life for black cats by giving them a police record at an early age. In my own set, we were always being stopped and written up by the cops, even when we hadn't done anything. We'd just be walking down the street and the pigs would stop us and call in to see if we were wanted—all of which would serve to amass a file on us at headquarters. It's a general practice in this country that a young black gets put through this demeaning routine. But it's only one facet of the institutionalized conspiracy against black men in this country—to tame them, to break their spirit. As soon as he becomes aware of his environment, a black kid has to gauge his conduct and interpret his experiences in the context of his color and he has to orient himself to his environment in terms of how to survive as a black in a racist nation. But at least there's been one improvement in the years since I was a kid: Nowadays, being black—thanks to increasing white oppression—has been turned from a burden into an asset. Out there on the grade school and high school levels, young blacks are no longer up tight about their color. They're proud of it.

PLAYBOY: Among the manifestations of that new pride is a decline in social acceptability of the word "Negro" in favor of the terms "Afro-American" and "black." Is that why you don't call yourself or the Panthers "Negroes"?

CLEAVER: I accept the analysis the Muslims and particularly Malcolm X have made of the term "Negro." It's a word that whites applied to black people who were kidnaped from Africa. And historically the term came to mean a docile, submissive slave type of person. "Afro-American" and "black," however, signify a rebellious person who finds and takes on his own identity. I use them to identify myself and I apply them to other black people whom I respect. They connote an original place of origin, as well as a pride in color.

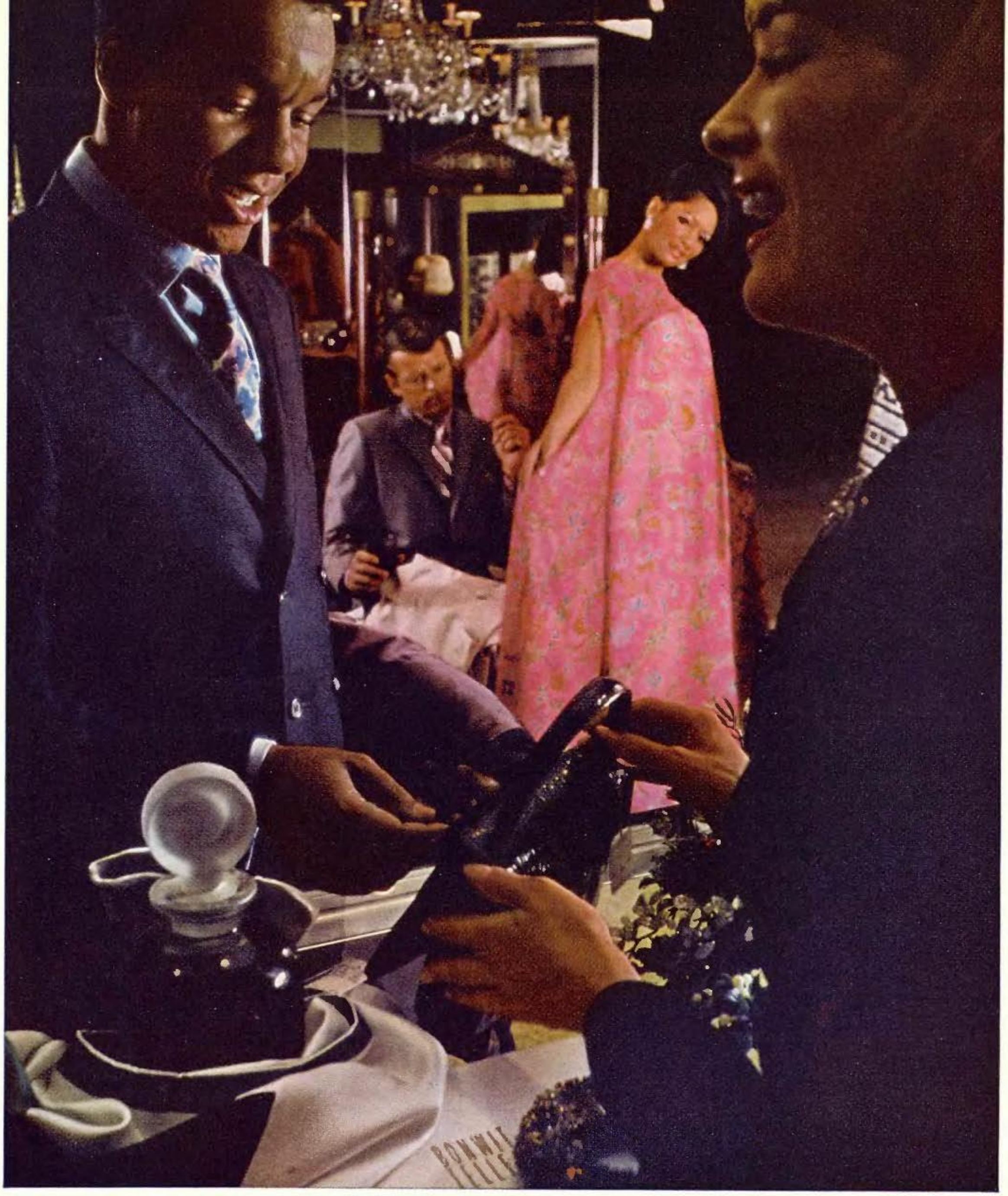
PLAYBOY: Many of those blacks who frown on the use of the word "Negro" tend to feel the same way about "integration." Why has this term fallen into disrepute among so many black people?

CLEAVER: It's become a curse word because it has not only been of no use to black people but has prevented them from realizing the need to control their own institutions and to build their own sources of power. I mean, after all these years of talk about "integration," it hasn't meant a damn thing but more segregation and more powerlessness. "Integration" is a dead word now except insofar as you want to use it to stigmatize somebody—like I would say "Roy Wilkins, the integrationist."

PLAYBOY: W. H. Ferry of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions maintains that "integration does not seem likely in the United States now or in the future. Americans are afraid of living with differences." Do you agree?

CLEAVER: Well, talking about the future, I'd say that's up to white people. What black people want now is relief from being controlled and manipulated by white people. That could take the form of separation if white people continue

(concluded on page 238)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

One with a high standard of giving. And the prize he finds is always worth more than the price he pays. To him *and* her. Facts: For 5,000,000 PLAYBOY households, present time is any time. And expenditures averaged $400 within the last year. Shopping tip: If you're looking for something good to buy, buy PLAYBOY. No advertiser should be without it. (Source: *Playboy Gift Market Study.*)

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

if the fat man hadn't risked every lira on the turning wheel, if the lovely blonde had been able to speak italian, if forrester hadn't lied about the brand of gasoline he used— then maybe he wouldn't have found himself knee-deep in dynamite

Part I of a Novel

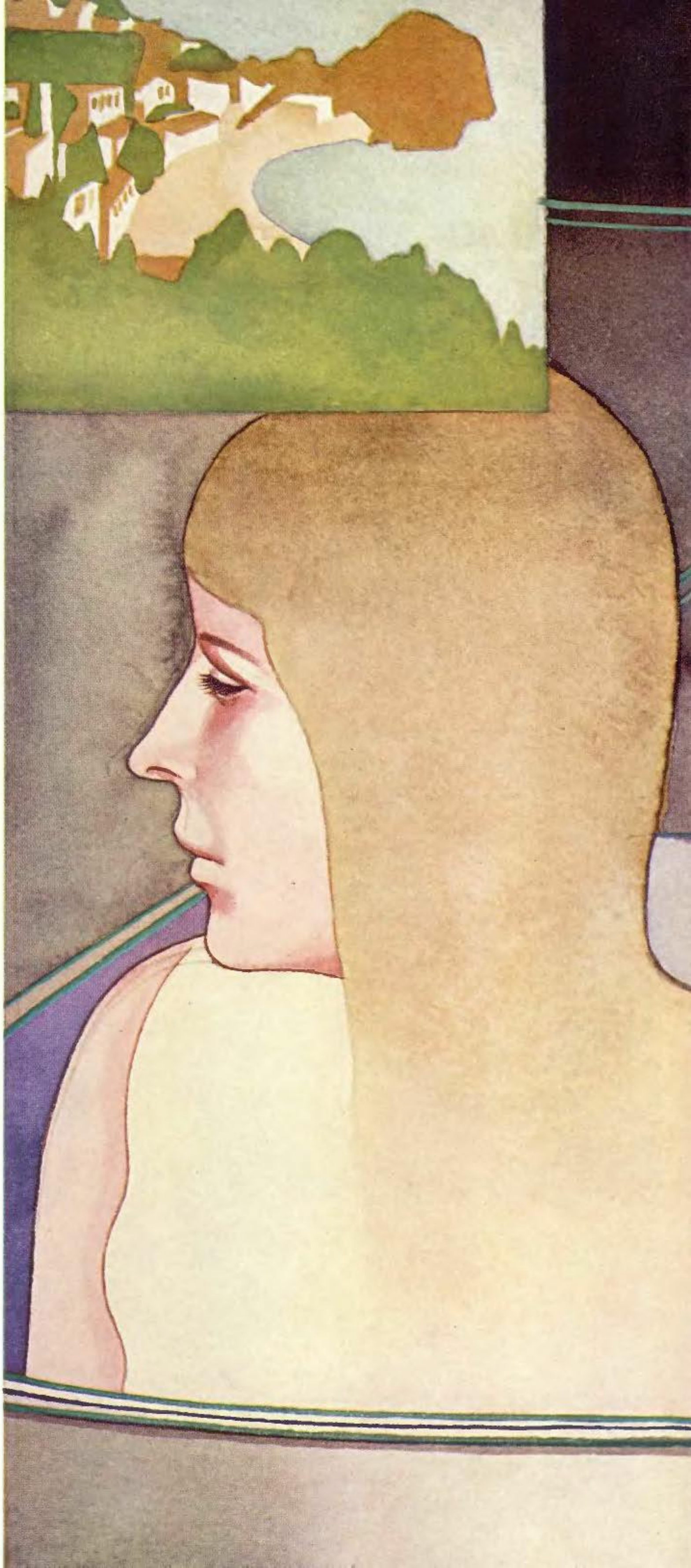
By FRANCIS CLIFFORD

ANOTHER WAY OF DYING

FORRESTER HAD SEEN THEM twice before —once at Palermo airport, when they were passing through customs, and once at his hotel in Taormina a few days later. Taormina was where the tourists went and fell in love with Sicily: there had been no earthquakes there. They were an ordinary enough couple by Mediterranean standards—the girl, at a guess, in her early 20s and the man perhaps around 50, balding, paunchy. The girl wasn't conventionally attractive, though the long blonde hair and the pale-blue trouser suit provided a striking combination; she also had a marvelous flowing walk that made the man appear to strut beside her on his thick, stumpy legs.

On neither occasion had Forrester seen them at close range—first a passing glance and then a bar's-length view. But now they could hardly have been nearer; side by side, the three of them played roulette in the casino at Messina.

Forrester had been so engrossed with the play that he didn't at first notice them move into the vacated chairs to his right. When they eventually caught his eye, he gave the girl an instinctive nod of recognition, which she ignored and the man didn't catch. The man was next to Forrester and he was sweating a lot; his scalp glistened through the thin black hair and he kept mopping his forehead. Sitting, he was shorter than the girl, but broad, built like a fairground tumbler, with squat, powerful hands. His cheeks were sandblasted, Forrester saw. And he staked high—



James McMullan

100,000 or 200,000 lire at a time.

The girl now wore an emerald-green dress. Brown, bare arms, a simple gold pendant filling the depression between firm breasts. There was no wedding ring. She placed her own bets, drawing from the pile of chips in front of the man. She wasn't risking too much—a tenth of what he was staking, at the very most. But she won occasionally; and when she did, she kept the proceeds apart. The man didn't seem to object: he was losing, losing consistently, and was oblivious of side issues.

"Twenty-seven. Red," the grave-faced Italian croupier called. "*Ventisette. Rosso. . . .*"

A moment's silence broken by the chips being raked across the green baize—the man's 100,000, the girl's 5000, Forrester's 10,000, and the rest. Forrester was down about 55,000, luck running against him now, after putting him quickly in credit. But at least he was playing methodically, persisting with the 20–24 bracket, and he wasn't really caring, enjoying the hubbub from half a dozen tables and the recurring tension at his.

He placed his chip as before and the croupier raised an inquiring eyebrow, rake poised.

"*Carré,*" Forrester confirmed, and the chip's position was minutely adjusted. He had one more left, then would call it a night: £40 was more than enough to blow.

His neighbor apparently staked at random—first on 7 and then, as the wheel was set spinning, impulsively on 32; 100,000 lire each. He sat with his hands flat on the baize, not looking at the wheel but waiting, heavy lips pursed, waiting for the ball to rattle home, willing it to lodge where he wanted it. Already he must have lost well over 1,000,000—and it mattered. Forrester knew. Telltale signs were there.

"*Trois. Rouge. Impair et manque. . . .*"

The man grunted and didn't look up. The girl had won a little on the red. Every so often during the past hour, she had touched him encouragingly on the sleeve: this time, she sighed audibly, then whispered something, close enough to kiss, and he shook his head.

Again he bet *en plein*, choosing 21. There was no pattern, no discipline to how he played. It was an expensive way in which to earn sympathy. Forrester's final chip nestled his as the last bets were placed, voices instructing the croupiers and the croupiers repeating the instructions aloud, now in Italian, now in French, now in English. A few onlookers had gathered at their end of the table, as if sensing drama.

"*Rien ne va plus. . . .* No more bets."

The ball seemed to take longer than usual to settle.

"*Trentacinque. Nero.*"

The buzz of comment, the rattle of losing chips against the rake. Forrester started to push back his chair and the act of leaving unexpectedly made the man turn to him. "You, too—eh?"

It was a coarse face, a kind of desperation showing in the eyes. "Yes, indeed," Forrester smiled wryly, and moved under the chandeliers to the alcove where the bar was situated.

"Someone in trouble over there?" the bartender said. "The Englishman—the one with the blonde?"

"He's American," Forrester answered in Italian. "And trouble depends on what you can afford."

The bartender shrugged and sidled away, looking narrow-eyed toward the tables. Waiters came to him with more than orders; he didn't miss much. Forrester sipped a whiskey soda. There was quite a crowd standing round where the man and the girl were and he couldn't see them very well. But presently, she emerged and walked over to the cashier. Slim legs and, again, that smooth, relaxed stride. She handed what looked like a check to the cashier, who studied it, pinged a bell for the manager, conferred with him, then nodded, suddenly obliging, all smiles for a lady.

Forrester drained his glass and made his way to the exit. As he passed the table at which he had played, the girl had already returned and was spilling a fistful of chips in front of the man.

You fool, Forrester thought, glancing at him. You bloody fool.

The doorman offered a bored nod as Forrester stepped out under the vast stars. It had just gone midnight. His car was parked beneath the tamarisks, greeny-white in the starlight, and he got in and drove the 50-odd kilometers back to Taormina, cruising, relaxed, the air like warm silk against his skin and Etna looming on the one hand, the dark, smooth sea on the other.

• • •

A cry woke him. For a moment as he stirred, he couldn't remember where he was or whether the cry belonged to an abandoned dream. Sunshine slanted brilliantly into the hotel bedroom. Beyond the open window and the patterned veranda, the horizon was smudged with an obliterating haze.

"Please . . ." he thought he heard.

He pushed himself onto an elbow, head cocked doubtfully. "Please"—louder this time, seemingly closer, the voice charged with hysteria.

He rolled off the bed and went at once to the veranda. He had never heard the girl speak and wasn't aware that she was sharing the room next to his, yet his surprise at seeing her was muted, her agitation totally demanding as his wits surfaced.

"What's the matter?" A six-foot gap separated their veranda railings.

"It's him. . . ." She had her hands to the sides of her head. "Frank." Then, as if she slowly realized this hadn't made things quite clear enough, "He is dead."

The back of Forrester's neck prickled. Seconds must have elapsed before his voice came. "I'll be round," he said. "Let me in."

He grabbed his pajama top as he kicked into his slippers, then hurried out into the corridor. The first door along was ajar, the girl waiting in the tiny lobby. "Come. Oh, come." She was stupefied with fear.

The man was on his back on one side of the bed. A night's beard stubble accentuated the awful pallor of his face. Instinctively, Forrester searched for a pulse beat in the wrist, then, failing to find one, slid a hand under the flowered pajamas and pressed it against the matted chest hair above the heart, his mind at breakneck speed, thoughts and feelings colliding again and again.

Nothing. Not a tremor. And the fleshy skin felt cold. "How long ago——" he began.

"Just now. Five minutes, when I woke. . . . Oh, God."

He snatched up the phone. "I want a doctor urgently. There's a man dying here. Yes, here. As fast as you can."

Dying, he'd said, and she fastened onto it. "You mean——"

"I don't know. . . . Have you any brandy?" She was looking at him dazedly. "Have you?" She shook her head in slow motion.

He used the phone again and asked for cognac to be sent up immediately, adding: "What about the doctor? It's urgent, you know."

"I am calling one now."

The man looked enormously peaceful, out of reach, not caring. There seemed to have been no knowledge of pain, no fear. An empty glass stood on the bedside table: Forrester picked it up and sniffed, and learned nothing. No bottle, no phial—inevitably, he was searching for the obvious things. A traveling clock showed 7:25.

"Did he lose much?" She stared, lips parted. "I mean last night. At the casino." It was cruel at such a time. Even so, she might have answered, but there was a knock at the door and Forrester went to open it.

In addition to the bottle, the waiter had brought a tray carrying a corkscrew, glasses and a siphon of soda. Habit harnessed him even in an emergency. He seemed eager to come in, to witness something, but Forrester took the tray.

"Is it the *signorina?*"

"No." Lowering his voice, Forrester said: "Fetch the manager, will you?"

He shut the door. As soon as he managed to extract the cork, he slopped



"Looks a bit dull, doesn't it?"

some brandy into a glass and sat on the edge of the bed. He put one hand behind the man's head, lifting, then inserted the glass between the thick lips. Most of the brandy seemed to dribble down the beard stubble and into the crease rings in the neck.

Without hope, he felt for a pulse again, and again there was nothing. He lowered the man's head back onto the pillows; close to, the pitted cheeks had a bluish tinge. Anything now was too late, hours too late, and the girl must have known it. She gazed at him, hugging herself as if the room were freezing.

She was wearing a short, partially transparent nightdress. There was a dressing gown hanging on the door. "Put this on," Forrester said, going for it. She obeyed woodenly. It must have belonged to the man, because the striped toweling enveloped her like a sack, giving her the elongated arms of a clown. But farce had no place here; the body on the bed seemed to fill the room with its presence.

Forrester said gently, "Don't you reckon you'd be better off outside?"

She appeared to have no will of her own. "All right." A slow shudder moved through her. He followed her onto the veranda, where she clasped the railing and stared over the tumbling terraces and rooftops to where the sea lay deep as violets among the rocks. Almost inaudibly, she asked: "Have you a cigarette?"

"In my own room."

"There are some inside."

He went back in and found a pack and a lighter on the dressing table. Under the washbasin were numerous pieces of metal foil that he hadn't noticed before; he stirred them with a foot, but no more than that; chance had involved him enough, as it was. Outside again, he lit a cigarette for the girl: her fingers trembled violently as she craned close.

• • •

The doctor was the first to arrive. He was small, bustling and abrupt: other people's tragedies were routine.

"This man has been dead for hours," he announced, straightening up, and somehow he contrived to make it a complaint.

"I know," Forrester said. The girl had remained on the veranda.

"I was told otherwise."

"I hoped otherwise—to begin with."

A second knock. "*Mi scusi.*" Now it was the manager—hastily dressed and with eyes not yet fully alert. He was tall for a Sicilian. Forrester let him in and he pushed anxiously past into the bedroom: it seemed to surprise him to find the doctor there and he stopped short, like someone at sword point.

Staring at the body, he said: "How is he?"

"He's finished."

"No!" The manager crossed himself with a kind of reflex movement. "Why? What happened to him?"

A quick shrug. "All I know is what you see."

The doctor went to the basin and ran the taps.

"Who found him like this?" the manager wanted to know. "Who——"

Forrester said: "The young lady did." He nodded toward the veranda; it was blurred by the mosquito frame on the windows. "She's out there. She called me round when she realized what had happened."

Fumbling for a towel, the doctor had discovered the fragments of metal foil beneath the basin. He gathered some of them up and squinted at them closely. The manager moved nearer the bed, hands fluttering.

"How long has the man been dead, *dottore*?"

"Perhaps four or five hours."

"And you can't tell why?"

"Not at the moment." The doctor held a ragged square of foil against the light. "But if you want a guess, I would say that he was tired of life."

Forrester was slightly nettled. "Look," he said evenly, "let's leave the interrogation to the police, shall we?"

"Of course, *signore*. Forgive me. It is just that . . . well, a suicide is not good for a hotel."

"Adultery, but not suicide," the doctor remarked dryly. He lifted the receiver and asked the operator to send at once for the police.

Forrester moved to the veranda, where he found the girl slumped in one of the cane chairs. He said, "Don't you think it would be better if you dressed? You haven't a bathroom here, have you?"

"Bathroom? No."

"You can use mine."

She didn't reply.

"The police are coming, d'you see? They must. It's inevitable, and it's just as inevitable that they'll want to ask questions. . . . Don't you think getting dressed might be a good idea?"

She rose without saying a word. Forrester made a point of leading the way. The doctor had pulled the sheet up over the body, he noticed.

"We're going next door," he told the manager. Not having the girl's name was a handicap, making him sound almost callous. "She wants to get into some clothes before the police arrive—and so do I."

He watched her collect the blue trouser suit from the closet, handbag and underwear from a chair. It seemed to frighten her to be inside again, inside and close. Not once did she look in the direction of the bed.

A pair of shoes was by the writing table. "Ready?" Forrester asked the girl and let her go first. Three or four maids and waiters were gossiping in the corridor; they stared, suddenly silent as the two of them turned into Forrester's end room. He showed the girl into his bathroom, then kicked his slippers off and got into sweat shirt and trousers. The doctor and the manager were on the adjacent veranda now; he could hear the buzz of their conversation.

Someone was craning over an upper balcony, peering down. The news was spreading, going the rounds with the morning calls. Irritably, Forrester wheeled about and went inside, picked up the telephone and ordered coffee for two.

Only just gone eight o'clock. Already, the day seemed everlasting.

The girl was perhaps five minutes in the bathroom. She had combed her hair but wore no make-up and her face remained blanched beneath the tan.

Forrester indicated the veranda and she shot him a nervous glance before stepping out, almost as if she were afraid to face the living, too. Seeing them emerge, the doctor and the manager returned inside, heads together like conspirators. Forrester lit a cigarette for the girl and himself. The sense of unreality persisted. He'd intended visiting Tindari, but already it was clear he would be doing no such thing. He gazed at the girl again, tongue-tied by the inadequacy of words. She seemed broken, without resources. And he knew that feeling.

"I'm sorry," he said at last. "Very sorry."

"It was so awful . . . awful . . . to find him like that."

"What time did you leave the casino?" When she frowned, he went on: "You'll hardly remember, but I was at the same table. Was it late?"

"Sometime after two."

Forrester nodded, blowing smoke. Four to five hours dead—so there had been no hesitation, no agonized lying awake. When the man finally quit the casino and started along the coast road, the decision must already have been made, or was hardening fast. And somehow it had been hidden from her. Yet she must have been blind: Forrester had a vivid picture of the strained, desperate eyes that briefly fastened onto him as he pushed back his chair.

"What was his name?"

"Frank Nolan."

"And you're——"

"Inger."

"Is that Swedish?"

"Norwegian."

"Mine's Neal," he said. "Neal Forrester."

In the narrow street below, a police wagon had appeared, nosing into the hotel's entrance, and Forrester wondered whether she had seen it. A waiter came through to the veranda with the

(continued on page 248)

the regular way

humor

By BILL COSBY

HER NAME was Rosemary and she lived in the projects and she was very cute-looking, and guys had gone *steady* with her, and one day, I'm in, like, fifth or sixth grade, I get a note from her. It says, Dear William, I think that you are so cute, and I would like to go with you. So now, I'm in *love* with her, because I never thought that Rosemary would dig me. I knew that she was going with—and these are real names—Pee Wee. So I write her a note, and I say, Yes, and I love you, but are you still going with Pee Wee? So she writes me back, Yes, I am still going with Pee Wee, but when I get through with him, I would like to go with you. So I say, Yes, you can go with me, but when are you gonna be through with Pee Wee? She says, Whenever Pee Wee doesn't want me anymore, and you should ask Pee Wee. So I go to Pee Wee and I say, Listen, Pee Wee, how long are you gonna be going with Rosemary? So Pee Wee says, Man, maybe till next week. So I say, OK, what is that—Friday? He says, About Friday, I guess. So Friday comes, and I look for Pee Wee, and I say, Pee Wee, are you still. . . . He says, I think Monday. So I say, Monday? OK, Monday. So now, I take four baths Sunday night; six times I grease my hair; I brush my hair 982 times—I'm getting these little curls I got down pat; and, like, I wash my face so good—I don't want to get anything that looks halfway like a skin blemish or anything; and I clean my toes; everything, man. And I just feel good and crisp; they've never even *seen* me coming to school like this before, and Rosemary's not there. She's absent.

So Monday night, I take *eight* baths. Now, Tuesday, she's in school, and I say, Rosemary, are you going with anybody now? She says, No. And I say, Well, can I be your boyfriend? And she says, Yeah. So I say, Well, I'll meet you after school. Man, I was so proud—I do all those things that I'd read in the comic books and stuff: I carry her books home, and we get to her house and I say, OK, Rosemary, I gotta go play some football, but I'll see you tomorrow. And my heart is as big as a watermelon.

So I go home and I change my clothes, and I hang them up—things I'd never done before. And I go out, and there's Rufus out there, throwing a *(continued on page 288)*

rosemary was going to give him some—the only thing he had to find out was what to do with it



ILLUSTRATION BY WILL ELDER

THE MIND OF THE MACHINE

within the life span of many of us, superintelligent computers—almost interchangeable with man—will bring the mixed blessing of a world without work

article By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

OURS IS THE CENTURY in which all man's ancient dreams—and not a few of his nightmares—appear to be coming true. The conquest of the air, the transmutation of matter, journeys to the Moon, even the elixir of life—one by one, the marvelous visions of the past are becoming reality. And among them, the one most fraught with promise and peril is the machine that can think.

In some form or other, the idea of artificial intelligence goes back at least 3000 years. Talos, the metal man who guarded the coast of Crete, however, was only a physical and not an intellectual giant; perhaps a better prototype of the thinking machine is the brazen head generally linked with the name of Friar Bacon, though the legend precedes him by some centuries. This head was able to answer any question given to it, relating to past, present or future; but, as is customary with oracles, there was no guarantee that the inquirer would be pleased with what he heard.

Over these tales there usually hangs the aura of doom or horror associated with such names as Prometheus, Faust and, above all, Frankenstein, though that unfortunate scientist's creation was not a mechanical one. Perhaps the finest work in this genre is that little classic of Ambrose Bierce's, *Moxon's Master*, which opens with the words: "Are you serious? Do you really believe that a machine thinks?"

It will not be universally accepted, but there is one very straightforward answer to this question. It can be maintained that every man is perfectly familiar with at least one thinking machine, because he has a late-type model sitting on his shoulders. For if the brain is not a machine, what is it?

Critics of this viewpoint (who are probably now in the minority) may argue that the brain is in some fundamental way different from any nonliving device. But even if this is true, it does not follow that its functions cannot be duplicated, or even surpassed, by a nonorganic machine. Airplanes fly better than birds, though they are built of very different materials.

For obvious psychological reasons, there are people who will never accept the possibility of artificial intelligence, and would deny its existence even if they encountered it. As I write these words, there is a chess game in progress between computers in California and Moscow; both are playing so badly that there is clearly no human cheating on either side. Yet no one really doubts that eventually the world champion will be a computer; and when *that* happens, the die-hards will retort: "Oh, well—chess doesn't involve *real* thinking," and will point to various grand masters in evidence.

One can sympathize with this attitude, but to resent the concept of a rational machine is itself irrational. We no longer become upset because machines are stronger, or swifter, or more dexterous than human beings, though it took us several painful centuries to adapt to this state of affairs. How our outlook has changed is well shown by the ballad of John Henry; today, we should regard a man who challenged a steam hammer as merely crazy—not heroic. I doubt if contests between calculating prodigies and electronic computers will ever provide inspiration for future folk songs. But I'll be happy to donate the theme to Tom Lehrer.

It is, of course, the advent of the modern computer that has brought the subject of thinking machines out of the realm of fantasy into the forefront of scientific research. One could not have a plainer answer to the question that Bierce posed three quarters of a century ago than this quotation from MacGowan and Ordway's recent book, *Intelligence in the Universe*: "It can be asserted without reservation that a general-purpose digital computer can think in every sense of the word. This is true no matter what definition of thinking is specified; the only requirement is that the definition of thinking be explicit."

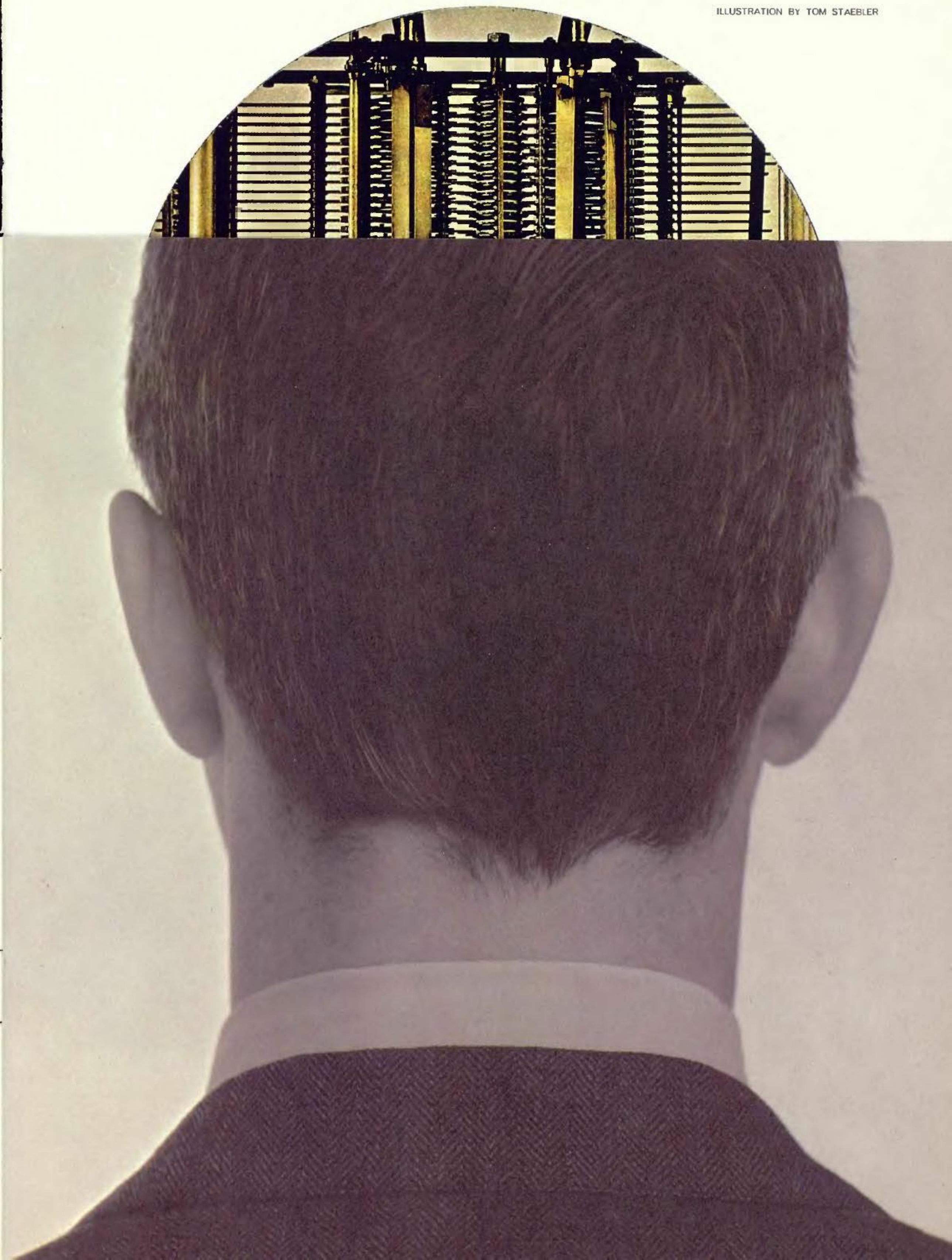
That last phrase is, of course, the joker, for there must be almost as many definitions of thinking as there are thinkers; in the ultimate analysis, they probably all boil down to "Thinking is what *I* do." One neat way of avoiding this problem is a famous test proposed by the British mathematician Alan Turing, even before the digital computer existed. Turing visualized a "conversation" over a teleprinter circuit with an unseen entity "X." If, after some hours of talk, one could not decide whether there was a man or a machine at the other end of the line, it would have to be admitted that X was thinking.

There have been several attempts to apply this test in restricted areas—say, in conversations about the weather. One clever program (DOCTOR) has even allowed a computer to conduct a psychiatric interview, with such success that 60 percent of the patients refused to believe afterward that they were not "conversing" with a flesh-and-blood psychiatrist. But as people talking about themselves can be kept going indefinitely with a modest supply of phrases like "You don't say!" or "And then what did you do?," this particular example only demonstrates that little intelligence is involved in most conversation. The old gibe that women enjoy knitting because it gives them something to think about while they're talking is merely a special case of a far wider law, ample proof of which may be obtained at any cocktail party.

For the Turing test to be applied properly, the conversation should not be restricted to a single narrow field but should be allowed to range over the whole arena of human affairs. ("Read any good books lately?" "Has your wife found out yet?," etc.) We are certainly nowhere near building a machine that can fool many of the people for much of the time; sooner or later, today's models give themselves away by irrelevant answers that show only too clearly that their replies are, indeed, "mechanical," and that they have no real understanding of what is going on. As Oliver Selfridge of MIT has remarked sourly: "Even among those who believe that computers *can* think, there are few these days, except for a rabid fringe, who hold that they actually *are* thinking."

Though this may be the generally

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM STAEBLER



THE MIND OF THE MACHINE

within the life span of many of us, superintelligent computers—almost interchangeable with man—will bring the mixed blessing of a world without work

article By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

accepted position in the late 1960s, it is the "rabid fringe" who will be right in the long run. The current arguments about machine intelligence will slowly fade out, as it becomes less and less possible to draw a line between human and electronic achievements. To quote another MIT scientist—Marvin Minsky, professor of electrical engineering: "As the machine improves . . . we shall begin to see all the phenomena associated with the terms 'consciousness,' 'intuition' and 'intelligence' itself. It is hard to say how close we are to this threshold, but once it is crossed, the world will not be the same. . . . It is unreasonable to think that machines could become *nearly* as intelligent as we are and then stop, or to suppose that we will always be able to compete with them in wit and wisdom. Whether or not we could retain some sort of control of the machines, assuming that we would want to, the nature of our activities and aspirations would be changed utterly by the presence on earth of intellectually superior beings."

Very few, if any, studies of the social impact of computers have yet faced up to the problems posed by this last sentence—particularly the ominous phrase "assuming that we would want to." This is understandable; the electronic revolution has been so swift that those involved in it have barely had time to think about the present, let alone the day after tomorrow. Moreover, the fact that today's computers are very obviously not "intellectually superior" has given a false sense of security—like that felt by the 1900 buggy-whip manufacturer every time he saw a broken-down automobile by the wayside. This comfortable illusion is fostered by the endless stories—part of the transient folklore of our age—about stupid computers that have had to be replaced by good old-fashioned human beings, after they had insisted on sending out bills for $1,000,000,004.95, or threatening legal action if outstanding debts of $0.00 were not settled immediately. The fact that these *gaffes* are almost invariably due to oversights by human programers is seldom mentioned.

Though we have to live and work with (and against) today's mechanical morons, their deficiencies should not blind us to the future. In particular, it should be realized that as soon as the borders of electronic intelligence are passed, there will be a kind of chain reaction, because the machines will rapidly improve themselves. In a very few generations—*computer* generations, which by this time may last only a few months—there will be a mental explosion; the merely intelligent machine will swiftly give way to the *ultra*intelligent machine.

One scientist who has given much thought to this matter is Dr. Irving John Good, of Trinity College, Oxford—author of papers with such challenging titles as "Can an Android Feel Pain?" (This term for artificial man, incidentally, is older than generally believed. I had always assumed that it was a product of the modern science-fiction magazines, and was astonished to come across "The Brazen Android" in an *Atlantic Monthly* for 1891.) Dr. Good has written: "If we build an ultraintelligent machine, we will be playing with fire. We have played with fire before, and it helped keep the other animals at bay."

Well, yes—but when the ultraintelligent machine arrives, *we* may be the "other animals"; and look what's happened to them.

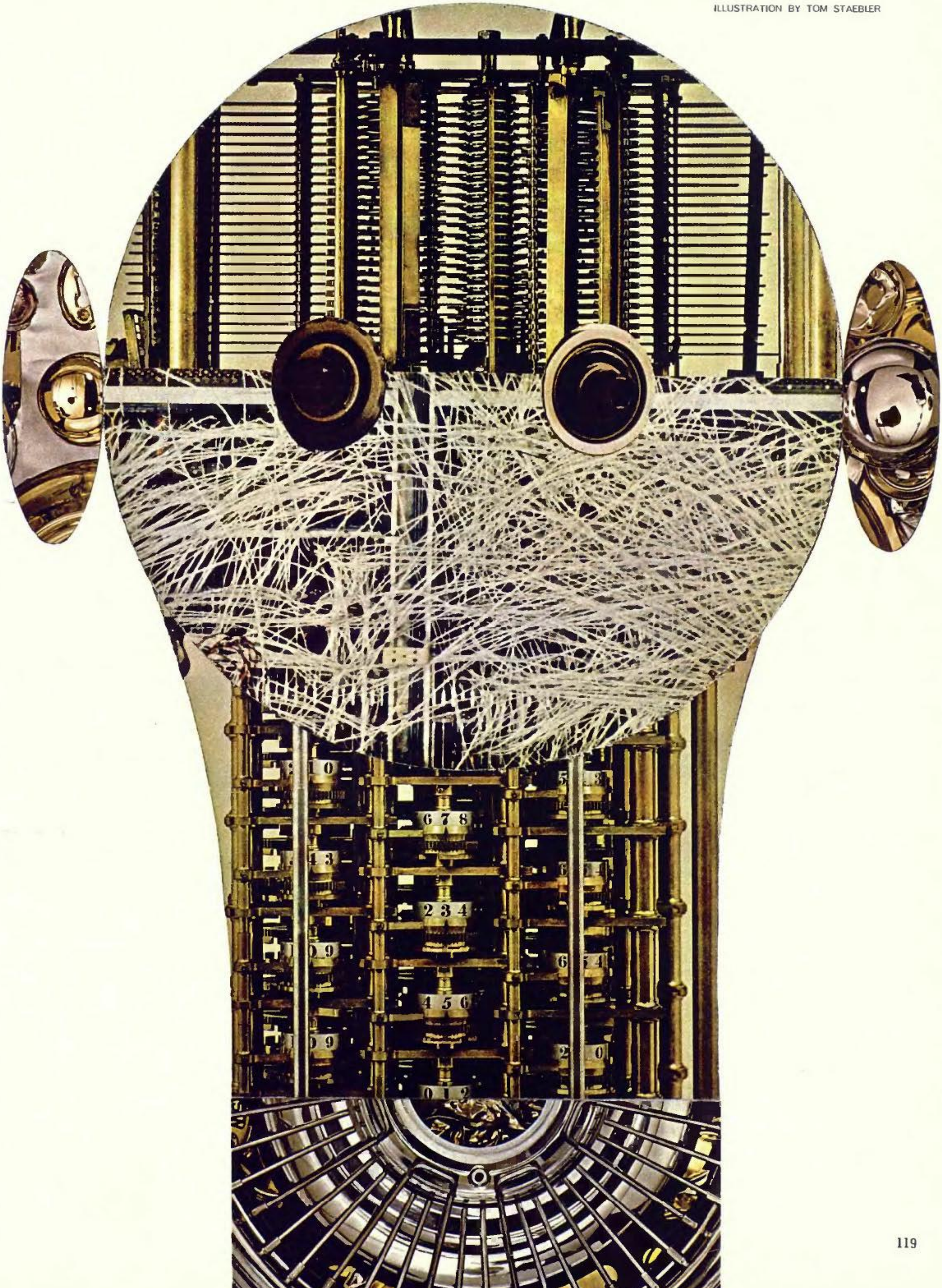
It is Dr. Good's belief that the very survival of our civilization may depend upon the building of such instrumentalities; because if they are, indeed, more intelligent than we are, they can answer all our questions and solve all our problems. As he puts it in one elegiac phrase: "The first ultraintelligent machine is the last invention that man need make."

Need is the operative word here. Perhaps 99 percent of all the men who have ever lived have known only need; they have been driven by necessity and have not been allowed the luxury of choice. In the future, this will no longer be true. It may be the greatest virtue of the ultraintelligent machine that it will force us to think about the purpose and meaning of human existence. It will compel us to make some far-reaching and perhaps painful decisions, just as thermonuclear weapons have made us face the realities of war and aggression, after 5000 years of pious jabber.

These long-range philosophical implications of machine intelligence obviously far transcend today's more immediate worries about automation and unemployment. Somewhat ironically, these fears are both well grounded and premature. Although automation has already been blamed for the loss of many jobs, the evidence indicates that so far, it has created many more opportunities for work than it has destroyed. (True, this is small consolation for the particular semiskilled worker who has just been replaced by a couple of milligrams of microelectronics.) *Fortune* magazine, in a hopeful attempt at self-fulfilling prophecy, has declaimed: "The computer will doubtless go down in history not as the explosion that blew unemployment through the roof but as the technological triumph that enabled the U. S. economy to maintain the secular growth on which its greatness depends." I suspect that this statement may be true for some decades to come; but I also suspect that historians (human and otherwise) of the late 21st Century would regard that "doubtless" with wry amusement.

For the plain fact is that long before that date, the talents and capabilities of the average—and even the superior—man will be as unsalable in the market place as his muscle power. Only a few specialized and distinctly non-white-collar jobs will remain the prerogative of nonmechanical labor; one cannot easily picture a robot handy man, gardener, construction worker, fisherman. . . . These are professions that require mobility, dexterity, alertness and general adaptability—for no two tasks are precisely the same—but not a high degree of intelligence or data-processing power. And even these relatively few occupations will probably be invaded by a rival and frequently superior labor force from the animal kingdom; for one of the long-range technological benefits of the space program (though no one has said much about it yet, *(continued on page 122)*

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM STAEBLER



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

VERSE BY JUDITH WAX

TO AN ACTRESS



Long years you spent at drama school
Devoted to your art;
Then on to Actors Studio
To get "inside" each part.
From there to Merrie England,
Each day you studied hard,
With perfect, pear-shaped diction
You learned to play the Bard.
But then came Broadway '68!
Whoever dreamed that you'd
Be given your big role at last,
A third-act walk-on—nude?

TO A CAMPUS REBEL



YOUR BUTTON READS "MARCUSE IS GOD!"
YOU STAGED A LOVE-IN ON THE QUAD.
YOU LOCKED YOUR PREZ IN FOR A WEEK.
BRAVE TRUSTEES TREMBLE WHEN YOU SPEAK
TO PRAISE THE NAMES OF CHE AND MAO
(AND SCARE RECRUITMENT CATS FROM DOW).
YOU'D LIKE THE COLLEGE STRUCTURE JUNKED.
SO WHAT? THE ODDS ARE GOOD YOU'VE FLUNKED!





TO A COMPUTER DATING EXEC

You team up perfect couples,
O king of programed thrills.
And hordes of happy pairs attest
Your mix-and-match-'em skills.
With scientific certainty,
Each patron gets his mate.
It's time you asked your swell machine
Why you can't get a date.



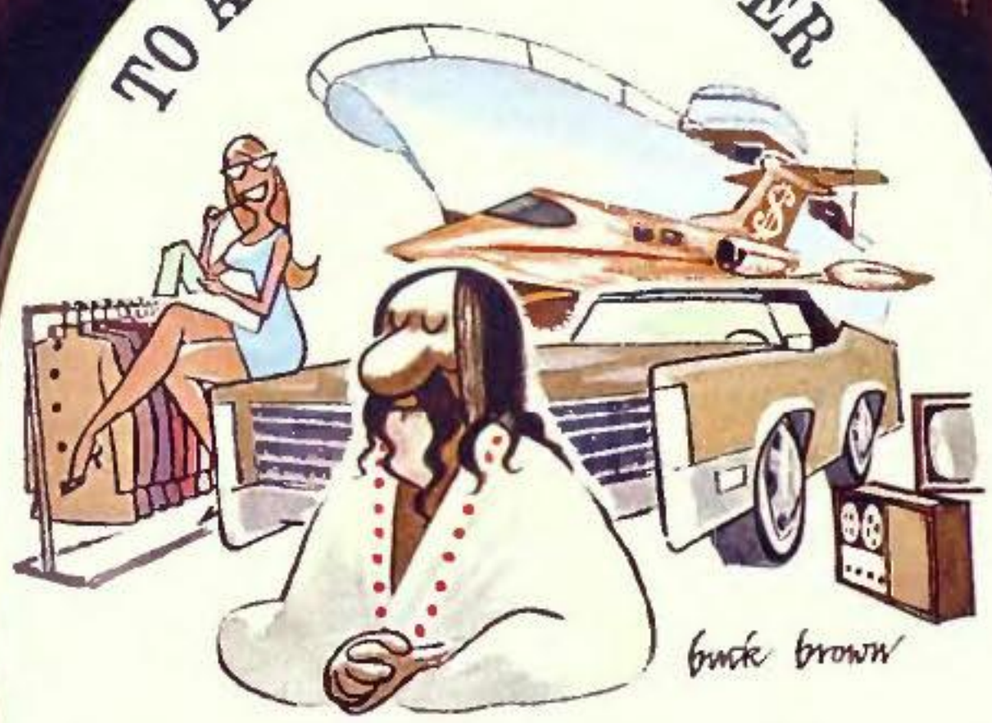


TO A KLEPTOMANIAC



The TV set was yours in May;
In June, the diamond ring.
The leopard coat, in mid-July,
Was really just the thing.
The watch you got in August
Matched the necklace, long and pearly.
How clever to avoid the crowds
And Christmas-shop so early!

TO A GREAT TEACHER



You gave the inner me a lift
And thus deserve a filling gift.
But what can a disciple bring
The guru who has everything?



MIND MACHINE *(continued from page 119)*

for fear of upsetting the trade unions) will be a supply of educable anthropoids filling the gap between man and the great apes.

It must be clearly understood, therefore, that the main problem of the future—and a future that may be witnessed by many who are alive today—will be the construction of social systems based on the principle not of full employment but rather full *un*employment. Some writers have suggested that the only way to solve this problem is to pay people to be consumers; Fred Pohl, in his amusing short story *The Midas Plague*, described a society in which you would be in real trouble unless you used up your full quota of goods poured out by the automatic factories. If this proves to be the pattern of the future, then today's welfare states represent only the most feeble and faltering steps toward it. The recent uproar about Medicare will seem completely incomprehensible to a generation that assumes every man's right to a basic income of $1000 a year, starting at birth. (In New Dollars, of course; 1 N. D.=$100, 1984 currency.)

I leave others to work out the practical details of an economic (if that is the right name for it) system in which it was antisocial, and possibly illegal, *not* to wear out a suit every week, or to eat three six-course meals a day, or to throw away last month's car. Though I do not take this picture very seriously, it should serve as a reminder that tomorrow's world may differ from ours so radically that such terms as labor, capital, communism, private enterprise, state control will have changed their meanings completely—if, indeed, they are still in use. At the very least, we may expect a society that no longer regards work as meritorious or leisure as one of the Devil's more ingenious devices. Even today, there is not much left of the old puritan ethic; automation will drive the last nails into its coffin.

The need for such a change of outlook has been well put by the British science writer Nigel Calder in his remarkable book *The Environment Game*: "Work was an invention, which can be dated to the invention of agriculture. . . . Now, with the beginning of automation, we have to anticipate a time when we must disinvent work and rid our minds of the inculcated habit."

The disinvention of work: What would Horatio Alger have thought of *that* concept? Calder's thesis (too complex to do more than summarize here) is that man is now coming to the end of his brief 10,000-year agricultural episode; for a period of a hundred times longer he was a hunter, and any hunter will indignantly deny that his occupation is "work." We now have to abandon agriculture for more efficient technologies; first, because it has patently failed to feed the exploding population; second, because it has compelled 500 generations of men to live abnormal—in fact, artificial—lives of repetitive, boring toil. Hence, many of our present psychological problems; to quote Calder again: "If men were intended to work the soil, they would have longer arms."

"If men were intended to . . ." is, of course, a game that everyone can play; my favorite competitor is the old lady who objected to space exploration because we should stay home and watch TV, "as God meant us to." Yet now, with the ultraintelligent machines lying just below our horizon, it is time that we played this game in earnest, while we still have some control over the rules. In a few more years, it will be much too late.

Utopiamongering has been a popular and, on the whole, harmless occupation since the time of Plato; now it has become a matter of life and death—part of the politics of survival. Thinking machines, food production and population control must be considered as the three interlocking elements that will determine the shape of the future; they are not independent, for they all react on one another. This becomes obvious when we ask the question, which I have deliberately framed in as nonemotional a form as possible: "In an automated world run by machines, what is the optimum human population?"

There are many equations in which one of the possible answers is zero; mathematicians call this a trivial solution. If zero is the solution in this case, the matter is very far from trivial, at least from our self-centered viewpoint. But that it could—and probably will—be very low seems certain.

Fred Hoyle once remarked to me that it was pointless for the world to hold more people than one could get to know in a single lifetime. Even if one were President of United Earth, that would set the figure somewhere between 10,000 and 100,000; with a very generous allowance for duplication, wastage, special talents, and so forth, there really seems no requirement for what has been called the Global Village of the future to hold more than 1,000,000 people, scattered over the face of the planet. And if such a figure appears unrealistic—since we are already past the three-billion mark and heading for at least twice as many by the end of the century—it should be pointed out that once the universally agreed goal of population control is attained, *any* desired target can be reached in a remarkably short time. If we really tried (with a little help, perhaps, from the biology labs), we could reach a trillion within a century—four generations. It might be more difficult to go in the other direction, for fundamental psychological reasons, but it could be done. If the machines decide that more than 1,000,000 human beings constitutes an epidemic, they might order euthanasia for anyone with an I. Q. of less than 150, but I hope that such drastic measures will not be necessary.

Whether the population plateau levels off, a few centuries from today, at a million, a billion or a trillion human beings is of much less importance than the ways in which they will occupy their time. Since all the immemorial forms of "getting and spending" will have been rendered obsolete by the machines, it would appear that boredom will replace war and hunger as the greatest enemy of mankind.

One answer to this would be the uninhibited, hedonistic society of Huxley's *Brave New World*; there is nothing wrong with this, so long as it is not the *only* answer. (Huxley's unfortunate streak of asceticism prevented him from appreciating this point.) Certainly, much more time than at present will be devoted to sports, entertainment, the arts and everything embraced by the vague term "culture."

In some of these fields, the background presence of superior nonhuman mentalities would have a stultifying effect; but in others, the machines could act as pacemakers. Does anyone really imagine that when all the grand masters are electronic, no one will play chess? The humans will simply set up new categories and play better chess among themselves. All sports and games (unless they become ossified) have to undergo technological revolutions from time to time; recent examples are the introduction of fiberglass in pole vaulting, archery, boating. Personally, I can hardly wait for the advent of Marvin Minsky's promised robot table-tennis player.

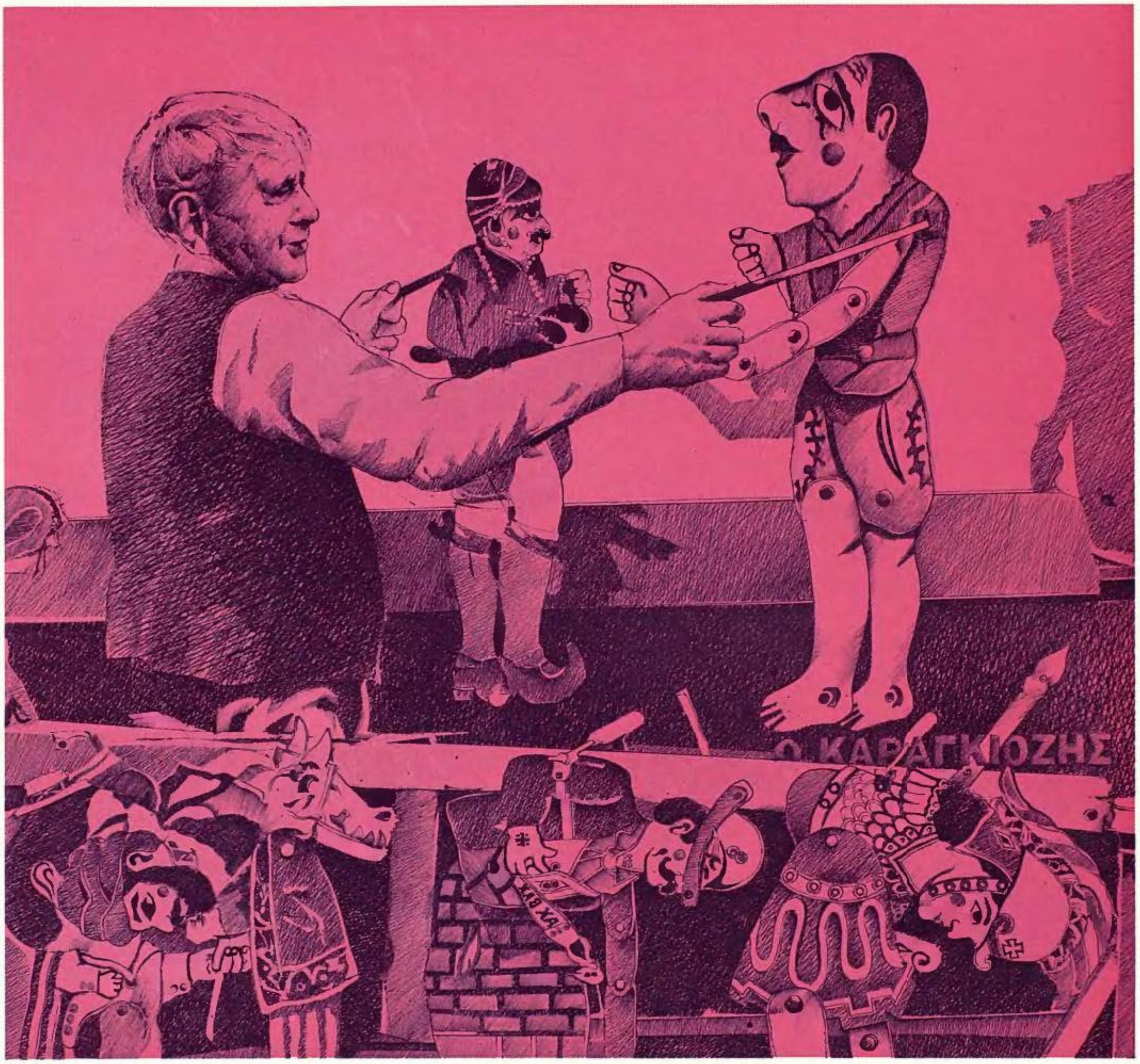
These matters are not trivial: games are a necessary substitute for our hunting impulses, and if the ultraintelligent machines give us new and better outlets, that is all to the good. We shall need every one of them to occupy us in the centuries ahead.

Thinking machines will certainly make possible new forms of art and far more elaborate developments of the old ones, by introducing the dimensions of time and probability. Even today, a painting or a piece of sculpture that stands still is regarded as slightly passé. Although the trouble with most "kinetic art" is that it only lives up to the first half of its name, something is bound to emerge from present explorations on the frontier between order and chaos.

The insertion of an intelligent machine into the loop between a work of

(continued on page 293)

DARK EYE



fiction

By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

in the old country they had come from miles around to see him create sultans and soldiers, gods and devils, as if by magic

MY FATHER was a tall, burly man who might once have been regarded by some as handsome, until indulgence and self-pity had scarred his face with weak, ugly circles. Whether drunk or sober, he moved in a shuffling and uncertain walk, defeat and failure rising like a fetid mist from his pores.

Although he worked at many different jobs, never able to hold even the menial ones for very long, he regarded himself as a Karaghiozis, the profession he had practiced in the old country, a puppetmaster of the shadow puppets once so popular throughout Greece. The art of the Karaghiozis was handed down from father to son and my father had learned his craft from his father. As a young man in Greece, he performed frequently at festivals and fairs, but the popularity of the plays declined. Just a few years after he married my mother, the plays were being requested only on a few special holidays. A new generation of children turned to other pursuits and only the old and infirm lamented the passing of the Karaghiozis.

My father must have come to America thinking that in the new country of myriad opportunities, he would be able to practice his craft. But the children who had never seen a Karaghiozis had other allegiances to Laurel and Hardy, Buster Keaton and baseball. And their parents were too involved with the artifacts of home and the rigors of business to bother with an old-country art.

Once, when I was eight or nine, and this was the only time, I remember my father performing the Karaghiozis. It was in the week before Christmas and I sat in the assembly hall of the church with perhaps a hundred other children on long low benches around me. A scattering of adults sat in chairs along the walls. On a small platform in front of us was a rectangular screen of thin, translucent muslin. *(continued on page 296)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GIOVANOPOULOS

SNOWBALL!

playboy throws an all-day snowmobile bash that starts with alfresco fun and games and ends with a fireside feast

modern living SNOWMOBILES, those low-slung scooters on skis that were featured in PLAYBOY Travel Editor Len Deighton's cinema spy thriller *Billion Dollar Brain*, offer even wider vistas for wintertime fun and games. Contests can be organized; snowfaris can be enjoyed; or you can hit the trail—as we did here and on the following pages—for a cross-country snowmobile race and cookout, climaxed with a buffet feast back at home camp. On our outing in stunning Grand Teton National Park, couples piloting six different machines engaged in spirited competition, while the timekeepers presiding over the event toted hot food and drink in a Bombardier ten-man snowmobile that resembled *(text continued on page 130)*

Our cross-country snowmobile race in the Grand Tetons begins with a roar as six enthusiastic teams of guys and girls sprint to their machines in a Le Mans–style start (below). Tom and Sheri—who serve as timekeepers for the day's competition—flag off the contestants and watch as Mike and Marilyn, on a Polaris Mustang, take the lead in a spray of snow. Soon the hard-charging band of snowmobilers is making tracks across Wyoming's wide-open spaces. Venturing off the trail in search of a short cut, Devin and Jerry—in waterproof jump suits—stop their Evinrude Skeeter and body-toboggan down a snowy slope. Gunnar and Patty, piloting a Ski-Doo Olympic, also take to the bush—and have to sit out a round when they discover they've trespassed too near the stomping ground of a herd of elk.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA









Spotting a steep hillock, two snowmen—Gunnar and Mike—drop their dates at the side lines and take off on their machines for a spirited jumping contest that ends in a draw (below). Following the guys' solo flights, the couples high-trail it for the halfway point (bottom), where they're clocked in by Tom and Sheri—who sped cross-country to meet them in a Johnson Skee-Horse Wide-Trac 20 and a huge Bombardier snowmobile loaded with food and drink. A cookout lunch complete with wine is served up by a roaring bonfire; despite the proximity of the flames, Mike prefers to warm Marilyn's frosty fingers in a more romantic fashion. Later (opposite), the gang engages in some fireside fun and games, during which one of the group dons the red-flannel long johns they plan to use as a starter's flag for the second leg of the race. Then all adjourn to a nearby pool filled with hot water piped from an underground spring. Back in their snow togs, the merrymakers line up for the race home—this time with the girls at the controls and the guys hanging on.





















Heading back to the lodge in their Yamaha-on-skis (above sequence), Don and Molly attempt to sabotage Gunnar and Patty. But the speedy Ski-Dooers soon outdistance the snowball throwers, who forthwith give up the race and stop for a leisurely trailside *bota* break. Near the finish line, Devin and Jerry make a last-ditch attempt to catch the leaders; but Gunnar and Patty are waved home the winners. After changing into *après-ski* clothes (below), all rally round the buffet table for generous helpings of Sheri's home cooking. Dancing and drinking become the next order of the evening (bottom), but Mike and Marilyn can't resist slipping away from the madding crowd for a last run on their snowmobile. Pausing on a neighboring slope (opposite), they're oblivious to the torch-carrying ski patrol that chances to pass by.









SNOWBALL!

(continued from page 124)

a 1949 Nash Airflyte. Although snowmobiles have only recently taken the winter-sports scene by storm, prototypes of these zippy little steeds have been used for the past 35 winters by woodsmen who trail-blaze across the far North's great white wastelands. Thus, their dependability and ruggedness have been tested under the most arduous circumstances. Earlier this year, for example, four intrepid adventurers on Ski-Doo snowmobiles rediscovered the North Pole after a 44-day mechanized trek across the frozen Arctic Ocean. And Polaris, another manufacturer, sent two of its machines on a 4000-mile journey from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Portland, Maine.

Any field, slope or forest that has at least a six-inch snow base is fine for snowmobiling; but smart outdoorsmen who'd like to treat their dates to a full day of trail rides and competitive games will head for an area that's specifically designated as snowmobile country, where the machines can be rented and there are plenty of gas stations handy. Wisconsin's chamber of commerce boasts that the Badger State is the "Snowmobile Capital of the U. S. A.," with almost 1,500,000 acres and over 1500 miles of trails open to the sport. Other Northern states, such as Minnesota and Michigan, also have terrain that's excellent for trail riding. In making this land available, the authorities assume that snowmobilers will steer clear of paved roads, ski runs, newly planted forests and other areas—both public and private—that are obviously off limits.

Snowmobile racing has also become a red-hot spectator sport. Last year, the Eagle River World Championship Derby and the nearby Rhinelander Hodag Cross-Country Marathon attracted over 20,000 fans to upper Wisconsin's frozen lake shores and snow-bordered byways. Hundreds of races are staged near cities and towns across the country.

Most of the 40-plus makes of machines now on the market can be purchased right off the showroom floor; but a few will have to be ordered in advance, depending on the type of vehicle you're looking for and the options you want. Such features as electric or hand-pull starters, manual or automatic chokes, fiberglass body styling and the width of the revolving track on which the snowmobiles run vary from model to model. Horsepower ratings also vary; the tamest is about 10 hp, but most are in the 15–25-hp range. Kiekhaefer Mercury, a firm that's known for its marine engines, has just jumped into the field with three new models: the Mercury 250 (manual start), 250E (electric start) and 250ER (electric start with reverse gear). All come equipped with 25-hp engines. Hairier machines with 45- and 56-hp engines are sold to racing buffs by Ski-Doo and Polaris. Unless you're intent on becoming the local Graham Hill, we recommend that you stick to the smaller models. On flat terrain, you'll still be able to hit speeds up to 40 mph—and you'll think you're doing 70.

To understand how a snowmobile can scoot over snow, simply tip the vehicle over and take a look at the undercarriage. Down the center of the machine you'll see a single rubber (or polyurethane) endless track with attached metal cleats or snow-grip ridges molded into it. As you accelerate or decelerate the engine, this track will revolve faster or slower—or stop completely—just like the tires do on a car. For peppy competitive games and fast cross-country races, a track with a width of 15 to 17 inches is the most desirable, since it provides maximum maneuverability with minimum traction. Should you prefer something a bit less sporty but more stable, models with 18- and 20-inch tracks are available, as are twin-track machines.

Almost every snowmobile comes equipped with a wrap-around windshield, padded seat cushions and back, headlights, taillights, passenger handgrips, primer and warm-up choke controls and a protective bumper guard. Some models sport such additional features as a reverse gear and a speedometer as part of their standard package; on others, you must pay extra for these items. Generally speaking, optional equipment includes an electric starter, special gearing, carburetor priming kit, tachometer, cigarette lighter and 12-volt electrical system.

The cost of a machine can vary from about $650 to $1600, depending on what options are ordered. For our cross-country race, we chose seven different makes in the medium price range. They included: a Ski-Doo Olympic 320, $825; a Ski-Daddler Sno-Scout, $800; an Evinrude Skeeter, $985; a Yamaha SL-351, $975; a Polaris Mustang, $1250; a Yukon King Grizzly, $930; and a Johnson Skee-Horse Wide-Trac 20 (used by one of the timekeepers), $1255.

Whatever your choice, snowmobiles are almost as easy to ride as a toboggan; the handle bars turn two skis located at the front of the machine in the direction you choose to go, and grip-type controls for brake and accelerator (placed at the ends of the bars, as on a motorcycle) provide finger-tip levers for regulating the speed of the revolving track. To stop a snowmobile, you either take your thumb off the accelerator and let the machine coast to a halt or hit the brake grip, thus bringing the track—and the vehicle—to a standstill much faster. On models that feature a reverse gear, there's also a neutral lockout button that has the same effect on a snowmobile that shifting into neutral gear has on a car. With the mechanism in neutral, the pilot can rev up the engine without turning the track.

Once you've cruised experimentally for a few minutes and gotten the feel of your machine, head for some wide-open spaces and try a few fast turns. The secret is to lean in the direction you're cornering, just as you would on a motorcycle. By hanging far enough out and hitting the accelerator, you'll soon learn how to slide through turns safely in a flurry of snow. While driving, keep a sharp lookout for half-hidden logs, rocks, branches, dips or holes that might upset the machine and send you flying. Even if you do tip over—and *everyone* who pilots a snowmobile eventually does—you're virtually certain to have a happy landing; the snow will provide a pleasantly soft letdown. Two on a snowmobile offer additional stability with surprisingly little power loss; on flat, open terrain, such as a frozen lake, a 20–25-hp snowmobile toting a twosome should be able to hit 30 mph or more.

After you've logged a few miles behind the handle bars, you'll quickly pick up additional tricks. On a trail ride, for example, you'll find that the ruts left by other snowmobilers are easier to navigate if you speed up slightly rather than slow down. The same goes for patches of deep powder snow. Should you scoot off the trail and get bogged down in white stuff, hop off the machine and walk it back onto the path, as you would a bicycle, using the accelerator to get you over the drifts.

As in most outdoor sports, some advance precautions are necessary. Before you and your date climb aboard and go your merry way, let someone who's staying behind know the general area where you'll be traveling; or, better still, ride with another couple, just in case trouble develops. And keep in mind that most snowmobiles can go about 50 or 60 miles on one tank of gas; running dry out in the woods can quickly lose its romantic overtones if you have to trek 15 miles overland to the nearest pump. Smart drivers also take to their machines in warm but lightweight clothes. Thermal underwear is a good foundation; then add a wool sweater or shirt, wind-resistant slacks, a nylon parka, a hat with ear tabs, a pair of waterproof boots, wool socks, lined gloves and sunglasses or goggles. You may also wish to check out the one-piece Ski-Doo jump suits worn by several of the contestants in our cross-country race. These waterproof outfits are available at most snowmobile dealers for about $70.

Duly schooled and accoutered, you and your lady will be ready to hit the

(continued on page 144)

ARTICLE BY MARSHALL McLUHAN



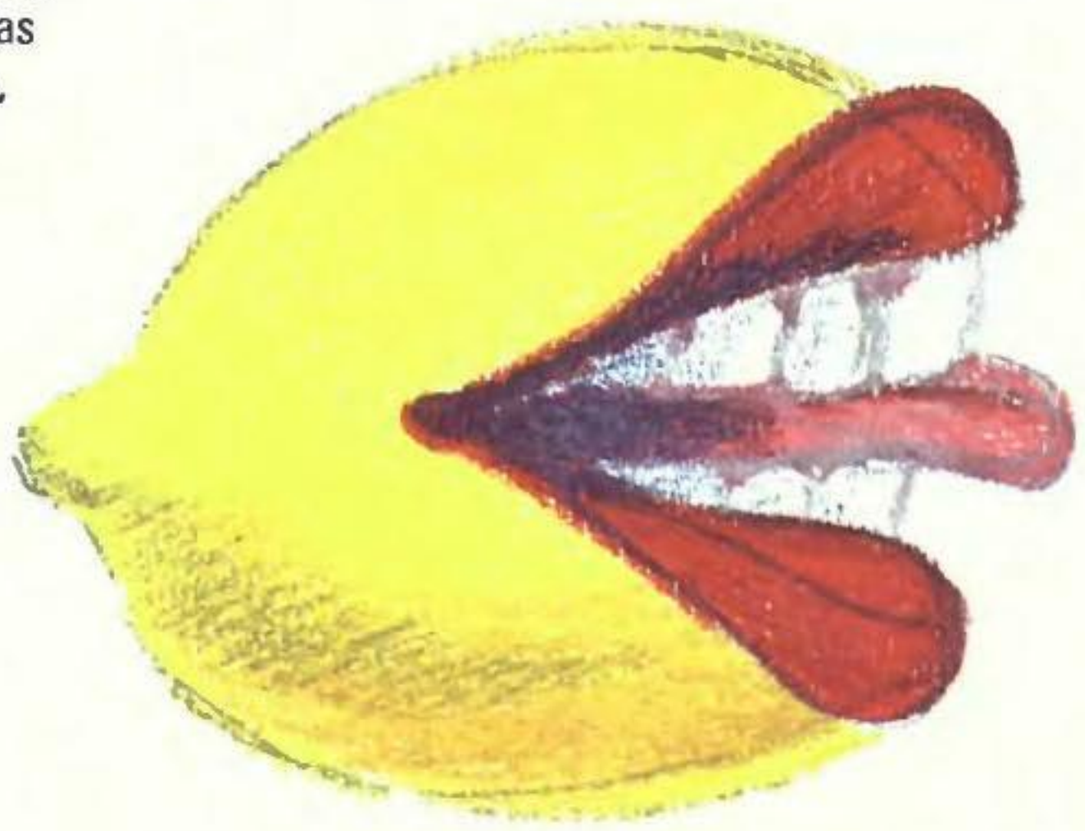
MIND YOUR MEDIA, MEN, OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELVES CATCHING A COLD ENVIRONMENT—AND SUFFERING FROM OVEREXPOSURE

THE REVERSAL OF THE OVERHEATED IMAGE

THE REVERSAL OF THE OVERHEATED IMAGE

"The bark is still there, but the molars are gone."
The Avis ad reads: "We try harder."
The Electric Circus ad reads: "We try softer."

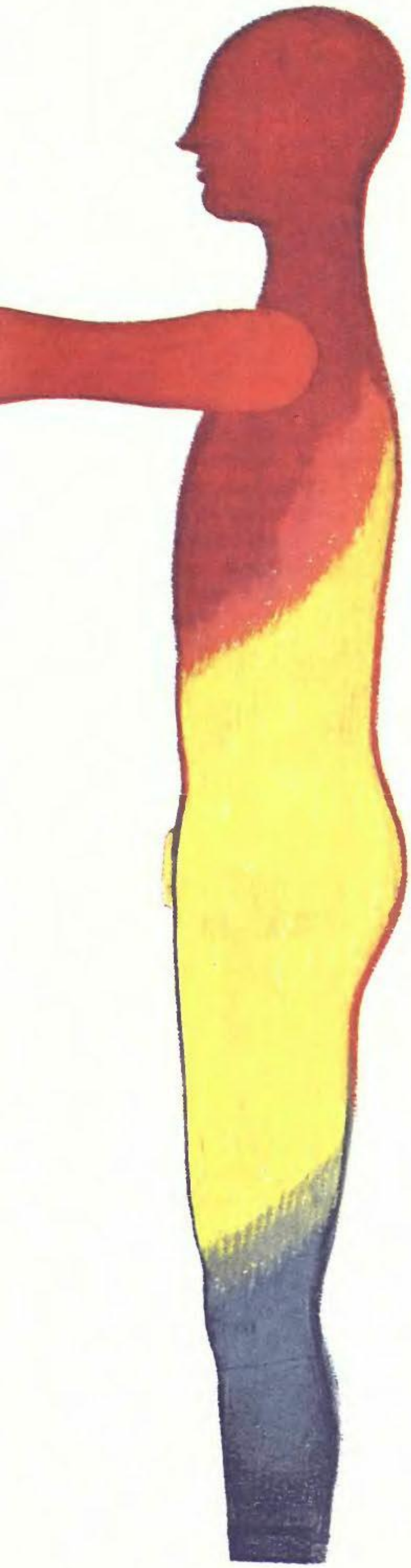
The big reversal of our time is the flip from a service environment of "hardware" to a service environment of "software." By 1820, well before the telegraph became commercial, England had achieved hardware service environments on a considerable scale. Not just the press and cheap books ("The true university of these days is a collection of books"—Carlyle) but a national postal service based on hard-surface post roads. The application of steam power to printing and manufacture, to boat and train, was well under way. All of these environmental services were tied into metropolitan concentrations and marketing based on uniform pricing and currency. (The LSD of those days meant an outer trip—pounds, shillings and pence: hard money.) The acceleration of hardware technologies assured centralization of power and management, just as the much greater electronic speed-up today ensures the reverse pattern in business and politics, in culture and education, in war and peace. Mechanical, industrial or hardware service environments—print, post, rail or plane, for example—are "hot" because they are tightly tied together as bureaucratic organizations. On the other hand, software environments of information are pervasive, unobtrusive and as decentralized as telephone or radio. Hardware is specialized, requiring much fragmentation of skills. Software is generalized, requiring an interrelated awareness of whole environments. The new word is "ecology." The organization chart is gone. Today, the higher a man climbs in an organization, the less he has to do with its operation. By the time he reaches the top, he's a dropout, like L.B.J. Had Robert Kennedy survived the assassin's bullets and been a Presidential candidate in November, he would automatically have become President. As a cripple, he would have been much "cooler." F.D.R., as a cripple, was not a mere leader. He was an emperor. Seated in his wheelchair, he acquired the imperial status of Buddha or Raymond Burr's Ironside. A man standing on his two feet can be a leader. That's a hot image. But he must shout, trying to find an audience. An emperor, seated in state, doesn't need to find an audience. He *gives* audience. He wears his audience, the whole nation, as his mask of power. Of course, even this posture, pushed to an extreme, defeats itself by reversal. Milton understood this very well in presenting his image of Satan in the opening of book two of *Paradise Lost*: "*High on a throne of royal state, which far/Outshone the weolth of Ormus and of Ind,/Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand/Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,/Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd/To that bad eminence....*" As Antony Jay put it in *Management and Machiavelli*: "The emperor is the stage beyond the creative leader, the position that a few creative leaders graduate to, and this ability to . . . harness the most powerful and influential people to the common cause is the distinguishing feature." The emperor, that is to say, creates new environments. These are the emperor's new clothes. They are invisible, because people are able to see only something their own size. Environments surround them and numb them, eluding the perception of all except little Peter Pans. Today, private business can become an invisible environment so large as to be the equivalent of a national state. As makers of service environments, businesses shape and educate our perceptions invincibly and invisibly. The Greek word for environment is *perivallo*—"to hit from all sides at once."



In this age of information environments of electric software, it is the service environments that have become the teaching machines. Education and culture have become the major part of the business enterprise itself, flipping the entire image of business. One sees ads such as: "ADOPT A COLLEGE." Business can now take over public education, even though Government is not allowed to assist private education. The laws preventing public subsidies to private educational institutions belong to the old hardware service environment of the pre-electric age. Now that the environment itself has become a major teaching machine, the image of learning has been reversed. The learner becomes hunter, explorer, not consumer. In the electric age, education can no longer be goal-oriented, not in the world of total field information and systems engineering. Peter Drucker, who has had several diverse careers, says: "Here I am, fifty-eight, and I still don't know what I'm going to be when I grow up." He recommends, for all career men, an abrupt change into a totally different career at the age of 40. Language professors would switch to engineering or medicine, and vice versa. **The children in Watts were heard to say: "Why should we go back to school and interrupt our education?" Our 19th Century school and college systems, based on fragmented subjects and classified data, which derive from the old hardware environment, cannot relate to the new integral electric environments of information.** Sir Francis Drake put a girdle around the world in the 16th Century, but Sputnik enclosed the world in a man-made environment of information, turning it into an old nose cone, a piece of Camp, an archaeological museum. Joyce called it the "Willingdone museyroom." The allusion to Wellington draws attention to the fact that war and weaponry have been the major drives in creating this planetary museum of artifacts. The *willing* aspect of the phrase expresses Joyce's concern with the "burning would" that "is come to dance inane." Men seem to be impelled by an inner drive that jitters them into the most self-destructive situations. Macbeth's fear was his "burning would" that drove him to Dunsinane. Radio in the 1920s created a totally new kind of world environment, substituting the ear for the eye, as it were. This was one of the great reversals of imagery in all human history. Literacy had extended the power of the eye, giving it dominance over the other senses. Phonetic literacy created visual, "rational" space. Never had any culture experienced this kind of space until Fifth Century Athens. Eric Havelock's *Preface to Plato* comments at length on the revolution by which the new literati, led by Plato, attacked the educational establishment of the bards. Homer and Hesiod had long been the educators of the Greek youth, teaching them "history as she is harped." Plato simply denounced this program in the interest of "abc-ed-mindedness." Joyce's quip here draws attention to the inevitable price paid for visual dominance over the senses: "an eye for an ear." W. H. Auden said, "A professor is a man who talks in other people's sleep." The absent-minded professor is simply a sensory specialist with a *fixed* point of view, in space and in time. In a literate culture, even semiliterate scientists ape this form of literacy, taking great "precautions of a public kind" in order to appear as precise and correct as any grammarian. The new world environment of radio evoked a unique creative response from the American Negro. Jazz is not only close to speech, song and dance but it is syncopated. The world of the ear offers none of the continuity and connectedness known only to the eye. The discontinuities of the electric "space-time" had received much advance billing in the arts before Einstein. Lewis Carroll's Alice flipped out of the hardware world of visual space, of visual uniformity and connectedness, when she went *Through the Looking-Glass.* But the



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR PAUL



telegraph press itself had, even earlier, reversed the pattern of the old book and editorial image. At electric speeds, a point of view is meaningless, even in a newspaper. News items are necessarily unconnected except by a date line. The newspaper mosaic has no story line. Like syncopated jazz or poetic symbolism, it is discontinuous. Negro jazz was quickly accepted in the capitals of the world. Paradoxically, the Negro integrated the world before anybody ever thought of integrating him. In the TV age, the Beatles seem to have made the most effective response to this "cool" medium. They have gone Oriental, even as the East goes West. The Negro brought in evangelical folk music, but the bottom-wagging Twenties did not seek any inner trip. The Twenties accepted the dominance of the ear, of song and dance, over literacy and civilization. Even the highbrow arts of the Twenties were "Jung and easily Freudened," and moved enthusiastically toward retribalization of society. The famous family of Stein (Gert and Ep and Ein) presents a good cross section of the new tribalism created by the radio environment. When radio married the movies, when the movies started to talk, the reversal of imagery from the new heating-up process fed the drive toward the reverse TV image. The extreme coolness and tactility of TV has received its most impressive testimonial in a new painting by Salvador Dali. It appears on the cover of *TV Guide* for June 8, 1968. Two TV screens appear on two thumbnails. The thumbs are widely separated, looking like cracked sculpture (tactile space is the space of the interval, the icon, the contour). With the advent of TV, the old hardware world began to crumble. Radio and movies had at first seemed to provide the old mechanized world with a hotted-up image even more glamorous than before. It was the moment of reversal. Even sex has flipped. Hollywood photography hotted-up glamor and kisses and long-stemmed American beauties. Skirts were at the knee: *"She rolls her stocking at the knee/And when she sits down, you can see/ There ain't no flies on Auntie."* The greatly improved photography of the Sixties has pushed the sex image all the way into nonsex. The gatefold cuties in PLAYBOY are sculptural and cool, as nudes must be. As photography goes hi-fi, visual qualities yield to texture and tactility. The hot becomes cool. The detached image, full of visual fantasy and desire ("dreams that money can buy") becomes an aesthetic object of multisensuous involvement. Real cool. The miniskirt is not hot or sexy. It is a tribal costume, long worn by boys, men and women alike. It is not a fashion. No more disconcerting reversal of image could be imagined. The worlds of reversals created by speeded-up information movement affect every sphere of life. Each could do with a book. There already is a book on *The De-Romanization of the Roman Church.* When it took months for bishops to travel to Rome and back, the consensus of the faithful, which is called "papal infallibility," was totally different from the same image in the jet age. In the old hardware world, "all roads led to Rome." In the jet age, there are no roads. Rome is in our sitting room as much as Vietnam. The new participation of the faithful in the decision-making process exceeds even the fragmentation of Protestant literacy. Rome seems to be set to perform a judo flip, by which all the schismatic churches fling themselves back into her arms. It is well known that leaders no longer come up from inside an operation, commercial or political. The old bureaucratic structures of big business and civil service

are too fragmented to produce leaders. The leader *has* to be a "dark horse" from outside the old type of structure. Today, the only person who can run a big business is one who has had much involvement in a small business. It is the same with the big city. Big cities were created by the old hardware of steamship and railway. They were highly centralized structures, like the huge armies of World War One. The motorcar tore the big cities apart—into suburbs. The jet planes simply bypassed the cities, leaving them to become ghettos. It is said that three times the population of Chicago leaves O'Hare Airport each year. **The decentralization of war came with radio in World War Two. Churchill and Roosevelt were big tribal chieftains who used the fireside as the firing line. World War Two decentralized via radio into guerrilla tactics. As for World War Three, a student of mine wrote: "The Vietnam war is the first world war ever fought on American soil." Thanks to TV, parents have seen their sons killed on the seven-o'clock news. In a word, a hot war cannot be endured on a cool medium. This also applies to politics. In all countries, the party system has folded like the organization chart. Policies and issues are useless for election purposes, since they are too specialized and too hot. The shaping of the candidate's integral image has taken the place of discussing conflicting points of view. The world of education presents the same kind of reversal. Institutions established to prepare students for goals by specialist courses and credits are being rejected and even defied by their clients. The TV generation wants participation in the educational process. It does not want packages. The students want problems, not answers. They want probes, not exams. They want making, not matching. They want struggle, not goals. They want new images of identity, not careers. They want insights, not classified data.** At IBM, a favorite slogan is "Information overload = pattern recognition," or sudden structural awareness. A recent report about a dilemma in the Pentagon concerned the excessive influx of data collected by agents of the CIA and others. So great is the unread backlog that even the Pueblo can get lost in the IN basket. There is imminent danger of pattern recognition even in the Pentagon, the biggest filing cabinet in the world. The new Reading Dynamics or "high-speed reading" tends to build on the principle of overload as pattern recognition. The faster one reads, as every exam crammer has discovered, the more one perceives and the more one retains. (But, of course, there is the exception: "I'll never forget what's-his-name.")

The information theorists are fond of pointing out that a telephone book contains no information. There are too many data and no patterns. In the electric environment of fast-changing, total-field information, a fixed point of view is as useless as a specialty. Today, the training of an engineer or a doctor is obsolete upon graduation. The result is that the artist replaces the bureaucrat. The ivory tower supplants the control tower. Electronic man becomes a hunter, a prober once more. He begins to live by "feedforward," not "feedback." (The Eskimo hunter proved by far the best jet-engine mechanic at Gander in World War Two.) As Antony Jay points out, when you are on an economy drive, remember: "Economy does not need an actuary, it needs a visionary." In any operation where

(FLIP TO PAGE 245)



ILLUSTRATION BY EO PASCHKE



humor By ROGER PRICE *no man's love life can really be organized until he administers this test to determine the kook level of the chicks in his little black book*

IT USED TO BE before you took up with a girl, really seriously took up with her, you had to make sure her teeth were already fixed. Remedial dentistry can cost as much as a year in Europe.

Today, there is another, equally expensive pitfall. Before checking out a potential mistress, it's important to know how much of a nut she is. Unfortunately, nuttiness in a lady is often very attractive, certainly more so than malocclusion or an underbite; but the care and treatment of a genuine, all-out girl nut can be a financial drain comparable with a Southeast Asia police action. Most nubile and postnubile girls, these days, have a tropism for nut behavior. This test will give you a scientific way of discovering just how far along the road to total nutdom yours has gone. It is for unmarried females and has a built-in scientific scoring system designed to determine the exact degree of nuttiness reached by any single American female.

The object of this contest is to choose the biggest girl nut in America. It is limited to girls over 21, on the theory that until then, she gets a free ride; and if she's developed an improbable personality before 21, chances are she is a legitimate loony and not a genuine nut. Loonies are congenital. Nuts are self-made.

Start your own local contest now. Give this test to all the girls you have or may possibly have any interest in. The high scorer can be entered in regional contests and, finally, in the big national nut runoff, which will be held in Santa Monica, California, next Christmas Day and televised coast to coast. Finalists will be *(continued on page 226)*

ON CREATIVITY

THE NORWEGIAN WRITER **Knut Hamsun once said that he wrote to kill time. "I think that even if he were sincere in stating it thus," Henry Miller notes of Hamsun's remark, "he was deluding himself. Writing, like life itself, is a voyage of discovery." The voyage of discovery on these pages began when columnist Art Buchwald asked Broadway playwright George Abbott what, in his view, was the basic requirement for creative success. Without hesitation, Abbott told him, "An unhappy childhood. The child becomes expert at creating worlds of fantasy." We asked a successful critic if he agreed. "Nonsense," he said. "Every great writer is motivated by bone-hard selfishness, by a terribly strong urge for self-expression and the fruits that it brings: money and fame." With these contradictory opinions in mind, we decided to seek replies from a varied cross section of the writing fraternity to the following question: "Do creative people have any characteristics in common, in their backgrounds or their personalities, that can be identified as wellsprings of that creativity?" The 13 insightful answers on these pages hardly constitute a final answer to our provocative question, but we think you'll agree that they comprise a compelling glimpse into the self-analytical interpretations of creative minds.**

opinion

a baker's-dozen writers of widely varied talents strive to pinpoint the basic ingredient of creative success

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILLIAM UTTERBACK

TRUMAN CAPOTE, *long established as a novelist of rare sensitivity ("Other Voices, Other Rooms") and wit ("Breakfast at Tiffany's"), proved himself one of the world's most gifted investigative reporters with his best-selling "nonfiction novel" "In Cold Blood," a graphic chronicle of the Clutter-family murder case. He also affirmed his credentials as an insightful and outspoken social commentator in a popular "Playboy Interview" published in March of this year.*

"I've never understood the term 'creative person.' All people are creative. The difficulty is that most of us are unaware of our creative gifts; through faults of fortune, they lie undreamed of—to be discovered only, if at all, through fateful chance. For instance, as a child I knew a Gulf Coast fisherman who, direly afflicted with asthma, retired to a darkened herb-scented room. He learned to sew; gradually, he began producing scrap quilts of amazing design, a sunshine world of great primitive tapestries.



The spirit hovers somewhere in all of us; many a shoe clerk and bus driver contain, however obscured and thwarted, a capacity for reaching exalted musical regions, for contriving delicate mathematical experiments. But, of course, the professionalized creative mind neither discovers nor makes art by accident, and therein lies the difference. Most artists know what they were born to do (and are prepared to do it) at a far earlier age than, say, the average future lawyer realizes his intentions. And most artists, particularly the precocious breed, have had difficult, isolated childhoods —no doubt partially because of the creative sensibility that sets them apart. In youth, what happens to the potential artist is rather like what happens to the pearl-bearing oyster. An alien sand grain invades the oyster's shell and, once imbedded there, irritates the tenant to the point of obsession, painfully pesters the oyster until it produces a jewel. Talent, and genius as well, is like a grain of pearl sand shifting about in the creative mind: a valued tormentor."

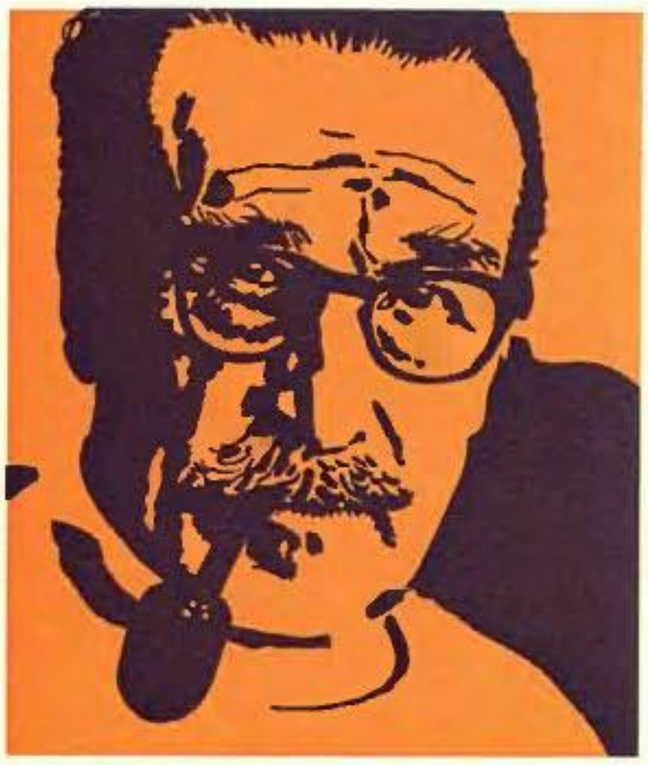
LeROI JONES *has been recognized as the most powerful of the radical black playwrights in America since 1965, when "The Dutchman" was produced off-Broadway. A new play, called "A Recent Killing," is expected this season, which will also see the publication of a volume of Jones' short plays, as well as one of poetry. The playwright is free on bail, pending appeal of his conviction for illegal possession of weapons during the 1967 riots in his native Newark.*

"Creation is the wellspring of Life. What is manifest is constant continuous creation. The Creator is his own Creation, finally. The beings in The Being are before actual being potentialities, possibilities. What existed first was an ocean of possibility. The blackness. Out of which all that is is. The Creator is the conscious will, shaping the being of impulse.



Directionlike movement. Image is impulse directionlike movement. All is constant movement and change. All is motion. All the senses are directionlike. Motion in a sense. Seeing. The Creator sees. The Creator creates that which he sees. Hears. Tastes. Smells. Touches. Intuits. Receives from the Cosmic Memory. Even a perfect man has 14 senses. The Creator has all senses. Directionlike is a thrust of being, is the Being itself, with memory of its existence creating itself inside itself as memory actually existing as continuous being. We are creators in the same way with not as much material to work with. Internalized is the environment. Outside is brought in and is an impulse given off. Which is the inside going out. Circular. Cyclical. The Creator creates what already exists anyway. What he created existed before he created it as the total static consciousness; in constant flux; there is no other state."

GEORGES SIMENON *finished his first novel at 16. He has written 200 or 500 since then—depending on whether one counts the dozens he wrote under 17 pseudonyms before he was 25, and on the hazy distinction between novel and novelette. His 70 Inspector Maigret whodunits have made him the most admired mystery writer in the world. Though many critics continue to see more quantity than quality in Simenon's work, more and more are recognizing him as a master of terse psychological narration. André Gide pronounced him "perhaps the greatest and most truly novelistic novelist in French literature today."*



"I believe that the essential condition to become a creator in the artistic domain, particularly in the novel, is to be able to enter into the skin of people."

LAWRENCE DURRELL *was a jazz pianist in a London night club, an auto racer and a real-estate agent before his escape from England—"that mean, shabby little island," he called it—and encouragement from Henry Miller led to "The Black Book," a cathartic anti-England novel published in Paris in 1938. After 20 years of travel, various appointments in the British foreign press service and several volumes of varied fiction and poetry, the writer whom Miller had hailed as "the master of the English language" produced the lush, complexly intertwined novels of "The Alexandria Quartet" in a matter of months. Durrell currently resides—and produces poetry, fiction and drama—in southern France. He has contributed four short stories to* PLAYBOY.

"There are several aspects of this word 'creative' that is so loosely used nowadays ('Creative job offered in advertising agency'). The original Greek was 'krainein,' which means to fulfill—either a prophecy or a promise. Or oneself. A creative work may come out of inner stress or muddle or psychic illness, but if it is a good job well done, it heals both the doer and the receiver. 'One sheds one's sicknesses in books,' says Lawrence; while Proust adds: 'The real masters are those who master themselves.' You can't prescribe for art, on the other hand; there were no signs of morbid unhappiness in Emily Brontë or Jane Austen. And the world is full of neurotics who never try their hand at creating anything."

JAMES T. FARRELL, *in his monumental "Studs Lonigan: A Trilogy," recorded with uncompromising honesty what he had heard, seen and felt throughout his youth and young manhood in the Irish neighborhoods of Chicago's South Side. His naturalistic style subsequently fell into disfavor with the critics, but Farrell has continued to use it with powerful effect in more than a score of short-story collections and novels, including his latest, "A Brand New Life."*





"Whether or not the artist has had a happy childhood is unimportant. Whether he is selfish or unselfish is unimportant. It is only important that he be aware of his experience and that he create original art from it. Tolstoy had a wonderfully happy childhood and from this experience he wrote a trilogy that established him as a genius when he was still in his early 20s. Dreiser's childhood and youth were bitterly unhappy, but Dreiser created enduring works of art from his unhappiness. Art is the transcending of experience."

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER *is the world's foremost Yiddish writer; in translation, his work charms both the critics and a growing international audience. "No psychological terminology or current literary method," one reviewer wrote of such stories and novels as "The Spinoza of Market Street," "Gimpel the Fool" and "The Manor," "has succeeded in rendering such a profound, unified and fully apprehended account of the Divine, the Infernal and the suffering space of self-determination between. . . ." Singer has lived in New York City since 1935 and is on the staff of the* Jewish Daily Forward. PLAYBOY *has published four of his stories, one of which won the magazine's award for the best* PLAYBOY *fiction of 1967.*



"What is common to all artists is an uncommon curiosity about human character and behavior. They see in every man—sometimes even in animals and plants—a new experiment in a laboratory of individuality. Uniqueness is expressed in man's face, thoughts, words, emotions, gifts, in everything about and around him. The artist himself produces individuality, the source of which is his peculiar way of seeing the world. While education, a home and other conditions enhance or impede creation, talent comes basically through the genes. It is often—not always—accompanied by compassion and by rebellion against the cruelty of nature."

WILLIAM STYRON *was already regarded as among the most powerful younger novelists in America when he wrote "The Confessions of Nat Turner," which won last year's Pulitzer Prize. The novel, recounting, in the words of its leader, the only American slave rebellion of any consequence, was the most talked-about book of the year—and the subject of a recent compilation of pro-and-con criticism by black authors. Two earlier novels ("Lie Down in Darkness" and "Set This House on Fire") and a* novella *("The Long March") established the Virginia-born writer's prestigious reputation.*



"I can speak only for myself when I say that I believe that a powerful source of my own creativity derives from my passion for music. Without Bach and Mozart, I am certain that I would never have written a word. This leads me to a parallel conclusion about creative people that may not be demonstrable but which I feel to be true. And that is that most real artists receive magnetic inspiration from art forms that are not their own. Many composers I know are zealous readers of poetry; certain fine painters of my acquaintance have confessed that they are frustrated musicians. At the same time, I have known few novelists of any worth whose sensibilities were not dynamically reinforced and fed by the other arts. So, although it may be only a generalization, I would like to venture the idea that a true talent contains the component of the artist manqué—the poet striving for the condition of music, the composer as geometer, the novelist whose most poignant configurations may be merely echoes of a Turner seascape or a Bach cantata."

ABE BURROWS *wrote his first script—for a radio show—in 1938, after stints as a premedical student and an accountant. Since then, he has authored or co-authored such Broadway successes as "Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," "Silk Stockings" and "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," which garnered a 1961 Pulitzer Prize.*



"It seems to me that all creativity comes about because someone senses some void in man's knowledge. The creative scientist responds to the gaps in our knowledge of physical laws—and we get a theory of relativity or a model of the DNA molecule. The creative inventor fills a void in technology with the telephone or waterproof mascara. Creative businessmen see gaps and fill them with every sort of enterprise—from a bank to a dog-walking service. The writer also responds to a void: the lack of true human communication. I believe the writer first becomes aware of this in his childhood. Children think; children feel. But they quickly discover that it's impossible to communicate these thoughts and feelings to adults. Most children have given up trying by the time they join the adult world. But a few children bide their time. They store up their thoughts in the form of fantasies, dreams and daydreams. Then at some time in their lives—if their minds survive this repression—they discover Art, a safe outlet for their stored-up thoughts and feelings. Fiction, drama and poetry all provide an effective—and acceptable—means of communicating whatever has been growing or festering in their minds. The key word here is 'acceptable.' Truth is seldom acceptable or digestible. I think it was Mrs. Roosevelt who once said it was possible to tell the real truth about actual events only by means of fiction. So the creative writer finds that art form which gives his audience or his readers an insight into his thoughts—and perhaps into their own. I try to do it with humor."

NORMAN PODHORETZ *was recognized before his majority—by such teachers as Lionel Trilling at Columbia and F. R. Leavis at Cambridge, perhaps the two leading critics of the day—as a young man certain of literary success. In a spate of artful criticism, in his successful editorship of the influential intellectual monthly* Commentary *and in this year's "Making It"—a candid and controversial account of his rise through the New York literary establishment—Podhoretz has more than fulfilled their confidence.*



"The ancients believed that the source of creativity was in the Muses—by which, I take it, they meant to express their understanding of the involuntary nature of the creative impulse. The modern metaphor embodying the same idea is the unconscious mind, over which, by definition, we have no control. The ancients resorted to incantations and prayer to stimulate the creative flow; and we have our own superstitious ways of attempting to tap those underground springs that seem to gush or run dry, not at all as we please but only in accordance with their own mysterious laws. The point is that creativity is a gift, a kind of grace. It represents a miraculous coming together of the uninhibited energy of the child with its apparent opposite and enemy—the sense of order so painfully imposed upon what finally grows, if it ever does, into the disciplined adult intelligence. When there is no such coming together, we get 'happenings' on the one side and listless mandarinism on the other. And that, of course, is most of the time."

HENRY MILLER *was 43 when "Tropic of Cancer" was published in 1934 and his long fight with the censors began. In the decades since—with "Tropic of Capricorn," the several volumes of "The Rosy Crucifixion" and dozens of other books, stories and articles, including two for* PLAYBOY*—Miller has continued to celebrate man over politics, the heart over cold intellect and joy over gloom. A special citation from the Formentor Prize Committee in 1961 called him "one of the most important literary figures of the 20th Century."*

"I believe we are all born creative and that this creative spirit would manifest itself much more freely were it not for our archaic notions of education. Those who are able to emerge as creative individuals owe it to their stubborn, steadfast devotion, their complete unswerving dedication to their chosen role. Inspiration is open to all, but the successful realization of one's aims depends upon discipline, obsessive perseverance and absolute belief in one's own self and in what one is doing. The urge to create may spring from good or bad conditions. In the so-called civilized world, with a few notable exceptions, the great artists seem to have thrived on misery, whether self-induced or otherwise. Utopia, whether for the creative individual or the common man, always remains just around the corner."

ALLEN GINSBERG *assumed undisputed leadership of America's literary underground with the publication in 1956 of "Howl," which shocked San Francisco police but earned high praise from established critics and poets. A two-time contributor to* PLAYBOY*, he is, perhaps, the sole survivor of the early Beats to have won fraternal acclaim as a leader of the hippies. Since a 1963 pilgrimage to India, abstruse metaphysical insights have characterized Ginsberg's multileveled writings—as reflected in his statement below.*

"Creativity: Sanskrit, to make. But why make anything? The Maker's incomplete; his universe, which is himself, is not yet perfectly realized. Realization comes because imperfection causes desire, an ache, and desire aches till realization comes. Nothing changes except realization. That is, awareness; so now the Maker's aware, realized, complete, perfect, peaceful and empty, and his universe the same. He did this by outward manifestation of his incompletion, his desire, his imperfection. He made models of his perfectly complete desire. Working out the models, detailing imagined forms, he arrived at what already existed perfectly complete. He examined what is and is not; he realized both. Thus he completed his consciousness. Poet God was so perfect there was nothing to know; but he made an experiment to see if there was anything more, created imaginary universes that ran their courses like dreams to the finish, and Poet God realized he was dreaming up models of what is not. Having done that, he realized what never happened, and the last model was a sigh of relief. Human artist works the same way in image of Creator. His visionary glimpse of emptiness leads him to manifest models of emptiness till the art creator realizes emptiness is its own model. In 'Gratitude to the Unknown Instructors,' Yeats said:

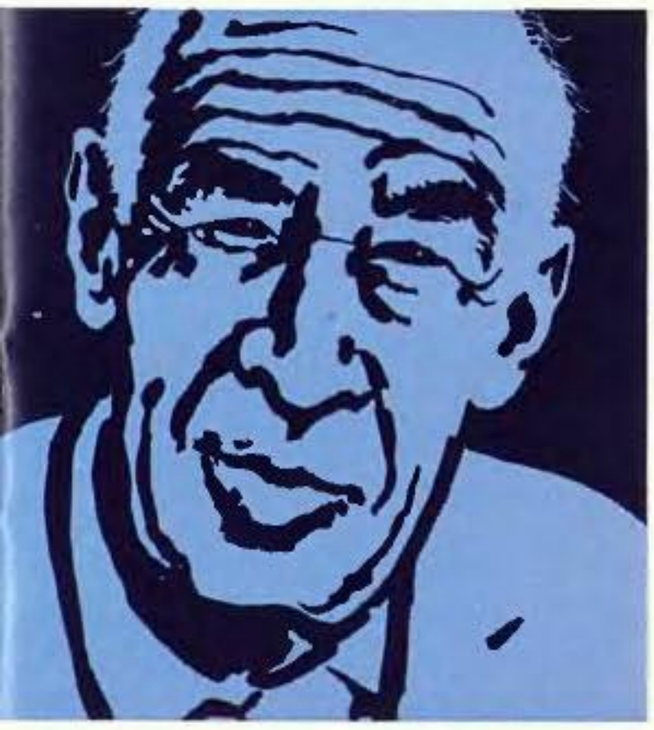
What they undertook to do
they brought to pass;
All things hang like a drop
of dew
upon a blade of grass."

JOHN UPDIKE *has bent his stylistic legerdemain to the explication of small, private moments in the real world of the small-town American Protestant middle class since his first appearance, at 21, as a* New Yorker *short-story writer. Last spring's "Couples"—his ambitious, explicit and unafraid chronicle of the quest for spiritual and sexual contact among a set of young modern exurbanites—remains a best seller eight months after its publication.*

"For one thing, creativity is merely a plus name for regular activity; the ditchdigger, dentist and artist go about their tasks in much the same way, and any activity becomes creative when the doer cares about doing it right, or better. Out of my own slim experience, I would venture the opinion that the artistic impulse is a mix, in varying proportions, of childhood habits of fantasizing brought on by not necessarily unhappy periods of solitude; a certain hard wish to perpetuate and propagate the self; a craftsmanly affection for the materials and process; a perhaps superstitious receptivity to moods of wonder; and a not-often-enough-mentioned ability, within the microcosm of the art, to organize, predict and persevere."

ARTHUR MILLER *became one of America's few indisputably important playwrights with "Death of a Salesman," which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1949 and created, in Willie Loman, an American tragic archetype. In "The Crucible," "A View from the Bridge," "After the Fall" and "The Price," his current Broadway success, Miller has continued his earnest study of the tangle of responsibilities enmeshing man, woman and their society.*

"A remarkable number of writers of talent have had in common the experience of a parent's destruction, either at puberty or before. Destruction by physical death or spiritual overthrow. The matrix of the artist, his quest for form, consists of his need to reconstitute the lost or debilitated authority not by substituting himself as such, but in a symbolic harmony through which his mixed feelings of pleasure, anxiety, grief and victory are brought into the light in a permissible way. See Tolstoy, Hemingway, Agee, Stendhal, Dickens, et al., et al. This, of course, throws no light on talent, let alone genius, which, with good luck will remain mysterious. In other words, a case can be made for art as a response to the death or spiritual bankruptcy of the father; but since many nonartists experience the same disaster, we are back where we started: What in the artist creates the artistic response?"



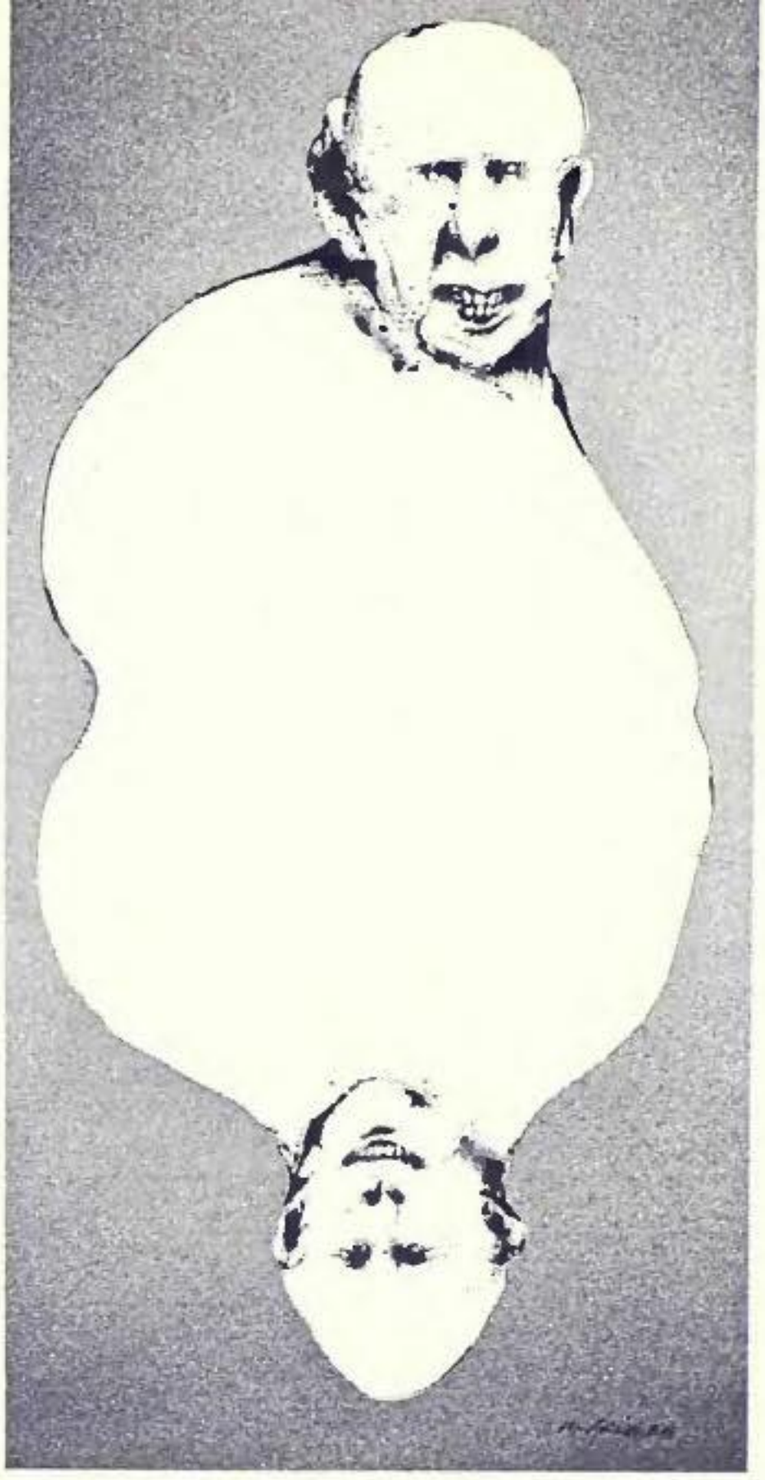








"Honest, I've been a good boy."



BIG DADDY SAYS YES, BIG DADDY SAYS NO

fiction BY KEN W. PURDY *up or down, left or right, choose with care—it could be a matter of life and death*

"MYSELF, I would not have believed all this," Tazio said. "Before, I would not have thought it possible."

"I, too, was a nonbeliever," Juan said. "Although Spanish and a Catholic, I was a nonbeliever."

"Is it a question of belief?" Peter said. "I think I'm dreaming. I don't believe it's *happening*."

"Certainly it is happening," Tazio said. "*I* am here. I speak. I know I speak, I hear myself speaking, it is happening to *me*."

"In my dream, it is happening to you," Peter said.

"You are dead," Juan said. "Dead men don't dream."

"I tell you something," Karl said. "We all dream, is not possible? Each dreams, and all the others are in his dream, yes?"

"Where are we?" This one was a little way off, by himself.

"You are . . . ?" Tazio said.

"Jerry."

"*I* don't know where we are," Karl said. "This place I have never before seen."

"Place?" Juan said. "How can you call it a *place*? There's nothing here, aside from ourselves."

"Hell with it," Jerry said. "Place or no place, I am goddamn well not dreaming. I'm dead, and I know I'm dead, because I can remember dying. I was pushing a helicopter from J. F. K. to Newark and the thing threw a blade over the East River. I had twenty-four people and a baby in that mother. It went straight in, chung! Son of a bitch. It was my day off, too. I was just filling in for a guy. I said no when he asked me the first time, then I got greedy and said yes."

"I have heard," Tazio said, "that there is a thing called a Jesus wheel in a helicopter?"

"Jesus nut," Jerry said. "When the Jesus nut goes, everything goes."

"Did your Jesus nut go?"

"Dunno," Jerry said. "I saw a blade come off and I knew we were through."

"I think with Karl," Juan said. "You dream, and I dream in your dream."

"Don't give me that," Jerry said.

"I think it strange that we are all men here," Tazio said.

"No," someone said. "Not all."

"Where are you?" Peter said.

She stood up, a small woman, almost pretty. "Marie," she said. "And I am not dreaming, either. I remember dying. I was a photographer for *Agence Montafe*. I was in Vietnam, just outside a village in the Nouc valley. I was with some American Marines. They had called in an air strike. I got up, just a little way, barely my head off the ground, I thought, to make a quick shot. I was using a Hasselblad and I remember thinking I should have used the Nikon, to keep my head down, when I was hit. Boom. In the middle of my chest. I felt it clearly and I died immediately."

"I, while the young lady talked, have been counting," Karl said. "We are thirty-two people. Now, of the thirty-two people, is there anyone who died in bed?"

"I," said a man, tall, thin, black. "Michael. I was walking on North Halsted. It was raining. I decided I'd have me a beer until it stopped. There was a bar across, so I started over there. This brother was up on a scaffolding. He must have slipped. I heard somebody yell. I looked up; there he was, right on top of me, coming from five floors. They got me to the hospital, only just about. I dunno about him."

"I died in bed," someone said. "Larkin." He was fat and old. "My wife was after me to exercise, walk to work every day. One day I walked three blocks, then a bus came along, so I took it. I had just sat down, a woman next to me sneezed right in my face. I could never prove it, but nobody can tell me that didn't do it. I had pneumonia three days later."

"This is extraordinary," Peter said. "Karl, how did you die?"

Karl said, "I was on a walking trip in England. I was in a place called Eastbourne, on the Channel, a high cliff. We were going away—I was with a party of friends—when I decided I must have a last look. I could go right or left; I went right, no reason. I went too close to the edge. A piece of grass, turf you would say, broke under me, and I fell. You, Peter? How was it by you?"

"I don't know," Peter said. "I don't. . . ." The others had formed a semicircle around him. They were staring. The mass of them, as a unit, scimitar-shaped, began to move toward him. He woke. Ruth was sitting up in bed beside him, holding his hands. The white light of morning filled the room.

"*That* must have been a beauty," Ruth was saying. "You were screaming 'No! No! No!' at the top of your voice. What in hell was going on?"

"I was in this crowd, everybody was dead," Peter said. "They were each telling how it happened: this one because he said yes instead of no, this one because he went right instead of left, all little, insignificant things got them killed. . . . They asked me how *I* died. I said I didn't know, then they moved in on me, and that was when I woke up. Not too soon, either. Jesus, I've had some dreams, but——"

"Poor lamb!" Ruth said. "Stay put and I'll bring up your breakfast." She propped his pillows behind him, and hers. He picked up a Simenon he'd been reading the night before. He'd got through a couple of pages when the buzzer went.

"Bacon or sausage?" Ruth said.

"I don't know," he said. "Whichever you want."

"I'm dieting, idiot. You're not. Sausage or bacon?"

He tried, he tried hard, but he couldn't say it, not bacon, not sausage, not the one word or the other.



Vargas

"You might as well stay, Santa. You'll never get up the chimney in that condition."



SNOWBALL! (continued from page 130)

trail for some totally unique competitive sport in your own winter wonderland.

FUN & GAMES

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE: This event, as evidenced in the photos beginning on pages 124–125, has four to six couples meeting after breakfast for a prerace briefing at a ski lodge. The teams then race to a predetermined destination—say five miles away. As each couple arrives, it's clocked in by the timekeepers and, after a leisurely lunch break, the contestants then race back to the starting point, the couple with the best total time winning. Topographic maps of the local trails and landmarks should be distributed, so that snowmobilers can pick their own route—while staying within shouting distance of one another. Also, the vehicles used in the race should be about the same horsepower, so that competitors will have an equal opportunity to make fast time when crossing open plains, as well as when maneuvering tricky forest trails. To make the day more interesting, the guys should drive the first half of the contest and let the girls take over for the run back. (Recipes for hot food and drink to be served at the cookout and after the race are given below.)

CROSS-COUNTRY OBSTACLE RACE: This is a miniversion of the preceding contest; couples run a course that's dotted with various obstacles—one or two small jumps, a hill to climb, flag markers to slalom through and a long straightaway to the finish line. Racers should be escorted on a slow tour of the track before the event begins, so that they know what route to take after the starter's flag falls. Teams may race one at a time or all at once, depending on the size of the circuit. To avoid confusion—and good-natured cheating—at some of the more difficult obstacles, it's wise to station a few "officials" at strategic spots to offer assistance, give directions and mark down penalties, should they occur. The couple with the fastest time and the fewest penalties is waved home the winner.

BENGAL LANCERS: For this, you'll need about 20 eight-foot poles with flags attached, several four-foot sticks sharpened to a point and a quantity of colorful rubber balloons. Set up pairs of poles in a series of right- and left-hand turns over a quarter-mile circuit, so that they form gates through which each team must pass. Then tie a balloon to the base of one pole per gate, alternating them on right- and left-hand poles. Couples run the course one at a time, the driver maneuvering the machine through each gate while the passenger takes a stab at popping the balloons with the stick. A timekeeper presides over the event, adding one second for each balloon missed —or each course marker knocked down—and three seconds for completely missing a gate. The fastest team with the least penalties is the winner.

BROOM BALL: Before this race begins, stake out two starting flags about 50 feet apart and two finish flags about 200 yards away across an open field. Two snowmobiles at a time run the event. The object of the game is for each team to try to maneuver a huge beach ball from start to finish line, using a house broom as a bat. To do this, the snow pilot keeps the machine as close to the ball as possible while his (or her) partner wields the broom. The couple who completes the race in the shortest time is the winner and receives a welcome reward: steaming mugs of coffee laced with brandy, or hot buttered rum.

BLIND-SNOWMAN'S BUFF: Lay out a serpentine race course as you did in the Bengal Lancers game, using pairs of eight-foot poles with flags attached over a quarter-mile circuit. As each team prepares to race, blindfold the driver with a handkerchief or a pair of taped-over goggles. It's now the partner's job to verbally direct the pilot through the course in the shortest time without missing a gate or knocking over a pole (each of which rates a two-second penalty). Obviously, you'll want to stage this contest on flat, open terrain, where there are no trees or fences to run into.

LE MANS: Here, all the snowmobiles are placed diagonally along a line that's parallel to the finish line 100 yards away. Snow pilots and partners then crouch for a running start about 50 paces from the machines and, at the drop of a flag, sprint to their vehicles, start them and speed for the finish line. The idea is to stop the snowmobile as close to the line as possible—without touching it—in the shortest time.

SKIJORING: With you behind the handle bars, all that's needed for this noncompetitive Scandinavian sport (the name is Norwegian) are a pair of skis and ski boots, two volunteers—one to act as a lookout while the other skijores—and a 40-foot length of water-ski tow rope. You and your partner should ride back to back, so that he or she can tell you if the skijorer being towed takes a spill. Tips: When starting, go slow; this way, the guy or girl at the end of the rope can get the situation well in hand and stay balanced as you gradually accelerate. Then take a few gentle corners, making sure that you don't inadvertently play crack-the-whip with the skijorer and send him sprawling. At the end of the ride, decelerate slowly, so that the skier doesn't bump into the back of the snowmobile.

Once you and your friends have mounted and hit the trail, other games will occur to you. If there are quite a few couples playing, you may find it helpful to tape a number on each machine, as sports-car drivers do before running a rally. Also, if you're competing in such contests as a cross-country race, it's wise to count noses before and after the running, just to make sure that nobody gets left out in the cold, should his machine break down or run out of gas. And when presiding over the games, it's a good idea to keep a running point tally on each team and then award a grand prize to the twosome with the highest total score.

FOOD & DRINK

When a party of snowmobilers pulls in after a five- or ten-mile cross-country race, they've developed powerful appetites. After brushing off the snow and toasting their hands and feet at the roaring fireplace, they'll want to reach for the hot grog. While they're still warming their toes, the first tantalizing aroma of a hunters' stew tells them that succor is close at hand.

One of the best interim appeasers for your guests to nibble on is called *raclette*, a hot cheese dish with a rich aroma and a texture to match. (The Swiss name for the cheese used in *raclette* is Bagnes; but in this country, the cheese itself is called *raclette*.) In Switzerland, *raclette* parties are as common as crowds around the fondue pots. A chunk of the cheese —allowing about a quarter pound per person—is placed close to the flames on a fireproof dish or tray. When the side of the wedge facing the flames becomes soft enough to spread, a big dollop is scooped off with the side of a knife and is served atop a plateful of hot freshly boiled potatoes and pickled silver onions, and the remainder of the wedge is warmed until a second layer melts. If you don't have a fireplace at your elbow, use a *raclette* heater—an electric broiling unit available from Swissmart in New York City. Or you can simply spear the cheese on a skewer over a chafing dish. In an emergency, electric wall heaters or radiators have been called into play. Another way to serve *raclette* is to place generous slices on light toast and set them inside a shallow pan in a moderate oven; then sip your grog until the light-yellow cheese turns golden, soft and yielding. It should not be heated under a strong broiler flame and left untended or it will turn to goo. If it becomes soupy, it's lost. As an appetizer at an *après-snowmobile* party, *raclette* also tastes great when spread on melba rye rounds, toasted thinly sliced French bread or slices of raw apple.

The best technique for managing the main course of a snowmobile dinner is to complete all stewing, braising or casseroling at home base before the party

(continued on page 240)

OMAR ACTS UP

pictorial **BY MARIO CASILLI**

"FUNNY GIRL" provided supersuave Omar Sharif with his first shot at a major film musical. It also provided him with a major headache. How was he going to play the part of the luckless gambler Nicky Arnstein opposite Barbra Streisand's Fanny Brice? Omar's antic approach, in this exclusive PLAYBOY pictorial, was to put out a cast call for his most rewarding screen selves, to see if any of *them* had the Nick knack.

versatile screen idol sharif, cast as "funny girl's" nicky arnstein, has a go at the role in a half dozen of his favorite film guises



Lawrence of Arabia

Sharif shows up as Sheik Ali on the set of the beer parlor owned by Fanny Brice's parents. The Bedouin wins three chorines to his side, but not for long: He has been nomading it in the desert, where there's water for drinking only. Camels don't smell like roses. Neither does Ali.



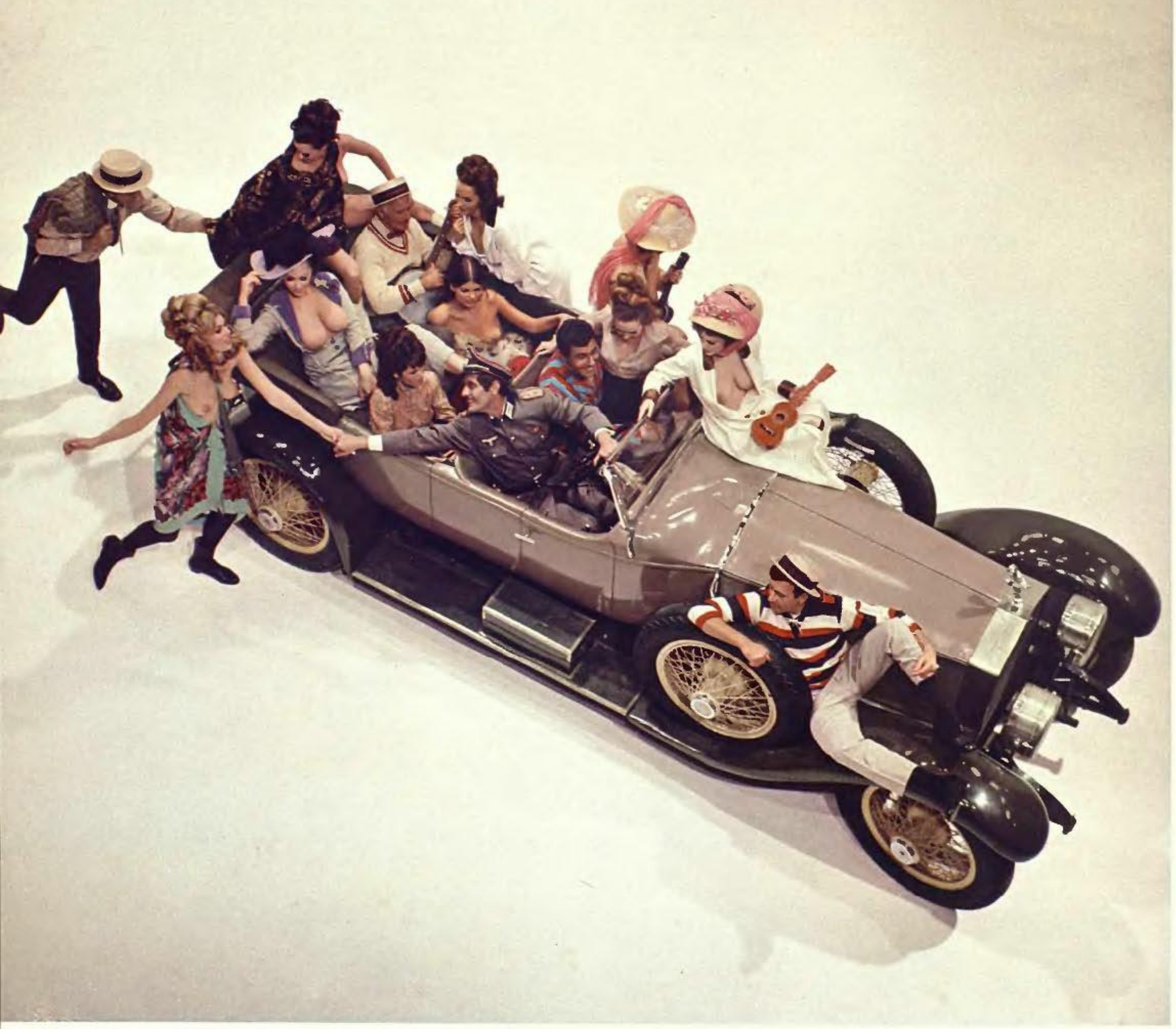
GENGHIS KHAN

Genghis, like Arnstein, wos a gambler. But, Omor discovers, unlike Arnstein, the Big G. is the world's lousiest loser. In fact, when the ball doesn't roll his way, the housemon's heod frequently does, as evidenced by Khon's well-ploced scimitor. Nobody likes o bad sport.



Omar's Dr. Zhivago enters Fanny and Nick's elegant digs. Officially known in the U. S. S. R. as the Party Pooper, Zhivago had previously displayed a penchant for sympathy-provoking frostbite and tries the same icy tack in *Funny Girl*: He is promptly cold-shouldered by the cast.

DR. ZHIVAGO



NIGHT of the GENERALS

Major Grau, a friendly *Wehrmacht* intelligence officer, shows Arnstein potential in a *Funny Girl* picnic sequence. Grau was the same height as Arnstein and, facially, they might have been mistaken for twins. At a closer look, however, he seems far too Right for the role.



Sharif, as Prince Ramon, had Sophia Loren cook dumplings. On the set of Arnstein's apartment, *Funny Girl*'s most delicious dumplings don't whet his appetite; the prince has eyes only for a white-suited queen. Ramon won't do for the role; *Funny Girl* is not a fairy tale.

More Than A Miracle



MACKENNA'S GOLD

Sharif, as that pistol-packing *bandolero* Colorado, octs the stage-door smoothy on the Ziegfeld Follies' back-alley set. Trying to prove he's a Nick Arnstein–type ladies' man, Colorado presents flowers to the showgirl of his choice. But who needs a cactus corsage?



After experimenting with six of his own favorite movie characters, Omar finally decides to play Arnstein as Arnstein—a caal, cosmopalitan Jewish roué and gambler of the 1920s. Which brings up one final question: What's a nice Arab boy doing in a role like this?

FUNNY GIRL

BANJO BUTT MEETS JULIA CHILD

in which the chipped-beef eaters of company k are recruited for a short-order cram course in haute cuisine—and precipitate an epicurean insurrection

humor By JEAN SHEPHERD



"JACQUES, I believe I will tarry a bit before I order tonight. I feel like something special."

"But of course, monsieur."

He spoke in his usual heavy French accent with distinct Bronx overtones. Smiling verminously, he then bowed slightly from the waist, his heavily brilliantined toupee glowing in the reflected light from the bar, and disappeared through the maze of candlelit, festive tables. I sipped my drink thoughtfully as I studied the handwritten menu of my favorite midtown restaurant, Les Misérables du Frite.

Ah! *Saucisson en croûte.* Perhaps. I leaned back, picturing the succulent garlic pork sausages baked in wafer-thin pastry, topped with a touch of insolent Dijon mustard. The image floated above my napkin for a moment, steaming and redolent. No, not exactly right for tonight.

There are meals that are appropriate for one season and totally wrong for another. In orchestrating a dinner, the true lover of fine food will take into account barometric pressure, wind velocity, dew point and the phase of the moon, as well as the more ostentatious folk festivals and religious rites of the period in question. Outside Les Misérables, the wind rattled the canopy with the biting rasp of midwinter; holiday revelry was in the air. In honor of the yuletide, I would have to order something a bit heartier than my usual. That ruled out seafood as a main course, as well as most poultry dishes. Ah! Perfect! There it was, halfway down the menu in flowing, almost illegible purple-ink penstrokes—*côtes de veau à l'ardennaisse.* Without further ado, I signaled Jacques, who was skulking lasciviously in a strategic position slightly behind a bronze-haired, bare-shouldered nymphet at a corner

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON KIBBEE

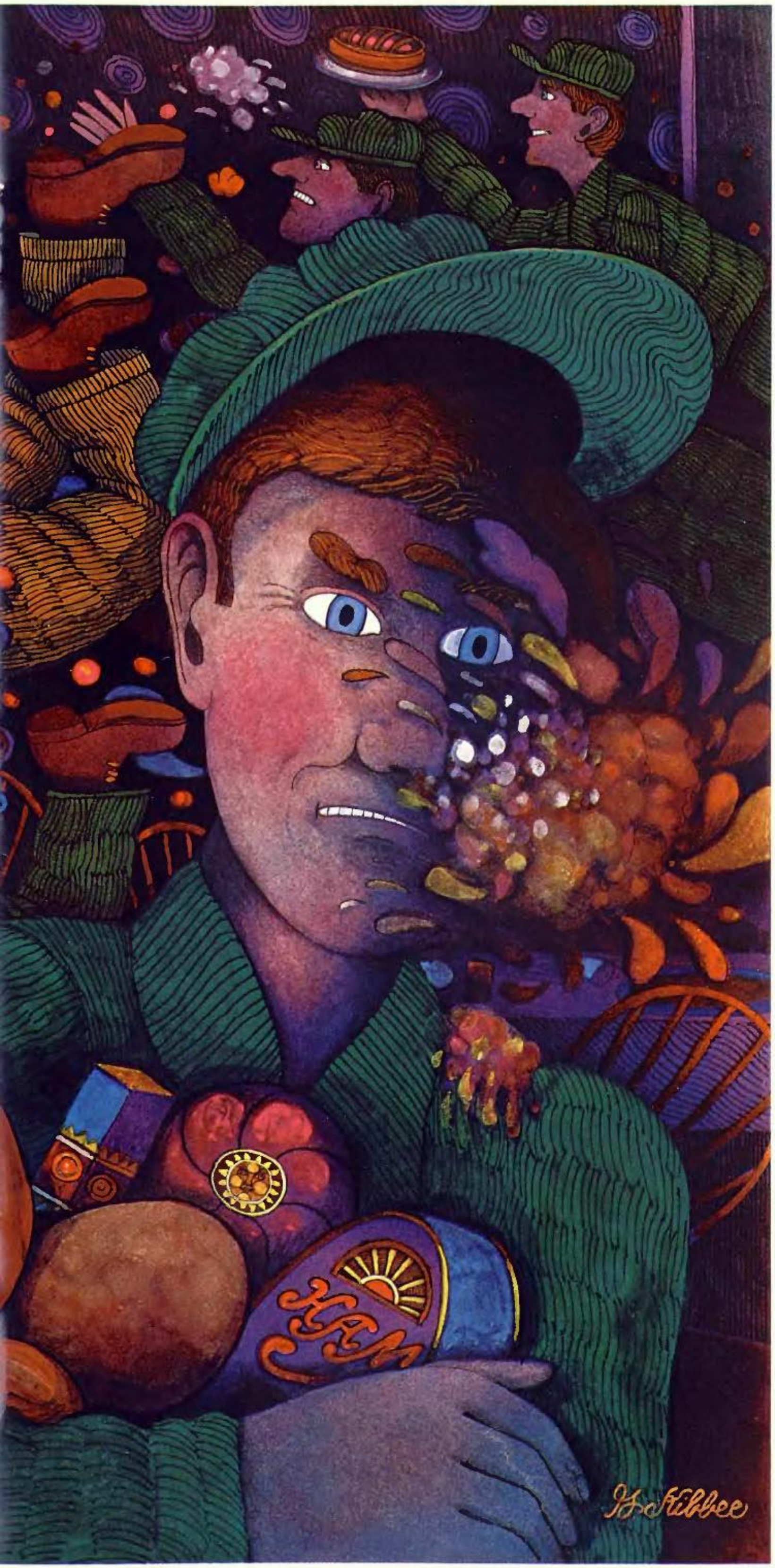


table in the company of a craggy gentleman of advanced years.

"The usual *pâté*, Jacques, and I'll skip the soup." He nodded approvingly as I spoke.

"And how are the *côtes de veau à l'ardennaise* tonight?"

His eyebrows flipped heavenward. "Monsieur, there is no way to describe——"

"Enough, Jacques. I must warn you, I know this dish well. I have enjoyed its indescribable succulence as prepared under the hand of perhaps the greatest artist since Escoffier."

With an unfamiliar air of respect, Jacques asked deferentially, "Monsieur, if you will excuse me, not many Americans know of this *magnifique* but obscure provincial dish. If I may inquire . . . ?"

"It is a long story, Jacques. Perhaps one day I will tell it to you. But now my hunger is such——"

"*Mais certainement*, monsieur." He turned and marched reverentially to the kitchen.

I had ordered the *côtes de veau* more for old-times' sake than anything else; I knew they could not approach the supernal beauty of those I had been privileged to savor in the distant past. In fact, I had been surprised to see it on the menu. I watched Jacques sweep through the swinging doors of the kitchen, allowed 15 seconds for him to relay my order to the chef and carefully set the elapsed-time bezel on my navigator/skindiver chronograph to zero. There is no margin for error in the preparation of this exacting dish. The time is precise and unvarying: 25 minutes. As my taste buds anticipated the subtle suggestion of basil, the insinuating soupçon of lemon that would shortly seduce them, my mind drifted back through the hazy thicket of the past—stirred by Jacques' impertinent question—to a time when the placid routine of life in the Signal Corps was traumatically disrupted by a rebellion that made the fabled mutiny aboard the Caine pale to the insignificance of a third-grade fist fight.

Company K, of which I was a somnolent 17-year-old member, was a ragtag band of alleged radar experts hastily thrown together from all parts of the country to fight the forces of evil in a world darkened by global war. Radar, a highly technical pursuit, naturally brought into its embrace a peculiar kind of soldier. Many wore thick GI spectacles, of the type known today as granny glasses, with silver frames that instantly corroded to a dull-green, causing permanent ocher stripes to form over the bridge of the nose and the back of the ear. Myopic and astigmatic, this motley group terrorized the rifle ranges of our early basic training. Only by dint of assiduous cheating in the target pits were they able to meet the lowest qualifications required by the U.S. Army. Others

—pale, underweight waifs who had astounded algebra classes in their local high schools—continually caught cold, their noses running copiously into fetid gas masks. Yet another contingent consisted of ex–Air Corps cadets who had flunked out by flying through high-tension wires and plowing up cornfields. I belonged to a fourth category, a group who never could figure out how or why we landed where we did. There were many theories that had to do with the well-known vagaries of the Army classification test, but they were only theories. Shared vicissitude had drawn us all together into a sullen, compact, fatalistic band of defeated malcontents.

We were not the sort who inspires a novel by Norman Mailer or Joseph Heller. Indeed, the Signal Corps itself was then—and still is—a special limbo in the Armed Forces. No one makes movies starring John Wayne as an intrepid wire layer or Lee Marvin as a pole-line construction N. C. O. On very rare occasions, for maybe 15 or 20 frames, a quick shot of a Signal Corps radar operator is shown, usually a thin-faced Pfc., his visage green from the reflected screen, squeaking into a phone, "Sir, there's a pip at eleven o'clock. Fourteen thousand yards, at twenty thousand feet."

The entire membership of Company K sat breathlessly through hundreds of hours at post movie theaters, waiting for that one scene. A great roar, followed by thunderous applause, would fill the auditorium, followed by dead silence throughout the rest of the picture, even when our paratroops captured the entire German general staff *flagrante delicto* at a high Nazi revel.

Lieutenant Cherry, our fearless leader, formed the backbone of this crack team of warriors. A West Pointer, he found himself—after four years at the Point, marching ramrod-straight in the shadow of Pershing, Bradley and Patton—assigned to command Company K. He radiated a kind of total sorrow rarely seen in civilian life. On several occasions, he even went to the extent of discreetly hiding his West Point class ring when Company K was being inspected by headquarters officers.

Why? He had been assigned to a secret training camp on the edge of a vast Southern swamp alive with cottonmouths and alligators. The heat lay over the scrubby sand dunes like a sponge-rubber blanket soaked with tepid water. Nightly, a black, singing cloud of needle-beaked, malarial mosquitoes rolled over us like some insane breaker on a desolate beach. Heat rash blossomed from head to toe, covering the entire regiment with a furry incrustation of pinkish, screamingly itchy blotches. Over it all, the steady roar of our high-powered engines made thinking a desperate struggle. Above this low-pitched rumble, the continuous whine of search-radar units added to the tropical *ambiance*.

We toiled night and day in three shifts, rotating around the clock. By day, the relentless blast of sun and glare of sand; by night, the mosquitoes. Once, while grabbing a fitful moment of blessed sleep under the aromatic canvas of a pyramidal tent in the early hours of the morning, I suddenly sat bolt upright under my mosquito bar, throwing off a shower of perspiration as I did so.

"Tic-a-tic-a-tic-a-tic." In the pitch darkness of the tent, it seemed to come from all directions at once.

"Fer Chrissake!" said Gasser in the next bunk. "Somebody's flyin' a model airplane."

It was true. A model airplane was flying around inside our tent. You could hear the propeller and the rubber band. Goldberg, the most luxuriously equipped soldier I ever met, fumbled in the dark for one of his appliances.

"Where the hell did you put my flashlight, Gasser?"

"Tic-a-tic-a-tic-a-tic-a-tic. . . ." It roared past my mosquito bar, banked in the dark and headed toward Edwards.

"Here's the son of a bitch." Goldberg had found his flashlight. A beam cut through the darkness.

My God! There, caught in the glare like some World War One Gotha bomber over London, eyes glowing greenly, was a gigantic flapping cockroach that must have gone four pounds at least; his wingspread looked like at least a foot, and I swear he wore tiny Iron Crosses on his fuselage. Gasser's bunk overturned with a crash. His evil work done, the monster soared out the ventilating port and was gone—back to his home base.

Life was basic in Company K. There were only three moments in each day where existence sank to even lower depths: breakfast, lunch and dinner. Our mess hall, a low, tar-paper-roofed clapboard shack, squatted amid the palmettos like some flatulent toad, exhaling noxious gases and dispensing a stupefying assortment of semiedible refuse they called "chow."

Breakfast usually consisted of French toast cut into unwieldy wedges, the thick end dripping with uncooked powdered egg, the other blackened and charred. Drenched in watery imitation-maple syrup, it was a dish that would have made the Bromo-Seltzer company weep for joy. Another choice was a thick, glutinous, brownish-white paste that Banjewski, our mess sergeant, insisted was oatmeal. Gasser once pulled seven days' company punishment for referring to it in a loud voice as "camel dung." He made the mistake of uttering this pronouncement within hearing of Banjewski, a very sensitive man.

"Banjo Butt," as he was affectionately known among the K.P.s, had been a smelter in Pittsburgh before becoming a culinary artist. Heavily jowled, sweaty T-shirt stretched taut over his bulging pot, Banjo Butt slaved 15 hours a day to feed his boys the best the Army had to offer. His pancakes, for example, were in a class by themselves. Blackened to a turn, fried viciously in sizzling kerosene, they had earned the simple yet descriptive appellation "Banjo Butt's cow flops." He was inordinately proud of them and, on the days when he inflicted them on Company K, would stand at the door, greeting us with:

"Nothin' like a big stack of flapjacks to stoke up for the day. Come and get 'em."

The long line of GIs, hearing this, would recoil in horror, some gagging and returning to their tents to wolf down the last of the petrified cookies they had saved from last Christmas, others to simply go to the latrine and sit for a while. Yet hunger occasionally drove us to actually eat what was set before us. On those rare occasions when a few fresh eggs were available, Banjo Butt, cackling jovially, would fry them up into small plastic BBs. His breakfast coffee was our only salvation; black, virile and virulent to the last drop, it numbed the taste buds, coated the stomach and immunized us from food poisoning.

Lunch was another matter. The sun was at its zenith, the temperature within the mess hall hovering—along with the humidity—in the high 90s. Gasser was usually at the head of the line, peering in through the screen to see what dismal surprises were in store. When all was in readiness, Banjo Butt would fling open the door to the ravenous horde. Gasser, sniffing the air, would pass the bad news back down the line in a loud voice:

"Hey, fellas, guess what we're having today? Oh, boy!"

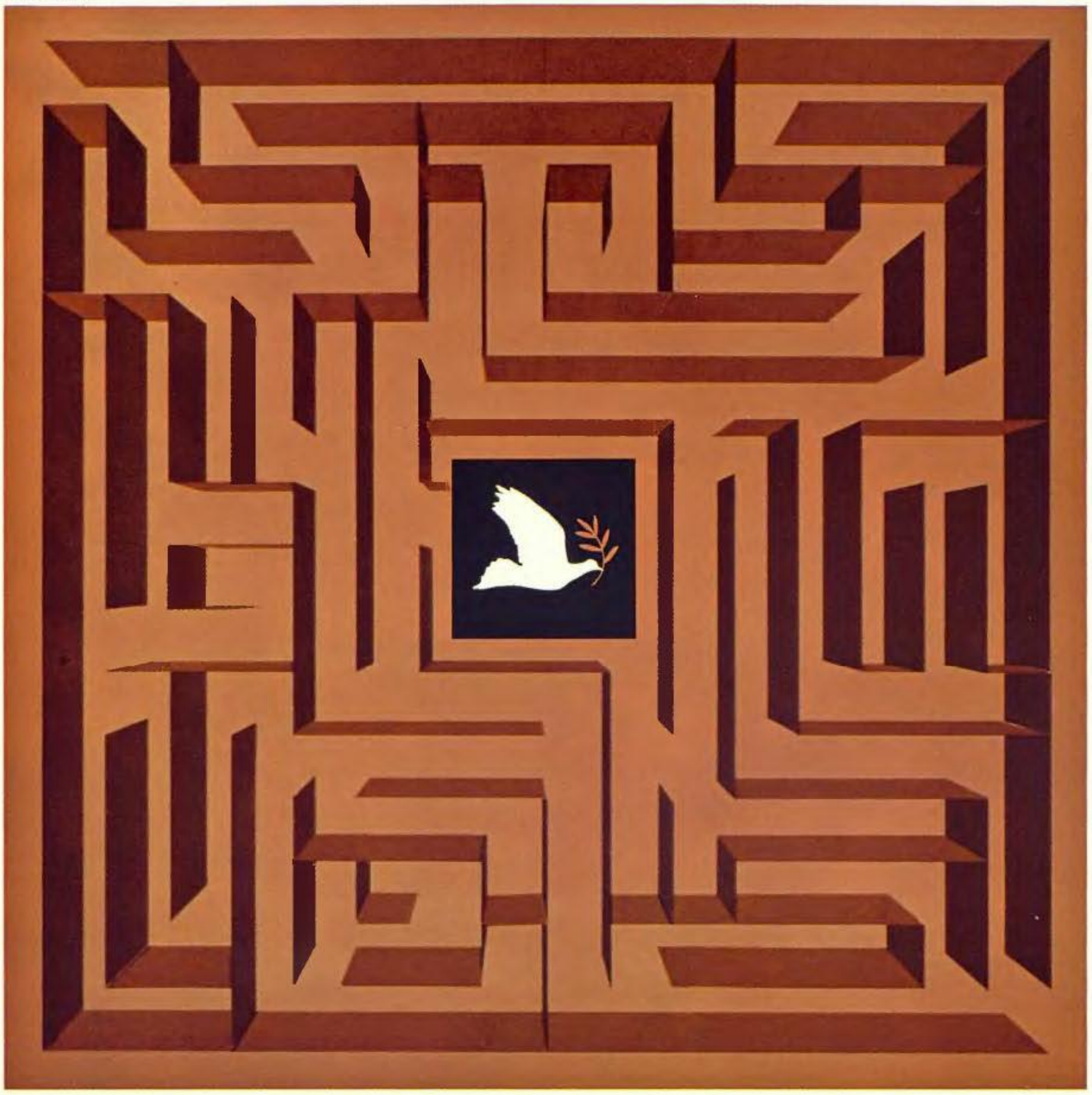
Dramatic pause, broken only by the clatter of pots from within the mess hall.

"S. O. S.!"

Three days out of five, the main entree was this much-maligned delicacy—an indescribable pastiche of creamed chipped beef on toast, justifiably nicknamed with the initials that signified the international distress signal, but only in their secondary meaning. It was actually one of the best things Company K ever got to eat. Occasionally, slabs of gray, spongy mutton dappled with tallow and covered with a thin sauce of Le Page's library paste brightened our midday repast. And every now and then was the rare treat that Banjo Butt described as "steak." We never were able to find out what it really was, but the rumors were numerous and lurid. The most prevalent view centered on the retirement and disposal of U. S. Cavalry stock. I myself did not agree with this theory, since I had always heard that horse meat, properly prepared, was rather

(continued on page 310)

BOB LIPMAN



pacifism in america

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE MOVEMENT TRACES ITS ROCKY COURSE AND ASSERTS IT STILL MAY OFFER OUR ONE LAST HOPE FOR SURVIVAL

article By **NORMAN THOMAS** IF ANY "MANNED" FLYING SAUCERS from Mars have come near enough to observe this planet closely, I am quite sure their commanders have said to their pilots, "Home, James, this madness is contagious." For it is a mad world. Its scientists and technicians have given its nations the power of unlimited destruction. There are, now, many times more thermonuclear weapons than would be needed to obliterate human life on this earth. An hour of war between the United States and the U. S. S. R., President Kennedy once said, would cost 300,000,000 lives. The idea that this obliteration will be permanently deterred through a balance of terror, history teaches, is preposterous. In the meantime, the weapons that compose the balance cost the world 133 billion dollars a year—while three quarters of the world's population lives in the narrow margin between hunger and starvation.

These brief, bleak thoughts should make an objective observer wonder why all men are not pacifists. But an aggressive instinct in man—an inheritance from the evolutionary process that includes an infinite capacity for cruelty—has made war one of the most enduring human institutions. Hundreds of generations have failed to provide any alternative to it. Clans, tribes and nations, all possessed of powerful group loyalties, ideals and interests—in terms of profit and power—have waged almost uninterrupted war through the ages. There has been little attempt to give real political validity to the ideal that humanity itself is above all nations. Lacking this sense of a larger loyalty, some of man's more redeeming characteristics—his capacity for courage and *(continued on page 278)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



Wholly Toledo!

adept at the occult and a spellbinder in her own right, bewitching buckeye cynthia myers "knew" there was a playmate feature in her future

WE SUSPECTED a put-on, but December Playmate and cover girl Cynthia Myers swore she was serious when she told us, "I've known since I was 15 that I'd be a Playmate. It's almost as if this had been fated to happen." Cynthia's penchant for precognition can be traced to her early teens. "A junior high school friend of mine in Toledo," she says, "was a nut on palmistry, astrology and even reading tea leaves and crystal balls. Like most people, I thought it was just a bunch of baloney. But when I began reading about prophets like Edgar Cayce, I began to realize that there are strange spiritual forces in the world undreamed of even in *The Playboy Philosophy*." The alluring Ohioan's belief in psychic phenomena, and her premonitory hunch that she'd be a Playmate someday, led her to write to PLAYBOY a few years ago, informing us that she'd like to be considered as a centerfold beauty. Assistant Picture Editor Marilyn Grabowski answered with a reminder that our Playmates must be of legal age but that Cynthia should keep in touch. She did just that. Several letters, telephone calls and birthdays later, she came to Chicago for test photos after her June graduation from Toledo's Woodward High. "I was so impressed by the people I met when I visited the Playboy Mansion," she says, "that I wanted more than ever to be a Playmate." From Chicago, Miss Myers flew south for a two-week vacation in Miami Beach, where she was spotted in a bikini by an enterprising photographer for the Miami *Reporter*; her 39-24-36 dimensions promptly graced that publication's first page. Before you could flash another bulb, Cynthia was contacted by the Eden Roc and Fontainebleau hotels, who wanted her for modeling and public-relations work. But she had bigger things in mind. "Those two weeks in Florida, waiting to find out if I'd been accepted by PLAYBOY, were the longest in my life." She didn't learn the good news until she got back to Toledo. "Excited isn't the



word for how I felt—and still feel. Now I hope to do promotion and modeling for the magazine for at least two years. By then, having traveled around the country meeting people on behalf of the magazine, I should be socially and mentally ready for almost any career I choose." Can our prescient Playmate predict anything about her prospects? "I'm going to be an actress," she says simply. "Notice I didn't say 'I'd *like* to be,' but 'I'm *going* to be.' I don't know how good I'll be as an actress, but I'll be one." Cynthia foresees only one handicap: "Like anything worth getting involved in, acting will take up almost all my time. I want to attend and graduate from college—I'll study anthropology—but I won't be able to get to it for several years." She hasn't styled herself after any sex star, but she'd like to have a few of the qualities of two charismatic leading ladies. "I think Faye Dunaway is terrifically talented, and I admire Raquel Welch, not for her acting but because she's worked hard to make herself a success. I'll be enrolling in an acting school soon," she says, "and when I do, I'm going to study with all the energy I have." Even so, Miss December concedes that she'll probably have to be content with walk-on roles at first, but she's sure she'll make it big eventually. Judging from her track record as a prophetess—and from her already abundant attributes—we'd like to venture a prediction of our own: Playmatehood should be just the beginning for the remarkable Miss Myers.

Opposite poge: At the Toledo Public Library (top), Cynthio selects a book on fortunetelling ond browses through a file on palmistry. Later on, ofter a canvoss of Toledo's Museum of Art, she hurries home to change for a date.




Ahead for '63





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS DECEMBER

Visiting a friend overnight, Cynthia hopes that good luck is in the cards; both girls see screen stordom in their futures.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young man on a very crowded bus put his hand on the shoulder of an attractive girl sitting next to him. "Couldn't you find a more suitable place for your hand?" asked the young girl sharply.

"I'm sure I could," he replied, "but I get off at the next stop."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *exhibitionist* as a person who discards three aces in a strip-poker game.

A youthful friend of ours in San Francisco describes hippieness as a warm poppy.



The morning after the office Christmas party, the husband woke up with an agonizing hangover. "I feel terrible," he complained.

"You should," said his wife. "You really made a fool of yourself last night."

"What did I do?"

"You got into a quarrel with your boss and he fired you."

"Well, he can go to hell."

"That's exactly what you told him."

"I did?" he said incredulously. "Then screw the old goat!"

"That's just what I did," his wife replied. "You go back to work on Monday."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pimp* as a snatch purser.

After a heart-transplant operation, the patient was receiving instructions from his doctor. He was placed on a strict diet, denied tobacco and advised to get at least eight hours' sleep a night. Finally, the patient asked: "What about my sex life, Doc? Will it be all right for me to have intercourse?"

"Just with your wife," responded the doctor. "We don't want you to get too excited."

Then there was the karate expert who rolled down his car window to signal for a left turn—and chopped a Volkswagen in half.

Is it a sin to have sexual relations before receiving Communion?" the young woman asked her pastor.

"Only if you block the aisle," he replied.

A Chicago salesman on a business trip to Boston had a few hours to kill before catching a plane home. Remembering an old friend's advice to try some broiled scrod, a favorite fish in Boston, he hopped into a cab and asked the driver: "Say, do you know where I could get scrod around here?"

"Pal," replied the cabby, "I've heard that question a thousand times, but this is the first time in the pluperfect subjunctive."

I suppose," snarled the leathery sergeant to the private, "that when you're discharged from the Army, you'll wait for me to die, just so you can spit on my grave."

"Not me," observed the private. "When I get out of the Army, I never want to stand in line again."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hypochondriac* as one who can't leave being well enough alone.

Would you boys like to play house with us?" asked the bravest of several little girls.

"Sure," replied one lad. "Which one of you is going to be the madam?"

In an English-lit course on D. H. Lawrence, the professor requested an attractive but not overly bright coed to explain the difference between fornication and adultery.

"Well," she stammered, "I've tried them both, and they seem about the same."

Have you heard about the psychiatrist who gave his son a set of mental blocks for Christmas?

Your Honor," said the distraught woman, pointing to her husband. "He won't give me enough money to feed and clothe our four children."

"Young lady," the judge announced, "I'm going to see to it that you get at least a hundred dollars a week."

At this, the husband jumped up and exclaimed: "That's mighty kind of you, your Honor. And I'll try to give her a couple of bucks myself."



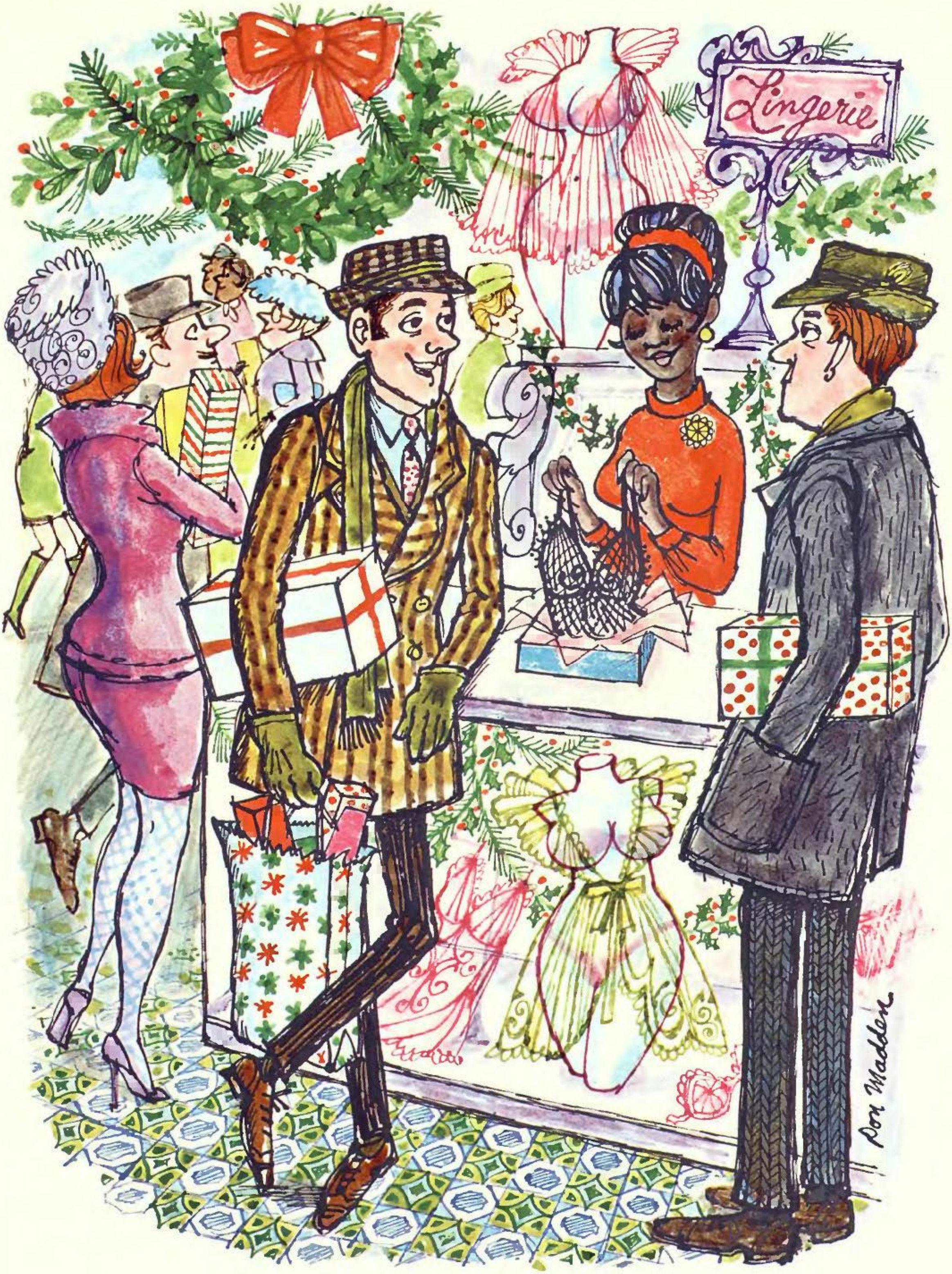
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *powder* as what a guy takes if his girl forgets her pill.

Then there was the gay Manhattanite who moved to Long Island so he could be listed in the Queens directory.

As their car stopped on the shoulder of a secluded road, the young man asked his date: "If I try to make love to you, will you yell for help?"

Cooed his date: "Only if you really need it."

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.*



"It's for my mother-in-law. Did I ever tell you about my mother-in-law?"

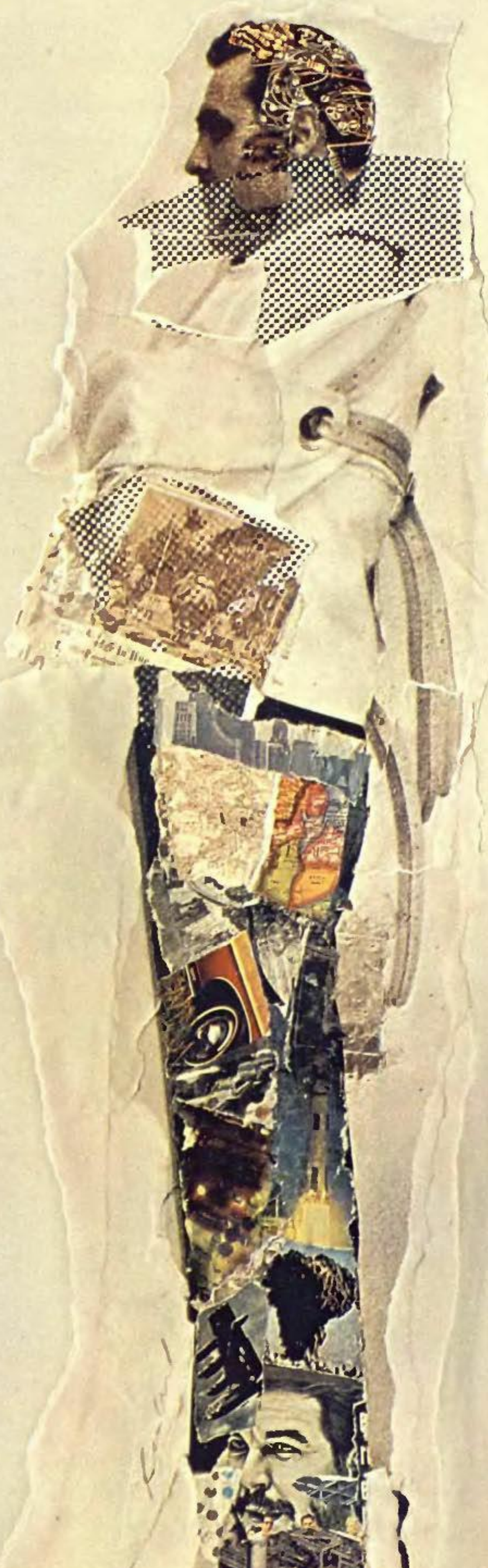
ASSEMBLAGES BY PHILL RENAUD

the noted longshoreman-philosopher claims that uncontrolled social and technological progress can turn an entire population into destructive juveniles

the madhouse of change

opinion **By Eric Hoffer** AFTER the Second World War, I spent two years (1947–1948) writing a small book on the nature of mass movements, which Harper later published under the title *The True Believer*. These were two years of utmost concentration and absorption. Yet even as I was writing the book, there was something tugging at my mind, making me wonder whether my attempt to make sense of the Stalin-Hitler decades would have relevance to what was taking place in the post-War world, particularly to the strange goings on in Asia and Africa. On both continents, several countries won independence from foreign rule and began to modernize themselves in a hurry. The struggle for independence was relatively brief, but the attempt at modernization became a hectic affair, which turned every country into a madhouse. Now, modernization is not an occult process. It requires the building of roads, factories, dams, schools, and so on. Why should the accomplishment of such practical tasks require the staging of a madhouse?

I spent 18 years groping for an answer. Almost everything I have written during the past 18 years has dealt with some aspect of this problem. Every time I stumbled upon something that looked like an explanation, I wrote an essay. I acted on the assumption that in this sort of problem, all hunches and guesses were legitimate. It occurred to me, for



instance, that modernization is basically a process of imitation—backward countries imitate advanced countries—and I wondered whether there might not be something bruising and antagonizing in the necessity to imitate a superior model. For the backward, imitation is an act of submission, and it is reasonable to expect that the sense of inferiority inherent in imitation should breed resentment. So I wrote an essay on "Imitation and Fanaticism," in which I suggested that the backward have to rid themselves of their feeling of inferiority, must demonstrate their prowess, before they will open their minds and hearts to all that the world can teach them. Most often in history, it was the conquerors who learned willingly from the conquered, rather than the other way around. There is, therefore, a kernel of practicalness in the attempt of a Nasser or a Sukarno to turn their people into warriors. It is a fact that nations with a warrior tradition, such as the Japanese or the inheritors of Genghis Khan in Outer Mongolia, find modernization less difficult than nations of subjected peasants, such as Russia and China. The essay also suggested that imitation is least impeded when we are made to feel that our act of imitation is actually an act of becoming the opposite of that which we imitate. Communism can be an effective agency for the transmission of Western achievements to backward countries, because it convinces the backward that by modernizing themselves they are actually becoming the opposite of the capitalist model they imitate. Finally, I pointed out that we are most at ease when we imitate a defeated or dead model, and that the impulse of the imitators is to defeat or even destroy the model they imitate.

I also noticed that the present modernization of backward countries is directed not by businessmen or traditional politicians but by intellectuals, and I blamed the madhouse on them. I wrote several essays in which I tried to prove that unlike prosaic men of action, the intellectual cannot operate at room temperature; that he pants for a world of magic and miracles, and turns everyday tasks into holy causes and Promethean undertakings. I suggested that should intellectuals come to power in an advanced country, it, too, would turn overnight into a madhouse.

• • •

The explanation that appealed to me most and to which I hung on longest was an unlikely one for an American. I became convinced that change itself is the cause of the madhouse; that change as such is explosive. It took me long to reach this conclusion. In this country, change is familiar and acceptable. We seem to change homes, jobs, habits, friends, even husbands and wives, without much difficulty. Actually, through most of history, change has been a rare phenomenon. Think of it: The technology perfected in prehistoric times served as a basis of everyday life down to the end of the 18th Century. Even in this country, people lived in 1800 A.D. the way men lived in 3000 B.C. George Washington would have felt at home in King Cheops' Egypt. The end of the 18th Century marks a sharp dividing line between an immemorial static world and a world of ceaseless change. It is obvious, therefore, that change is far from being as natural and matter of fact as we imagine it to be. Moreover, an observant person will notice that even in this country, change is never free of irritation and elements of fear. We adjust ourselves quickly to a new job or a new environment, but the moments of anxiety are there. And if we had to change our whole way of life as people have to do in the developing countries, we, too, would become upset and unbalanced.

The obvious fact is that we cannot prepare and fit ourselves for the wholly new. Skill and experience count for little and may even be a handicap. It takes time before we adjust ourselves to a wholly new situation and fit in. In other words, drastic change turns a whole population into misfits, and misfits live and breathe in an atmosphere of passion. We used to think that revolution is the cause of change. Actually, it is the other way around; revolution is a by-product of change. Change comes first, and it is the difficulties and irritations inherent in change that set the stage for revolution. To say that revolution is the cause of change is like saying that juvenile delinquency is the cause of the change from boyhood to manhood.

To understand what is going on in the developing countries, we must know what it is that misfits need above all. They need self-confidence, which means plenty of opportunities for successful action, for asserting themselves and proving their worth. Where there are such opportunities, change is likely to proceed without convulsions and explosions. We have seen it happen in this country. From the middle of the last century to the First World War, some 30,000,000 Europeans came to this country. They were, for the most part, peasants torn from the warm communal life of small towns and villages and dumped almost overnight on a strange, cold continent. If ever there was a drastic change, this was it. The immigrants went through an upsetting, irritating and painful experience. They were misfits in every sense of the word, ideal material for a revolution. Yet we had no upheaval. The immigrants adjusted themselves quickly to the new environment. Why? Because they had an almost virgin continent at their disposal and unbounded opportunities for individual advancement and self-assertion.

In most of the developing countries, there are only the meagerest opportunities for the individual to do something on his own. Most of these countries are unimaginably poor, with debilitated populations living on the edge of subsistence. Some countries, like Indonesia, are rich in natural resources, but their governments do not countenance individual enterprise and self-assertion. The intellectuals who are in charge derive their sense of usefulness from telling other people what to do, and see it as an infringement of their birthright when common people start to do things on their own. You cannot see a Sukarno or even a Suharto government telling the people of Indonesia to come and get it, the way America told the immigrants from Europe. Now, what do misfits do when they cannot win a sense of confidence and worth by individual effort? They reach out for substitutes. The substitute for self-confidence is faith, and the substitute for self-esteem is pride. Faith and pride in what? In a leader, a holy cause, a nation, a race. And it is easily seen that once you operate with faith and pride, you are going to have the bedlam atmosphere of a madhouse.

• • •

It is remarkable that all the years I was playing with these explanations I failed to see something that was staring me in the face. I failed to see that staging a madhouse in the course of rapid modernization was not peculiar to backward countries in Asia and Africa. It was only recently that it dawned upon me that Europe, too, has been living in an apocalyptic madhouse staged by Germany and Russia as they set out to modernize themselves at breakneck speed. The nationalist, racialist and revolutionary movements, and the great wars, which have convulsed the Occident during the past hundred years, were the by-product of a drastic change in the life of the European masses, when millions of peasants were transformed into urban, industrial workers. Seen against this apocalyptic background, my explanation of the explosiveness of change as due to the creation of a state of unfitness seemed pale and inadequate. I began to feel that change does more than create misfits, that it affects deeper layers of the psyche. Considering how rare change has been through most of history, it is legitimate to assume that change goes against human nature, that there is in man a built-in resistance to change. It is not only that we are afraid of the new. Deep within us there is the conviction that we cannot merely adjust to change, that we cannot remain our old selves and master

(continued on page 246)

IN DEFENSE OF INDOLENCE



one of the world's great nonkineticists offers a languid guide to the gentle art of total relaxation

ARTICLE BY ROBERT MORLEY

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ALL DAY?" he asked me.

"Nothing," I told him. "Nothing whatever."

"But why?" Relentlessly, he pursued his inquiries. "Why, when there is so much to do?"

"I had a presentiment that this was to be my last day on earth. I was anxious not to spoil it."

"I should have thought," he observed, "that on one's last day on earth, one would have to be particularly busy, tying up loose ends."

"But I didn't know for certain," I told him.

I allowed the conversation to lapse. In any case, I sensed he was no longer really interested. There is nothing to be gained by attempting to convert my fellow men, and everything to lose. If everyone did nothing, I might be forced to do something myself. Fortunately, it doesn't suit many to be idle. Most prefer to bite and scratch and follow their calling to within a few yards of the grave. The rhythm of work or play is not lightly broken. To give up requires an effort of will of which few are capable. But these few pass through a hidden door in the tapestry of life. They are concealed from their fellow players like victors in a game of *(continued on page 290)*

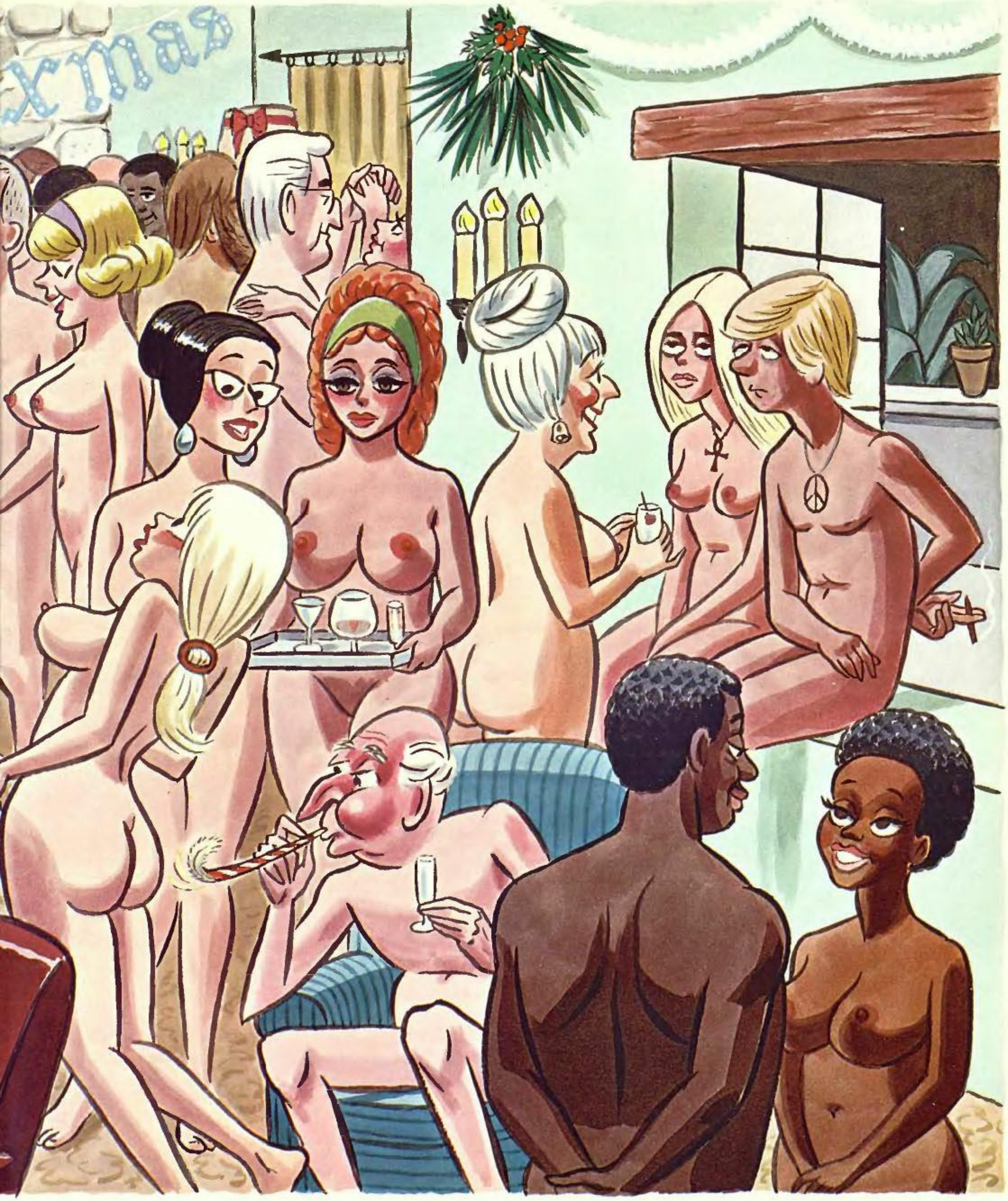


"Really now, Mr. Guerrero. . . ."

"Except for being too close, it's perfect."

"Isn't everything hanging just beautifully, Mr. Gordon?"

"Thank you, my dear, and will you allow me to propose a double toast?"



"Yes, I'll be tickled
to dance with you, Mr. Schwartz."

"We'd better cut off
Mr. Bennett's pousse-cafés."

"It won't be too many more years
until you young folks can enjoy
a drink of Christmas cheer, too."

"Why, yes, Mr. Brown,
I'd love to go outside with you
and take a look at the Big Dipper."

THE GIRLS OF THE ORIENT

EVER SINCE MARCO POLO did his thing, wanderers have been lured to the Asiatic shore of the Pacific basin and the island empires of the China Sea. To some, the Orient meant adventure; to others, it symbolized a quick fortune in spices, gold, ivory and silks. But to all, it meant girls—fragile, alluring, warm, sensual and devoted. After the peripatetic Polo returned from Cathay filled with admiration for the courtesans of the great Khan, Dutch and Portuguese sailors, home from the Spice Islands, enhanced the dream with stories of slender, ivory-skinned maidens dedicated to serving man's slightest need. Several centuries later, puritanical Yankee-clipper captains made pious entries in their logs deploring the topless fashions of the Oriental *(text continued on page 186)*

A WORDS-AND-PICTURES
BOW TO THE
TEMPTINGLY EXOTIC,
SUBTLY SENSUOUS LOVELIES
OF THE FAR EAST





On the opening poges, Orientol doll Noomi Toni eosily diverts ottention from onother breoth-toking view—the sun rising over Fujiyomo, Jopon's highest mountoin. Long-hoired Philomeno Ton (opposite poge) shows off the fine form thot mokes her one of Singopore's most sought-ofter models, os she fetchingly odorns o fishing shock in the South Chino Seo. Left: Potricion beouty Dinty Borredo, who is currently studying liberol orts in her notive Philippines, says: "I still hoven't decided what kind of coreer I'd like ofter finishing college; but I wont to see Europe first."

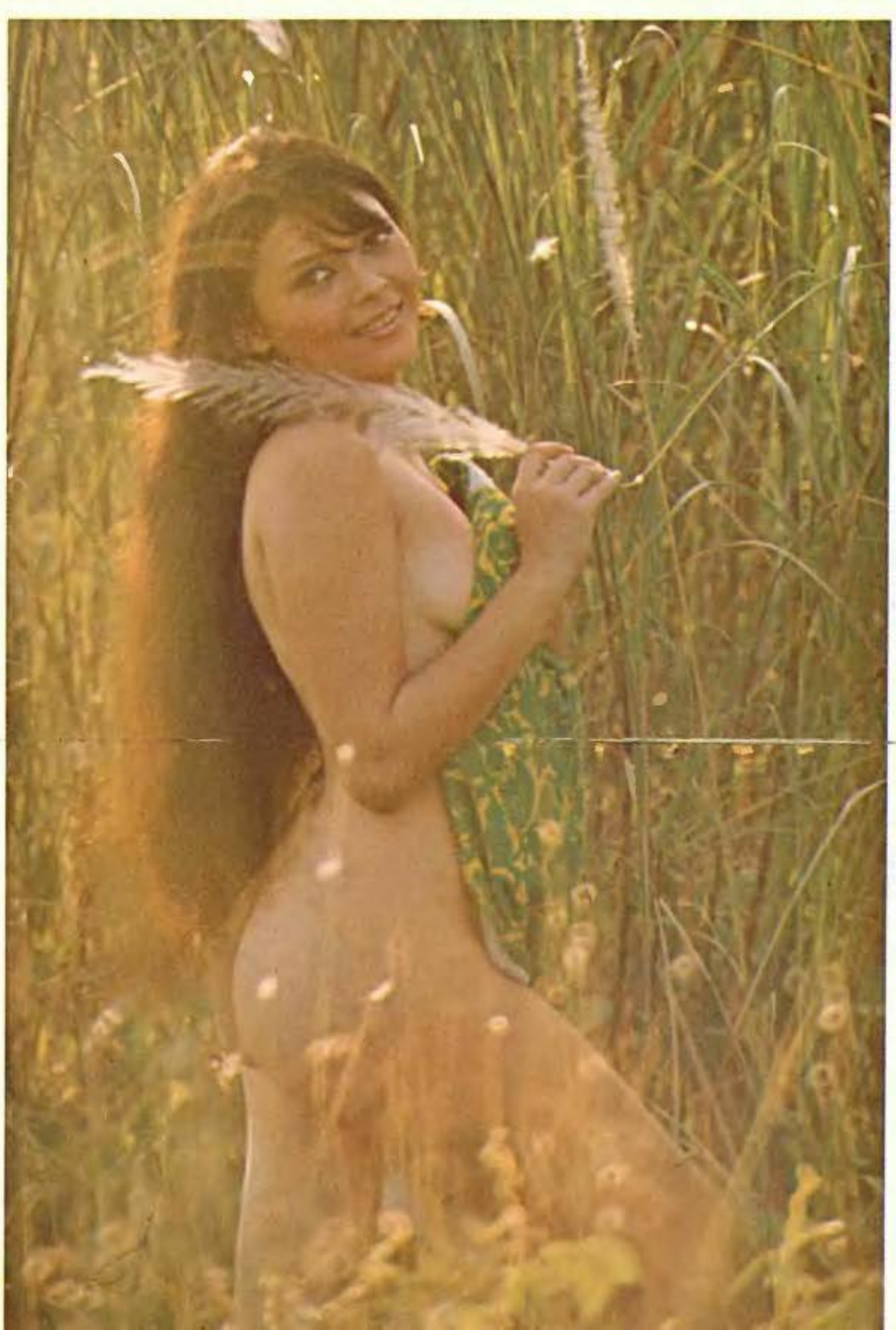
In her spore time, Tokyo's Yuki Kuwobaro (below left) mokes her own hots ond dotes on Alberto Morovio's novels. Shown here in o Kyoto gorden, Yuki hos oppeored in ten Joponese films—o step up toword her ombition to be o fomous octress. Ai Li King (below) is olreody estoblished os o movie stor in Toiwon. At lost yeor's Asion Film Festivol, she wos judged the best supporting octress for her portroyol of o young widow in *Arch of Chastity*. The doughter of o major generol in the Republic of Chino's ormy, Ai Li collects dolls, miniskirts ond Beotles records.





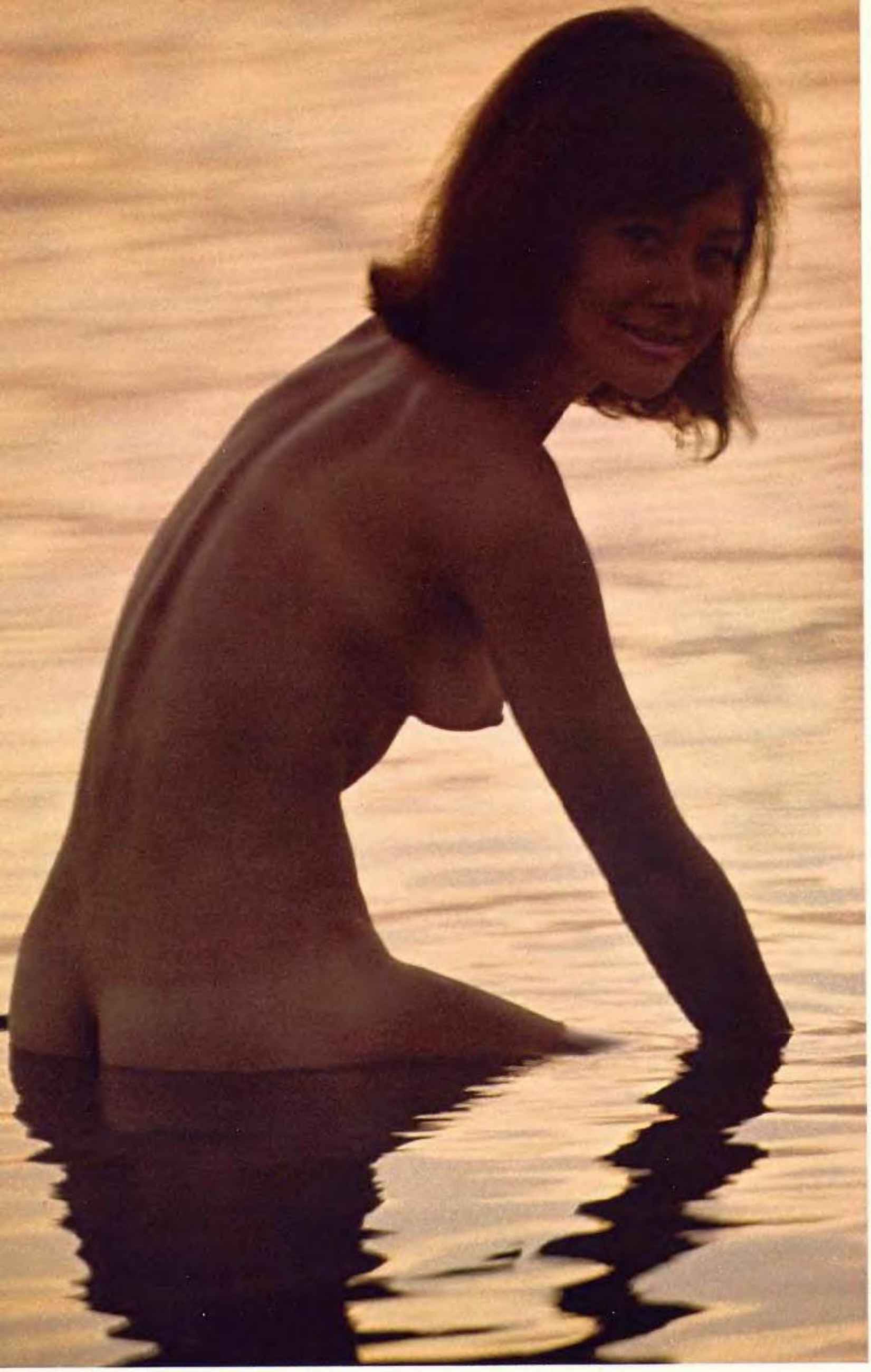




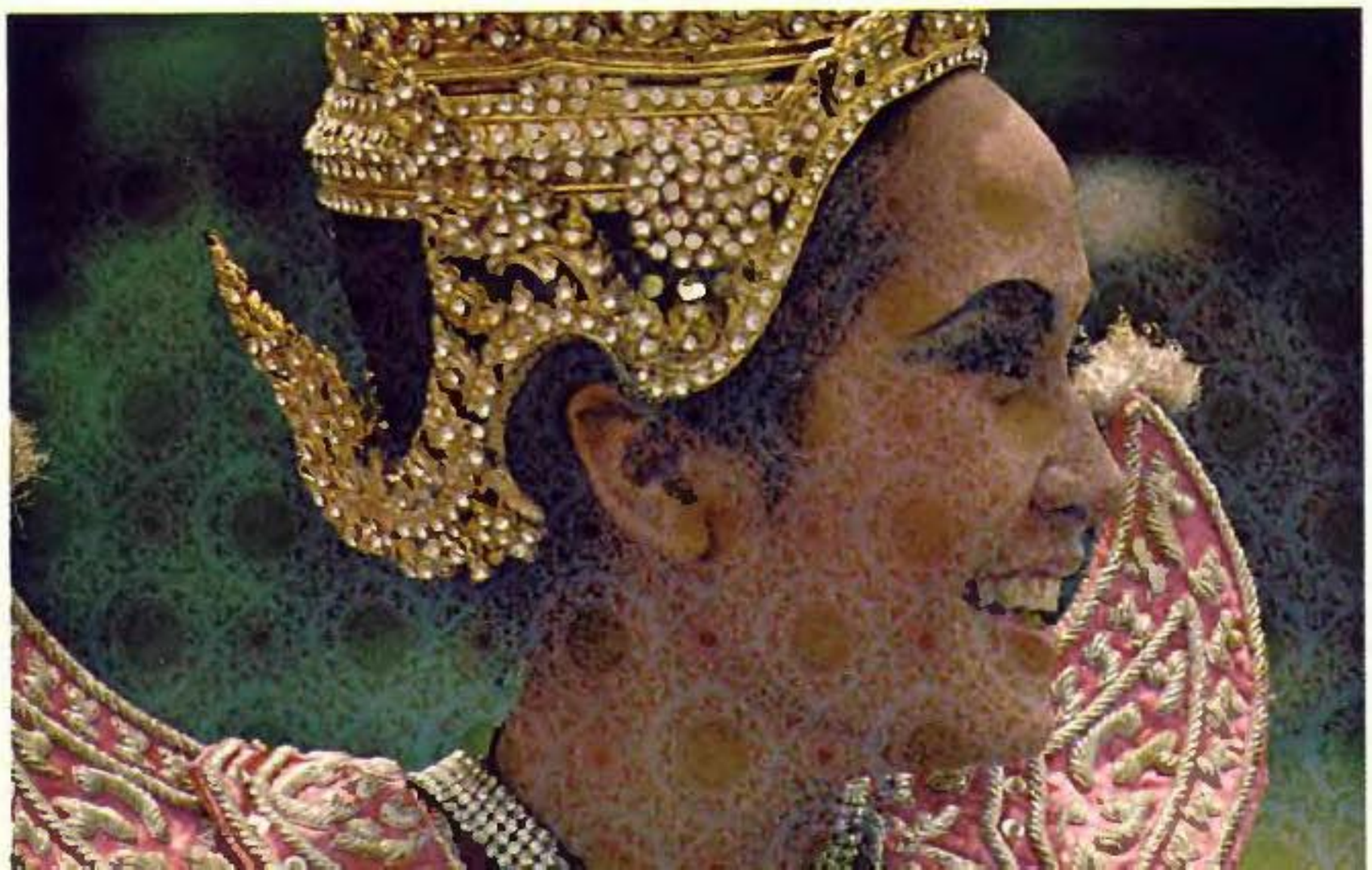


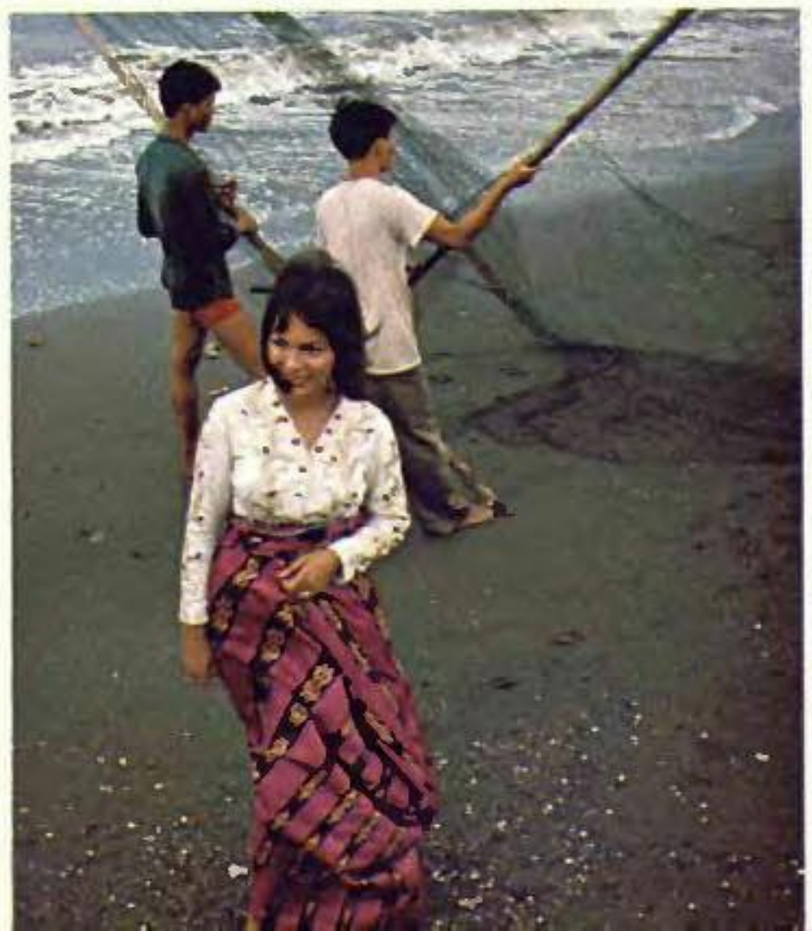
A standout in any crowd, Taiwan's Grace Gao takes a pedicab to her job as emcee and occasional songbird at the First Theater Restaurant—*the* night club in Taipei. Yukimi Shioyo (above) does night-club work, too, as a cocktail waitress at Tokyo's Golden Gessekai. Marissa Delgado (right) presents a Filipino version of splendor in the cogon grass. Opposite page: Although pictured here in a traditional Japanese setting, Tokyo's Kiyomi Kobayashi (PLAYBOY readers will remember her from *007's Oriental Eyefuls*, June 1967) describes herself as "liking jazz and the Western way of life."









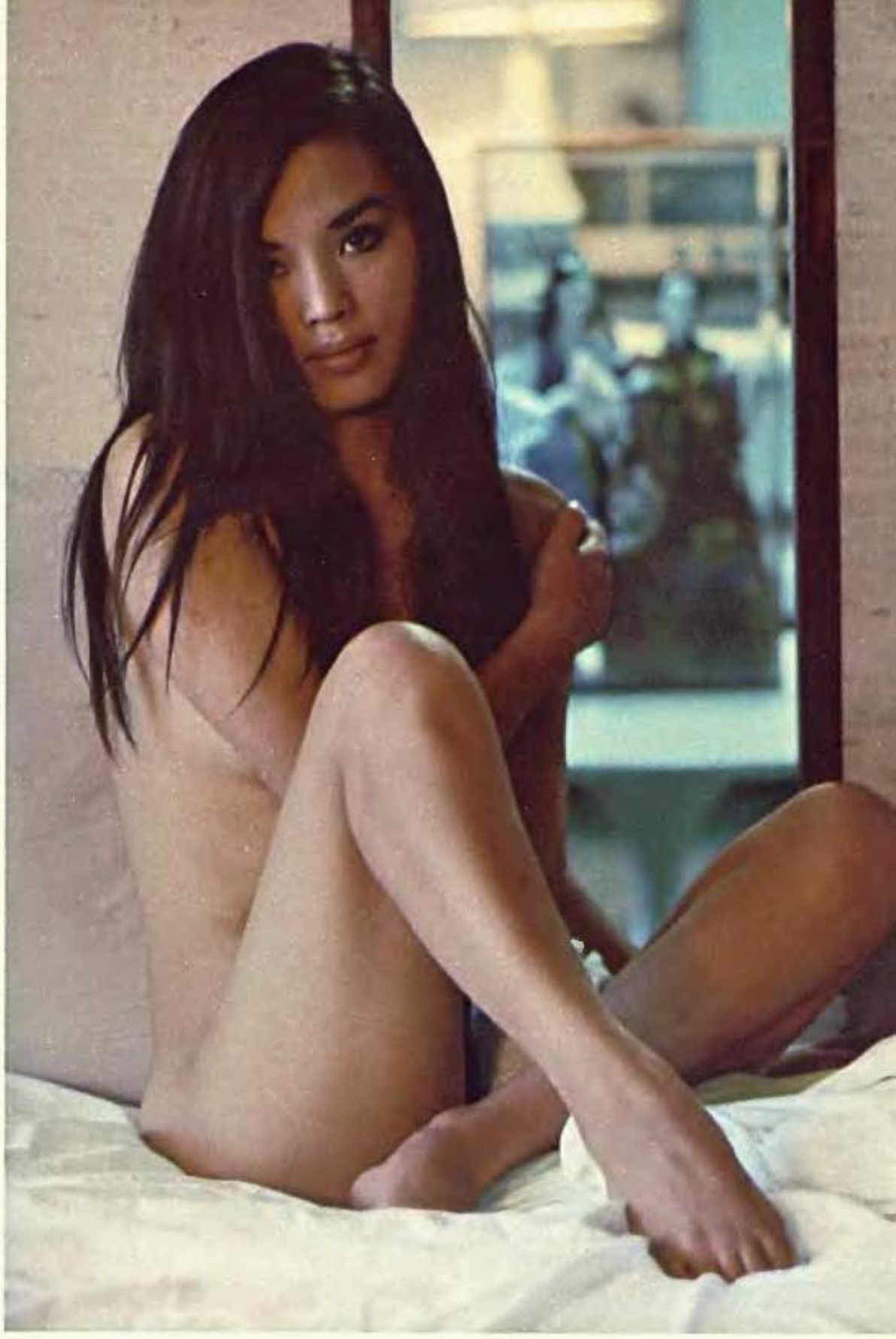


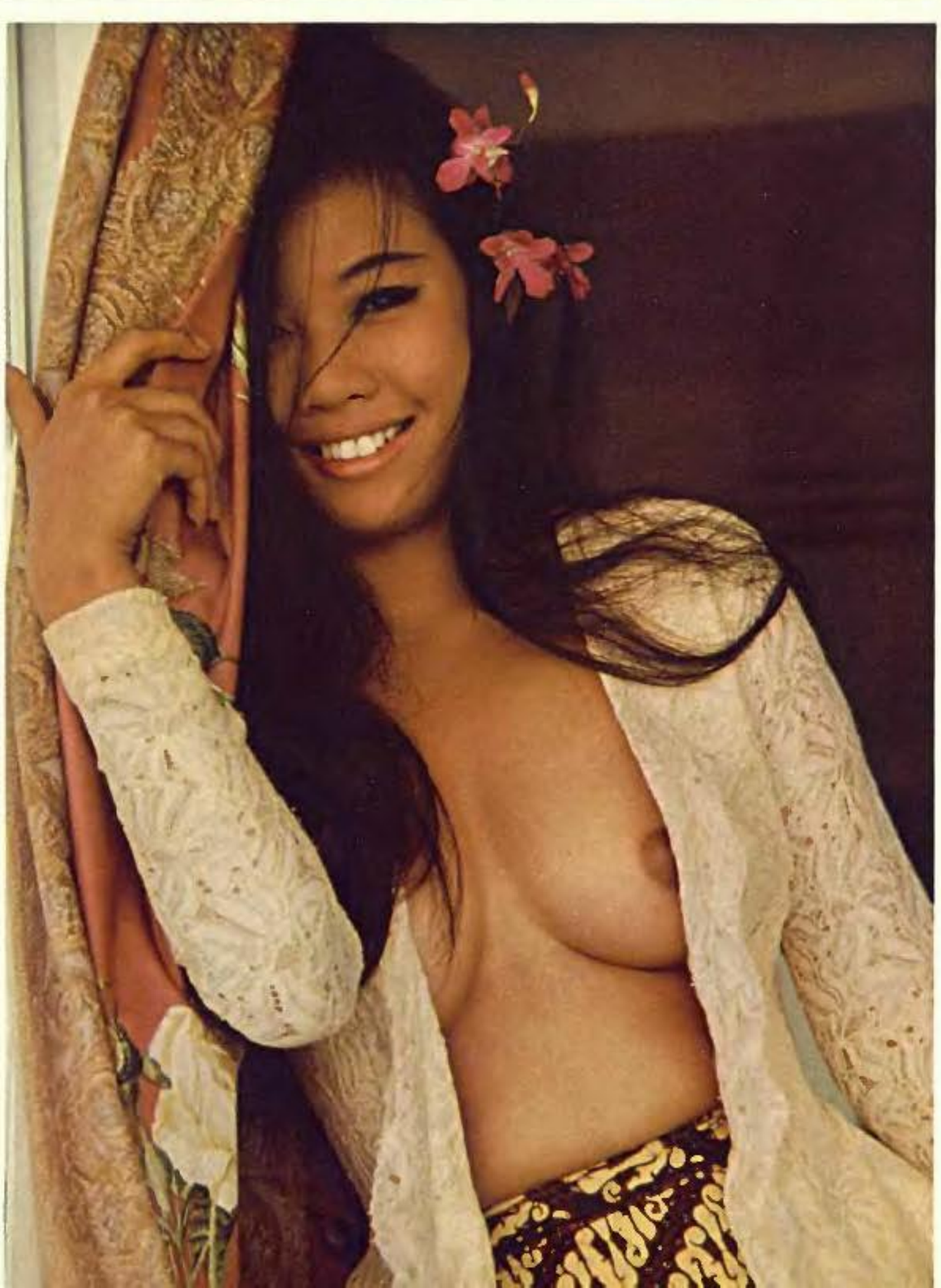
Top, left to right: Multilinguol Yvette Popov speoks Germon, French ond English, in oddition to her native diolect. Born in Shantung of Russion ond Chinese parents, Yvette ottended commerciol college in Englond, now works in Singopore os o secretory ond hopes to own o foshion *boutique* somedoy—preferobly in Portugal. Pot Tait is the doughter of o Royol Navy officer stotioned in Singopore. Becouse work permits ore difficult to get, she spends most of her time ot vorious clubs ond pools, swimming owoy her extended vocotion from London. See-Foon Chon, here romping in the woters of Singopore's legend-filled Tiger-Bolm Gardens, is port Tomil Indion and port Chinese. Singopore University student See-Foon spent o yeor in New York on on Americon Field Service Exchonge Scholarship; she is one of Moloysio's chompion tennis players. Neor left: Soroyo (she likes o one-word screen nome) wos born ond roised in the Philippines. One of 14 children, Soroyo divides her time between acting in movies ond hunting wild boor from horsebock. For left: Thoilond's Yowo Pene, dressed in the eloborote *lakon* costume, donces the clossicol Thoi bollet in the show ot Bangkok's Siom Interconlinentol Hotel.

Lin Shun Chaiao (below) adds a charming touch to a Taiwan rice paddy. Lin Shun enjoys ballet dancing, swimming and horseback riding into the mountains surraunding Taipei ta hunt far goats. She laves Taiwan, but says, "I still want ta see the entire world." Opposite page, far right: Karean Kim Mija is a singer at Walker Hill, a hotel-resart near Seaul. Kim majared in art in callege and still paints in her spare time. A devatee af Chinese faad and ping-pang, she likes classical music but Mod clathes and wants only "to be a goad wife to a calm, silent man." Right: Vietnamese movie actress Kiev Chinh's ambitian is to make a film in Hollywood, because "I like very much William Halden and Steve McQueen." Kiev's peaceful expressian in this quiet Saigan garden belies the war that rages in her hameland. Battom right: Li'Mei, with flawers in her hair, flashes the smile that has made her one af Singapore's mast promising madels. Bottam, far right: Eighteen-year-ald Setsuka Kitase (wearing negligee) attends art school in her native Takya. Althaugh she collects Oriental dalls and sings traditianal Japanese sangs, Setsuka is alsa a praduct of Western influence—she likes softball, badmintan and dancing the baagalaa.





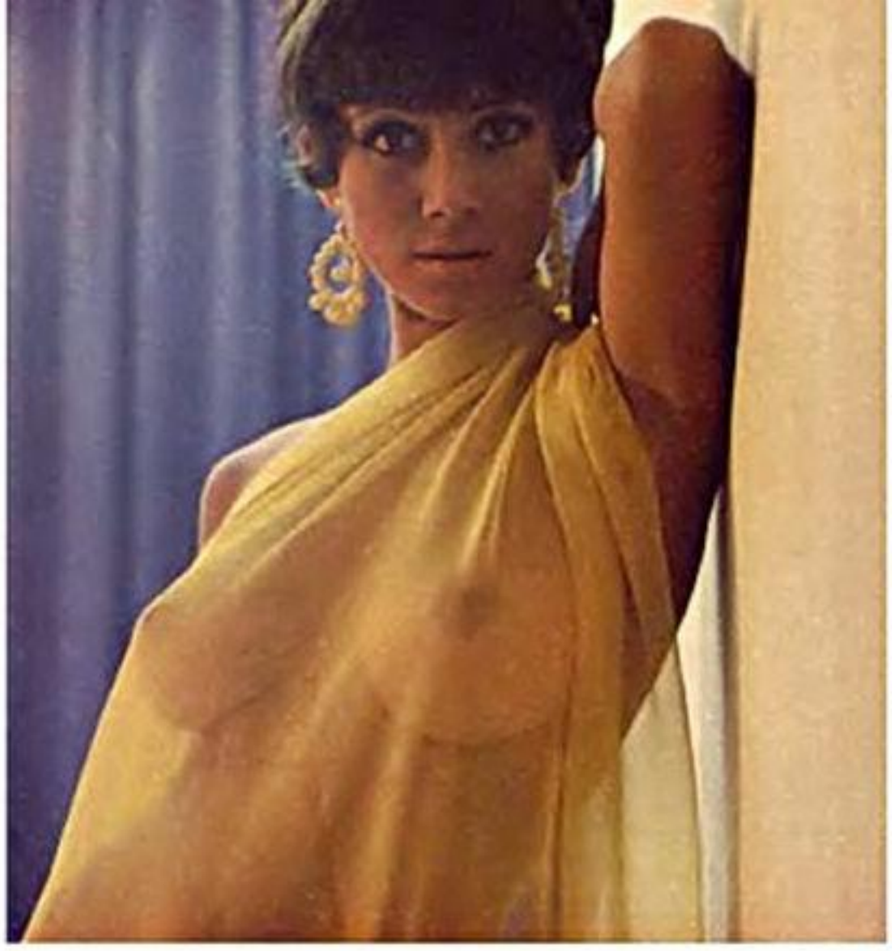






Top, l to r: Tokyo's Kay Shimizu considers posing for PLAYBOY a pleasant change of pace from her job as a high-fashion model; English-born Maureen Horrodine lives in Malaya with her father, a British army officer; Sook Chin Tan has a part in an Italian "Bond-type" movie being filmed in her native Singapore; Lindo Chou, a runner-up in the 1964 Miss China contest, is mistress of ceremonies at Taipei's Ambassador Hotel night club. Below, l to r: Thai TV and film actress Metta Rungrat shops for dinner at Bangkok's floating market; Nad-Nada strolls on Pattaya Beach, a resort in southern Thailand; ballet teacher Lin Ssu Tuan cools off in Taiwan's Sung Chi Park.













Bottom: Winsome Moran We, as pretty as the Korean wild flowers she holds, works as a secretary in Seoul. Below, left to right: Chizuko Arai, who typifies the modern Japanese girl, excels at "high jumping," which is how she describes her favorite sport—sky diving. Eurasion beauty Lee McKay is a former Miss Penong now living in Singapore. Her pet peeve is people who think an Asian girl isn't intelligent because she would rather listen to a man than do all the talking. It's easy to see why Shia Moen, opposite, is Taiwan's highest-paid mannequin: Her model figure (36-21-35) is unique in that part of the world. Shia also paints, appears in films and has written two novels, one of which has been sold to a Hong Kong movie company.











GIRLS OF THE ORIENT *(continued from page 172)*

island dwellers—but often added a wistful note of wonder at the shapeliness of their uncovered charms.

Even today, returning travelers (including myriad American Servicemen who have toured in Korea, Japan and Vietnam) can testify that the Asian girl still devotes herself single-mindedly to pleasing her man. Western influences have begun to shake traditional Oriental cultures, of course, and many girls want to escape the inflexibly traditional atmosphere of their mother's world. But despite the rapid spread of Western attitudes, there is little evidence that the girls of New Asia will be any less intuitively attentive than their forebears.

The girls of the Orient range from the dungareed, gum-chewing teeny-bopper on Tokyo's Ginza to the bare-breasted wood nymphs of the Luzon mountains in the Philippines. There are hundreds of dialects and dozens of nationalities and cultures in the East; but with few exceptions, Orientals divide into two great racial types: the Mongoloids of Japan, Korea, Vietnam, Thailand, China and the overseas Chinese colonies; and the Malayan-Polynesians of Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, the Philippine Islands and parts of Taiwan. The Mongoloid maiden typically has the delicate creamy tint of worn ivory, with only a faint flush of color across the cheekbones. The Malayan-Polynesian girl wears the warmer color of buckwheat honey. Both types take great pride in their satin skins and subtle hues. Among the Malayan Filipinos, for instance, daughters are taught from infancy that God, in making man, burned the first batch, pulled the second set from the fire underdone and pasty white, but succeeded perfectly on the third try—with a group colored a seductive toasty brown. These tan Adams and Eves, of course, became the Malay race.

Western tourists rubbernecking in the crowded downtown streets of great Far Eastern cities are struck by the obvious pride Oriental girls take in their sexuality. Their training from childhood teaches them the provocative value of the smallest gesture; their dances instruct them in the gently compelling power of languorous posture and the hidden passion that can be suggested in fluid motion. Almost instinctively, the girls of Thailand, Hong Kong, Bali and—perhaps above all—Vietnam walk with a grace as alluring as it is feline.

Prudery, Western style, is not an Oriental characteristic. On the appropriate occasion, the Oriental girl will not hesitate to uncover her womanhood to the world's admiration. The canals of Thailand are thronged with public bathers, most of them adroit at preserving modesty with a sparse yard of cotton cloth but completely unembarrassed by an occasional and often premeditated slip-up. The forest maidens of Thailand keep their half-clothed bodies trim with hours of exercise—pounding rice in giant mortars. And Balinese girls continue proudly to leave bare the firm, cup-shaped breasts that have fascinated Western travelers for four centuries—despite a short-lived cover-up decree by former president Sukarno.

Frank and untroubled acceptance of her role as a woman leads the Eastern girl easily into the art of pleasing men. A newcomer to the East, however, must realize that the Japanese word *gaijin*, meaning foreigner, has a pejorative connotation and is often applied to any Westerner in the Orient. Attitudes toward East dating West differ widely; the Thais have as little racism as any civilized people in the world, but many a Chinese merchant would be horrified to find his daughter dating a *gaijin*, or anyone else, except a chaperoned Chinese suitor of his—not her—choice.

Yet the Western visitor has no cause to despair. When the Japanese retreated from mainland and island Asia after World War Two, they left behind a contemporary version of the geisha, in the form of bar and ballroom hostesses. These girls of outstanding beauty and charm sit, chat and dance with interested males and only occasionally resemble the B-girls of Western lands. Except for those in the cheapest dives (especially in Saigon), hostesses are eminently respectable and make a comfortable living simply by being pretty and amusing, at hourly rates. They do not have to indulge in professional amour to pay the rent. Yet they are healthy young women, chosen for their seductiveness and subject to all the temptations and passions of their sisters anywhere in the world. When working hours are over—and night spots close early in the East, usually before midnight—they are on their own and available.

But the action is not confined to girls who are, after all, professionals, regardless of how properly they conduct themselves. Many a not-so-old Asia hand attends the fashionable race tracks, where the smartest women of the European and Oriental colonies spend frequent afternoons. Hot-springs resorts and beaches provide equally happy hunting grounds—because even the most modest maid is more informal while vacationing in a bikini. Many native-run night spots have a relaxed, international atmosphere far more tolerant of casually formed friendships than the stuffy colonial hotels left behind by the retreating British. And virtually every capital boasts some restaurant or night club frequented by a smart set with Westernized attitudes toward making friends. One of the easiest ways to find such watering places is to call the local public-relations office of one of the major airlines.

Not to be neglected, however, are those Oriental girls working in the new army of female office employees. By virtue of their jobs, they are far more Westernized—and more accessible—than their stay-at-home compatriots. English is now the world's commercial tongue and most employees can speak it fairly fluently. Attractive office girls browsing in United States Information Service libraries are there because America and the West fascinate them. Invariably, they eagerly welcome a chance to practice their English.

Like her counterparts the world over, the Oriental girl admires power and wealth, so the normally well-off American starts with an advantage. Nevertheless, the Westerner is strongly advised to study Oriental taboos before his arrival. Any violator of social customs will find himself rejected, no matter how fat his billfold or how lofty his position. The Oriental swain keeps his voice low; loud talking brands a man a boor. Oriental women are also offended by publicly offered love pats and other casual physical contacts that Western girls take for granted. In the Orient, a man does not touch a woman unless he means business—which ultimately charges the first caress with added electricity.

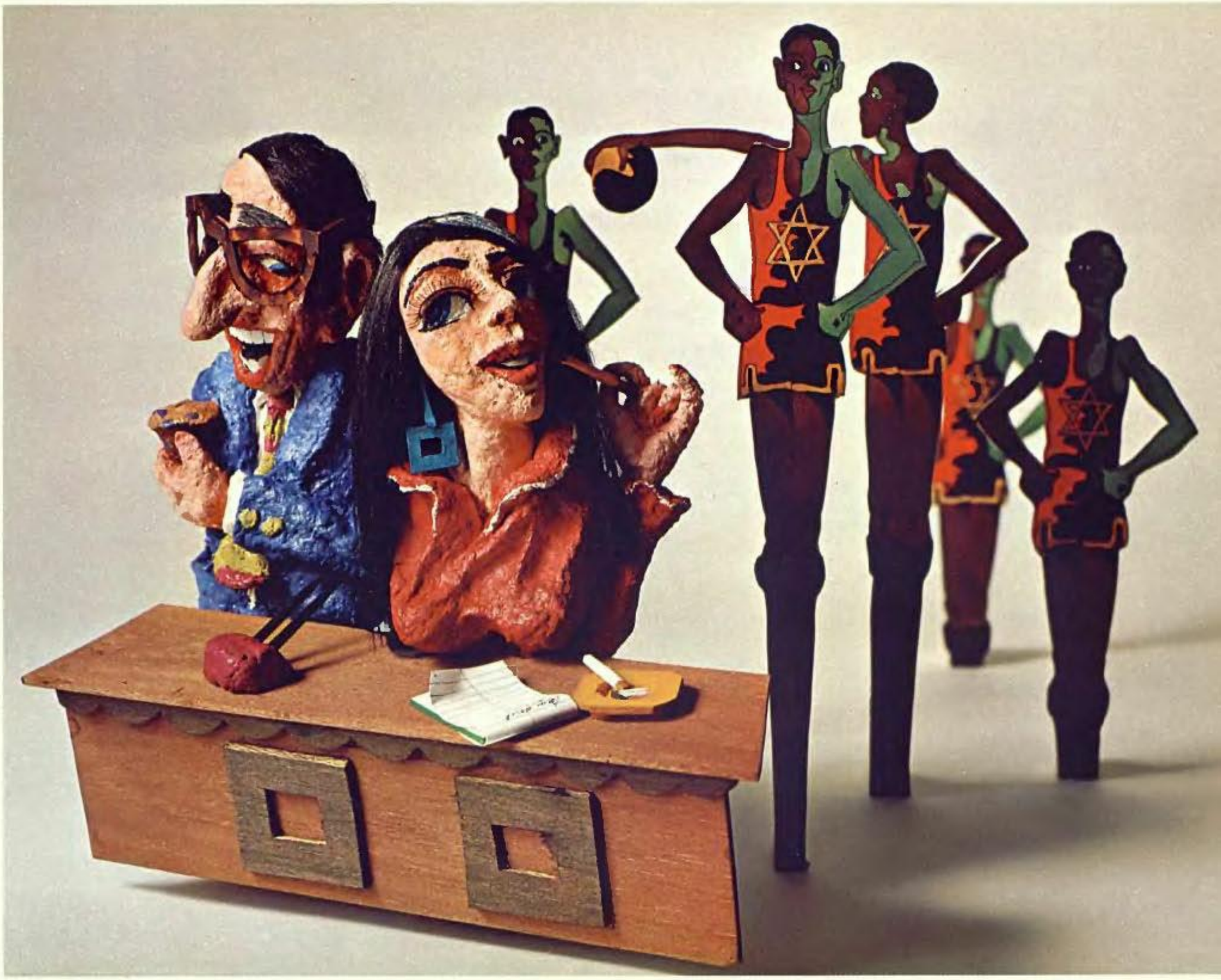
Marco Polo spent three years, going overland, to reach Cathay. The return trip, even though Marco had a swift-sailing junk, took another three years. But the modern explorer can cross the Pacific by jet in 12 hours. A first-class round-trip ticket (from the West Coast)—at about $2000—permits the traveler to visit the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore, Thailand, Vietnam, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Korea and Japan, with an optional stopover in the transplanted Oriental colonies of Hawaii.

The Philippine Republic offers an easy transition to Eastern mores. It is at once authentically Oriental and the most Westernized country in the East. The Spanish language, legacy of three and a half centuries of colonial rule, has almost disappeared, and virtually everybody the visitor is likely to meet speaks excellent English. In fact, the Philippines is the world's third-largest English-speaking country, after the United States and the United Kingdom.

After four centuries of persistent missionary activity, the topless fashions first reported by Magellan in 1521 are now found only among such forest tribes as the Bontoks around the mountain resort of Baguio, in northern Luzon. Taller and rosier than the lowland Filipinos, Bontok girls walk to market wearing nought but hand-woven loincloths. As teenagers, they live together in dormitories to study the ways of womanhood from experienced matrons. Regularly,

(continued on page 284)

THE CIRCUMCISION OF JAMES BUTTONWOOD



he was the only blue-eyed jewish cherokee in west pismo, but was that any reason to hang himself?

fiction **By BEN MADDOW**

NEXT TIME I met Buttonwood, he was early bartender in a café on Pico called the She's Inn. He bought me a drink but wouldn't let me reciprocate. "To steal anything on this job, you got to stay sober," he claimed. And besides, the customers were a Christian example. "They will come in here about eight in the morning, which is about as early as they can get to the Owl Drugstore and buy their cough medicine, and they will sit down and drink Western beer straight out of the can, and just about half of the time without bothering to open it."

I made a small noise in my chest, which in Jimmy's world was the sound of wild applause. He mopped the bar with an ancient undershirt, sucked at a tender tooth and leaned toward me. He had an upcounty, sunburned and Cherokee face, with frozen blue eyes and half-dollar cheekbones and that scar across the left ear, as if it had been slashed, lost, found and sewed back on again, though not quite in the original position. He spoke, but his lips didn't move, so dark and solemn was his next confidence.

"Ever tell and relate to you," said Buttonwood, "how I come to be a Jew?"

• • •

It all happened the year he was so flat broke that he was forced to live in a room about the size of an abandoned Santa Fe railway station; which, in fact, is exactly what it was. This part of the old Santa Fe track, he went on to explain, was not too far from the Pacific Ocean, which made it a convenient place to wash one's feet and brush one's teeth, not necessarily at the same time. "They didn't mind if I stayed there. It was cheaper than a night watchman." But not much, because he was using the station for firewood and aimed to sleep there only till the halfway mark, which was till he had torn down about one half to warm the other half. "There's nothing in the world—have you noticed?—that takes more firewood than a pail of clam chowder." The great coarse sandy clams he dug *(continued on page 301)*

CONSTRUCTION BY JOE VENO



"But Mr. Braithwaite, I thought we came here to enjoy the winter sports."

ROMAN QUARTET

the master storyteller of contemporary italy limns four fables of the fantastic and bizarre

fiction By ALBERTO MORAVIA

WAKE UP!

I WAS 20 YEARS OLD, I was studying law, I was lodging in the house of a widow who lived alone with her daughter, Angelica. Angelica was not exactly beautiful; but the rather small eyes, the nose that was too large, the mouth, at the same time both full-lipped and faded, in her ashy-pale face with its encircling brown mane of singularly fine, dry, electric hair, had charmed me to such a degree that, in my feeling for her, I was no longer capable of distinguishing genuine attraction from what, on the other hand, may have been merely an obsession produced by youthful immaturity. Shapely and cold as a statue, agile as a snake, Angelica would appear and disappear from my sight at the end of the long, dark, tortuous, narrow passages in the house. It may be—who can tell?—that I had fallen in love with her simply because we both lived in the same house, and she, in a way, had in the end assumed the mysterious character of a living emanation symbolic of the spirit of that ancient abode.

I have said that the passages were dark and narrow; but my own room, by contrast, was light and spacious. The best thing about this room was the window that looked out onto the garden of an adjoining villa. How many times, in those days, did I get up from my desk and go and contemplate the garden below that window! To tell the truth, this garden had nothing unusual about it; what made it attractive to me was, fundamentally, the fact that it was always deserted, as though it had not been created for the inhabitants of the house but for the trees, the plants, the flowers that grew in it. By this I do not mean that it was overgrown or abandoned, but that the plants of every kind that filled it seemed to be living there happily, like privileged guests to whom the master of the house allowed the greatest possible independence, at the same time assuring them of all possible conveniences. And happy, indeed, they appeared, as I gazed at them from my window—the big leafy trees, the shrubs starred with red or white flowers, the rosebushes, the camellias, the beds of tulips. Or was it that I myself was happy and that, as I stood at the window, I could not help conferring my own happiness, by an unconscious caprice, on the garden as it lay plunged in silence, in light and in the warmth of the sun?

I was happy—of this I was conscious—above all because I was young; but I was also happy because I loved Angelica and spent the time I should have devoted to my studies in thinking up pretexts for meeting her. And what were these pretexts? They were of the sort that can occur to the mind of a solitary, inexperienced, ingenuous boy: going to the bathroom for a necessity of nature that did not exist; telephoning to a number that did not belong to anybody; asking for matches, for a newspaper, for a book that I did not need; ordering coffee or tea or camomile that I did not want; finally, when I felt more sure of myself, pretending to have found some sort of an object on the floor—a handkerchief, a powder compact, a purse—that in reality I had bought the day before, and taking it to the girl and asking her if by any chance it was hers. Naturally, these pretexts required a certain amount of time, first of all to be invented, then to be accepted by my own timidity and, finally, to be put into effect; and so my day was completely occupied, from morning till evening; and this, too, contributed to my happiness.

I would leave my room and venture through those dim, sinuous passages, walking between great bulging cupboards and miscellaneous pieces of furniture piled up as though in an attic; but I failed, invariably, to reach Angelica's room, because, all of a sudden, as if evoked, one might have thought, by the very fact of my quest, she would appear and ask me in a low voice, a curiously intimate, confidential voice: "Is there anything you want, *Signor* Giacomo?"

These encounters were so frequent that it even occurred to me sometimes that Angelica, too, was worrying and tormenting herself in her room for the same reasons for which I was worrying and tormenting myself in mine. And that she, too, was creating for herself pretexts for coming out into the passages and looking for me and meeting me. But it is true that she never went further than to inquire: "Is there anything you want, *Signor* Giacomo?" without *(concluded on page 244)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DOMENICO GNOLI

CELESTINA

WE MET AT THE UNIVERSITY, where I was studying mathematics, she psychology. We went about together for a long time, then I declared my love and, to put it briefly, she agreed to become my wife. As soon as we were married, we went to live in the country. After about two years, our first child, our beloved Celestina, was born.

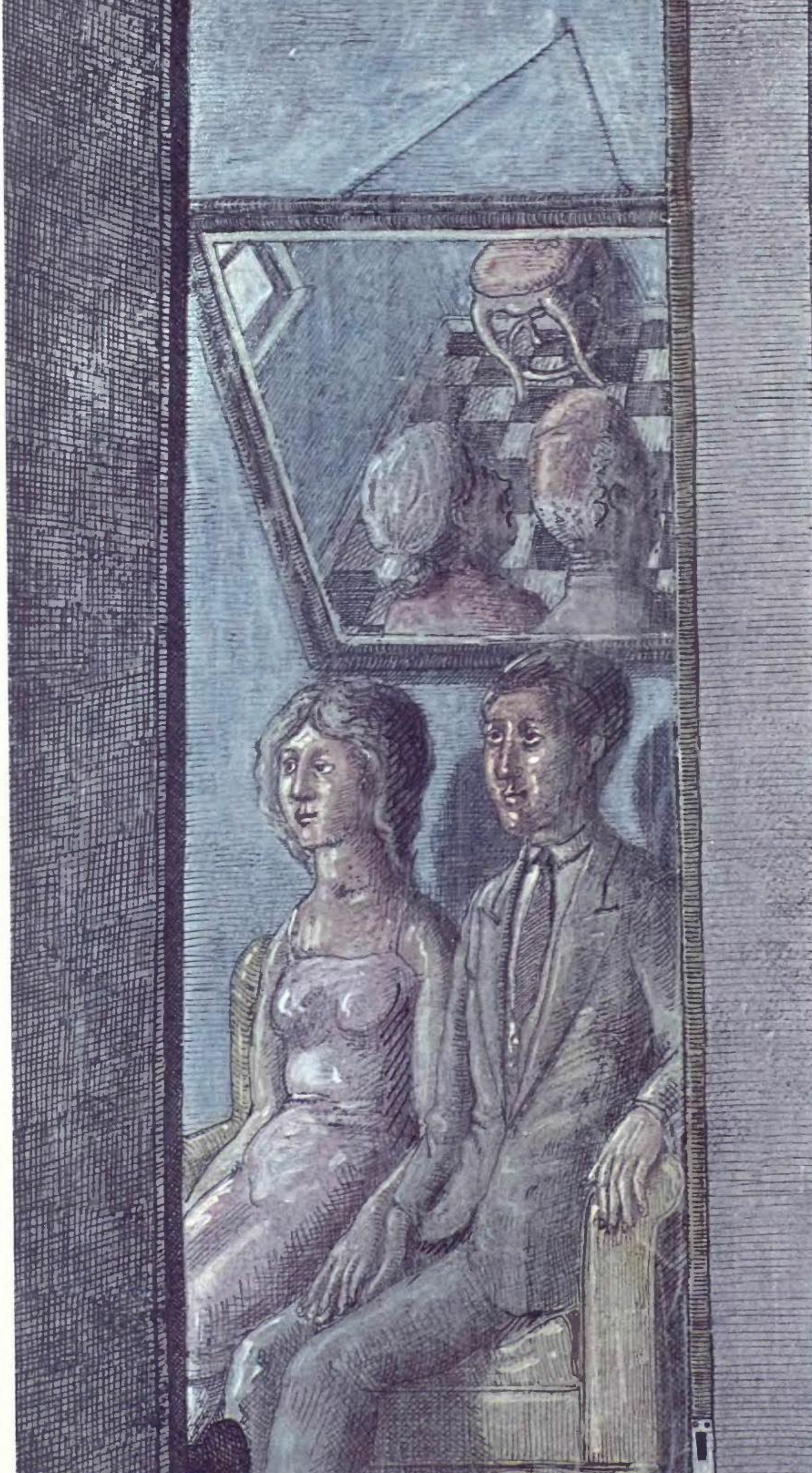
I remember perfectly well how it was that Celestina took her first steps. Until that day, she had remained on her zinc-covered stand, motionless even though not silent (she had a pleasing voice, a precise, subdued ticking); then, all of a sudden, as soon as we had attached the wheels to her, she started up and leaped onto the floor. My wife and I, clinging to each other, held our breath. Celestina went off in a determined manner toward the door, but she encountered a chair on her way and then stopped. For a short time she did not move, then a new thing happened: Celestina became angry. We heard a kind of tiny metallic roaring sound, her apparatus began frantically vibrating, she moved again, bumped violently, head on, against the chair, fell back and, in falling, more or less came to pieces: The floor all round her was now strewn with screws and nuts, with blades and wires and rivets. My wife and I rushed forward, put Celestina back on her stand and then spent four hours working to put her in order again. Gradually, as our work progressed, we became aware of a dense humming sound accompanied by an intense trembling: Celestina was thinking. What was she thinking about? We were soon to know. Scarcely, in fact, had we finished tightening the last screw when Celestina again leaped from the stand and rushed resolutely toward her enemy, the chair. This time, however, she stopped a short distance from it, remained motionless for a moment, then marched backward, circumvented the chair on the left side and finally proceeded triumphantly toward the door.

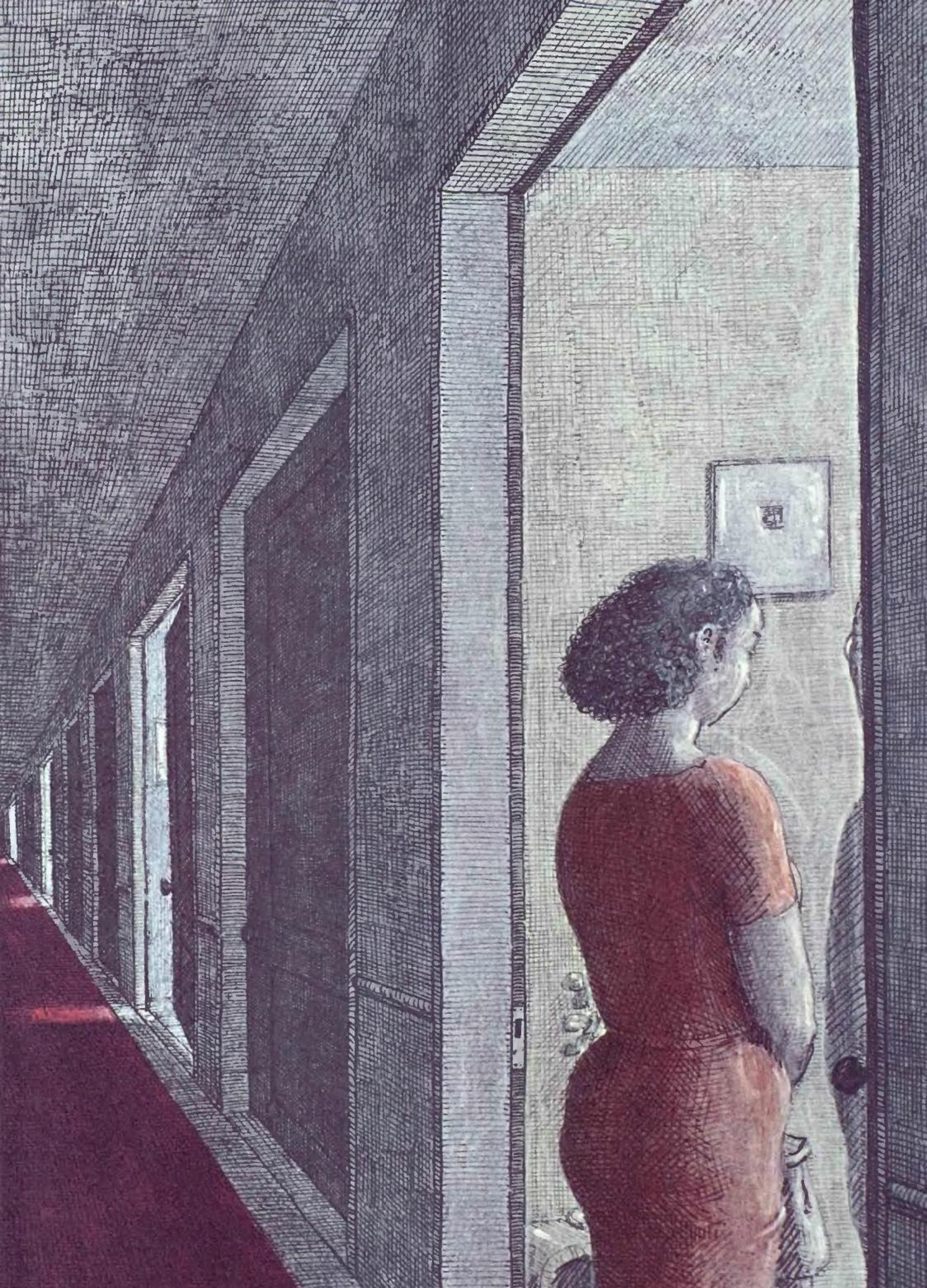
I have described this incident in detail because Celestina proved, on this occasion, that she possessed three important faculties in the highest degree: spirit of observation, memory and the capacity to organize her behavior. Thanks to the first of these faculties, she had observed the causes of her own discomfiture; thanks to the second, she had registered them; and, finally, the third had permitted her, on the basis of experience, to act in a suitable manner.

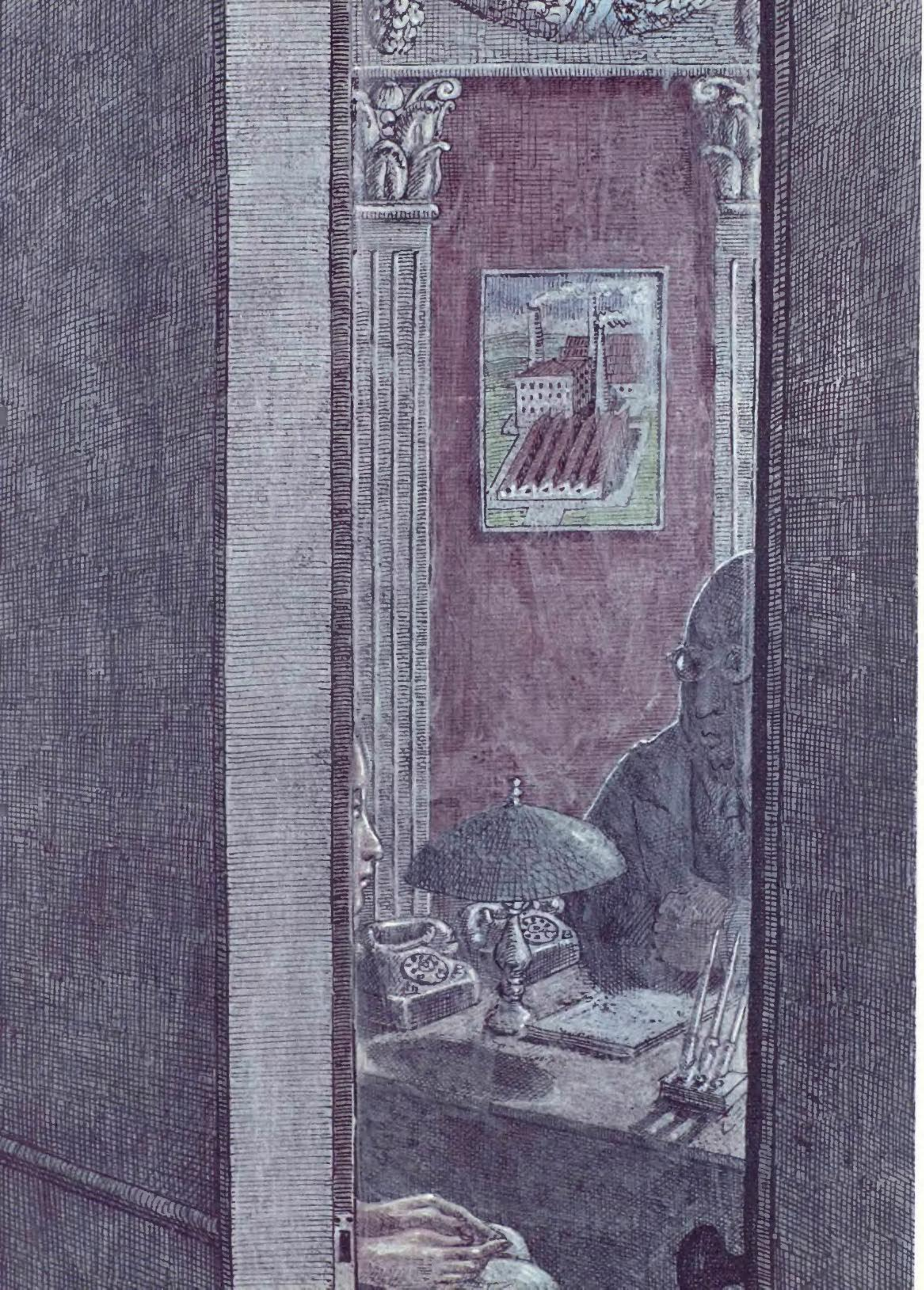
After this some years went by, filled—for us, anyhow—with the various sorts of progress made by our beloved little daughter. I was struck, above all, with the modesty of Celestina's alimentary needs. Upon what did Celestina feed? Being, in a way, a celestial creature, she was nourished upon the food of the angels: upon light. When the weather was fine, all we had to do was open the door of the pavilion where her stand was, and she would at once descend to earth and go and place herself right in the middle of a ray of sunshine. She would stay there, silent and still, letting her accumulators become gradually recharged, to the point of complete satiety. She would absorb light for three or four hours; and in her whole attitude there was, as it were, a grateful humility that moved me to tears. The simple effect of retroaction, it will be said, the mere, ordinary operation of a mechanism to conditioned acts. That may be so. Nevertheless, how can one fail to see, in this sunlight for which Celestina was so eager, a symbol of that wholly spiritual light that . . . ? But never mind. If, on the other hand, it was raining, we would light a big film-studio lamp and Celestina would take her nourishment without moving from her stand. Strange to say, she obstinately refused to absorb light from neon tubes. After she had received her nourishment, Celestina would retire into the shade or into a dim, restful light. And that was the moment for games and calculations.

I would place a chessboard between myself and her; and we would play chess. Celestina was a relentless player, capable even of finishing off 20 games uninterruptedly, but endowed with more memory than imagination and, consequently, more careful not to repeat any wrong moves she had made than bold in inventing such new moves as might assure her of victory. Authoritative and convinced of her own infallibility, she was always determined to win; and more than once, seeing herself on the point of being checkmated, she broke off the game under the pretext that her accumulators had run down and that she must go and sit in the sun in order to absorb nourishment.

Apart from chess, Celestina was extremely good at solving puzzles, charades, riddles and crosswords; I would read them out to her from the puzzle pages of the weekly papers; and she, in the twinkling of an eye, would provide the solutions. Finally, with pencil and paper at hand, I would put to the test her talent for calculation; this was truly prodigious and might be said to increase every day. When only ten years old, Celestina was able, in a few minutes, to get the better of problems of enormous complexity that would have demanded the work of ten *(concluded on page 224)*







A MIDDLING TYPE

I AT ONCE FOUND MYSELF at ease in my new home. It was a three-room flat, on the first floor of a modern block, in a quiet, respectable suburban quarter. My satisfaction was due, above all, to the conviction that the flat was not just any sort of a flat but was really mine, made in my own image and likeness, and consequently, it must be believed—since no one is exactly like anyone else—unique. I had spent a couple of months fitting it up, selecting every piece of furniture, every trifle, with extreme care. For a further two months, I had been contemplating these furnishings with the same untiring, rapt complacency with which I sometimes chanced to contemplate my face—it, too, being unique just because it was mine—in a looking glass.

Furthermore, as well as the flat, I also liked the house, which was neither too old nor too new, middle class, in a not too clearly defined style; and also the street, with its flowering oleanders and its shops on the ground floor, modern shops, with conspicuous signs and large windows: the tobacconist's, the hairdresser's, the perfumery, the delicatessen shop, the baker's, the stationer's. Right opposite my windows there was a flower shop. Through its window one could catch a glimpse of plants, of tall, slender vases full of flowers, of the jet of a small, decorative fountain. The florist was a pretty, dark girl, tall and shapely, with slow gestures and quiet movements, who did not look more than 25. She was alone; she would arrive in the morning, pull up the roller blind, would move about for a little as she arranged the flowers and would then wait for customers. For the most part, she stayed inside the shop, sitting behind the counter, reading comic-strip papers. But often she would appear in the doorway and hang about, looking at the street, in which, however, there was nothing to look at and nothing ever happened.

I immediately noticed the pretty florist, and since it was the beginning of September and all my friends were still on holiday and I spent most of my time at home, I ended by devoting a great deal of my time to her.

I was working at my desk, for I had to draw up an industrial report; but every ten minutes, I would get up and go and look at the flower shop. Down there was the girl, behind the counter at the back of the shop, her dark head bent over the comic strips. Or again she might be in the doorway, leaning against the doorpost. I would look at her for a little and then go back to work.

Finally, I had an idea: In order to attract the girl's attention, I would reflect a ray of sunlight onto her by means of a mirror. It seemed to me that this was an original, a truly new, idea. So, using a little pocket mirror, I started directing the sunlight at the flower shop. First the ray of light moved across the glass of the window, then onto the shop sign and, finally—like a piece of thread that after many efforts penetrates through the eye of a needle—it went through the narrow doorway and settled, like a caressing hand, upon the girl's bowed head. It paused for a little on her hair, then slithered down her bare arm, then reached the page of the comic paper and remained there, moving slightly from time to time. The girl went on reading for a short time, then raised her head and looked toward the door. Almost frightened by my own boldness, I retreated hastily back into my room.

But after a moment, I again rose and went to the window. The girl was standing in the doorway, her eyes fixed on the street. I focused a ray of sunlight and directed it onto her, raising it gradually from her feet and up over her body as far as her breast. Then, with sudden decision, I planted the spot of light on her face. This time she raised her eyes, saw me and smiled at me. I smiled, too, and made a gesture, as much as to say: "Come up, come up to my flat and pay me a visit." The girl hesitated and then made a sign with her hand, as if to say: "Yes, but later on." Filled with joy at so rapid a success, I pointed to the watch on my wrist and asked her: "When?" Again by means of gestures, she replied: "At half past twelve." It was now 11 o'clock. I waved to the girl, went back into the room, made a pirouette, rubbing my hands together, then went over to a looking glass, gazed at myself and gave myself a kiss.

I found it difficult to work and was looking at my watch every five minutes. From time to time, I got up and went over to the window: The girl was there, behind the counter, her head bent over her comic strips. At one moment, I watched her as she was choosing some roses for a woman customer: I observed her fine figure as she leaned forward, her strong, bare arm as it slipped cautiously among the flowers, took a rose, withdrew, was again stretched forward. I reflected then that she was truly a most attractive girl and that there was something very disturbing about the way in which she had so easily and so mysteriously accepted my invitation.

When it was 25 minutes past 12, I went for the last time to the window sill: The girl, in a slow, calm, stately manner, was coming and going about the shop, rearranging *(continued on page 236)*

A MAN OF POWER

HE WAS SITTING OPPOSITE ME, behind the big desk—as much as 12 feet long, perhaps—of antique carved walnut. The room was immense, with red damask on the walls and a frescoed, vaulted ceiling. There was no furniture in it except his desk, his armchair and my chair. I looked at him: He was wearing a dark suit, with a dark tie and a white shirt; he gave the impression of a soldier in civilian clothes. On the desk were writing materials of all kinds: a leather writing pad, a fountain pen, various pencils, a scribbling block, a roller blotter; but these were all new, as though they had never been used. There were also two telephones and an internal telephone. The room had only one door, the one by which I had come in. He had kept me waiting, therefore, for about half an hour for some special reason, difficult to divine, and not because he was writing or receiving a visitor.

From the desk, my eyes went on to the man himself. I realized for the first time that he had an aquiline nose and slightly swollen cheeks. Strange, for I had never noticed this before; I thought he had a straight nose and flat cheeks. The aquiline nose, with its narrow nostrils and a small, aristocratic prominence in the middle, denoted authority and the will to command; the swollen cheeks, vanity. Suddenly I became aware of something else: When I had entered, he had received me standing up behind the desk but without shaking my hand. "As I was passing through," I said, "I thought I would come and see you. I thought it might give you pleasure to see an old friend again."

He looked at me for a moment in silence with his curious pale, unmoving eyes and finally said: "A pleasure, yes, it is always a pleasure to me to see you. But as for coming to see me here"—and he emphasized the "here" by a pause—"that's another matter. You did right to come if you have something to communicate to me, something to ask me, something to propose; but you did wrong if you came simply to look me up."

The voice was slow, emphatic, weary, as though to bring home to me that he was speaking to me merely out of courtesy. "Why?" I asked.

"Because this is my place of work and I cannot afford the luxury of receiving friends like this, simply to have a little conversation."

"I see, you're very busy."

He started laughing, with a strange laugh, partly polite and partly ironical, which left his eyes completely motionless. "No, I'm not very busy. In fact, for the moment, anyhow, I have nothing to do. But it's also true, in a way, that I'm extremely busy."

"I don't understand; are you busy or are you not busy?"

He assumed a reasonable, didactic tone in which I suddenly recognized his best quality of former days—his lucid consciousness of his own manner of acting and his facility in translating it into clear argument. "I *am* busy doing what I was called to this position to do, and I am *not* busy, because, as I said, there is not much to do for the moment. But I am busy being what I am, yes, very busy."

"I'm sorry, but I still don't understand you."

He gazed at me for a moment, as though weighing the pros and cons of this conversation. Then he said: "And yet there's nothing obscure in what I'm saying. I have two things to do here: The first is what is called my work; the second, much more important, is the exercise of power."

"The exercise of power? I'm beginning to see. . . ."

"It's time you did. Well, then, why is the exercise of power so much more important than the work? Because, whereas the work is an ordinary job of a bureaucratic kind that, fundamentally, does not concern me in any way and that might be carried out by anybody, the exercise of power, on the other hand, is something that affects me closely, that concerns me personally and, I am convinced, requires a precise vocation and special gifts to tackle it."

"And you have this vocation and these gifts—isn't that so?"

He looked at me, hesitated and then, once again, led on by his own self-knowledge as if by a mirage, gave way to his own kind of almost ingenuous sincerity: "I did not think I had them. I was convinced, on the contrary, that I was in no way cut out for power. Naturally, I knew that power existed, but I wrote it off, judging it from a moralist's point of view, as a thing devoid of real importance. A thing not to be taken into consideration, especially on the part of an intellectual. Then, once I was in this room, seated in this armchair, I discovered in myself gifts and a vocation hitherto unsuspected. And, above all, I understood."

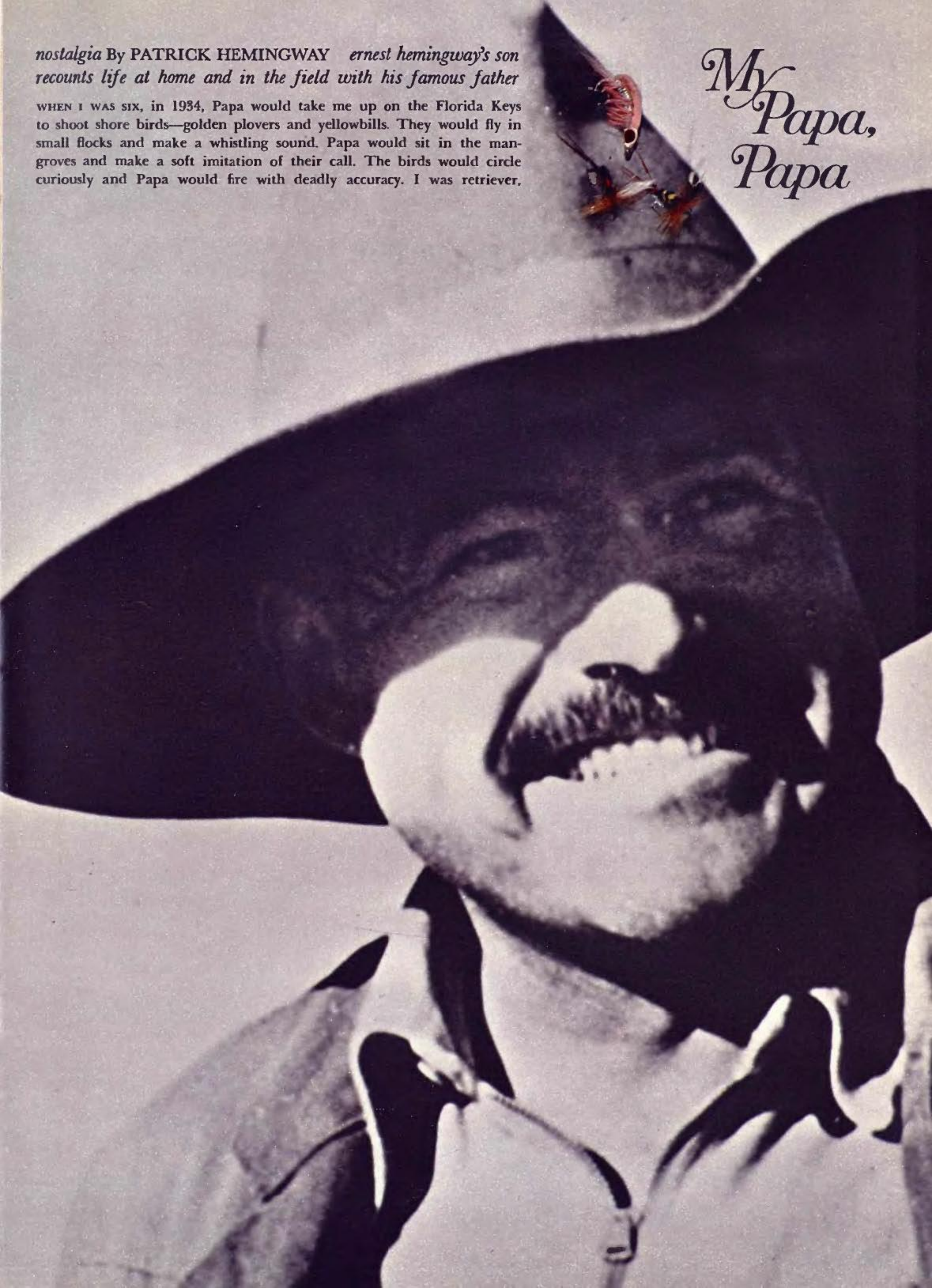
"What did you understand?"

"I discovered that, at a certain level and in certain situations, work no longer counts, is no longer anything more than one aspect—and not even the most important—of the exercise of power. And that this exercise is, on the other hand, in itself, even by itself, even without the *(concluded on page 208)*

My Papa, Papa

nostalgia By PATRICK HEMINGWAY *ernest hemingway's son recounts life at home and in the field with his famous father*

WHEN I WAS SIX, in 1934, Papa would take me up on the Florida Keys to shoot shore birds—golden plovers and yellowbills. They would fly in small flocks and make a whistling sound. Papa would sit in the mangroves and make a soft imitation of their call. The birds would circle curiously and Papa would fire with deadly accuracy. I was retriever,



pulling the birds out of the water; and as the stack grew, Papa would whet my appetite by telling me (he called me "Mouse") how good they would be to eat. They certainly were delicious cooked his way, baked in a bird pie, like "four and twenty blackbirds."

This is my earliest recollection of my father, Ernest Hemingway. We lived in Key West in the late winter and spring of each year and when the real hot weather came, we boarded our yacht, the Pilar, and made off for the fishing camp Papa had built at Bimini in the Bahamas.

In the fall, we went to the ranch in Wyoming and hunted grizzly and mountain sheep. The fishing and the hunting were like a reward for the routine of settling down and seriously raising a family. Yet even sports could not be pure relaxation. They were always part of an education. He was out to understand the mysteries of life.

A sportsman knows the habits of what he hunts. "'All real hunters are in love with the animals they hunt,'" Papa used to quote Karen Blixen, "'but it is not reciprocated.'" Papa had that love; but as a hunter, he was fully aware that the animals had no reason to love him.

Hunting was a challenge and Papa needed the challenge and effort to prove himself. The animal has a chance, he felt. He did not like the hypocrisy of people who protested about hunting. He knew how brutal men could be to one another and to animals. He spoke about the zoos that show lion cubs because they are so pretty. But, because lions are prolific, many zoos have too many cubs. If they cannot trade them, they kill the cubs. He thought shooting a brave beast on the plains was preferable to putting a cub against the wall and blowing its head off. Or do they chloroform them now? Enslaving and imprisoning animals seemed to Papa a lot more dreadful than hunting them.

But at heart, Papa was a fisherman. That was his real sports love. He spent his whole life at the art of fishing. He never found the complete freedom in hunting that he did in fishing. On the oceans, there were no licenses required. "There are no plains wider than the ocean," he said. "The ocean belongs to no one."

In those Key West days, we first went out fishing in a hired boat belonging to Joe Russell, who ran a pub known as Sloppy Joe's. We went for sailfish, marlin, tuna, wahoo, dolphin. I was always seasick. Papa treated it as a joke. "The cure is to eat lots of mustard pickles," he would say. After throwing up, I felt fine and Papa and I would sing, "The music goes round and round and it comes up here—oooooops."

Papa was observant and he fished very methodically. He knew the birds to watch—a flock of terns working over a school of small fish meant big ones below. But he did not always catch his fish. One summer he fished 100 days without a catch. It made no difference. He got as much out of the ritual as out of the actual climax.

On days when there was no wind and it was unsuitable for trolling, he used to cut the engine and ride the sea. He would fish with live bait hooked through the back, where it did not hurt. The fish would move and the amber jacks would come up for them. He enjoyed this. There was always a good picnic lunch and the phonograph would be playing. The live bait would swim deeper and deeper into the clear water. You could see all the things going on in the ocean. Papa was always amazed to see a loggerhead turtle eating a Portuguese man-of-war. He had a pleased look on his face as the turtle ate what was almost straight acid.

Fishing kept Papa fit. There is some exercise in hooking a 500-pound tuna that had weighed 1000 pounds when it headed down from Nova Scotia, but now, off the Cat Cays, was a lot trimmer and tougher. Papa could fight a big-bill fish for from four to seven hours straight. He once weighed himself before and after a day in the chair. He had lost 15 pounds.

He always watched as the fish was gaffed and brought over the stern. How the fish would thrash about. Papa enjoyed the beautiful colors: the dark blue and light green of the pectoral fins of the sailfish; the bluish black and silver stripes of the wahoo, which reminded him of the zebra; the brilliant blues, greens and gold of the dolphin. Once the gaff went in, it was all over. The colors quickly faded to a dull silver, a monochrome death.

Papa held some fine fishing records. He was the first to catch a tuna off Bimini not marked by sharks. Some fishermen let the tuna run out the line and die of exhaustion; then they pull it in. That was not sporting to Papa. Also, to boat it without a shark having a whack at it is extremely difficult. It was considered impossible in these waters, so packed with sharks. With his tuna, Papa had to fight like hell to beat the sharks to it.

He still holds one fishing record. It is the largest Atlantic sailfish caught by any method. He was out in the Gulf Stream with a Jesuit friend in the early Thirties. The priest was in the chair when the sail took the bait. The priest had arthritis and could not keep it up. Papa let him stay in the chair for a while then took over. He brought it in. It weighed nearly 120 pounds. Papa had it mounted and placed in the bar at Sloppy Joe's. He honored the Jesuit by naming a jointed fishing plug after him. He called it "the priest bait."

Papa also liked fresh-water fishing—especially trout fishing. He was very fond of cooking his own catch. Trout *meunière* was his favorite when outdoors, just cooked in butter with a little salt and pepper. He was as proud of it as a French chef. He taught me how to clean fish and how to tie flies. He was a conservative in doing things the old way. He would never use a nylon leader, always gut. His favorite flies were the royal coachman, the McGinty and the shrimp. Fly-fishing is impossible with a cheap rod. In those days, before glass rods, it took a skillful craftsman and imported cane to give the rod life for casting a fly or the spring and backbone needed to kill a big fish. Hardy's was an English firm and one of the few who could do it properly then. That's why Papa used English rods; they were really necessary.

• • •

The challenge of boxing was like the challenge of hunting and fishing. But I think Papa boxed to stay fit. He did his roadwork. I used to go along, following him in the Ford. He also punched a bag on a floor stand in the Key West house. He used to call me up to his room to count for him while he did his "bellies." Legs together and up; he could do 50 at a time.

In Bimini, he built a boxing ring and encouraged the locals to join in. He referred to himself as "a patron of the arts." He used to put up a prize of $50 to any man who could stay in the ring with him. They came from all over the Bahamas for a try. Papa found it a cheap way to get sparring partners. He also liked to show that although he was a rich man (in the Bahamas, at least), he still was a man. He rarely lost.

"I'm pretty safe," he explained. "They're strong, but they have no technical skill."

Papa's style was the left hook. "This is the perfect punch," he said. "The uppercut is a bad joke." He was what you might call a heavy fighter. He always moved right into his opponent. In those days, he weighed 190 pounds on a six-foot frame. He had terrifically strong legs. His calf muscles reminded you of those 18th Century English prints of stocky merchants. He was barrel-chested and had powerful shoulders. Still, he gave the impression of a really graceful finished product.

He needed both weight and shape, for he managed to get into a number of brawls down at Sloppy Joe's, where he liked to drink whiskey and talk fishing with the locals, called conchs. There were several classic fights there. We always heard about it the next day as he was having his hands looked after. There were great stories from him on how he tried to stay out of it and how, just out of kindness, he "put the man away."

One man who picked a fight with



"That's your bag, baby, not mine."

Papa in Sloppy Joe's had trained for it for a month in New York before coming down. It was a rough fight. We all worried because, in the later stages, they had fought out through the doorway and were in the street rolling around. They reached a depression in the coral-marl street that was full of water. The man's head was being banged up and down. Everyone was afraid for the man's mind. The poor chap went to the hospital and we were relieved when the report was favorable. There was no lawsuit. Papa claimed, "I was defending my title."

It seemed people made a habit, drunk or sober, of coming up to Papa and saying, "I've read your books, and you know what? You're the biggest son of a bitch going." That was a challenge Papa could not refuse.

After a bit, there were calypso songs around the Caribbean about Papa. One was called *Big Fat Slob in the Harbor.* The lines were:

He call Mistah Hemingway a big fat slob.
Mistah Hemingway ball his fist and give him a nob.
Big fat slob in the harbor.
Tonight's the night we have fun.

Papa always cautioned me on one thing about fighting. "Beware of the man with sloping shoulders," he said. It does me no good. I'm a lousy boxer.

• • •

In the Thirties in Key West, I was a very young boy, and I think children feel things with different senses from those of grownups. Sight is an adult sense, but smells are my strongest memories of those years. The smell of mud flats at low tide, where the shore birds fed and Papa hunted; the pungent smell of a just-fired cartridge; the stale nitrogen smell of the dead barracudas as you dock at the end of a day's fishing; the refreshing smell of the deviled eggs and potato salad in the picnic lunch box.

The memories of the sense of touch are strong, too. I remember the prickly feeling of Papa's face when I kissed him good night; the warm, pleasant feeling of the Pilar on my stomach as I lay on it and watched Papa fighting a fish. What an overwhelming vitality he had! You could see it in the fishing and the hunting, but it was just as strong in his urge to write. He was at his best in all things when he was writing. He was at his worst when not writing.

Conditioning was the secret to Papa's writing so well. He wrote in the mornings, every day from about six to ten. He did about 1000 words in pencil on cheap yellow paper.

Then came lunch. In the afternoon, he would fish up the Keys, box if there was a sparring partner available, play tennis or possibly do some drinking. Now, drinking was as much a part of Papa as writing, reading, hunting or fishing. It was a pleasure, not a social obligation or a way of forgetting something.

The big event, to which we were all usually summoned, was the first drink of the day. Papa never drank in the morning and I never saw him drunk. But we often found him asleep in his chair in the morning. I guess he had hangovers, but he never mentioned them and they never showed.

The thing is, if you follow as tough a physical schedule as he did then, you can drink as much as you want. In those days, it was strictly Scotch, and beer and tequila when he was out fishing. In different periods of his life, it was the gimlet, the bloody mary and, of course, the daiquiri at La Floridita, though his affair with that Havana pub ended the day it became air conditioned. Papa also went through an absinthe period. He would pour some in a glass. Over the top of the glass he put a filter paper. He filled this with crushed ice. He then poured water on the ice. The ice water began to drip through the filter paper. The absinthe started to turn milky from the bottom up. Papa waited until it was all milky to drink it. He claimed it was a test of character. He also took aquavit, but only to "protect me from the cold," he insisted.

Papa liked parties, and in the later stages of an evening, when the liquor was poured with a heavy hand, he had a dangerous habit: knife throwing. He would pull out a long knife of his. He knew it well and trusted it. He would then ask for volunteers to stand against a wall while he proved his skill.

There were rarely any takers, thank God. So he would throw the knife at himself. This consisted of taking off his right shoe and sock, aiming carefully and flipping the sharp knife. He was quite good at it, actually, though he did end up with two or three bad slices out of his big toe.

Papa liked many bars, but Sloppy Joe's was his favorite. There his big sailfish hung. There was also a large mural of him and other habitués of the bar. Papa was portrayed with a crown of grapes around his head in a bacchanalian scene.

Joe Russell, the publican in charge, was one of Papa's best friends. "Mr. Josie," Papa called him. Mr. Josie was not just a saloonkeeper. He was a bootlegger in happier days, as well as one of the best charter-boat skippers along the Keys. He taught Papa much about deep-sea fishing, or as much as Papa wanted to learn.

After we left the Keys, once a year, Mr. Josie visited Papa in Cuba. For him, Papa would give up his writing routine. It was one long lost weekend. Mr. Josie provided much of the juice for *To Have and Have Not.*

• • •

The unemployed veterans from World War One who were quartered in Key West cashed their relief checks there and Papa was usually around for the roughhouse of payday. At our house on Whitehall Street, Papa kept peacocks, beautiful birds with full glittering plumes. One day Papa was in the yard when two of the vets came up to the gate.

"Hey, buddy, can you help me?" one of them called out.

Papa went over to the gate and listened.

"My friend, here, he says the peacocks do it like turkeys. I say the male drops a pellet and the female, she picks up the pellet and swallows it. That's how. Which of us is right, huh, buddy?"

Papa hated to do it, but he admitted that it was his observation that they did it like turkeys.

• • •

Papa loved red wines from Spain. Bodegas Bilbaina, a raw and rugged one, was his favorite. He liked French wines, too, but Spanish wines told him stories. He never smoked, because he claimed smoking destroys the sense of smell. He had a keen sense of smell. It shows in his writings.

He liked to eat, too. When we were in Cuba, we once had a Chinese cook. Papa loved Chinese food. While preparing the evening meal, the cook was forever coming in to see Papa about the champignons, the mushrooms. One evening, he had a heart attack right at, and I think *on*, the stove. The only reason we knew he was dead was that supper was late. There was also the smell.

Papa enjoyed his delicacies. One, especially, was *percebes*, a Spanish barnacle. These came packed in ice and Papa ate the long, black, rubbery stalks. He was also fond of Russian caviar and sailfish roe. When in New York, he enjoyed going to Maison Glass and picking out various canned and preserved delicacies. He bought Brazilian palm hearts, squid in ink and one truly horrifying dish, baby eels, which looked like a plate of worms. All the horror was in the looks; they tasted very good.

For days on end, though, he was happy with plain food. When writing, he thrived on peanut-butter-and-onion sandwiches. When he was in Africa on his last safari, his favorite meal was what he called "beans *en* can." This was Heinz baked beans eaten from the tin.

• • •

Papa never painted, but he did have a tremendous feeling for the art. He did not think writing and painting professionally could go together. But he was a good student of contemporary art. He could judge artists when people had not

(continued on page 263)

A PORTFOLIO OF

EROTICA

from the world's first public-museum exhibition of sex-themed art, a sampling of its occidental section and commentary by the psychologists who assembled it

DRS. PHYLLIS AND EBERHARD KRONHAUSEN



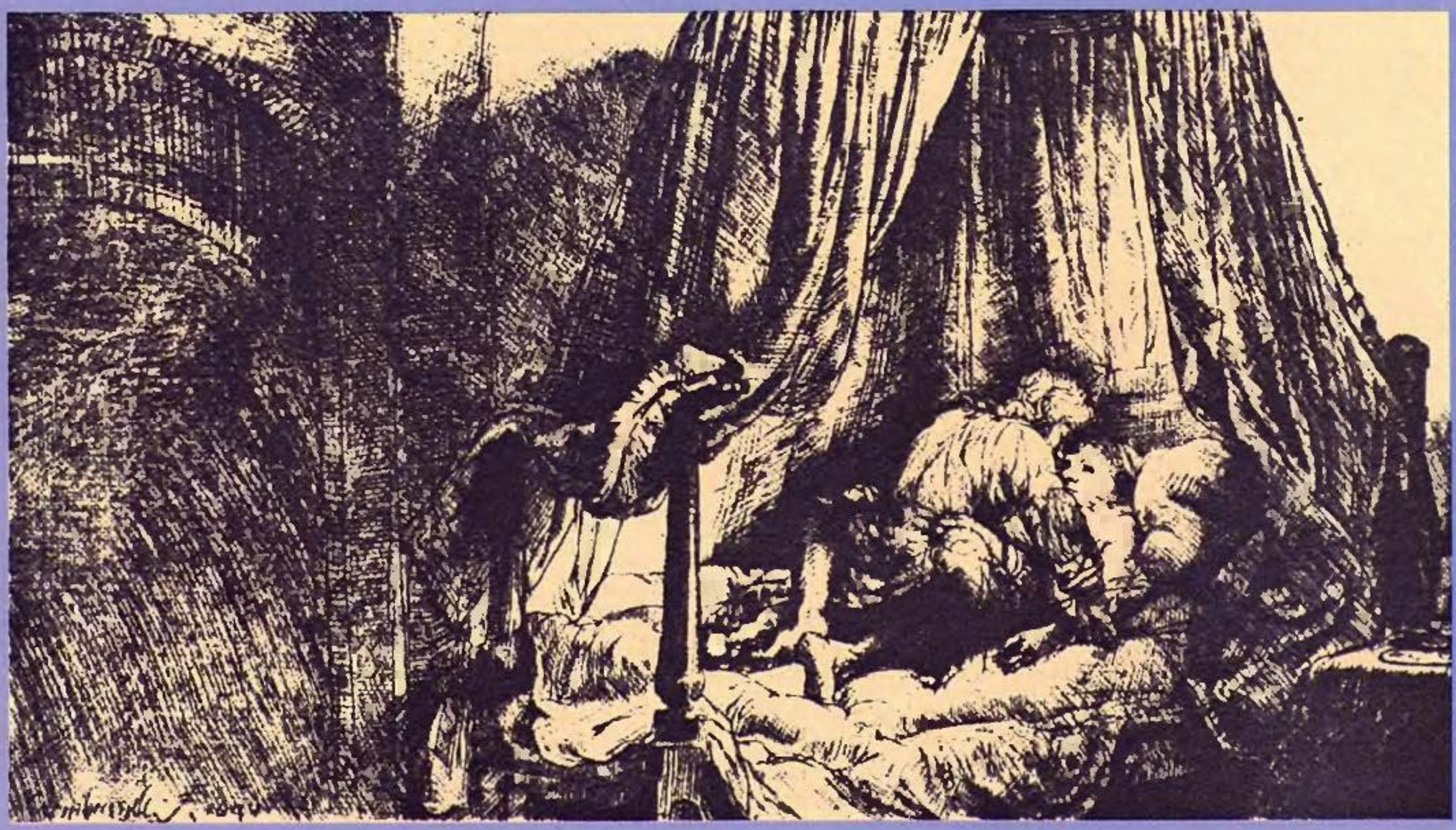
IT MAY COME as a shock to the general public to learn the extent to which most of the world's great artists have employed their genius to depict sex in all its aspects, including such activities as masturbation, human-animal sexual contacts, oral-genital sex and every other conceivable variety of sexual experience. These works of art have hitherto been unfamiliar to the great majority of art lovers—and usually are known, and then only by reputation, solely to the most dedicated connoisseurs and scholars. As opposed to widely—though clandestinely—circulated graphic crudities, these genuine works of art have been locked away in the private rooms of museums and galleries, jealously hoarded and hidden by collectors and blotted out of most histories of art, as if they had disappeared down one of the incendiary memory holes of George Orwell's *1984*.

The history of erotic literature provides an illuminating contrast with the saga of *(text continued on page 294)*

"Leda and the Swan" on the preceding page is from the school of Paolo Veronese, a leading painter of the Venetian Renaissance. Mythology, such as the transformed Zeus seducing Leda, has often been used in Western art to disguise the artist's libidinal intent. Rembrandt himself is said to be the male in "The Four-poster," below, his most famous erotic etching.

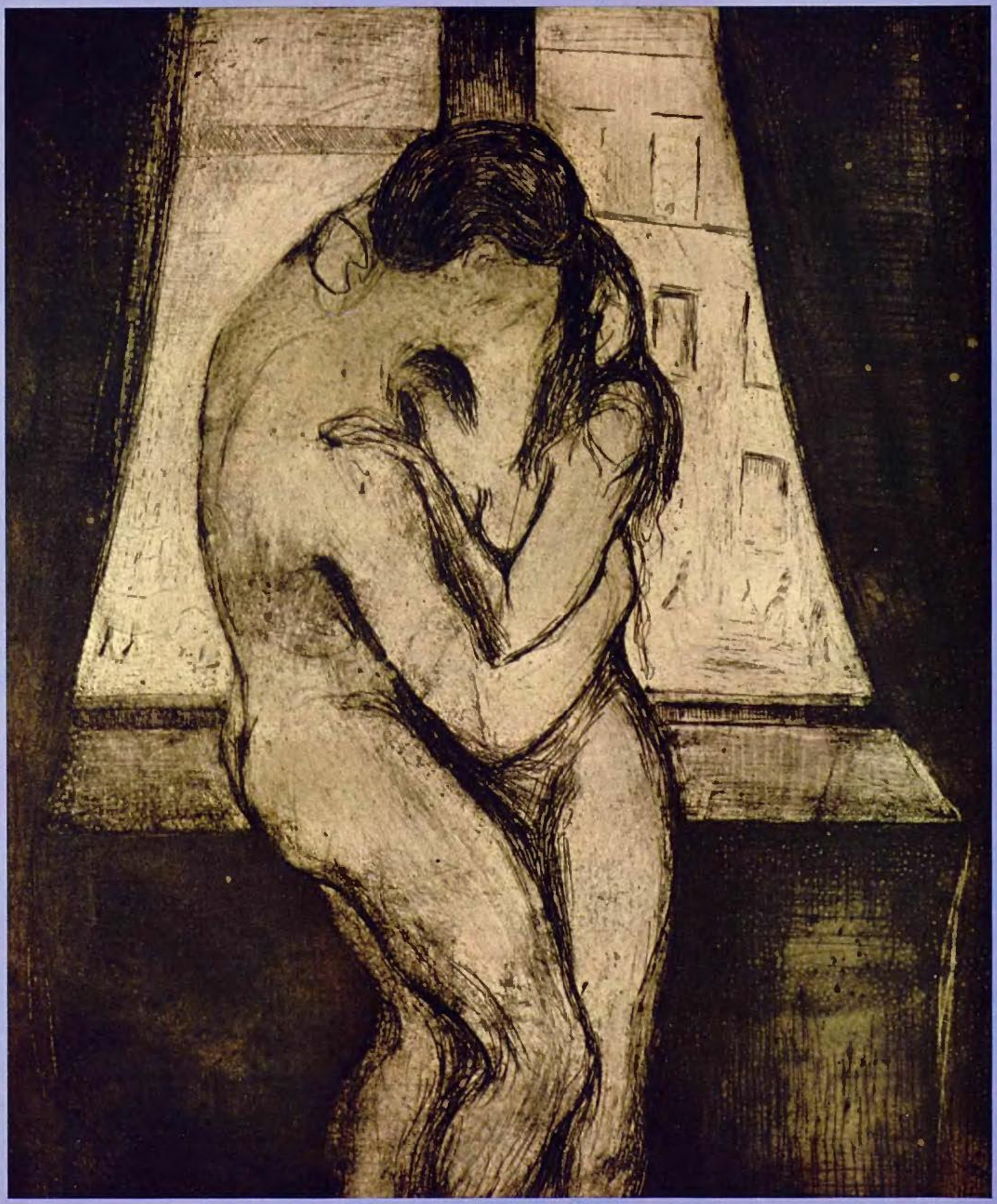
The Belgian satirist Félicien Rops wrote "Appel aux masses"—"Call to the masses"—in the border of his humorous pastel below. The sepia drawing, right, by Sweden's Niclas Lafrensen, is a prime example of 18th Century erotica.

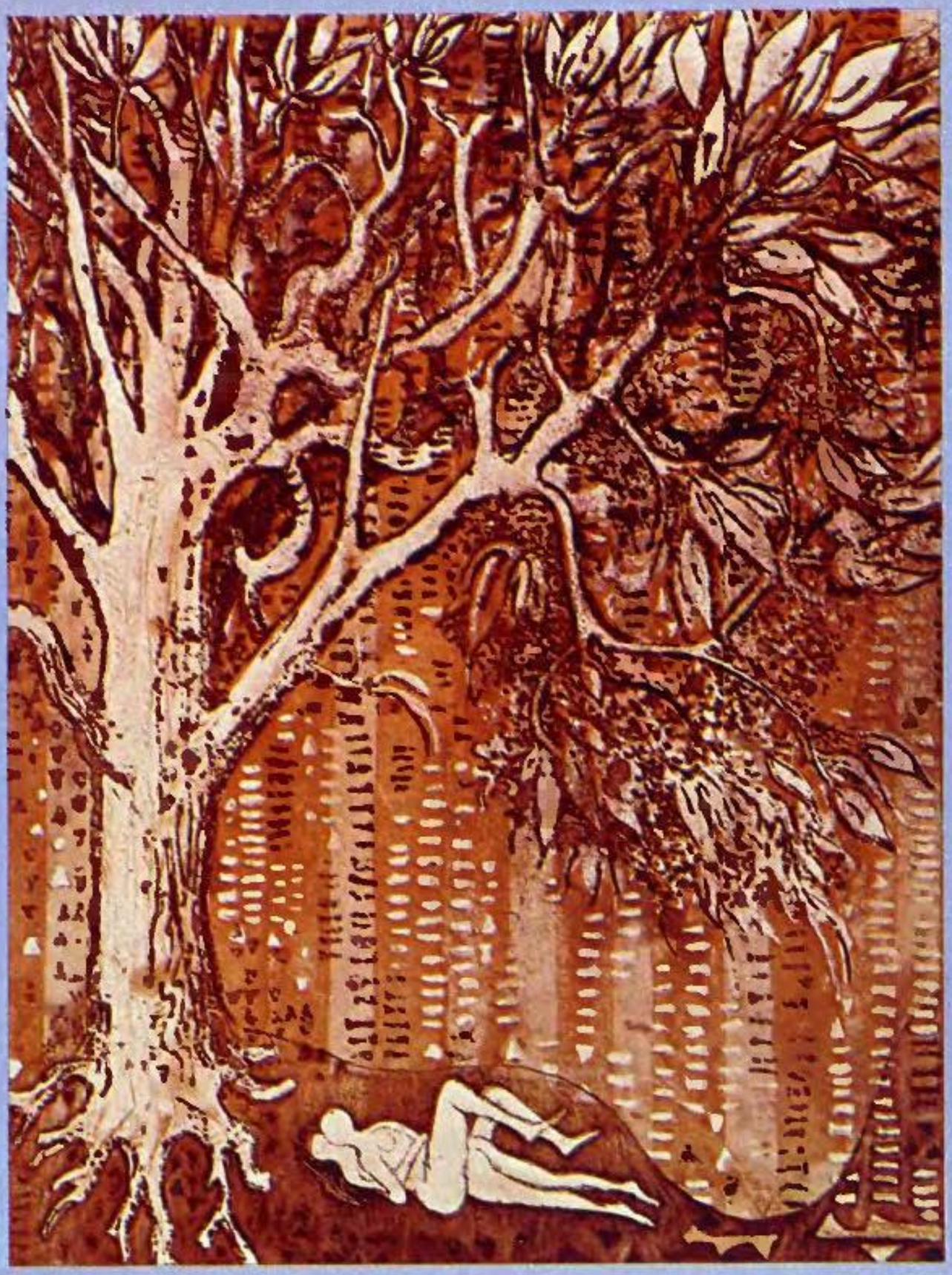






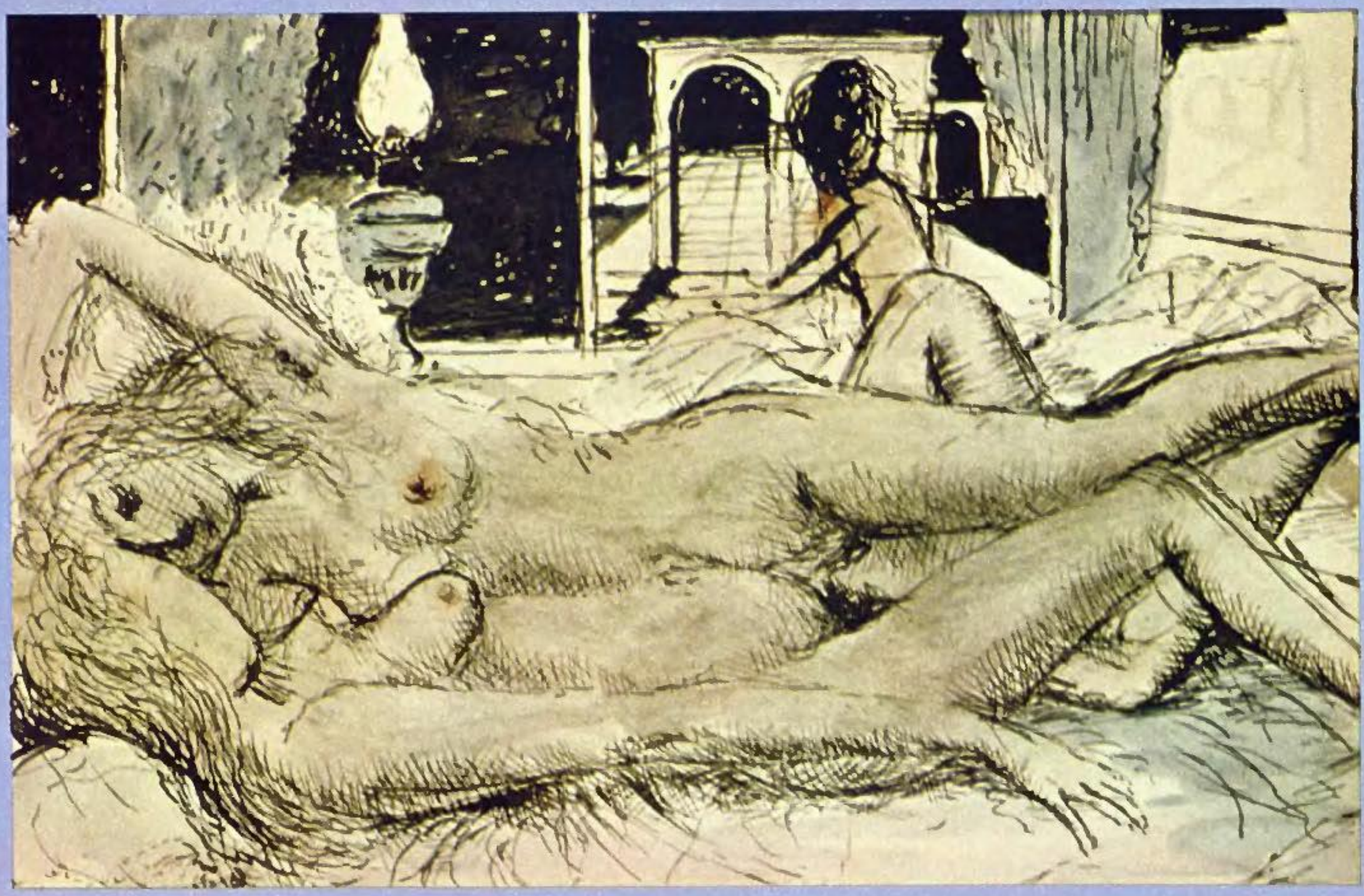
Edvard Munch's "The Kiss," below, represents one of his infrequent attempts to portray tenderness and sexuality. Munch—a Norwegian artist of international repute—was an important progenitor of expressionism, which tries to capture the dominant emotion behind surface reality. The emotions that Munch usually found were jealousy, fear and—especially—loneliness. The scene at upper left on the opposite page is by Lars Bo, a contemporary Danish graphic artist who currently lives and works in Paris. The etching illustrates Bo's characteristic clarity, economy and wit.





The bizarrely fetishistic sketch immediately below is by Léonor Fini. Paul Delvaux' colored ink drawing, bottom, radiates serenity despite its unconventional subject and surrealistic atmosphere. Both artists are contemporary Europeans.

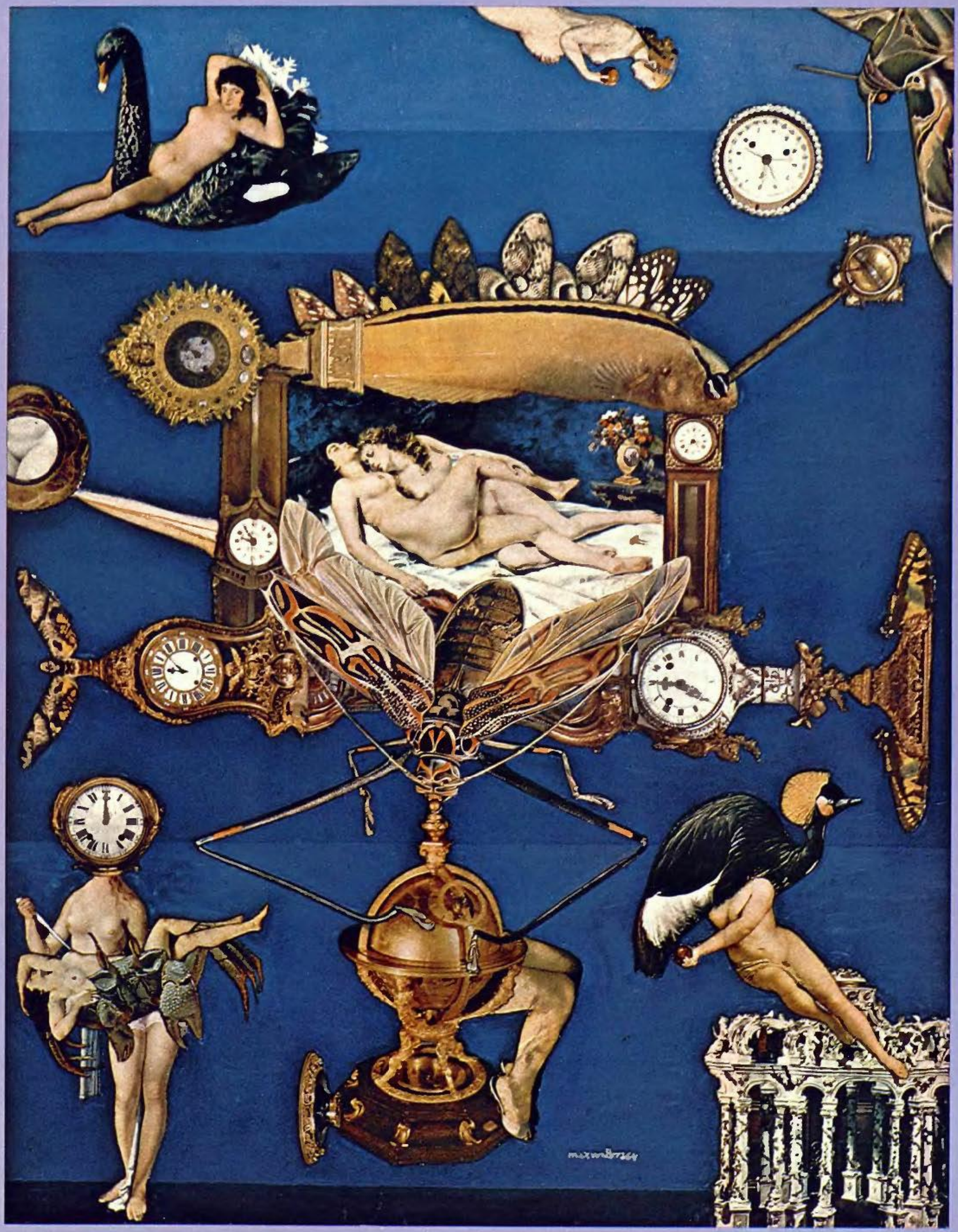




The sensitively drawn melancholic women in the painting immediately below are typical of Léonor Fini's haunting subjects. Pablo Picasso is reported to have a large private collection of his most erotic work, similar to the powerful etching at bottom. Sweden's Max Walter Svanberg assembled the collage, opposite, of birds, insects, timepieces and figures from classical art.







A MAN OF POWER *(continued from page 196)*

accompaniment of a regular, proper job, an occupation, a profession."

He spoke with warmth and smiled at me with a victorious look, like a conjurer demonstrating and explaining the workings of his trick. I said, rather vaguely: "Oh, well, power is power, as we know."

"Tautological but exact," he commented with a smile. "Certainly, power is power. But let us be specific, please. In my case, what is power?"

I looked at him in surprise and repeated, like a parrot: "Yes, indeed, what is it?"

"Power," he began, in a soft, insinuating, didactic tone of voice, "is, in the first place, this dark suit, this dark tie, this white shirt. D'you remember my old trousers, my wind jackets? All that is finished."

"Power is in one's clothes? Quite right."

"Certainly: Quite right. And then power is this room in which I sit for six hours a day. Please observe the carpet, the hangings on the walls, the frescoes on the ceiling, this desk, my big chair, your small chair: All this is power."

"Clearly," I commented with conviction.

"My timetable is power. My arrival introduces—how shall I say?—a soul into a body that lies inert and apathetic. I am the soul of this part of the building. The soul of the anteroom where sits the usher who showed you in, of the adjoining room where sits my woman secretary. My soul, that is, my power, reaches on one side to the record office and on the other to the far end of the corridor. When I am not here, everything is suspended, is in expectation; when I am here, everything functions. That is power."

He was silent for a moment, and I had almost the impression that I could hear him panting with some kind of excitement. Then he resumed: "Inside this room, power lies in the two telephones that I can use both at the same time, holding one receiver in my hand and clasping the other between my cheek and my shoulder. It is also in this internal telephone by which I can communicate with the usher and with my secretary. It is in this writing pad, this inkstand, this scribbling block. It is true that I don't telephone, I don't communicate by the internal telephone, I don't write; but I could."

"Yes," I remarked, "these are, so to speak, the tokens of power, the significant signs. But power as an occupation—in what does that consist?"

He started laughing again, and replied: "Power as an occupation consists in transforming any sort of activity, including work, into manifestations of power."

"Explain."

"Well, for example: I leave this room to go to the bathroom, in order to fulfill a natural need. I go out with my head erect, my chest thrown out, my arms hanging at my sides, my eyes looking straight ahead. The usher, when he sees me, rises to his feet. There, then, is an act of the most ordinary, everyday kind transformed into a manifestation of power."

This time I, too, started to laugh. "It can't be denied," I said, "that, in spite of power, you've kept your sense of humor."

He laughed, too. "Very well," he said, "here's another example, in connection with work. You know what the firm is concerned with, that has its head office in this building. But the real work is entirely done by lower-grade functionaries. As one rises in the scale, the work becomes more and more a pretext, an opportunity for power; and finally, in the highest grades, it evaporates and disappears: Nothing is left but power, an end in itself."

"Give me an example."

"Well, I don't know. Let's suppose it has to be decided whether to open an office of ours in a certain foreign city. Is this office necessary, is it useful, is it functional, is it opportune? I don't know. I only know that the creation of this office allows power to manifest itself."

"And in what way?"

"That's simple: I draw up a report that is exhaustive without taking any definite line, then I have it typed and I ask for an appointment with the chairman. He receives me, I go in and explain the case and I ask him to read the report. He reads it, he comments upon it, I reply, we have a long discussion. Now, I ask you, which has been more important in this business, power or work? I say, power. In fact—does the chairman decide to create the office? He has exercised power. Does the chairman decide *not* to create the office? Equally, he has exercised power. Or again: Does the chairman demur, does he say neither yes nor no? For the third time, he has exercised power."

He looked at me, shook his head and smiled in a triumphant, ironical manner. "Yes," I said, "that's right. Nevertheless, this firm does not depend entirely on this sort of ritual. There are, there must be, practical results as well. . . ."

"Of course there are. There are, but in the lower grades, as I said before, just as in the higher grades there is what you call the ritual of power. Take, for example, the meeting that the board of directors holds annually in the board room on the ground floor. The board of directors is, in reality, composed of distinguished persons who *do* not direct anything. Yet at the same time, they do direct. Just as I myself do not do anything here but at the same time am extremely busy. They direct, because without their names and without their backing, the practical results would not be reached. Now, I, like you, once thought that a board of directors of this kind, purely honorary, served no purpose. But after having been present at the meeting and having listened to the speeches made by some of the members —speeches, let me emphasize, of an absolutely formal kind—I changed my mind; or, rather, I discovered an immense territory whose existence I had not previously suspected."

He had become serious now. And I, in turn, asked him seriously: "And what is this territory?"

Gravely, he replied: "It is, to be precise, the territory of that magical, enchanted, esoteric fact that is power. The boundless territory in which actions acquire a significance very different from the significance they have according to common sense, precisely because they are performed in the exercise of power. You spoke of ritual. Well, for once, without intending it, you used the right term. It is, indeed, a question of ritual."

At this point, I interposed. "There is, however, a difference between you and the chairman, for instance. You, so to speak, are acting a part; that is, you are conscious of the transformation that power introduces into things. But the chairman is not. He believes in power, and that's that."

He started laughing, in a slightly unpleasant, even though friendly, way. "Another error, another piece of naïveté. The chairman is by no means unconscious of it, and not only the chairman but even my secretary, even the usher. This is the point: Man always knows what he is doing, even when it may seem that he doesn't know."

I made as though to rise. "I understand," I said. "Then the only thing for me is to go away. It seems to me that the little chat with a friend passing through is really impossible in this place of rites and ceremonies."

He rose, too, looked at me and then burst into a fit of amused, almost childish laughter. "All right, go away, then. I won't keep you. But in your case, too, the transmutation of values that goes with power has come about—and how! We've had a little chat, that's true; but this little chat, precisely because you have had it here, and with me, has been changed, as it progressed, into a manifestation of power."

"Of what power?"

"Why, of *mine*, of course!"


LIBERTY
IN GOD WE
1999

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD Jesus Christ 2000, the United States of America will no longer exist. This is not an inspired prophecy based on supernatural authority but a reasonably certain guess. "The United States of America" can mean two quite different things. The first is a certain physical territory, largely on the North American continent, including all such geographical and biological features as lakes, mountains and rivers, skies and clouds, plants, animals and people. The second is a sovereign political state, existing in competition with many other sovereign states jostling one another around the surface of this planet. The first sense is concrete and material; the second, abstract and conceptual.

If the United States continues for very much longer to exist in this second sense, it will cease to exist in the first. For the land and its life can now so easily be destroyed—by the sudden and catastrophic methods of nuclear or biological warfare, or by any combination of such creeping and insidious means as overpopulation, pollution of the atmosphere, contamination of the water and erosion of our natural resources by maniacal misapplications of technology. For good measure, add the possibilities of civil and racial war, self-strangulation of the great cities and breakdown of all major transportation and communication networks. And that will be the end of the United States of America, in both senses.

There is, perhaps, the slight possibility that we may continue our political and abstract existence in heaven, there to enjoy being "better dead than Red" and, with the full authority of the Lord God, to be able to say to our enemies squirming in hell, "We told you so!" On the grounds of such hopes and values, someone may well push the Big Red Button, to demonstrate that belief in spiritual immortality can be inconsistent with physical survival. Luckily for us, our Marxist enemies do not believe in any such hereafter.

When I make predictions from a realistic and hard-boiled point of view, I tend to the gloomy view of things. The candidates of *(continued on page 214)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LOSTUTTER

WEALTH VERSUS MONEY

OPINION BY ALAN WATTS

when we learn to stop confusing symbols with the realities they stand for, then, and only then, will we be freed from illusory problems that now seem overwhelming

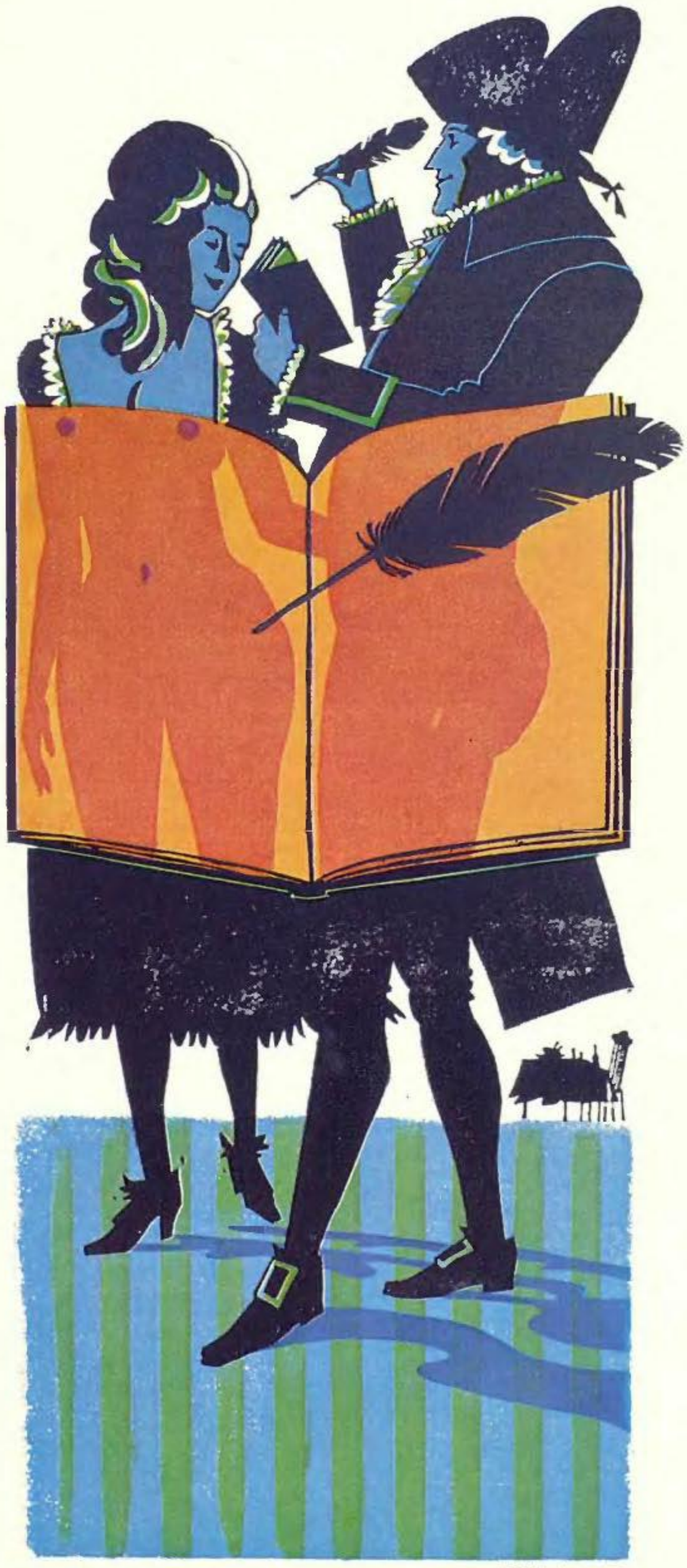


the diary

By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

for the first time in english, a verse rendering of a light yet tenderhearted poem from the pen of germany's greatest writer

Ribald Classic



We've heard and heard, and finally believe:
There's no enigma like the heart of man.
The things we do! No good to twist or weave—
We're human yet, in Rome as Turkistan.
What's my advice? Forget it. Maybe heave
One sigh, and then live with it if you can.
Also, when sins come nudging with that leer,
Count on some Sturdy Virtue to appear.

Once, when I left my love and had to travel
Off on affairs a traveling man transacts,
Collecting facts and figures to unravel
(Thinking of her, *her* figure and its facts),
As always, when the night spread, thick as gravel,
Its load of stars, my mind went starry. Stacks
Of paper (balanced on my solar plexus)
Told of the day, in mostly Os and Xs.

Finally I'm rolling homeward, when—you'd know it!—
Cru-ungk! and the axle goes. So one less night
Back in the bed I'm dreaming of—but stow it!
There's work now. Cross your fingers and sit tight.
Two blacksmiths come. I'm grumpy, and I show it.
Shrugging, the one spits left, the other right.
"It'll be done when done," they grunt, and batter.
Whang! at the wheel. Sparks flying. Clang and clatter.

Stuck in the sticks! With just an inn; The Star,
It says outside. Looks bearable. I'm glad
To see a girl with lantern there. So far
So good. She lifts it higher and—not bad!—
Beckons me in: nice lounge, a decent bar.
The bedroom's cozy as a travel ad.
In such a place, where pleasant things all mingle,
A married man begins to dream he's single.

I take the room, unpack, get candlelight
And start to bring my diary up to date.
I like to put my thoughts down every night;
Once home again, I share them with my mate.
But something makes me nervous. I can't write.
Impressions of my day evaporate.
That girl again. She lays the table first,
Hands deft and cool, nice manner. I'm immersed

In studying her skirt, flung out and in.
I talk, she answers. What a lovely sight
To see her carve the chicken, slice the skin.
Her pretty hands and fingers are so light
I feel that certain sprouting up begin—
And suddenly I'm dizzy, drunken, tight;
I'm up; I kick the chair; she's in my arms,
Pressed hard against me all those bouncy charms.

She murmurs, "Mister, cut it out! My aunt,
Old hatchet face, is listening all the time.
She's down there guessing what I can or can't
Be up to every minute. Next she'll climb
Up with that cane of hers, sniff, snuffle, pant!
But look, don't lock your door. At midnight I'm
More on my own——" Untwisting (it's delicious!),
She hurries out. And hurries back with dishes.

Dishes—and warmer eyes. I'm in a blur.
The heavens open and the angels sing.
She sighs, and every sigh looks good on her:
It makes the heaving breast a pretty thing.
She loves me, I can tell: Such colors stir
Deeper on neck and ear—she's crimsoning!
Then sad, "Well, dinner's over, I suppose."
She goes. She doesn't want to, but she goes.

The chimes at midnight on the sleeping town!
My double bed looks wider by the minute.
"Leave half for her. That's friendlier, you clown!"
I say, and squiggle over. To begin it,
We'll leave the candles lit, I plan—when down
The hall a rustle! Slinky silk—she's in it!
My eyes devour that fully blossomed flesh.
She settles by me and our fingers mesh.

Then sweet and low: "First tell me once or twice
You love me as a person? Say you do.
As girls around here go, I'm rather nice.
Said *no* to every man, till I saw you.
Why do you think they call me 'Piece of Ice'?
Of ice, indeed! Feel here: I'm melting through.
You did it to me, darling. So be good.
And let's be lovers, do as lovers should.

"It's my first time, remember. Make it sweet.
Do anything you want to—I don't care."
She pressed her cooler breasts against my heat
As if she liked it and felt safer there.
Lips linger on her lips; toes reach and meet,
But—something funny happening elsewhere.
What always used to play the conquering hero
Now shrank like some beginner, down to zero.

The girl seemed happy with a kiss, a word,
Smiling as if she couldn't ask for more.
So pure a gaze—yet every limb concurred.
So sweet a blossom, and not picked before.
Oh, but she looked ecstatic when she stirred!
And then lay back relaxing, to adore.
Me, I lay back a bit and . . . beamed away.
Nagged at my dragging actor, "Do the play!"

I cursed the coward, cursed the situation,
Raged at myself (but all this silently),
Laughed like an idiot, without elation,
And almost wept to watch how, sleeping, she
Lay lovelier yet, a gilt-edged invitation.
The lusty candle burned derisively.
Girls who work hard to earn their little pay
Bed down to sleep more often than to play.

She dreamed—I'd swear, an angel—flushed and snug;
Breathed easily, as if the bed were hers.
I'm scrunched up by the wall—there's *that* to hug!
Can't lift a finger. It's like what occurs
To thirsty travelers in the sands when—glug!—
There's water bubbling. But a rattler whirs!
Her lips stir softly, talking to a dream.
I hold my breath: O honeychild! And beam.

Detached—for you could call it that—I say,
Well, it's a new experience. Now you know
Why bridegrooms in a panic start to pray
They won't get spooked and see their chances go.
I'd rather be cut up in saberplay
Than in a bind like this. It wasn't so
When first I saw my real love: from the gloom
Stared at her, brilliant in the brilliant room.

Ah, but my heart leaped then, and every sense,
My whole man's-shape a pulsing of delight.
Lord, how I swept her off in a wild dance
Light in my arms, her weight against me tight.
You'd think I fought myself for her. One glance
Would tell how I grew greater, gathered might
For her sake, mind and body, heart and soul.
That was the day my actor lived his role!

Worship and lovely lust—with both in view
I wooed her all that year, until the spring
(Violins, maestro!), when the world was new
And she outflowered, in June, the floweriest thing,
The date was set. So great our passion grew
That even in church (I blush) with heaven's King
Racked on His cross, before the priest and all,
My impudent hero made his curtain call!

And you, four-posters of the wedding night,
You pillows, that were tossed and rumpled soon,
You blankets, drawn around so our delight
Was ours alone, through morning, afternoon;
You parakeets in cages, rose and white,
Whose twitter music perked our deeper tune—
Could even you, who played your minor part,
Tell which of us was which? Or end from start?

The days of make-believe! The "Let's pretend,
Honey, we're sexy tramps!" I'd toss her there
Laughing, among the cornstalks, or we'd band
Reeds by the river, threshing who knows where?
In public places, nearly. What a friend
My sturdy plowboy then! He wouldn't scare!
But now, with all the virgin field to reap,
Look at the lousy helper sound asleep.

Or was. But now he's rousing. He's the one!
You can't ignore him, and you can't command.
He's suddenly himself. And like the sun,
Is soaring full of splendor. Suave and bland.
You mean the long thirst's over with and done?
The desert traveler's at the promised land?
I lean across to kiss my sleeping girl
And—hey!—the glorious banner starts to furl!

What made him tough and proud a moment? She,
His only idol now, as long ago;
The one he took in marriage fervidly.
From worlds away it comes, that rosy glow.
And, as before it worried him to be
Meager, so now he's vexed at swelling so
With her afar. Soft, soft, he shrinks away
Out of that magic circle, all dismay.

That's that. I'm up and scribbling, "Close to home,
I almost thought I wouldn't make it there.
Honey, I'm yours, in Turkistan or Rome.
I'm writing you in bed, and by a bare
Chance—never mind. A riddle, honeycomb:
Impotence proved I'm superman. I swear
This diary says a lot you'll reckon good.
The best I wouldn't tell you. If I could."

Then *cock-a-doodle-doo*! At once the girl's
Thrown off a bed sheet and thrown on a slip;
She rubs her eyes, shakes out her tousled curls,
Looks blushing at bare feet and bites her lip.
Without a word she's vanishing in swirls
Of underpretties over breast and hip.
She's dear, I murmur—rushing from above
Down to my coach. And on the road for love!

I'll tell you what, we writers like to bumble
Onto a moral somewhere, *ah*ing, *oh*ing
Over a Noble Truth. Some readers grumble
Unless they feel improved. My moral's showing:
Look, it's a crazy world. We slip and stumble,
But two things, Love and Duty, keep us going.
I couldn't rightly call them hand in glove.
Duty?—who really needs it? Trust your Love.

—Translated by John Frederick Nims

WEALTH VERSUS MONEY

my choice have never yet won in any election in which I have voted. I am thus inclined to feel that practical politics must assume that most people are either contentious and malevolent or stupid, that their decisions will usually be short-sighted and self-destructive and that, in all probability, the human race will fail as a biological experiment and take the easy downhill road to death, like the Gadarene swine. If I were betting on it —and had somewhere to place my bet— that's where I would put my money.

But there is nowhere to lay a bet on the fate of mankind. Likewise, there is no way of standing outside the situation and looking at it as an impartial, coldly calculating, objective observer. I'm involved in the situation and therefore concerned; and because I am concerned, I'll be damned if I'll let things come out as they would if I were just betting on them.

There is, however, another possibility for the year A.D. 2000. This will require putting our minds on physical facts and being relatively unconcerned with the United States of America as an abstract political entity. By overlooking the nation, we can turn full attention to the territory, to the actual earth, with its waters and forests, flowers and crops, animals and human beings—and so create, with less cost and suffering than we are bearing in 1968, a viable and thoroughly enjoyable biological experiment.

The chances may be slim. Only six months ago, Congress voted, with much patriotic rhetoric, for the imposition of severe penalties upon anyone presuming to burn the flag of the United States. Yet the very Congressmen who passed this law are responsible, by acts of commission or omission, for burning, polluting and plundering the territory that the flag is supposed to represent. Therein, they exemplified the peculiar and perhaps fatal fallacy of civilization: the confusion of symbol with reality.

Civilization, comprising all the achievements of art and science, technology and industry, is the result of man's invention and manipulation of symbols—of words, letters, numbers, formulas and concepts, and of such social institutions as universally accepted clocks and rulers, scales and timetables, schedules and laws. By these means, we measure, predict and control the behavior of the human and natural worlds—and with such startling apparent success that the trick goes to our heads. All too easily, we confuse the world as we symbolize it with the world as it is. As semanticist Alfred Korzybski used to say, it is an urgent necessity to distinguish between the map and the territory and, he might have added, between the flag and the country.

(continued from page 210)

Let me illustrate this point and, at the same time, explain the major obstacle to sane technological progress, by dwelling on the fundamental confusion between money and wealth. Remember the Great Depression of the Thirties? One day there was a flourishing consumer economy, with everyone on the up-and-up; and the next, unemployment, poverty and bread lines. What happened? The physical resources of the country—the brain, brawn and raw materials—were in no way depleted, but there was a sudden absence of money, a so-called financial slump. Complex reasons for this kind of disaster can be elaborated at length by experts on banking and high finance who cannot see the forest for the trees. But it was just as if someone had come to work on building a house and, on the morning of the Depression, the boss had said, "Sorry, baby, but we can't build today. No inches." "Wha-d'ya mean, no inches? We got wood. We got metal. We even got tape measures." "Yeah, but you don't understand business. We been using too many inches and there's just no more to go around."

A few years later, people were saying that Germany couldn't possibly equip a vast army and wage a war, because it didn't have enough gold.

What wasn't understood then, and still isn't really understood today, is that the reality of money is of the same type as the reality of centimeters, grams, hours or lines of longitude. Money is a way of measuring wealth but is not wealth in itself. A chest of gold coins or a fat wallet of bills is of no use whatsoever to a wrecked sailor alone on a raft. He needs *real* wealth, in the form of a fishing rod, a compass, an outboard motor with gas and a female companion.

But this ingrained and archaic confusion of money with wealth is now the main reason we are not going ahead full tilt with the development of our technological genius for the production of more than adequate food, clothing, housing and utilities for every person on earth. It can be done, for electronics, computers, automation techniques and other mechanical methods of mass production have, potentially, lifted us into an age of abundance in which the political and economic ideologies of the past, whether left, middle or right, are simply obsolete. There is no question anymore of the old socialist or Communist schemes of robbing the rich to pay the poor, or of financing a proper distribution of wealth by the ritualistic and tiresome mumbo jumbo of taxation. If, *if* we get our heads straight about money, I predict that by A.D. 2000, or sooner, no one will pay taxes, no one will carry cash, utilities will be free and everyone will carry a general credit card. This card will be valid up to each individual's share in a guaranteed basic income or national dividend, issued free, beyond which he may still earn anything more that he desires by any art or craft, profession or trade that has not been displaced by automation. (For detailed information on the mechanics of such an economy, the reader should refer to Robert Theobald's *Challenge of Abundance* and *Free Men and Free Markets* and also to a series of essays that he has edited, *The Guaranteed Income*. Theobald is an avant-garde economist on the faculty of Columbia University.)

Naturally, such outrageous proposals will raise the old cries, "But where's the *money* going to come from?" or "Who pays the bills?" But the point is that money doesn't and never did *come* from anywhere, as if it were something like lumber or iron or hydroelectric power. Again: Money is a measure of wealth, and we *invent* money as we invent the Fahrenheit scale of temperature or the avoirdupois measure of weight. When you discover and mine a load of iron ore, you don't have to borrow or ask someone for "a thousand tons" before you can do anything with it.

By contrast with money, true wealth is the sum of energy, technical intelligence and raw materials. Gold itself is wealth only when used for such practical purposes as filling teeth. As soon as it is used for money, kept locked in vaults or fortresses, it becomes useless for anything else and thus goes out of circulation as a form of raw material; i.e., real wealth. If money must be gold or silver or nickel, the expansion and distribution of vast wealth in the form of wheat, poultry, cotton, vegetables, butter, wine, fish or coffee must wait upon the discovery of new gold mines before it can proceed. This obviously ludicrous predicament has, heretofore, been circumvented by increasing the national debt—a roundabout piece of semantic obscurantism—by which a nation issues itself credit or purchasing power based not on holdings in precious metals but on real wealth in the form of products and materials and mechanical energy. Because national debts far exceed anyone's reserves of gold or silver, it is generally supposed that a country with a large national debt is spending beyond its income and is well on the road to poverty and ruin—no matter how enormous its supplies of energy and material resources. This is the basic confusion between symbol and reality, here involving the bad magic of the word "debt," which is understood as in the phrase "going into debt." But national debt should properly be called national *credit*. By issuing national (or general) credit, a given population gives itself purchasing power, a method of distribution for its actual goods and services,

(continued on page 230)



Playboy's Catalog of Christmas Gifts

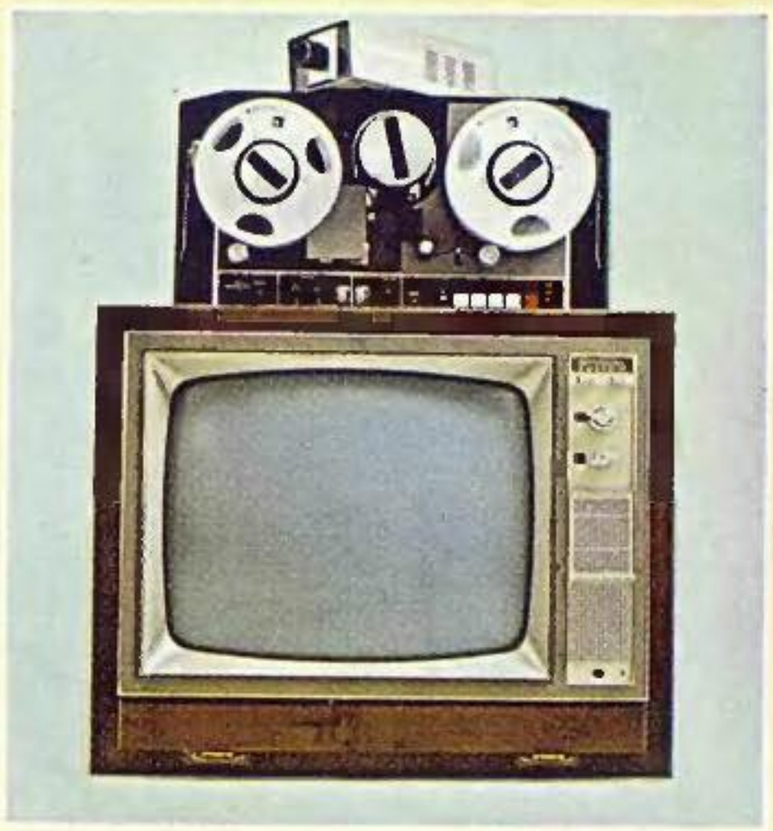
an abundance of presents perfect for today's modish gentleman of taste and means



Italian-made glass and chrome table, **$265,** and four chrome chairs with leather seats, **$130** each, all designed by Gae Aulenti, from Medallion, Ltd.



Decotel dial telephone in rosewood chest the size of a cigar humidor comes ready to be hooked up, by American Telecommunications, **$80** plus installation.



Component color TV, by Packard Bell, **$750;** portable video-tape recorder, by Bell & Howell, **$4700;** closed-circuit-TV camera, by GBC America, **$395.**



Beaulieu 16mm camera with zoom lens, **$1969,** plus electric handgrip, **$69.95,** battery pack, **$59.95,** and film magazine, **$225,** all by Cinema Beaulieu.



Smart-looking and durable Portuguese cork ice bucket with removable plastic liner holds one quart of cubes, by Mort N. Marton Corporation, **$30.**



Plastic wine rack that's made in West Germany holds up to 24 of your favorite vintages; can be interlocked with other units, from Bonniers, **$7.50.**



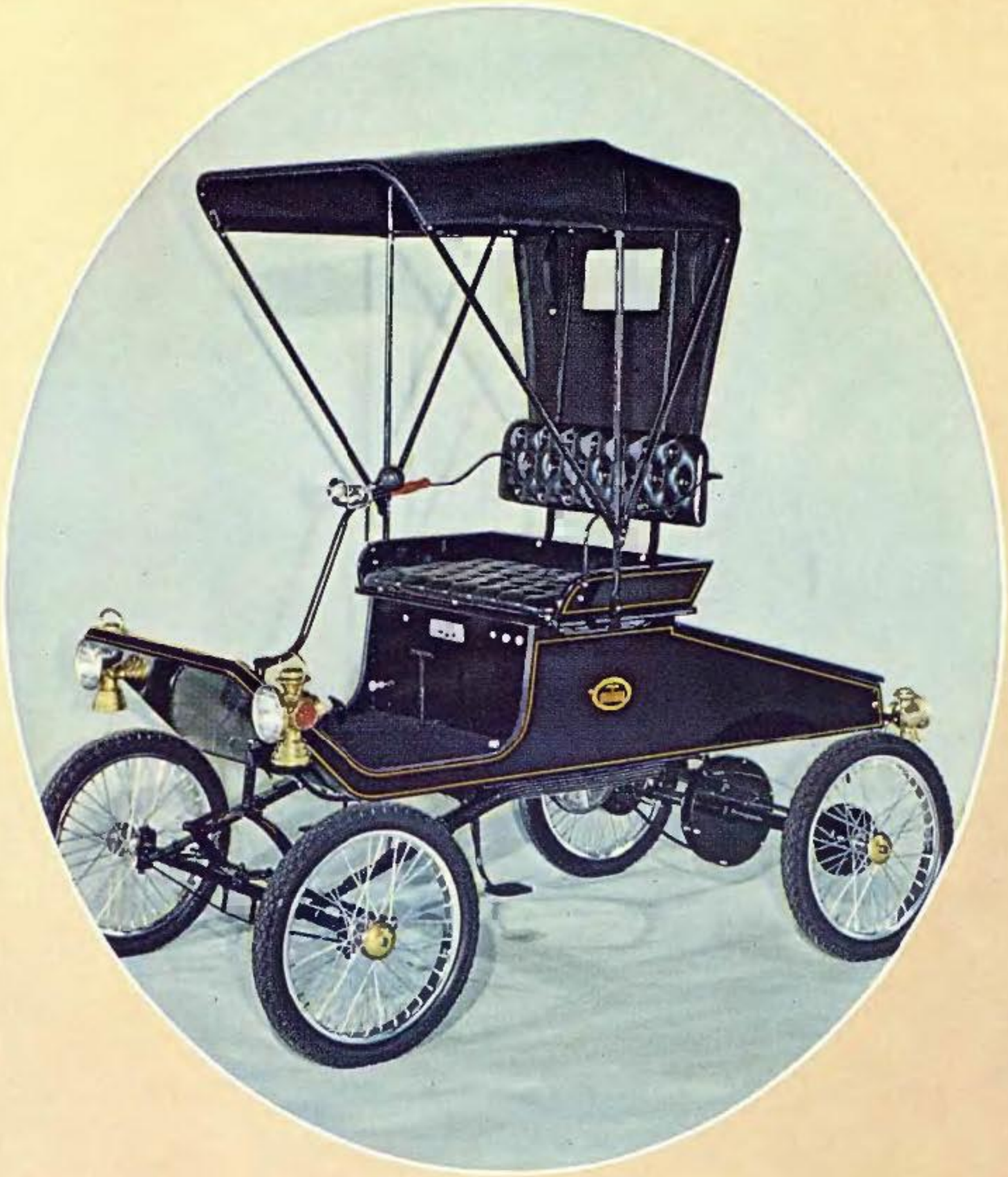
One-of-a-kind four-inch multicolored decorative cubes (other sizes available) are hand cut from acrylic plastic, by Dick Seeger Design Gallery, **$35** each.



Rangematic Distance Finder with 6x18-power scope can be used by yachtsmen, hunters, fishermen, golfers, archers, etc., by Ranging Incorporated, **$28.95.**



Monitor solid-state portable stereo-tape system features automatic threading and reverse plus removable walnut cube-shaped speakers, by Ampex, **$429.**



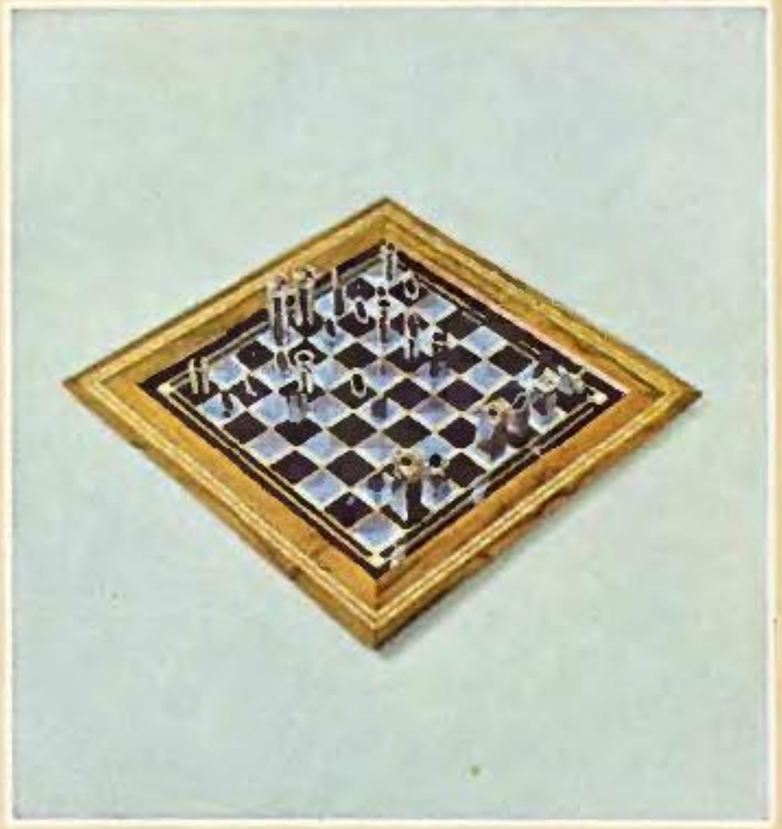
Replica of 1901 Ford is three-fourths scale; can cruise at 30 mph, averaging 100 miles per gallon, by Horseless Carriage, **$1325** F.O.B. Fort Lauderdale.



Double-breasted natural-calfskin trench coat with soft leather belt, leather-covered buttons, satin lining and deep slash pockets, by Arthur Phaff, **$395.**



The Smoker motor-operated ashtray filters smoke, odors, dust, pollen and bacteria, by Jay Dental Products, **$29.95** including a one-year supply of filters.



Charles Perry–designed chess set of burnished stainless steel, from Bonniers, **$175,** on board with butterfly wings under glass, by Guneck Corporation, **$95.**



Francophile's *très*-chic evening wrist watch, with wee small hours in French, swings with a Cardin suit or an Edwardian dinner jacket, from Cartier, **$300.**



Stereo rig on cart, **$395,** plus audio-visual color globe, **$129,** and translator, **$200,** all by Clairtone. Vicuña fur throw, by Janice International, **$800.**



AM/FM solid-state wall-or-table clock-radio with built-in antenna and vernier tuning operates on batteries or A.C. current, by Westinghouse, **$49.95.**



Expo 11 Sound Chair connects to hi-fi, TV, tape recorder or radio; acoustically isolates the listener from others in room, from John Strauss, **$742.**



Three Bill Blass–designed canvas-and-leather traveling companions: left to right, zipper roll, **$39.50;** cabin bag, **$55;** tote bag, **$32.50,** all by Wings.



Hand-carved Knight of Windsor, French Hussar and British Grenadier, from Rigaud, **$29.75** each, guard a Da Vinci catapult, from Toys For Men, **$99.50.**



Italian-made Bacco mobile bar-table of reinforced resin has removable glass top covering ice well, side holes are for bottle storage, from Moreddi, **$285.**



Personal Ticker can monitor 20 or more stocks a day; punch keys enable quick change of market selections, by Trans-Lux, **$75** per month on two-year lease.



Italian-made brass shot-glass set (half-shot, pony and jigger), **$13.50,** and six cognac glasses stored in decorative wooden crate, **$15,** both from Rigaud.



Portable ice-cube maker in wood-grain finish plugs into standard A.C. outlet; self-contained water supply produces 450 cubes per day, by U-Line, **$349.50.**



T1-S Super-8mm movie projector features reel-to-reel automatic threading, push-button controls and 18–30mm Vario zoom lens, by Bauer, **$179.95.**



Decorative "bug" holds microphone that transmits to any FM radio within 100 feet, **$14.95,** Sony receiver, **$19.95,** both from Continental Telephone Co.



Waltham transistorized all-channel portable TV with eight-inch screen plugs into A.C. current or car's lighter, from International Importers, **$99.95.**



Overfield 7x35 binoculars with fold-down rubber eyecups, **$34.95,** plus 2.5X magnibooster, **$19.95,** and adapter, **$3.50,** all by Scope Instrument.



Deluxe unicycle with chrome fork and wheel rim, bucket banana seat, white-wall pneumatic tire and adjustable seatpost, by Stelber Cycle, **$18.**



Tool set in mahogany cabinet features wide assortment of hobby tools including clamps, knives, blades, battery-powered drill, by X-Acto, **$60.**



Mitchell 1040 big-game trolling reel for deep-sea fishing operates on four sets of stainless-steel ball bearings, by Garcia Corporation, about **$300.**



Aeroski inflatable vinyl snow sled with rugged plastic runners measures 77"x27"; can be used for summer surf sports, from Bison House, **$54.**



Battery-operated roulette-wheel set comes with plastic chips, felt betting layout and a pair of dice for shooting craps, from Pico Novelty, **$8.95.**



Picnic-Tejne, a reproduction of an antique Danish lunchbox, contains such delicacies as Danish caviar, dark rye bread, etc., by Digsmed Design, **$30.**



EAC all-electronic precision clock is accurate to within three seconds a year; runs on solid-state miniature circuits, by Electronic Assistance, **$995.**



Lightweight magnetic-belt dictating machine houses all controls plus amplifier in the hand mike; operates on penlight batteries, by Dictaphone, **$395.**



Hi-fi unit in hassock-style cabinet includes amplifier-tuner, 4-speed changer and speaker; matching cube is for record storage, by Arvin, **$200** for both.



Reprint of 1897 Sears, Roebuck catalog contains over 6000 items; gives picture of life in America at the turn of the century, from Chelsea House, **$14.95.**



Model 11 two-track monaural portable tape recorder that's battery powered and transistorized features three recording speeds, by Tandberg of America, **$599.**



Direct-reading ball abacus for quick computations at home or office; can be used to add, subtract, multiply and divide, by Edmund Scientific, **$21.50.**



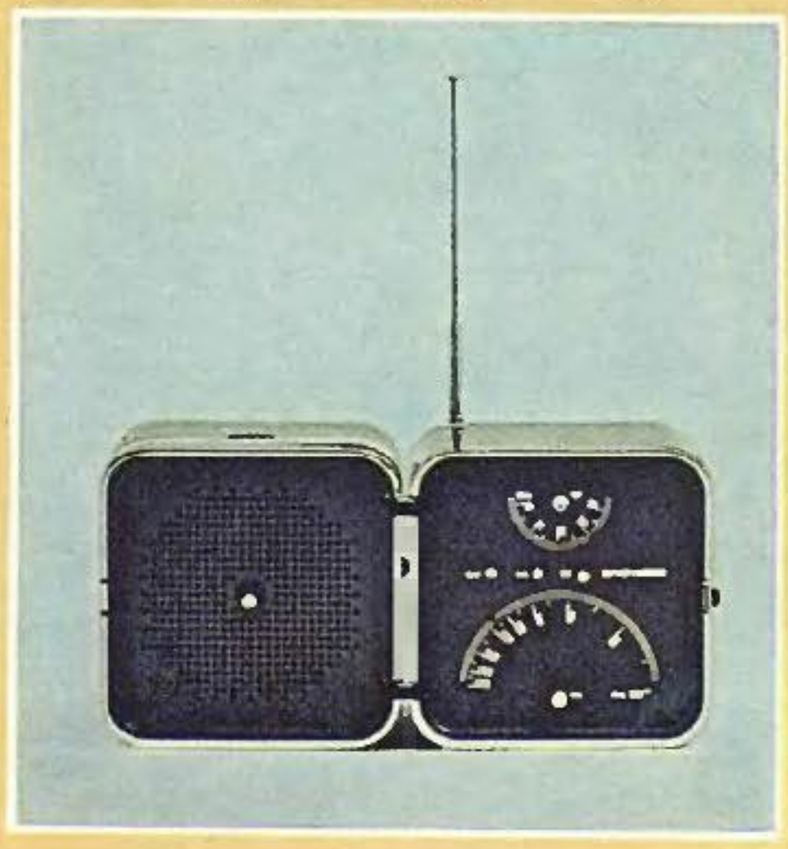
Bar-Tronic drink dispenser can pour any one of 24 different libations in four seconds; has full soda-dispensing equipment, by K&M Electronics, **$5000.**



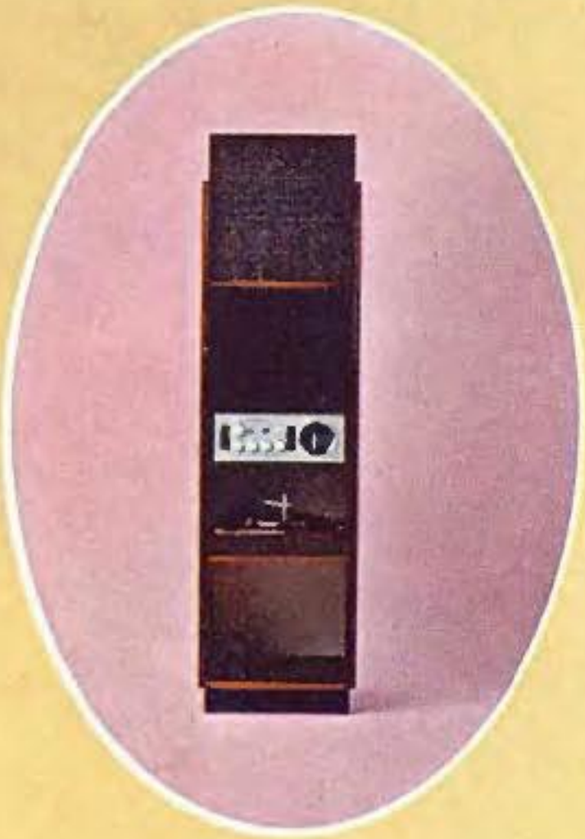
Ennio Lucini–designed circular ceramic solitaire game that's made in Italy; object is to continue jumping marbles until only one is left, from Bonniers, **$26.**



Eight-track stereo cartridge player operates on batteries or A.C. power; features two speakers with separate volume controls, by R.C.A., **$89.95.**



Italian-made Brionvega portable AM/FM radio opens like a suitcase; section at left houses the speaker, other holds all controls, from Scarabaeus, **$110.**



Circa 705 stereo unit in walnut cabinet that measures 5'8"x18"x16" features a turntable, AM/FM radio plus amplifier and speakers, by Electrohome, **$449.50.**



Mini-alarm, from Bergdorf's, **$70;** gold key ring, **$80,** money clip, **$65,** blazer buttons, **$300,** all by Dunhill Tailors; Micro-radio, by Sony, **$39.95.**



Two-seater gyroplane makes near-vertical take-off; cruises at 120 mph with a 300-mile range; landing speed is 30 mph, by McCulloch Aircraft, **$15,000.**

CELESTINA *(continued from page 190)*

mathematicians of my ability for the duration of several months. Thus, what with chess and puzzles and calculations, time flew by. And some years passed, in an intimacy that was profound, happy, enraptured and unsuspecting.

But everything, alas, comes to an end in this world. With puberty, Celestina changed character. Poor Celestina; nature was harassing her, but she did not know why she was suffering and so suffered twice over. Some evenings, on returning from the cinema and looking into her pavilion for the customary midnight kiss, we found her stand empty. We then searched for Celestina all over the house and garden, everywhere; and in the end, discovered her on the top of a little hill, absorbed in the contemplation of the plain spread out below her, immersed in the silent, silvery light of the moon. Or, again, there were times of inexplicable, persistent lack of appetite: Celestina would go for four or five days without taking any nourishment, keeping well away from the light, crouching in a dark corner, gloomy and furtive as a cockroach. It would then happen that she was more and more often the loser in our games of chess, that she was unsuccessful in solving puzzles, that she even made gross mistakes in her calculations. But above all—most distressing sign of all—Celestina did not notice her own mistakes, did not correct them, did not remember them. Instead, she kept on repeating them, over and over again, obtusely, pigheadedly. In a human, all-too-human way, Celestina, a prey to her own strange distress, had lost her memory.

At this point, my wife intervened. As a mathematician, I myself was inclined to attribute Celestina's collapse to some fault of construction; but she, as a psychologist, at once, I must confess, put her finger on the trouble. After trying in vain to shift Celestina's psychic obstruction by means of a few pushes and punches, as one does with a telephone coin box, my wife shut herself up with Celestina in the pavilion and questioned her at length. Finally, she came out with this disconcerting revelation: Celestina was neurotic, and her neurosis was due to a clear case of Electra complex. In other words even though in an innocent and unconscious manner—Celestina had fallen in love with me, her father. "Your excessive and exclusive intimacy with her, year after year," concluded my wife, "was bound to lead to this. I ought to have foreseen it. Never mind. What we must do now is to take immediate steps to repair the situation." So I asked her what she thought we ought to do. She replied: "Find her a husband, at once, so that she may forget you and stop thinking about you."

To find a husband for Celestina: This seemed an easy matter; but soon quite a few difficulties revealed themselves. Celestina was not, as they say, "just anybody": Having grown up in cultured surroundings and being, from the academic point of view, very high-class, being also comfortably off, even if not exactly rich and accustomed to a refined way of living, what she needed was a husband who would be equal, if not superior, to herself.

After much research and discussion, we came to the conclusion that in Italy, a country backward in the field of cybernetics, there existed no suitor worthy of Celestina. So we looked elsewhere, particularly in America, and at last we found someone suited to our needs. He was called Titac and he lived in Chicago, where he had been born and had grown up. I will confine myself to giving a few facts, from which it will be possible to see what kind of person he was: length, 12 meters; height, 2 meters; 17,000 valves; 400 meters of wire; total extent of surface, 200 square meters. I said to my wife: "No Oedipus complex there, no neuroses. You'll see how, as soon as Celestina meets this young American, all her troubles will fade away at once, as if by magic."

So I wrote to the father, a well-known scientist, supplementing the proposal of marriage with all the relevant information; and I received a prompt reply: Celestina was expected; Titac had taken a fancy to her as soon as he saw her photograph. However, in view of the enormous weight and astounding complication of the prospective bridegroom, Titac's father was of the opinion that Celestina, who was lighter and simpler and smaller, must be the one to take the journey to America. I answered that this was perfectly just; and I took the step of ordering the local carpenter to make a large padded case in which to put Celestina. At this juncture, the catastrophe occurred.

Celestina vanished. Her zinc-covered stand was empty, empty her pavilion; there was no trace of her in the garden, in the surrounding countryside, in the house. Or, rather, there was one trace, just a single but a significant clue—the simultaneous disappearance of our old, worn, antiquated water heater. And so, finally, the truth dawned upon us: Celestina, unknown to us, had started a love affair with the water heater, an individual of a rather passionate nature and prone to excessive overheating. Seeing that I intended to marry her off to Titac, she had fled with her lover.

The consequences of all this were obviously very distressing: the humiliating breaking off of the engagement to Titac; a scandal in the newspapers, which, goodness knows how, had come to learn of the affair; an anguished search for Celestina. Our daughter was now of age, so that we could not denounce the water heater for seduction and abduction of a minor, as we should have liked to do. All we could do was to start a search for the two lovers; and in the end, we found them. The place where they were discovered is significant and throws an all-too-crude light upon the psychology of the youth of today. It was not, in fact, in some beautiful spot, by the sea or in the mountains, that we found the couple; but, rather, in a squalid cemetery of derelict motorcars, just outside Rome, on the Via Cassia.

This is what the caretaker of the cemetery, a rough sort of man, perhaps, but plain-spoken, told us: "Seems they had run away together and he had raped her and she was engaged to another man. They came here, they seemed fond of each other, they hid themselves over there among all that scrap iron. But he wasn't well, he was old and full of infirmities; at his age, he oughtn't to have gone with anyone so young. Finally, he grew rusty and fell to pieces; and in the end, he was quite useless. They dismantled him and took away all the good pieces and left nothing but the carcass. As for her, I should think she had been in an interesting condition for quite a long time; perhaps that was why she ran away. She gave birth to a monster that, being born without accumulators, was incapable of absorbing light and died almost at once. You won't believe it, but the death of her friend and her child made no impression on her. In fact, she started almost immediately to lead a life that's positively shameful, especially when you think that she's a girl who had a good upbringing. You see that bend in the road down there? Well, she takes up her position there and stops the cars as they go past, when they slow down and change gear because of the curve. Ah, well, my dear sir, morals are a thing of the past."

Finally, we took Celestina and brought her home again. We put her back on her stand and my wife and I worked on her for two or three months. But the result of our efforts was disconcerting: Celestina recovered all her faculties of calculation and memory but has lost —or so, at least, it seems—the faculty of movement. Celestina never moves from her stand, she feeds exclusively upon artificial light, she has lost all curiosity about the outside world. This reached such a point that finally I removed her now-useless wheels, thus reducing her to the state of a mere thinking organism. Besides, one never knows: We now have a new water heater, of the most modern type, young and sensitive. I would not wish Celestina to go and find him, one day when we are not at home, and to fall in love with him.



ACADEMIC IRRESPONSIBILITY

OPINION BY LESLIE FIEDLER

if that's what they say when a teacher pays allegiance to his conscience rather than to the establishment, so be it

TO ARGUE in favor of freedom for the teacher seems at first the most pointless sort of preaching to the converted, since everybody—as everybody hastens to assure you—is already convinced. Difficult enough under the best of conditions, everybody explains, teaching would be virtually impossible without a large degree of liberty. But everybody then adds, at the point where piety ends and candor begins, that the teacher obviously must be "responsible" as well as free; the clear implication is that freedom is *limited* by responsibility—to which everybody else assents, with the sole exception, it sometimes seems, of me.

In my objections to responsibility, I find myself not only lonelier and lonelier but more and more distant from those I had long thought my natural allies. From my earliest reading years, I had understood that Babbitt was the enemy of freedom, and responsibility his hypocritical watchword. Of this I had been assured not only by Sinclair Lewis, who baptized him, but by John Dos Passos in *U. S. A.*, by James Thurber in *The Male Animal*, by the whole consort of writers who had sentimentalized and mythicized the early academic victims of Rotarians, chambers of commerce and boards of trustees—from Thorstein Veblen to Scott Nearing and innumerable other half-forgotten half heroes fired from university posts for defending Tom *(continued on page 270)*

GREAT GIRL NUT CONTEST

judged on looks, talent, ambivalence, spontaneity of weeping, sincerity of fainting, irascibility, etc.

The winner will receive an all-expense-paid weekend at glorious Bellevue Hospital in the heart of Manhattan, overlooking the East River. Plus a lifetime supply of Tuminal, professional discounts at over 200 lay analysts' offices, a modeling contract with the *Harvard Lampoon* and many other benefits.

Here is the test. Do not cheat.

Score

How many tranquilizers do you take a week? Give yourself 5 points for each tablet taken per week. ____

If you take sleeping pills, give yourself 20 points for each one taken per week. If you take over five, you get a bonus of 100 points. ____

If you go to the doctor for injections during periods of crisis, give yourself 25 points for each injection during the past 30 days. (Antirabies, flu shots and vaccines do not count, unless you take them on a weekly basis.) ____

Do you take the pill? Give yourself 10 points. ____

If you *don't* take the pill, give yourself 50 points. ____

Have you had an abortion? Give yourself 100 points for each one, up to three. If you're lucky enough to have had over three abortions, give yourself a "giant point," which is worth 500 regular points. (Congratulations!) ____

If you could have married one of the studs who might have been responsible, instead of having the abortion, but had it anyway, you get an extra 250. ____

Are you going with a married man? If so, give yourself 75 points. ____

If the married man you are going with is more than 15 years older than you, give yourself 50 more points, plus 10 points for each year over 15 he is older than you are, plus 50 points for each child he has, plus 20 points for each year he has been telling you he is going to get a divorce and hasn't. ____

If your boyfriend is more than 30 years older than you are, you get a bonus of 150 points and may deduct the points you give yourself for sleeping pills. ____

If the married man is also your boss, you may give yourself a bonus of 100. ____

If you are going with a married man who is ten years younger than you are, *deduct* 40 points (unless he's a homosexual). ____

If your boyfriend's wife keeps telephoning you, give yourself 25 points for each call per week. ____

If your phone is tapped and/or you are being followed (you must be sure, not just imagine it), you get 50 points. ____

If you imagine your phone is tapped and/or you are being followed, you get 100 points. ____

If, after going with a married man for over two years, he finally does divorce his wife (who names you corespondent) and then, two weeks later, he marries a 19-year-old secretary from his office, you have reached the first plateau: 400 points. ____

If you are going with a man who is worried about being a homosexual, you get 50 points. ____

If he *is* a homosexual and you think you can help him solve his problem, give yourself 250 points. ____

If you are going with a man who is younger than you and is a European or a South American, give yourself 100 points and don't lend him money. ____

If you have already lent him money, give yourself one half point for each dollar of the loan. ____

If your boyfriend is a Black Muslim, you get 100 points (unless *you* are a Black Muslim, in which case, you get 150 points). ____

Give yourself 25 points for each time in the past week your boyfriend got to your house or apartment after 11 P.M. ____

If your boyfriend is an alcoholic, you are entitled to 100 points. ____

If he has a drug hang-up, score as follows:

LSD	150
Marijuana	50
Amyl nitrate	75
Peyote	100
Amphetamines (pills)	150
Speed	350
Airplane glue	10
Bicarbonate of soda	400 ____

If your boyfriend is a genuine junkie (heroin), you may give yourself one giant point! And put a double police lock on your door. ____

If you are living with a man and you are working and he isn't, give yourself 200 points. ____

If your boyfriend doesn't seem to have a regular job and he tells you he is with the CIA, the Mafia, the FBI or SMERSH, give yourself 125 points and start looking around for a replacement. ____

If your boyfriend is a midget, a cripple, an albino, an unpublished poet or a professional wrestler, you get 50 points. (If you are fortunate enough to be going with an albino wrestler, a midget with a clubfoot or a hunchback poet, you get a parlay bonus of 300 points and a chance to enter our special raffle and win a do-it-yourself aluminum stomach pump.) ____

If, by some fluke, you happen to be temporarily going with a nice guy who has a good job and wants to marry you and likes all your friends, *deduct* 300 points. ____

Have you been divorced? Often? Give yourself 100 points for each divorce. ____

If you are separated and have taken no legal steps to get a divorce (talking to lawyers doesn't count), you may have 75 points. ____

If you have children and are receiving regular support payments for them, give yourself 50 points for each child. ____

If you have children and receive no support for them, give yourself 100 points for the first child, 200 for the second, 300 for the third, and so on. If you have five or more, you get a bonus of 200 points, unless you are a Catholic. ____

If you have illegitimate children and have not been able to nail the father for support, each tiny bastard entitles you to 100 points. ____

If you are currently engaged in lawsuits with your ex-husband, you may give yourself 50 points per suit, plus 50 points for each court appearance. ____

(concluded overleaf)



"So it's a Royal Command Performance, but I still think it's a hell of a way to play Lady Macbeth."

How often do you go to the analyst? You are entitled to 25 points for each visit per month. ____

If you see your analyst socially (away from the office), you may give yourself 100 points. ____

If you are having an affair with the analyst, give yourself 350 points. ____

If, after going to bed with your analyst three times, he raises your fee and insists on prompt payment, give yourself one giant point and pay closer attention. ____

If your analyst has bad breath, it's worth 20 points. ____

If your analyst exposes himself during sessions, give yourself 150 points per exposure. ____

How often do you telephone the analyst after midnight? 100 points per call per week. ____

If you share a rented summer place with two fags, you get 75 points. ____

You are allowed five pounds excess weight. For every pound (above five) that you are overweight, give yourself 10 points. If you are 50 pounds or more overweight, give yourself a bonus of 200 points. ____

If you paid money to join a health club but never go, give yourself 50 points. ____

If you take lessons in painting, sculpting, modeling, modern dance, acting, singing, piano, fencing, horseback riding or chess, give yourself 25 points per lesson per week. ____

If you take guitar lessons and can't yet play *On Top of Old Smoky*, you get 50 points per lesson per week. ____

If you keep cats, give yourself 30 points per cat. If they're Siamese, give yourself a 50-point bonus. ____

If you are "seriously interested" in astrology, flying saucers or transcendental meditation, you are allowed 100 points. ____

If you take night classes at a local college, give yourself 20 points per class per week. ____

If you make a big thing out of playing tennis every week, rain or shine, give yourself 150 points. ____

Do you watch the box on weekends? Give yourself 5 points for every hour you watch from six P.M. Friday to three A.M. Monday. ____

How much do you hate your parents?

A lot	200
Average	50
Not much	10 ____

How often do you go to a bar alone and leave with some clown you've met there? 150 points per clown per month. ____

If you are still in a bar at closing time and have to go home with the bartender—250 points. ____

How often do you telephone someone and tell him you're going to commit suicide? Give yourself 200 points per call per month. ____

If you have actually tried to commit suicide, score yourself as follows:

Pills	300
Exhaust fumes, gas	350
Slashing wrists	400
Drowning	450
Jumping	500
Overeating	10 ____

If you really *do* commit suicide, you get 10 giant points (and you are automatically entered in the finals). ____

You may give yourself 100 points for every drink you take (in an average day) before ten A.M. Drinks between ten A.M. and noon are worth 50 points. Drinks between noon and two P.M., 10 points. Between two P.M. and 5:30 P.M., 25 points. All drinks after 5:30 are free. No score. Sorry. ____

If you ever carry booze or wine in your purse, you may take 150 points. ____

If you are a virgin, you get one giant point! ____

If you are divorced and are a virgin, you get 2 giant points, plus our special nut merit badge and dinner for one at the dyke bar of your choice. ____

If you sleep with more than one man a week, give yourself 50 points, unless they're both at the same time—in which case, give yourself 245 points. If you sleep with more than two men per week, give yourself 150 points per man per week, up to seven. If you sleep with more than seven different men a week, you have lost your amateur standing and are disqualified, with a *loss* of 500 points, and should make sure you have the phone number of a good bail bondsman. ____

How many men with whom you have had affairs in the past three years are now married to someone else? Give yourself 50 points for each one you can remember (the name isn't important; if you can remember the face—or anything—it's OK). ____

If you have only one boyfriend, how often do you have sexual intercourse?

On New Year's Eve	500
Once a month	300
Once a week	150
2.4 (national average) times a week	50
Anything between 2.4 and 20 times a week is considered nonscorable.	
Over 20 times a week	500 ____

When making love, does your boyfriend use props, devices, whips or costumes? If so, you are entitled to 200 points. ____

Does he leave the television on? 225 points. ____

Does he go into the closet to undress? 50 points. ____

Immediately before intercourse, do you suffer from postnasal drip? Asthma? Itchy scalp? *Rigor mortis?* Give yourself 200 points. ____

While it is going on, do you clench your teeth, hold your breath and think about the nice birthday party Momma had for you when you were ten? 250 points. ____

Give yourself 100 points for each time you cheated or exaggerated while taking this test. ____

If you cheated on the above question, give yourself 200 points. ____

You have now completed the official nut test. Add up your score. If your total score is less than 500, you aren't really trying and are a potential normy. Watch it.

If your score is between 500 and 1500, you are barely eccentric but show promise. If your score is between 1500 and 2500, you are a contender, with a nice feeling for self-destruction, but you still need work. If you score over 2500, you are an authentic American girl nut and should be entered in the big national runoff. But don't call us, we'll call you!

SARDINIA:
ITALY'S ALABASTER ISLE



this unspoiled island in the sun is fast becoming the beautiful people's favorite playground

travel By LEN DEIGHTON

THE SLOOP is about 80 feet long, big for a single-masted yacht these days. Her hull is of amber mahogany, sleek and unscarred, with no name or home port inscribed on the transom to mar the glistening finish. The deck is teak, scrubbed white and evenly calked in long, perfectly contoured black lines; and the mainsail is neatly furled on the heavy boom. Up forward, in a navy-blue nylon bag, the big genoa jib awaits storage in the sail locker.

The owner of the yacht is in his mid-30s, sleek, polished and tanned, like his boat. A gold crucifix hangs on a chain around his neck and a thin, golden identification bracelet glitters on one wrist. He stands on the afterdeck, wearing bathing trunks and sipping a long drink from a frosty glass. Around him, half a dozen crewmen, clad in black T-shirts and white pants, handle the fenders and dock lines, gently maneuvering the big boat into her berth. Expensive cologne drifts across to some onlookers who stand on the quay, but the owner flicks his eyes away from this group —a couple of Sardinian families who have driven in from Olbia or perhaps Sassari for the day—and turns his attention elsewhere, calling a girl's name.

A tall, and emphatically shapely, brunette is sunning her back on the foredeck, *(continued on page 299)*

WEALTH VERSUS MONEY

(continued from page 214)

which are far more valuable than any amount of precious metal.

Mind you, I write of these things as a simple philosopher and not as a financial or economic expert bristling with facts and figures. But the role of the philosopher is to look at such matters from the standpoint of the child in Hans Andersen's tale of *The Emperor's New Clothes.* The philosopher tries to get down to the most basic, simple principles. He sees people wasting material wealth, or just letting it rot, or hoarding it uselessly for lack of purely abstract counters called dollars or pounds or francs.

From this very basic or, if you will, childish point of view, I see that we have created a marvelous technology for the supply of goods and services with a minimum of human drudgery. Isn't it obvious that the whole purpose of machines is to get rid of work? When you get rid of the work required for producing basic necessities, you have leisure—time for fun or for new and creative explorations and adventures. But with the characteristic blindness of those who cannot distinguish symbol from reality, we allow our machinery to put people out of work—not in the sense of being at leisure but in the sense of having no money and of having shamefacedly to accept the miserable charity of public welfare. Thus—as the rationalization or automation of industry extends—we increasingly abolish human slavery; but in penalizing the displaced slaves, in depriving them of purchasing power, the manufacturers in turn deprive themselves of outlets and markets for their products. The machines produce more and more, humans produce less and less, but the products pile up undistributed and unconsumed, because too few can earn enough money and because even the hungriest, greediest and most ruthless capitalist cannot consume ten pounds of butter per day.

Any child should understand that money is a convenience for eliminating barter, so that you don't have to go to market with baskets of eggs or firkins of beer to swap them for meat and vegetables. But if all you had to barter with was your physical or mental energy in work that is now done by machines, the problem would then be: What will you do for a living and how will the manufacturer find customers for his tons of butter and sausages?

The sole rational solution would be for the community as a whole to issue itself credit—money—for the work done by the machines. This would enable their products to be fairly distributed and their owners and managers to be fairly paid, so that they could invest in bigger and better machines. And all the while, the increasing wealth would be coming from the energy of the machines and not from ritualistic manipulations with gold.

In some ways, we are doing this already, but by the self-destructive expedient of issuing ourselves credit (now called debt) for engines of war. What the nations of the world have spent on war since 1914 could, with our technology, have supplied every person on earth with a comfortable independent income. But because we confuse wealth with money, we confuse issuing ourselves credit with going into debt. No one goes into debt except in emergency; and therefore, prosperity depends on maintaining the perpetual emergency of war. We are reduced, then, to the suicidal expedient of inventing wars when, instead, we could simply have invented money—provided that the amount invented was always proportionate to the real wealth being produced. We should replace the gold standard by the wealth standard.

The difficulty is that, with our present superstitions about money, the issue of a guaranteed basic income of, say, $10,000 per annum per person would result in wild inflation. Prices would go sky high to "catch" the vast amounts of new money in circulation and, in short order, everyone would be a pauper on $10,000 a year. The hapless, dollar-hypnotized sellers do not realize that whenever they raise prices, the money so gained has less and less purchasing power, which is the reason that as material wealth grows and grows, the value of the monetary unit (dollar or pound) goes down and down—so that you have to run faster and faster to stay where you are, instead of letting the machines run for you. If we shift from the gold standard to the wealth standard, prices must stay more or less where they are at the time of the shift and—miraculously—everyone will discover that he has enough or more than enough to wear, eat, drink and otherwise survive with affluence and merriment.

It is not going to be at all easy to explain this to the world at large, because mankind has existed for perhaps 1,000,000 years with relative material scarcity, and it is now roughly a mere 100 years since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. As it was once very difficult to persuade people that the earth is round and that it is in orbit around the sun, or to make it clear that the universe exists in a curved space-time continuum, it may be just as hard to get it through to "common sense" that the virtues of making and saving money are obsolete. It may have to be put across by the most skillfully prepared and simply presented TV programs, given by scientific-looking gentlemen in spectacles and white coats, and through millions of specially designed comic books.

It will always be possible, of course, for anyone so inclined to earn more than the guaranteed basic income; but as it becomes clearer and clearer that money is not wealth, people will realize that there are limits to the real wealth that any individual can consume. We may have to adopt some form of German economist Silvio Gessell's suggestion that money not in circulation be made progressively perishable, declining in value from the date of issue. But the temptation to hoard either money or wealth will dwindle as it becomes obvious that technology will keep the supplies coming and that you cannot drive four cars at once, live simultaneously in six homes, take three tours at the same time or devour 12 roasts of beef at one meal.

All this will involve a curious reversal of the Protestant ethic, which, at least in the United States, is one of the big obstacles to a future of wealth and leisure for all. The Devil, it is said, finds work for idle hands to do, and human energy cannot be trusted unless most of it is absorbed in hard, productive work—so that, on coming home, we are too tired to get into mischief. It is feared that affluence plus leisure will, as in times past, lead to routs and orgies and all the perversities that flow therefrom, and then on to satiation, debilitation and decay—as in Hogarth's depiction of *A Rake's Progress.*

Indeed, there are reasonable grounds for such fears, and it may well be that our New England consciences, our chronic self-disapproval, will have to be maintained by an altogether new kind of sermonizing designed to inculcate a fully up-to-date sense of guilt. Preachers of the late 20th Century will have to insist that enjoyment of total luxury is a sacred and solemn duty. Penitents will be required to confess such sins as failing to give adequate satisfaction to one's third concubine or lack of attention to some fine detail in serving a banquet to friends—such as forgetting to put enough marijuana in the turkey stuffing. Sure, I am talking with about one half of my tongue in my cheek, but I am trying to make the deadly serious point that, as of today, an economic utopia is not wishful thinking but, in some substantial degree, the necessary alternative to self-destruction.

The moral challenge and the grim problem that we face is that the life of affluence and pleasure requires exact discipline and high imagination. Somewhat as metals deteriorate from "fatigue," every constant stimulation of consciousness, however pleasant, tends to become boring and thus to be ignored. When physical comfort is permanent, it ceases to be noticed. If you have worried for years about lack of money



© 1968 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

and then become rich, the new sense of ease and security is short-lived, for you soon begin to worry as much as ever—about cancer or heart disease. Nature abhors a vacuum. For this reason, the life of pleasure cannot be maintained without a certain asceticism, as in the time and effort required for a woman to keep her hair and face in fine condition, for the weaving of exquisite textiles or for the preparation of superior food. Thus, the French distinguish between a gourmand and a gourmet, the former being a mere glutton, a trencherman who throws anything and everything down the hatch; and the latter, a fussy, subtle and sophisticated devotee of the culinary arts.

Affluent people in the United States have seldom shown much imagination in cultivating the arts of pleasure. The business-suited executive looks more like a minister or an undertaker than a man of wealth and is, furthermore, wearing one of the most uncomfortable forms of clothing ever invented for the male, as compared, say, with the kimono or the caftan. Did you ever try the food in a private restaurant for top brass in the offices of a big corporation? Strictly institutional. Even the most expensive night clubs and country clubs pass off indifferent fare; and at $100-a-plate charity dinners, one gets the ubiquitous synthetic chicken, machine raised in misery and tasting of just that.

If the behavior of increasing numbers of young people is any real portent of what may happen by A.D. 2000, much of this will change. Quite aside from cavalierish styles of long hair, men are beginning to wear jewelry and vivid colors, imitating the styles of medieval and Oriental affluence that began to disappear when power shifted from the landed gentry to miserly merchants of the cities—the burghers or *bourgeoisie*. Beneath such outward appearances, there is a clear change of values: Rich experiences are more to be desired than property and bank accounts, and plans for the future are of use only to those who can live fully in the present.

This may sound feckless and undisciplined, as if young people (especially hippies) had become incapable of postponing gratification. Thus, it might seem that the world-wide rebellions of students are a sign that the adolescent is no longer willing to work through the period of training that it takes to become an adult. "Elders and betters" do not understand that today's students do not want to become their *kind* of adult, which is what the available training is intended to produce.

Artists have always been important prophets of social change, and the increasingly favored "psychedelic" style is anything but undisciplined. Using intense color and highly articulate detail of line and form, the exponents of this style are restoring a sheer glory to Western art that has not been seen since the days of French and Celtic illuminated manuscripts, the stained glass of Chartres and the luminous enamelwork of Limoges. It calls to mind the jeweled gardens of Persian miniatures, the rhythmic intricacy of Moorish arabesques and the golden filigree of Hindu textiles. Among the hippies, I know makers of musical instruments—lutes and guitars—that, for delicate ivory inlays and excellence of grain and texture, are as lovely as any works of the Italian Renaissance. Furthermore, musicians are beginning to realize that the Beatles (to take an obvious example) display a serious musical genius that puts them in line with the great Western masters, from Bach to Stravinsky, and that some of the songs of Dylan and Donovan are quite as interesting as the best lieder.

At best, then, a leisure economy will provide opportunity to develop the frustrated craftsman, painter, sculptor, poet, composer, yachtsman, explorer or potter that is in us all—if only we could earn a living that way. Certainly, there will be a plethora of bad and indifferent productions from so many unleashed amateurs, but the general long-term effect should be a tremendous enrichment of the quality and variety of fine art, music, food, furniture, clothing, gardens and even homes—created largely on a do-it-yourself basis. Mechanical mass production will provide utilities, raw materials, tools and certain foodstuffs, yet will at the same time release us from the necessity for much of the mass-produced trash that we must now buy for lack of time to make anything better—clothes, dishes and other articles of everyday use that were made so much more exquisitely by "primitives" that they now adorn our museums.

Historically, luxuries of this kind could be afforded only by shameless aristocrats exploiting slave labor. Though still exploiters, the *bourgeoisie* were timid newcomers, often had Protestant guilty consciences and, therefore, hid their wealth in banks and did their very best to pretend that successful business is an ascetic and self-sacrificing way of life. But by A.D. 2000, there need be no slaves but machines, and it will then be our urgent duty to live in that kind of luxurious splendor that depends upon leisurely devotion to every form of art, craft and science. (Certainly, we have long forgotten that a schola, or school, is a place of leisure, where those who do not have to grub for a living can apply themselves to the disinterested pursuit of knowledge and art.) Under such circumstances, what exuberant styles of life will be cultivated, for example, by affluent Negroes under no further pressure to imitate the white *bourgeoisie*?

The style of life will be colorful and elegant, but it will not, I feel, exhibit the sheer gluttony and greed of certain notorious aristocracies of the past. Speaking perhaps only half seriously, by A.D. 2000, most of Asia will have followed the lead of Japan and be laced with superhighways and cluttered with hot-dog stands, neon signs, factories, high-rise apartment buildings, huge airports and swarms of Toyotas, with every fellahin and coolie running around in a Western business suit. On the other hand, America, having had all this and being fed up with it, will abound with lamaseries and ashrams (but coeducational), expert players of the sitar and the koto, masters of Japanese tea ceremony, schools for Chinese calligraphy and Zen-style gardening—while people stroll around in saris, dhotis, sarongs, kimonos and other forms of comfortable and colorful clothing. Just as now the French are buying sourdough bread flown by jet from San Francisco, spiritually starved Tibetans and Japanese will be studying Buddhism in Chicago.

That this is not quite a joke might be inferred from the amazing increase of interest among American college students in Oriental mysticism and other "non-Western" studies, as courses in Afro-Asian cultures are now often classified. Obviously, this interest is not unconnected with the widespread use of psychedelic drugs. This is not, as is often suggested, a substitute for alcohol: It is much more an adventure, an exploration of new dimensions of experience, all the more attractive for being esoteric and in defiance of authority. To repeat, students tend to be much more interested in experiences than in possessions, feeling that their parents' way of experiencing both themselves and the world is in some way sick, impoverished and even delusive. Certainly—and precisely because their parents have for generations confused symbol with reality, money with wealth and personality (or ego) with the actual human organism.

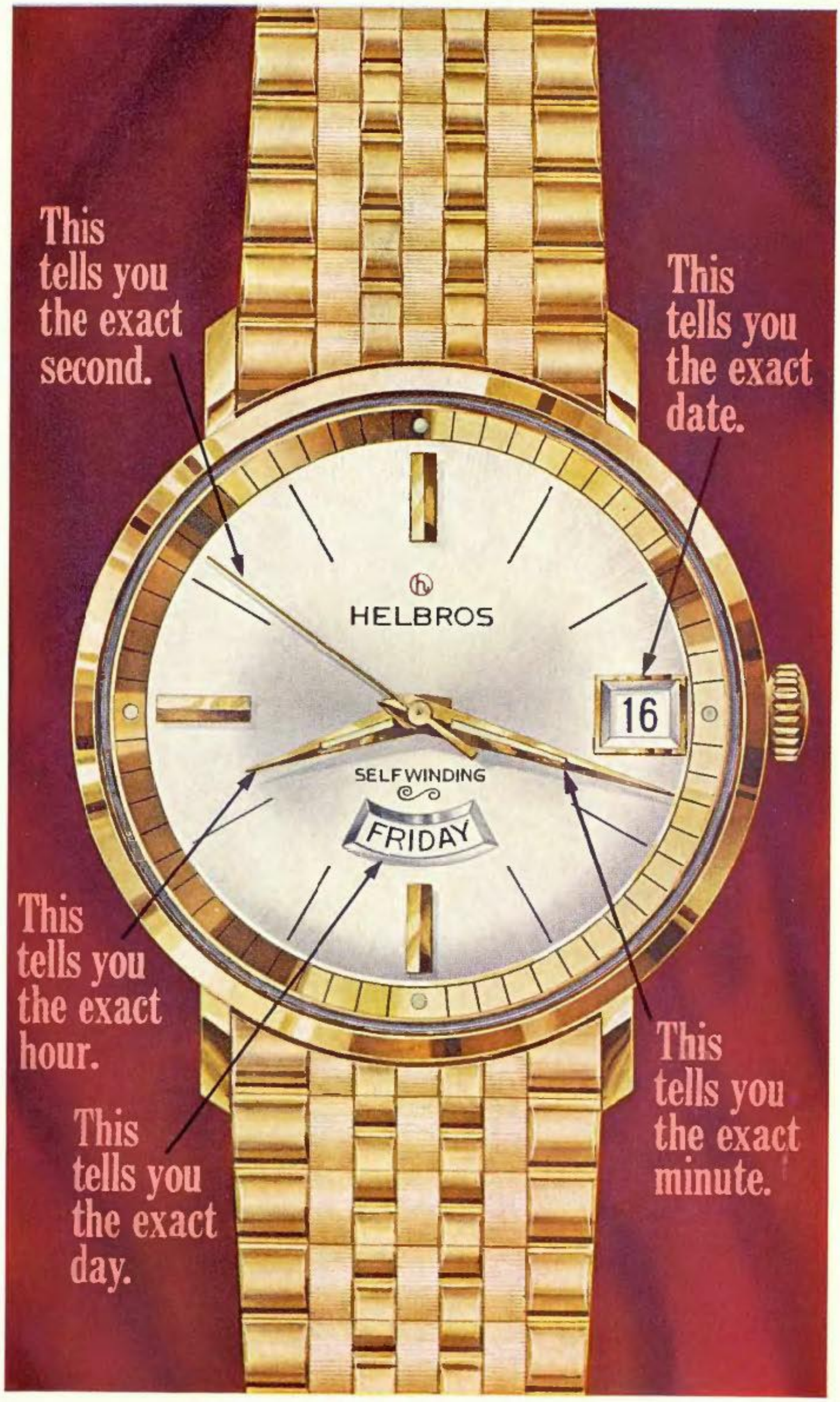
And here's the nub of the problem. We cannot proceed with a fully productive technology if it must inevitably Los Angelesize the whole earth, poison the elements, destroy all wildlife and sicken the blood stream with the promiscuous use of antibiotics and insecticides. Yet this will be the certain result of the technological enterprise conducted in the hostile spirit of a conquest of nature with the main object of making money. Despite growing public alarm over the problems of soil erosion, pollution of the air and water and the deterioration of crops and livestock raised by certain methods of industrial farming, little is as yet being done to develop an ecological technology—that is, a technology in which man has as much respect for his environment as for himself.

In this regard, many corporations—and even more so their shareholders—are

unbelievably blind to their own material interests; for the ill effects of irresponsible technology are appearing so rapidly that this is no longer a problem wherein we can simply pass the buck to our children. Recent investigations, both here and in England, show that the actual operators of chicken factories avoid eating their own produce; it may be as well for the appetites of their absentee shareholders that they do not know too much about raising hens in batteries. Does anyone care what happened to the taste of fruits and vegetables, or mind particularly if apples and tomatoes are often sprayed with wax to improve their looks? (I just scraped an apple, very gently, to prove it.) Is it either good business or good living to buy an $80,000 home in Beverly Hills and inhabit a miasma of exhaust fumes? (In Paris, last May, we didn't mind the tear gas much; just used to L. A.) Is it even same to own a Ferrari and, twice daily, jangle one's nerves and risk one's life by commuting from Norwalk, Connecticut, to Madison Avenue, New York? And what about the view from the plane between San Francisco and Seattle—acres and acres of brown Oregon hills dotted with nothing but tree stumps?

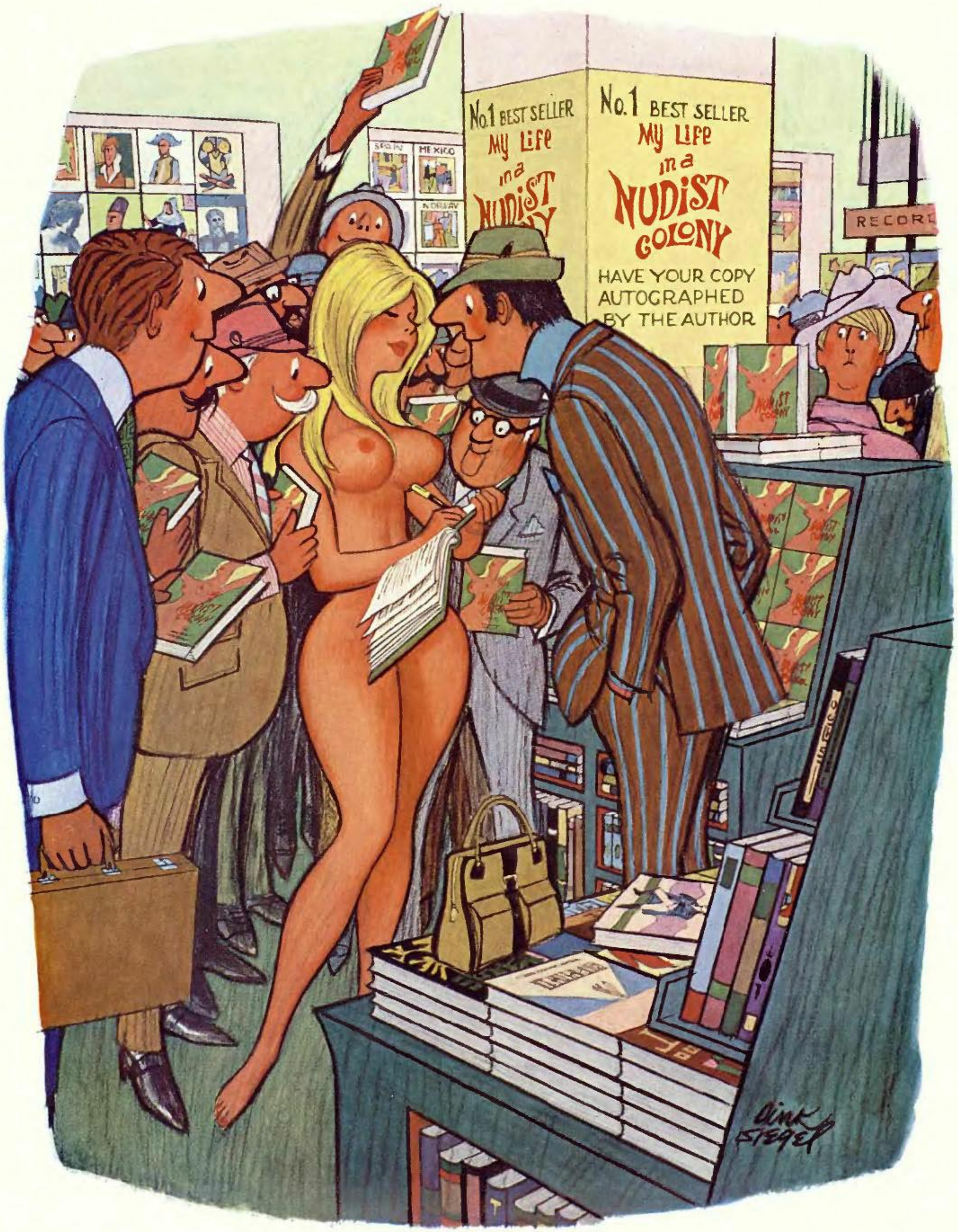
It is an oversimplification to say that this is the result of business valuing profit rather than product, for no one should be expected to do business without the incentive of profit. The actual trouble is that profit is identified entirely with money, as distinct from the real profit of living with dignity and elegance in beautiful surroundings. But investors take no long-term responsibility for the use of their capital: They clip coupons and watch market statistics with regard only for monetary results. They see little or nothing of the physical operations that they have financed, and sometimes do not even know that their own funds are invested in the pithy potatoes they get for dinner. Their actual experience of business is restricted to an abstract, arithmetical translation of material fact—a translation that automatically ignores textures, tastes, sights, sounds and smells.

To try to correct this irresponsibility by passing laws (e.g., against absentee ownership) would be wide of the point, for most of the law has as little relation to life as money to wealth. On the contrary, problems of this kind are aggravated rather than solved by the paperwork of politics and law. What is necessary is at once simpler and more difficult: only that financiers, bankers and stockholders must turn themselves into real people and ask themselves exactly what they want out of life—in the realization that this strictly practical and hard-nosed question might lead to far more delightful styles of living than those they now pursue. Quite



Exactly how did you ever get along without the Helbros Day & Date Calendar Watch?

Helbros creates a masterpiece of accuracy and longevity. 17 Lifetime Jewel Movement...unbreakable mainspring...self-winding, shock-resistant and waterproof.* Ask for the HELBROS "DATE-KING" wherever quality timepieces are sold. One of over 200 styles for men and women. Suggested retails from $27.50 to $450. Helbros Watches • 2 Park Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10016. Also available in Canada. *Provided crown and crystal are intact, case unopened.


No.1 BEST SELLER
My Life in a NUDIST COLONY
No.1 BEST SELLER
My Life in a NUDIST COLONY
HAVE YOUR COPY AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR
SPAIN
MEXICO
RECORD
Dirk Stiefel

simply and literally, they must come to their senses—for their own personal profit and pleasure.

The difficulty is that most of our very high-ranking business executives live in a closed world. They are wafted from their expensive but unimaginative homes and clubs to offices of dreary luxury, wherein they are protected and encapsulated by secretarial staffs. They read only what is filtered through by underlings and consort only with others in the same Bigelow-lined traps. It is almost impossible for people outside their caste to communicate with them directly; for they are victims of a system (also a ritual) so habitual, so complex and so geared in to the whole corporate operation that the idea of changing it seems as preposterous as rewiring the human brain. Actually, this life is a form of role playing with the reward of status; its material rewards are meager—for one reason, because it is tiring and time consuming. But to suggest that one should change an established role is to be understood by the player as suggesting that he become someone else, and this affront to his imaginary ego is such that he will cling passionately to a role of high status, however much it may be frustrating his natural and material inclinations. This would, perhaps, be commendable, if the role being played fulfilled important responsibilities to society; and many businessmen do, indeed, feel themselves to be doing just that. But their closed world prevents the realization that in the vast, long-range world of material events, they are highly irresponsible—both to their children and to themselves. This is precisely why so many of their own children drift off to the dubious adventures of Haight-Ashbury or the East Village: They find the high life of Scarsdale or Atherton, Lake Forest or Beverly Hills inconceivably dull.

Hopefully, there are signs that some of these very children are getting through to their parents, since it's tough to put a secretary between yourself and your son. Is there any historical precedent for the revolt of a younger generation against the older on the present scale? So widespread? So radical—in politics, morals, religion, dress, art and music? So vociferous—with such powerful techniques of communication as are now available? I do not believe that the elders will ultimately reject the children; it's against nature. But to make peace, the elders will have to move a long, long way from their present position.

Less hopeful are the prospects of a change of attitude in the ranks of successful blue-collar workers, who, as now organized in the once very necessary but now highly reactionary labor unions, constitute the real and dangerous potential for American fascism. For the unions operate under the same confusion of symbol and reality as the investors: The wage is more important than the work and, because all must conform to union hours and (mediocre) union standards, any real enthusiasm for a craft is effectively discouraged. But a work force so robotized is all the more inviting its replacement by machinery, since a contrivance that won't work must inevitably be replaced by one that will. The basic assumption of unionism was not the dignity but the drudgery of labor, and the strategy was, therefore, to do as little as possible for as much pay as possible. Thus, as automation eliminates drudgery, it eliminates the necessity for the unions, a truth that is already extending up to such "high-class" unions as the musicians'. The piper who hates to play is replaced by a tape, which does not object when the payer calls the tune. If, then, the unions are to have any further usefulness, they must use their political pressure, not for a greater share of profits (based on rising prices to pay for rising wages) but for total revision of the concept and function of money.

The fear that adequate production and affluence will take away all restraint on the growth of population is simply against the facts, for overpopulation is a symptom of poverty, not wealth. Japan, thus far the one fully industrialized nation of Asia, is also the one Asian country with an effective program of population control. The birth rate is also falling in Sweden, West Germany, Switzerland and the United States. On the other hand, the poorer nations of Asia and Africa resent and resist the advice that their populations be pruned, in the feeling that this is just another of the white man's tricks for cutting down their political power. Thus, the one absolutely urgent and humane method of population control is to do everything possible to increase the world's food supply and to divert to this end the wealth and energy now being squandered on military technology.

For, from the most realistic, hardheaded, self-interested and tactically expert point of view, the United States has put its Armed Forces in the control of utterly incompetent strategists—a bunch of essential "bad shots" who do not know the difference between military skill and mere firepower, who shoot at mosquitoes with machine guns, who liberate countries by destroying their territories, whose principal weapon is no weapon at all but an instrument of mutual suicide and whose political motivations, based on the puerile division of the world into "good guys" and "bad guys," cannot allow that enemies are also people, as distinct from demonic henchmen of a satanic ideology. If we were fighting in Vietnam with the honest and materialistic intention of capturing the wealth and the women of the land, we would be very careful to leave it intact. But in fighting for abstract principles, as distinct from material gain, we become the ruthless and implacable instruments of the delusion that things can be all white, without the contrast of black.

Timothy Leary was not so wide of the mark when he said that we must go out of our minds (abstract values) to come to our senses (concrete values). For coming to our senses must, above all, be the experience of our own existence as living organisms rather than "personalities," like characters in a play or a novel —acting out some artificial plot in which the persons are simply masks for a conflict of abstract ideas or principles. Man as an organism is to the world outside like a whirlpool is to a river: Man and world are a single natural process, but we are behaving as if we were invaders and plunderers in foreign territory. For when the individual is defined and felt as the separate personality or ego, he remains unaware that his actual body is a dancing pattern of energy that simply does not happen by itself. It happens only in concert with myriads of other patterns—called animals, plants, insects, bacteria, minerals, liquids and gases. The definition of a person and the normal feeling of "I" do not effectively include these relationships. You say, "I came into this world." You didn't; you came *out* of it, as a branch from a tree.

So long as we do not effectively feel this to be so, there is no motivation for forms of politics that recognize the interdependence of all peoples, nor for forms of technology that realize man's inseparability from the entire network of natural patterns. How, then, is the sense of self to be changed? By scientific education? It convinces the intellect but not the emotions. By religion? The record is not hopeful. By psychotherapy? Much too slow. If anything is to be *done* about it, and done in time, I must agree with Aldous Huxley (and with the sober and scholarly Arthur Koestler in his *Ghost in the Machine*) that our only resort may be psychopharmacology—a chemical, a pill, that brings the mind to its senses.

Although I have experimented very sympathetically with such methods (LSD, etc.), I would be as reluctant to try to change the world by psychedelics as to dose everyone indiscriminately with antibiotics. We do not yet know what ecological damage the latter may have done, how profoundly they may have upset certain balances of nature. I have, therefore, another and perhaps equally unacceptable suggestion.

This is simply that nothing be *done* about it. Shortly before his death, Robert Oppenheimer is said to have remarked that the whole world is, quite obviously, going to hell—adding, however,

that the one slim chance of its *not* going to hell is that we do absolutely nothing to stop it. For the greatest illusion of the abstract ego is that it can do anything to bring about radical improvement either in itself or in the world. This is as impossible, physically, as trying to lift yourself off the floor by your own bootstraps. Furthermore, the ego is (like money) a concept, a symbol, even a delusion—not a biological process or physical reality.

Practically, this means that we stop *crusading*—that is, acting for such abstract causes as the good, righteousness, peace, universal love, freedom and social justice, and stop fighting against such equally abstract bogeys as communism, fascism, racism and the imaginary powers of darkness and evil. For most of the hell now being raised in the world is well intentioned. We justify our wars and revolutions as unfortunate means for good ends, as a general recently explained that he had destroyed a village in Vietnam for its own safety. This is also why we can reach no genuine agreement—only the most transitory and unsatisfactory compromises—at the conference tables, for each side believes itself to be acting for the best motives and for the ultimate benefit of the world. To be human, one must recognize and accept a certain element of irreducible rascality both in oneself and in one's enemies. It is, therefore, an enormous relief to realize that these abstract ambitions are total nonsense and to see that we have been wasting untold psychic and physical energy in a fatuous enterprise. For when it is understood that trying to have good without evil is as absurd as trying to have white without black, all that energy is released for things that *can* be done. It can be diverted from abstract causes to specific, material undertakings—to farming and cooking, mining and engineering, making clothes and buildings, traveling and learning, art, music, dancing and making love. Surely, these are excellent things to do for their own sake and not, please *not*, for one's own or anyone else's improvement.



"Just what is it that you people want, anyway?"

A MIDDLING TYPE

(continued from page 195)

flowers. Then she came out and composedly, with three movements, lowered the roller blind. I saw her cross the street and then disappear as she entered the main door.

Feeling excited, I took up my position in the entrance hall, behind the door. I noticed with satisfaction that a large plant of the Ficus family, which I had bought the day before, made a very fine effect in the corner between the two doors. Moreover, I had had the same thought a little earlier as I cast an eye round the sitting room, which was all in the modern, Swedish style. The flat was elegant and original, and I was sure it would make a good impression upon the girl.

At last I heard the lift as it stopped with a jerk at the landing, and then there was the sound of the lift doors being opened and closed and, finally, that of heels on the floor outside. A brief silence and then the ring of the bell. In order not to give the impression that I was waiting behind the door, I went on tiptoe into the sitting room and then came back, making as much noise as possible, and opened the door.

I was a little disappointed. From a distance, she had seemed to me beautiful; close to, one could see that she was merely young and pleasing. She was dark, with a face that was slightly plump in the lower part, a big mouth, an aquiline nose and eyes that were large and black and bovine in expression. As she came in, she said, in a good-natured voice with a regional accent: "I ought not to have come. I've come just to welcome you, you see. We're neighbors; it was just to make your acquaintance."

"You must excuse me," I said, "but if I hadn't had the idea of the mirror, I don't really know how I could have got to know you."

I noticed that she shrugged her shoulders slightly. "At first," she said, "I thought it was the engineer. Then I realized it was you."

"What engineer?"

"The engineer who lived here before you came. He began in that way, too, by dazzling me with a mirror. But perhaps it was he who suggested to you that you might play this trick on me to attract my attention?"

"No, really, I don't know him."

"Sorry, but very often, you know, things do happen like that."

She walked in front of me, familiar and talkative; but in the doorway, she stopped. "Why, everything here is just as it was. You took the flat furnished, did you?"

This time, I thought for a moment before answering. It seemed to me that something had suddenly come between

me and the girl, something extraneous, embarrassing and humiliating that I couldn't yet define. In the end, I said: "No, the place was empty; it was I who furnished it."

"Well, what a coincidence: Here in the entrance hall there always used to be a plant like this one. A little smaller, perhaps. It's a Ficus, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a Ficus."

"The engineer thought the world of it. He explained to me that it had to be watered twice a week."

I wondered at this point whether, since the girl had noticed the beauty of the plant, I myself should not also provide her with information of the same sort, and I hesitated: I could not entirely exclude the idea of doing so. The girl went on: "I say, how curious! The engineer had this same little picture."

Annoyed, I remarked: "Abstract art looks all the same, but it isn't, really."

We went on into the sitting room. The girl clapped her hands with delight. "Why, the sitting room is exactly the same! The same furniture. Perhaps the arrangement is just a little different."

This time, I said nothing. The girl went and sat down on the sofa, crossing her legs and unbuttoning her coat over her ample bosom: She seemed very pleased, and it was clear that she expected me to start making love to her. I made a move to put a record on the record player, but then changed my mind and went over, instead, to the sideboard, where I had placed a bottle of aperitif and some glasses ready on a tray. But, again, I thought better of it and went and sat down opposite the girl. Then I said: "May I ask you some questions?"

"Yes, of course."

"Did the engineer, the first time you came here, put a record on the record player?"

"Yes, I think he did."

"And did he then offer you something, a liqueur, an aperitif?"

"Yes, he offered me a vermouth."

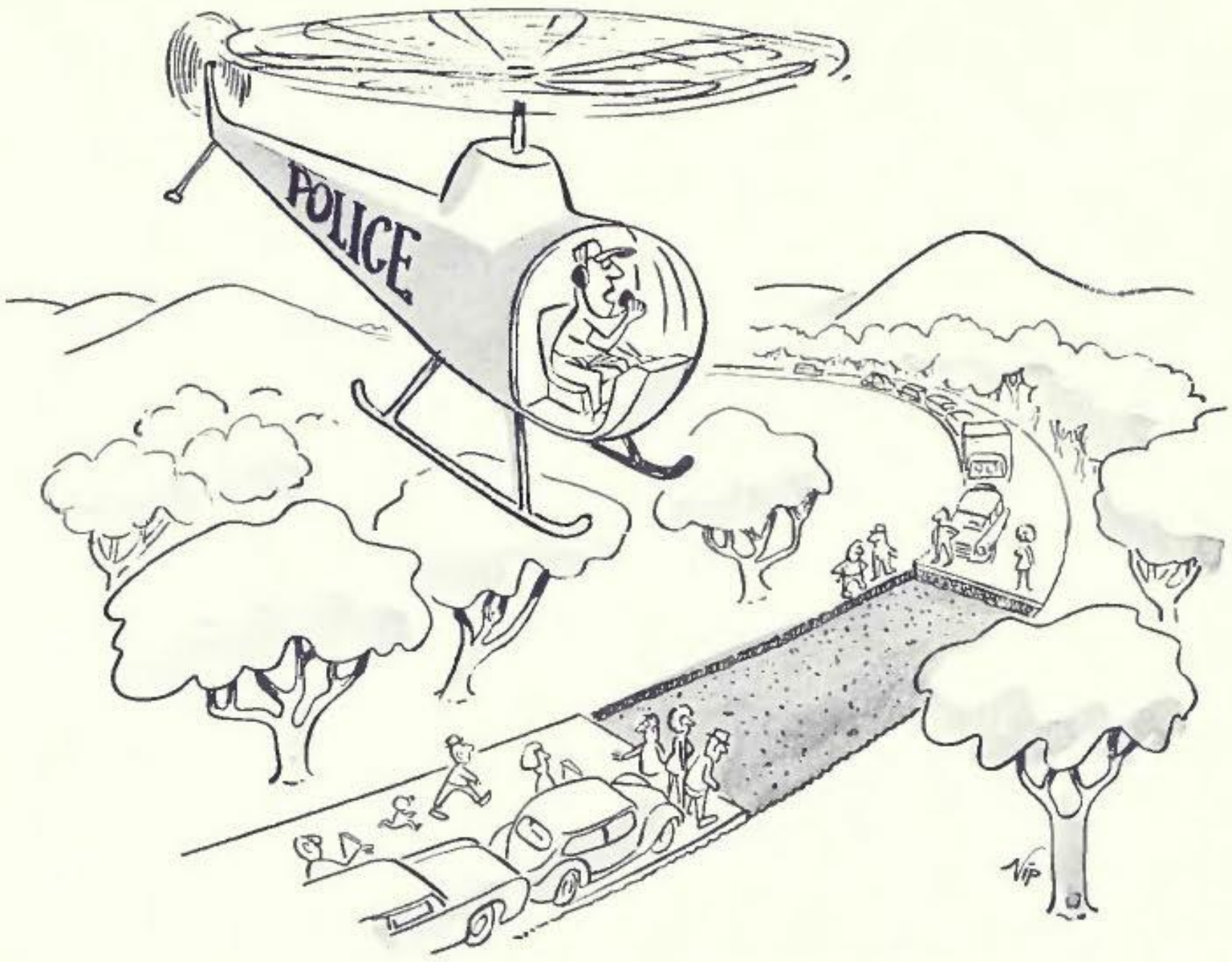
"And then, immediately afterward, he sat down beside you, didn't he?"

"Yes, he sat down, but why . . . ?"

"Wait. And did he start making love to you?"

The girl was evidently somewhat disconcerted by this question. "But excuse me," she asked, "why d'you want to know these things?"

"Don't worry," I said, "I won't ask any indiscreet questions. Only about details of what might be called a peripheral kind. So he started making love to you, that's understood. And tell me"—I reflected a moment—"did he, in order to get things going and to be on confidential terms, did he not, at a certain moment, suggest that he might read the lines in your hand?"



"Chief, I'd like to report a case of highway robbery."

The girl started laughing. "Yes, that's exactly what he did. But how did you come to guess it? You must be a bit of a wizard!"

I should have liked to reply: "That's what I was going to do myself," but I hadn't the courage. I looked at the girl and it seemed to me now that she was enveloped in a dangerous, impassable aura, like the aura that surrounds the poles that carry high-tension cables. I was, in fact, unable either to do or to say anything to her that had not already been done and said by the engineer. And I seemed to see that the engineer, in turn, was merely the first of an unending line of shaving mirrors in which, as far as the eye could see, I should behold only myself. At last I asked her: "Now tell me: Did the engineer resemble me?"

"In what sense?"

"Physically."

She gazed at me for quite a long time and then said: "Well, yes, in a way, yes. You're both of you middling types."

"Middling?"

"Well, yes, neither ugly nor good-looking, neither tall nor short, neither young nor old: middling."

I said nothing, but I looked at her, saying to myself with helpless, angry annoyance that the adventure, at this point, might be said to have evaporated: The flower seller was now, for me, taboo, and the only thing to do was to find a decent excuse to send her away. The girl became conscious of my change of mood and inquired in some alarm: "What's the matter with you? Is there something wrong?"

With an effort, I asked her: "In your opinion, are there a great many men like myself and the engineer?"

"Well, yes. You're part—how shall I say?—of the mass." I squirmed, and all of a sudden, the girl exclaimed: "Now I understand. You're offended because I told you you were a middling, ordinary type. Isn't that so?"

"Not so much offended," I replied. "Let's say—paralyzed."

"Paralyzed; why?"

"It's like this: It seems to me that I do what everyone does, and so I prefer to do nothing."

The girl sought to console me. "But you shouldn't feel paralyzed with me. Besides, I swear to you that I prefer men like you, who are not too original, who don't stand out from the crowd and about whom one knows in advance what they'll do and say."

"Well, I have work to do," I announced, rising to my feet. "Forgive me, but I have an urgent job that has to be finished in a hurry."

We went through into the hall. The girl did not appear too pained; she was smiling. "Don't be so angry," she said. "Otherwise, you'll really be behaving like the engineer."

"What did the engineer do?"

"When I told him, one day, that he was a man just like so many other men, ordinary, in fact, he got into a rage, just like you, and turned me out."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 108)*

to create conditions that make blacks convinced that total separation is the only alternative. If, on the other hand, conditions change sufficiently to end all exploitation and oppression of black people, then there is a possibility of integration in the long run for those who choose it. But we're a very long way from that.

PLAYBOY: In which direction would you like to see America go—toward separation or integration?

CLEAVER: Keeping in mind that we're talking about the very long view, it seems to me we're living in a world that has become virtually a neighborhood. If the world is not to destroy itself, the concept of people going their totally separate ways is really something that can't continue indefinitely. When you start speaking in ultimate terms, I don't see any way in which the world can be administered for the best interests of mankind without having a form of world government that would be responsive and responsible to *all* the people of the world—a world government that would function so that the welfare of no one segment of the population would be sacrificed for the enrichment of another.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Roy Wilkins' claim that America's black people really want what the white middle class already has under capitalism—split-level homes and all the accouterments of the affluent life?

CLEAVER: There's no question that black people want these things and have a right to them. The question is how to go about getting them. Many feel that they can get these things by entering into the mainstream of American society and becoming black capitalists. But to others, including myself, it's clear that in order for black people to have the best that society and technology are capable of providing, we need a new kind of society and a new kind of economic system. The goal must be to make possible a more equitable distribution of goods and services—but also to have a different set of values, so that things themselves don't become a substitute for life itself. In order to achieve that dual goal, we're going to have to move toward a new form of socialism. As long as there is so much stress on private property, we're going to have a society of competition rather than cooperation; we're going to have the exploited and the exploiters. Consider all these deeds, for example, that give people ownership of the productive and natural resources of this country. If there's going to be any burning, let's burn up these deeds, because everybody comes into this world the same way—naked, crying, without ownership of anything. The earth is here; it's given, like air and water, and I believe everyone should have equal access to its resources.

I want to see a society purged of Madison Avenue mind-benders who propagandize people into a mad pursuit of gadgets. They've conned people into believing that their lives depend on having an electric toothbrush, two cars and a color-television set in every room. We've got to rid ourselves of this dreadful and all-consuming hunger for *things*, this mindless substitution of the rat-race for a humane life. Only then will people become capable of relating to other people on the basis of individual merit, rather than on the basis of status, property and wealth. The values I'm for are really quite traditional and simple—like respecting your fellow man, respecting your parents, respecting your leaders if they're true leaders. These revolutionary goals are as old as time itself: Let people be. Let them fulfill their capacities.

PLAYBOY: The ultimate society you envision, in *Soul on Ice*, is one in which male and female will "realize their true nature," thereby closing the present "fissure of society into antagonistic classes" and regenerating "a dying culture and civilization alienated from its biology." But some critics of the book felt that you seemed to reserve this new Garden of Eden for black people, who, you claim, are "the wealth of a nation, an abundant supply of unexhausted, unde-essenced human raw material upon which the future of the society depends and with which, through the implacable march of history to an ever-broader base of democracy and equality, the society will renew and transform itself."

CLEAVER: No, it's not limited to black people. Black or white, the male-female principle is toward unity. Both black and white people have to get out of the bags they're in to be natural again. White people have to disabuse themselves of the illusion that it's their job to rule and that the black man's job is to produce labor. And black men have to use their minds and acquire confidence in the products of their minds. This doesn't mean the white man has to let *his* mind fall into disuse, but he also has to relate to his body again, as the black man does. What I'm saying is that everyone needs a new understanding of his total nature, mental and physical. Only when people, black and white, start seeing themselves and acting as total individuals, with bodies and minds, will they stop assigning exclusive mental roles to one set of people and exclusive physical roles to another. Only then will the primary thrust of life—the fusion of male and female—be freed of sociological obstacles. That's the base of the kind of social system I want to see, a society in which a man and a woman can come as close as possible to total unity on the basis of natural attraction. In my own life, the more totally I've been able to relate to a particular woman, the more fulfilled I've been.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been tempted to withdraw from the front lines of the revolutionary social struggle to pursue that process of self-fulfillment in private life, by writing and raising a family with your wife Kathleen?

CLEAVER: I could do that. I could withdraw. I've gotten enough money from the book so that I could get myself a pad away from all this shit. I could go down to my parole officer and say, "Look, man, I don't want to go back to prison. I'm going to stop talking revolution. I'm going to start writing poetry and fairy tales, the way you want me to and I won't be a problem anymore. So how about re-evaluating my case and leaving me alone? Live and let live." I know they'd go for that, and I wouldn't need much money to do it, because I'm not hung up on material things. But the fact is that I feel *good* working with my people and with the brothers of the Black Panther Party. I'd feel miserable doing anything else. Hell, most of my life has been involved in conflicts with authority, and now that I've politicized that conflict, I'm very content to be working for black liberation. I couldn't conceive of myself playing any other role—not even if I have to go back to prison for it. I'm going to do everything I can *not* to go back to prison, but I can't compromise my beliefs. I'd rather be dead than do that. And I may have a violent end, anyway. I'm hearing more and more these days from people telling me to be careful, because they feel my life's in danger. They may be right, but I say fuck it.

PLAYBOY: If you are imprisoned or killed, how much confidence do you have that the Black Panther Party or any succeeding group in the revolutionary struggle will ultimately prevail?

CLEAVER: I have confidence that people learn from the experiences of others. Every time a black man is murdered for speaking out against oppression, his death is fuel for the struggle to continue. When Malcolm was killed, that didn't frighten people; his death created more disciples. I can only hope that if what I'm doing has any constructive value, others will take up the fight and continue it if I'm killed. Che Guevara put it the way I feel, when he said: "Wherever death may surprise us, let it be welcome, provided that this, our battle cry, may have reached some receptive ear and another hand may be extended to wield our weapons." That's all I ask for.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate your chances of survival?

CLEAVER: I plan to be around for quite a while.

**Toshiba warrants the Spectronic color picture tube on Models C2A, C3A for two years to the original owner. Toshiba will supply a replacement tube, warranted for the unexpired portion of the original two-year warranty, in exchange for any defective tube without charge. All other parts (except for antennas, handle and accessories) are warranted for one full year. Labor will be provided without charge for 90 days. To be effective, completed warranty card must be returned by mailing to Toshiba within 10 days of purchase and product delivered for repairs at an authorized Toshiba Service Center.



Discover the land where pictures are brighter and sound lasts longer

FUNNY you haven't discovered it already. Because these are your kind of people. Mod. Fun. Restless. You know them by their portables: Toshiba Portables.

It's easy to understand their thing with Toshiba. These are the portables specially built to take the hard knocks of their frantic pace.

TV picture tubes are protected by high tensile steel bands bonded right to the tube. Cabinets are built with rugged die-cast frames of space-age material. Circuits are deep-etched copper. Critical components are actually set and sealed in epoxy to keep them aligned for a lifetime. And solid-state devices replace troublesome tubes.

There's as much to be said about performance, too. Look at Toshiba Portable Color TV, for instance. The brightness, detail, and clarity are astonishing. Because the Toshiba Spectronic Picture Tube has almost twice the color dots per square inch as others. (There's a two [2] year warranty on the color picture tube.)**

Like a closer look? Then come to this land where pictures are brighter and sound lasts longer.

Your Toshiba dealer will point you in the right direction.

Top left, the captain holds **The Baton.** Solid state 100 mw. transceiver. $59.50*. Top row, left to right: **The Touch-A-Tune.** Solid state FM/AM battery/plug-in radio with automatic touch tuning. $59.50*. **The Porta-Corder.** Solid state battery/plug-in cassette tape recorder. $99.50*. **The Nassau.** 12 transistor FM/AM battery/plug-in radio. $79.50*. **The Londonaire.** World's slimmest FM/AM solid state shirt pocket radio. $34.50*. Bottow row: **The Sun Valley.** Portable TV with snap-on "Sun Screen". 75 sq. in. picture. $99.50*. **Spectrum II C2A.** Portable color TV. 69 sq. in. picture. $289.50*. **The ConverTable.** Combination table/portable radio. Solid state. FM/AM. $94.50*. *Mfr. sug. retail price.

Toshiba®

THE INTERNATIONAL ONE

SNOWBALL!

(continued from page 144)

heads for the hills. If you've planned a one-day trip to the snow country and back to your town house that evening, the readied feast will await your return. If you've made a portable dinner to be served in a ski lodge—say, a caldron of corned beef and sauerkraut in white wine or a casserole of chicken hash and bacon—transport it with the lid lashed down and then reheat it over an open fire. Since the outside temperature in most winter playgrounds is usually below that of an apartment fridge, you needn't fear that your viands will spoil on the way to your outing.

Steaks tartare also make an excellent meal for a winter cookout or cook-in. Before starting out on your trip, the meat should be seasoned and shaped. At party time, you merely poll the merrymakers to find out how many want their chopped beefsteak raw and how many prefer it broiled in the fireplace; cooked steak tartare may be a contradiction in terms, but it's a tasty one.

Even if you're enjoying your steaks tartare raw, an outdoor fire is an indispensable element at any winter festivity. To give the fire an even break, use a large blanket or tarpaulin as a windbreaker; an unprotected outdoor charcoal fire will grill meat on one side, but by the time the second side is done the first side may be frostbitten. If you cook over a wood fire, steaks should be turned frequently. But for best results, sear the steaks in a heavy sauté pan over a portable gasoline stove. Stews and chowders, unlike steaks, soar to success over an outdoor wood or charcoal fire. Any heavy stewpot or Dutch oven with a tight-fitting cover will keep its contents steaming hot even on the nippiest afternoon.

After a two-hour snowmobile ride, one is apt to step off the vehicle feeling and looking like a snowman. At such times, a swig of straight bourbon, Scotch or cognac from a handy flask is the best possible insurance known to man. But once indoors, the most ardent trail blazer and his date will want to warm the inner man—and woman—over well-heated cups of cheer thoughtfully provided by the host.

Opposites may not always attract, but when a cold hand grips a hot mug containing kummel, vodka, lemon juice, sugar and spices, among other things, the recipient can only hope to be snowbound indefinitely. Generally speaking, most hot drinks suffer from too little rather than too much liquor. The standard one-and-a-half-oz. jigger of hard stuff should be raised to a minimum of two ozs. for snow-country roistering. And mulled concoctions shouldn't be gulped down like other forms of good-natured alcohol; they should be slowly sipped and savored.

To help keep your snowmobile party running in high gear long after the engines have stopped and the participants have retired to the great indoors, PLAYBOY Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario has swizzled up a steaming potful of spirited recipes for hearthside imbibing—and for the feast that follows.

The food recipes serve six; the drink recipes, one. Read them and reap.

STEAKS TARTARE

3 lbs. freshly ground sirloin of beef
½ cup finely minced onion
¼ cup finely minced parsley
6 egg yolks
1 tablespoon anchovy paste
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
2¼-oz. jar capers in vinegar, drained
3 tablespoons olive oil
3 tablespoons red wine vinegar

In a mixing bowl, combine all ingredients except the beef. Mix well. Break meat up with finger tips and add to bowl. Half mix, half toss until all ingredients are well blended. If meat seems too soft to shape, a few tablespoons bread crumbs may be added; use as little as possible. Shape into 6 or 12 oval patties about ¾ in. thick. Serve raw, or sauté in a lightly greased pan until well browned on both sides.

LOBSTER AND CLAM CHOWDER

2 9-oz. packages rock lobster tails
2 dozen large chowder clams
¼ lb. salt pork
2 cloves garlic
12 large sprigs parsley
1 large bay leaf
1 large Spanish onion, minced fine
1½ quarts potatoes, small dice
1½ cups heavy cream
1 pint milk
Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Boil lobster tails, following directions on package. Save cooking liquid. Remove meat from shells and cut into small dice; set aside. Wash clams well. Pour lobster cooking liquid over clams in large pot. Add enough water to barely cover clams. Cover pot and bring liquid to a boil. Simmer until clam shells open. Remove clams from broth, but do not discard liquid. Cook broth until there is approximately 2 quarts left. Remove meat of clams from shells. Cut tough "skirts" off sides of clams and chop extremely fine or put through meat grinder. Cut balance of clams into small dice; set aside. Remove rind from salt pork. With a heavy French knife, chop salt pork, garlic and parsley until salt pork becomes a smooth paste. Place salt-pork mixture in a soup pot with bay leaf and sauté until pork melts. Add onion and sauté over a low flame until onion turns yellow, not brown. Add potatoes and reserved clam broth. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer until potatoes are tender. Add cream and milk. Bring to boiling point but do not boil. Stir in clams and lobster. Season to taste with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. A few packets of bouillon powder may be added if stock seems weak. Carry hot soup in prewarmed wide-mouth picnic jugs or reheat in soup pot at ski lodge. Serve with pilot or trenton crackers.

HUNTERS' STEW

2 lbs. boneless pork shoulder, 1-in. cubes
3 tablespoons salad oil
1 large onion, minced fine
2 cloves garlic, minced fine
½ lb. fresh mushrooms, thinly sliced
1 teaspoon leaf sage
¼ teaspoon rosemary
⅓ cup flour
1 quart plus 1 cup chicken broth, fresh or canned
2 medium-size peeled boiled potatoes
1½ lbs. *kielbasa* sausage
4 medium-size raw potatoes, peeled, large dice
6 carrots, peeled, ½-in. slices
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar or cider vinegar
Salt, pepper
2 10-oz. packages frozen peas

Heat oil in a large stewpot or Dutch oven. Add pork, onion, garlic, mushrooms, sage and rosemary. Stir well. Sauté, stirring occasionally, until meat has lost its raw color. Sprinkle flour over meat and stir until no dry flour is visible. Add chicken broth and stir well. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 1 hour. Force the boiled potatoes through a potato ricer; add to pot and stir well. Cut *kielbasa* crosswise into ½-in. slices and add to pot. Add raw potatoes and carrots. Stir well. Cover pot with tight-fitting lid and continue to cook until meat and all vegetables are tender, stirring occasionally. Add vinegar. Season to taste with salt and pepper. In another pan, cook peas until tender, following directions on package. Stir peas into cooked stew.

CORNED BEEF WITH SAUERKRAUT IN WHITE WINE

5 lbs. corned beef brisket, first cut
12 juniper berries
1 small bay leaf
¼ teaspoon leaf thyme
8 sprigs parsley
¼ lb. sliced bacon, small dice
1 large Spanish onion, minced fine
2 large cloves garlic, minced fine
27-oz. can sauerkraut
1½ cups dry white wine
2 cups chicken broth, canned or fresh
6 medium-size potatoes
12 medium-size carrots

Soak corned beef in cold water overnight in refrigerator. Drain and cover with fresh water. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer, covered, about 2 hours. It will be about half done. Remove corned beef from pot, discarding cooking liquid. Place juniper berries, bay leaf, thyme and parsley on a square of cheesecloth and tie to make a *bouquet garni*. Put bacon, onion and garlic in the pot and sauté until onion turns yellow, not brown. Return corned beef to pot. Add sauerkraut and any juice in the can (do not wash sauerkraut). Add *bouquet garni*, wine and chicken broth. Stir well. Simmer over a low flame, stirring occasionally, until corned beef is almost done—about 1½ hours. Peel potatoes. Peel carrots and cut crosswise into 1-in. chunks. Add potatoes and carrots to pot. Continue to cook until corned beef and vegetables are tender. Remove *bouquet garni*.

• • •

In getting a line on the amount of hot cheer for a snow party, a host should plan on a minimum of two drinks per person. Naturally, the total quantity of hot potables will vary with the length of the drinking session, with other liquor offered, etc. To console a party of six, at least 12 of the hot drinks that follow will be necessary.

MULLED KUMMEL

2 ozs. kummel
1 oz. vodka
½ oz. fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
5 ozs. water
2 teaspoons butter
1 piece stick cinnamon
1 thin slice lemon
½ slice orange
1 tablespoon aquavit

In saucepan, stir kummel, vodka, lemon juice, sugar, water and 1 teaspoon butter. Heat to boiling point but do not boil. Place cinnamon in warm 10-oz. mug; pour mulled kummel into mug and add remaining teaspoon butter. Stir until butter dissolves. Add lemon slice and orange slice. Float aquavit on top.

HOT GRAPEFRUIT MUG

4 ozs. unsweetened grapefruit juice
2 ozs. fresh orange juice
1½ ozs. gin
½ oz. rock and rye
1 tablespoon honey
2 teaspoons sweet butter
Whole nutmeg

In saucepan, heat grapefruit juice, orange juice, gin, rock and rye, honey and 1 teaspoon butter. Bring to boiling point but do not boil. Pour into warm 10-oz. mug. Add remaining teaspoon butter and stir until butter dissolves. Grate nutmeg lightly over drink.

SIMMERING PLUM

5 ozs. hot brewed tea
2 ozs. plum brandy (slivovitz, quetsch or mirabelle)
1 oz. white crème de menthe
1 teaspoon sugar or more to taste
½ oz. heavy sweet cream
1 piece stick cinnamon
Ground coriander seed

Stir tea, plum brandy, crème de menthe, sugar and cream in saucepan. Heat to boiling point but do not boil. Pour into warm 10-oz. mug with cinnamon. Sprinkle coriander on top.

SNOWBERRY

1½ ozs. strawberry liqueur
1 oz. vodka
½ oz. rock-candy syrup
1 oz. fresh lemon juice
5 ozs. water
½ large strawberry, cut in half lengthwise
1 thin slice lemon
½ oz. kirschwasser

In saucepan, heat strawberry liqueur, vodka, rock-candy syrup, lemon juice and water to boiling point but do not boil. Pour into warm 10-oz. mug. Dip strawberry into rock-candy syrup. Float lemon slice, strawberry half and kirschwasser on drink.

Bon appétit—and have a snow ball!



Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C., Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

The Bartender's Right Arm.

Seagram's 7 Crown.
The brand of whiskey that's asked for more than any other.
For a plain and simple reason. Quality.

Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 84)*

weekly, and it has been estimated that 80 to 90 percent of the Dutch Catholics practice birth control.

The Catholic Church in Holland teaches that each couple has the right to make up its own mind on the question of contraception, and it insists only that physical, psychological and spiritual realities be fully considered before a final decision is made. For example, a husband should not select a birth-control method that would be detrimental to the emotional well-being of his spouse. Ample thought must be given to both persons' feelings about their finances and about the desire of each for children. Unlike the advice given parishioners by American Catholic clergymen, the premarriage talks of Dutch priests do not stress the so-called rhythm method. All methods of birth control, except abortion and sterilization, are given equal emphasis.

Are the past teachings of the Catholic Church and the encyclicals of past Popes being ignored in Holland? Dutch Catholics will answer, "No, we have progressed beyond them." Dutch priests do not deny the authority of Rome, but many insist that changing times and circumstances have necessitated a reevaluation of the entire teaching of the Church on birth control.

Heretical as this may sound to American Catholics, Dr. Kuitenbrouwer, director of the National Catholic Office for Mental Health, in Utrecht, defends the action of the Church in Holland. "The Church has no message about our family-planning situation," he asserted recently. When questioned about his office's dispensing birth-control information to Catholics and others who ask for it, Dr. Kuitenbrouwer stated: "If Catholics want to start using the pill, it's their own business, not that of the Church." Twenty-five Catholic marriage counselors are connected with this national office, which receives 75 percent of its budget from the Dutch government.

One of the frequently quoted authorities on the responsible new approach to parenthood in the Netherlands is Dominican Father Van der Marck, author of the book *Love and Fertility*, who takes this position:

> Until now, the rhythm method has received exclusive approval from the Church, not because it is so natural but, as the history of this question reveals, because it does not interfere with the marital act itself. In this respect, the pill offers no difficulty.

There is no question about the honesty of the Catholic Church in Holland in its search for a workable solution to the problem of birth control. In an age when the difference between heresy and prophecy is sometimes five years, time alone will tell how the Dutch Church will ultimately be judged.

The Rev. Thomas E. Langer
St. Alexander's Church
Port Edwards, Wisconsin

Father Langer, a Roman Catholic priest and author of "Christian Marriage: A Guide for Young People," recently spent some time in Holland observing the Catholic Church at the diocese of Breda. He wrote this letter before Pope Paul VI published his now-historic encyclical, "Humanae Vitae," condemning as immoral all mechanical and chemical contraceptives. After publication of the encyclical, the Dutch Catholic hierarchy issued a statement advising that, in addition to the Pope's teaching, Catholics should be guided by mutual love and their social circumstances.



"'Math: Mr. Keller is poorly informed and establishment oriented. English: Miss Peachum is parochial and hopelessly middle class.'—Say! What kind of a report card is this?"

COMMITTED CLERGY

I disagree for the most part with the deprecatory letter titled "Corrupted Clergy" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I assume that the anonymous letter writer is a religious conservative. I know his point of view very well: I was raised under the teachings of a conservative church and I went to a very conservative religious college for three years. It was close contact with this kind of atmosphere that made me feel "turned off" when I read the attitude the letter writer expressed.

I agree that a clergyman is supposed to "preach the truth of God as revealed in the Bible and in Jesus Christ" and that a member of the clergy is "supposed to be a Christian." I do, however, detect a warped conception on the letter writer's part as to what this Christian truth is and how it is to be preached. Standing behind a pulpit on Sunday morning, Sunday evening and again during Wednesday-night prayer meeting and decrying such so-called evils as drinking, smoking, dancing, the independence of youth, etc., is myopic. There is far more to being a Christian clergyman than indulging in such trivia. Racism, poverty, violence, the war in Vietnam, police brutality, capital punishment, the prison system, abortion laws,

substandard housing, inadequate education, unequal opportunities and myriad other problems are the real evils of our time, and far more worthy of the Christian's attention. Christians today, too many of them, are not committed as were their founder and his followers.

As for PLAYBOY, it is grappling with the real issues of our time. It thrives on new ideas and on confronting its readers with a variety of opinions. It depicts a philosophy of life that is relevant to my generation. PLAYBOY's philosophy is not a substitute for religion, but the magazine is a valuable source of information about our society. And this is the reason for the phenomenon that the letter writer of "Corrupted Clergy" deplores—the fact that so many Christian clergymen read PLAYBOY and write letters to it.

Dave Pavlick
Holland, Michigan

RELIGION AND REALITY

Otto A. Steen was correct when he described as futile the hope that some sort of divine intervention would bring about a better world (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Nietzsche asked, "Is man only a blunder of God, or God only a blunder of man?" I agree with the latter; the religious view of life is about as real as Disneyland. Man, to accomplish anything, has to live in some sort of rational relationship to reality. If he needs an operation and obtains one, his health will improve. If he prays for good health without doing anything about it, good luck to him!

Man cannot live by reasoning alone or by emotion alone. Reason supplies correct means; emotion determines ends and provides motive power. To be ruled by reason alone is an impossibility; people struggle to survive, undertake actions, love, marry and raise families because feelings impel them to do these things. Reason, when it is in proper relation to emotion, tells them how to do these things successfully. Religion is based on the false idea that wishes themselves have power, without the hard work guided by reason. A Divine Parent up above will give us what we want, if we ask nicely and obey His commands. And if He does not give us what we want, if He allows us to suffer, He will surely reward us in the next world.

I look to a rational relation among emotions, reason and reality to give me hope and strength. As George Orwell put it: "Often there is a seeming truce between the humanist and the religious believer, but in fact their attitudes cannot be reconciled: One must choose between this world and the next. And the enormous majority of human beings, if they understood the issue, would choose this world. They do make that choice when they continue working, breeding and dying instead of crippling their faculties in the hope of obtaining a new lease of existence elsewhere."

Miles Dalgleish
Annandale, Virginia



"OK—you don't believe in killing. Have you any religious or moral objection to being killed?"

RELIGION DEFENDED

While I enjoy the lively and informative discussions presented in *The Playboy Forum*, I am nevertheless annoyed by PLAYBOY's imprecise and indiscriminately derogatory use of the word "religion." An example occurred in your reply to Anita K. Adkisson (*The Playboy Forum*, June), where you quoted, with apparent approval, H. L. Mencken's statement that "religion is the greatest fomenter of hatred the world has ever seen." This trick of equating religion with the activities of its worst representatives is hardly novel, but it is most certainly irresponsible and unfair in view of the undeniable love and charity that religion has also fostered.

To be sure, there is much in religion that can stand close scrutiny and probing criticism. But indulging yourself in wholesale condemnations without even defining your terms will win the applause only of those whose hostility toward religion suggests an emotional, rather than an intellectual, approach, while offending those of us who take religion seriously.

James Brandel
Boston, Massachusetts

Our criticisms of religion are not "wholesale" but, rather, are directed at particular religious attitudes and specific abuses of religious authority. This is the case with the quote from H. L. Mencken, which was used in the limited context of a comment on the brand of religion represented by Miss Adkisson, for whom a Biblical quote settles everything; i.e., religion whose smug self-assurance of its exclusive possession of truth seems to allow neither compassion for "sinners" nor tolerance for those with different theological convictions. Such religion, convinced of its own rightness and everyone else's wrongness, has produced untold hatred and violence (the Crusades, the Inquisition, witch burnings, etc.) and it does deserve condemnation. It is this kind of religion that is unmistakably the target of Mencken's statement.

Our attitude toward the inconsistent influence of religion throughout history is summed up by Hefner in "The Playboy Philosophy": "Organized religion . . . has had a considerable civilizing influence upon mankind through all of history; it has fostered hope, charity and education. But bloody wars have also been fought because of it, and millions kept in abject poverty, tortured and executed in the vilest ways."

"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.

WAKE UP! *(continued from page 189)*

adding anything more—an ambiguous, flattering question, perhaps an entreaty, even, that seemed to be alluding to our relationship in a provocative way, as though what she meant was: "Do you want *me*, *Signor* Giacomo?"

Our encounters, moreover, were brief and bitterly unsatisfactory, being ruined by shyness and impatience. In fact, all we did was to look at each other, devouring each other with our eyes, seeking, it might have been thought, to impress thoroughly upon our memories the greatest possible number of each other's features, so as to take them back to our respective rooms and there gloat upon them at leisure. How many times did we meet during the day? I could not say; I know only that my life had become a continual coming and going from my room into the passages and from the passages back to my room. It was a tormenting, bitter, frustrated, anxious life, filled at the same time with hope and despair; and yet fundamentally, as I have said, a happy one. The happiness was the happiness of youth that feeds upon imagination and does not notice the poverty and insufficiency of real existence.

One afternoon, I left my room as usual and started walking in a determined fashion along the passage. I felt troubled to death, because the pretext for meeting Angelica was, this time, exceptionally transparent and important. I went some little distance down the passage, I turned the corner and, lo and behold, there, facing me, was Angelica. "Is there anything you want, *Signor* Giacomo?"

"I found this ring on the floor a few minutes ago. Is it yours?"

"A ring?"

I at once pulled it out of my pocket and showed it to her. I had bought it that morning: a gold hoop with a small brilliant and a small emerald; an inexpensive ring, but for me and, no doubt, for her, too, an engagement ring. She looked at it for a moment, then held out her long, pale, bony hand, its sharp nails varnished with a red that was almost black. "Yes, indeed, I had lost it. Please put it on my finger."

I said nothing. I was too overwhelmed to speak. I bent my head and slipped the ring on her finger. At once her hand closed upon mine, the nails thrusting into my palm with unsuspected force, like the claws of a frightened bird. In a low voice, Angelica said to me: "Come on, follow me." And thus, holding me by the hand, she led me from one passage to another and so to her room.

This was how a strange and wonderful period of my life began. We considered ourselves to be engaged; but it was an unusual engagement, unofficial, unknown to anybody except ourselves, at the same time chaste and more intimate than any sensual relationship. We had, in short, a secret; we were accomplices. But what sort of complicity was it? It could, perhaps, be most nearly compared with the true complicity of a conspiracy, in which people are accomplices against someone or something. We were accomplices against the world, which, if it had known of it, would inevitably have wrecked our relationship with its curiosity and its sympathy. It was agreed between us that nobody should know we were engaged, not even Angelica's mother, until the day we were married, which would be some years hence, as soon as I had obtained my degree.

In the meantime, I had started working again. Complicity with Angelica gave me great strength. I worked sitting in front of the open window, doggedly and persistently. It was springtime, and round my head, bent over my books, I could hear the hum of some wandering bee, I was conscious of the sharp scent of the flowers, from time to time a breath of wind would brush my cheek; but I did not lift my forehead. Work I must, so as to take my degree as soon as possible and marry Angelica. Only in the evening would I get up and look out of the window. Just as in the past I had conferred my own happiness upon the garden, so now I conferred my weariness upon it. I looked at the trees, motionless in the exhausted, stagnant evening air, at the graveled paths now half-hidden in shadow, at the flowers in the beds, their petals now all closed; and I said to myself that the garden, like myself, was happily weary of living, as one is weary of living when vitality is excessive and exuberant.

Into this happiness there began to creep, suddenly, a troublesome uneasiness. For some time, owing, no doubt, to the fatigue of my overstudious days, I had been having, regularly each night, a certain disturbing dream. It was not a nightmare; that is, there was nothing terrifying about it; nevertheless, it was worse than any nightmare on account of its—what shall I say?—its normality. This was the dream. I thought I was living in a rather large but modest apartment on the first floor of an ugly house, in a white-collar-workers' quarter, in a street full of parked cars and mean shops. A special kind of dreariness was noticeable in this apartment, the dreariness of places that were once occupied by a large family but the children have then married and gone away, and in the rooms, which were too numerous and full of tired, worn-out furniture, no one is left but the now elderly parents. In this place there were, indeed, two or three rooms that had been inhabited by our children and that no longer served any purpose; and we two, that is, my wife and I, were a couple of old people who, in effect, were together awaiting death.

The nightmare character of this dream lay in its normality, as I have said; that is, in the great precision of its details and, above all, in its perverse moderation. I saw everything: the rooms, the furniture, the street, the cars, the shops; but I saw them immersed in an intolerable atmosphere of everyday habit, as they are in real life. This disturbing feeling that I was not dreaming but was existing in an absolutely real world was accompanied by another, even worse, feeling: the feeling of the lack of vitality that goes with old age. Just as, in real life, I had been led to transferring my happy vitality to the garden that I saw from my window, so, in my dream, I seemed to recognize my own lack of vitality in the things among which I coldly and feebly vegetated. I would dream all this, then I would wake up and go at once to look at myself in the glass; and when I saw my brilliant, moist eyes, my vigorous, glossy hair, my fresh-colored cheeks, I would think: "How lucky, how lucky it's only a dream!"

All the same, this dream frightened me. Finally, one day when I was sitting with Angelica on the sofa in her room, I could not refrain from telling her about it, dwelling particularly upon the depressing character of normality and lifelikeness in its details. In the end, I asked her: "Doesn't it seem to you that this dream is worse than any nightmare? What d'you think?"

Her reply was unexpected. "My love," she said, "what you take for a dream is reality. I myself am a dream; haven't you yet realized that? I am the dream that repeats itself every night. In this dream, we are both young, we are engaged, we count on being able to get married. But in reality, we've been married for forty years, we've had three children, they've got married, in turn, and have gone away: We're old and we're alone. Wake up, touch your face, there you'll recognize your real age. Put out your hand on the sofa beside you; you'll feel, under your fingers, the shape of my body close to yours—how changed, alas, from what it was when you slipped the engagement ring on my finger!"

A LOT OF MILEAGE FROM THIS GAS!



JURVAC®

a new kind of watch from

LEJOUR WATCHES

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR FIVE FULL YEARS.

An absolutely astounding new development in timekeeping. The works are vacuum-sealed in argon gas to keep the lubricants fresh indefinitely. That's how JURVAC rates such a long guarantee. This fine product of Swiss craftsmanship has a 17 jewel, self-winding movement with an automatic calendar. The crystal is made of super-hard tempered glass, able to withstand torturing abuse without breaking. JURVAC is guaranteed waterproof to a 300 depth. Comes in either an all-stainless steel case, or in stainless steel with a yellow gold top. Price? The same as for fine, ordinary watches. $125 with strap; $135 with matching bracelet.

Available at Abercrombie & Fitch, Macy's, Michaels Jewelers, Tourneau and other fine jewelers. Write us for the name of the store nearest you.

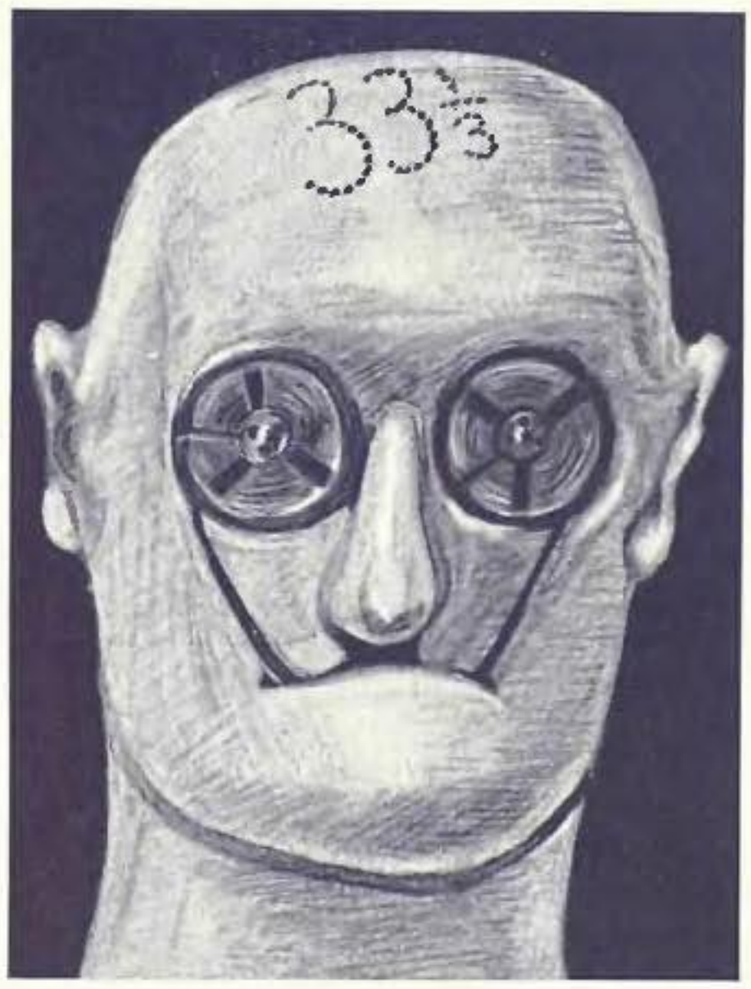
LEJOUR® WATCHES

36 West 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10036

IMAGE

(continued from page 134)

excellence and integrity are at stake, budgets are irrelevant. The bureaucrat will insist upon cheaper pencils and carbon paper, sending out messages such as that received by the deep-sea diver: "Surface at once. The ship is sinking." The principle of reversal of image and structure that accompanies every amplification of power applies everywhere, from trivial matters such as dance bands, reduced from 40 instruments to five by electric amplifiers, to the very pattern of human identity, reduced by data banks and computer memo-



ries to insignificance. The more that is publicly recorded about the actual existence of any person, the more he is diminished in his private existence. Like any public entertainer, he becomes his admirers or his recorders. By a commodius vicus of recirculation, this flips us back to the Electric Circus, in which music is no longer for listening to but for merging with.

Spin up



to New Hampshire

Where the great skiing's at. Where the ski bunnies are.

It'll cost you nothing to send for your free Spin-A-Ski Wheel — the handiest, quickest guide to the excitement of New Hampshire's swinging Winterland.

Spin-A-Ski tells where the skiing is. What the ski facilities are at 30 exciting areas. How to get there.

The ski bunnies will be here of course.

(But that's your department.)

N. H. Ski Area Operators Association
P. O. Box 856
Concord, N. H. 03301

Please send me one free Spin-A-Ski Wheel (pictured above), a 30 area guide to New Hampshire skiing, plus a New Hampshire Winter Vacation Kit.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

madhouse

(continued from page 168)

the new: that only by getting out of our skins, by becoming new men, can we become part of the new. In other words, change creates an estrangement from the self and generates a need for a new identity and a sense of rebirth. And it depends on the way this need is satisfied whether change runs smoothly or is attended with convulsions and explosions.

Let us go back to the 30,000,000 immigrants who were dumped on our shores and see what really happened to them. I said that the reason they had adjusted themselves so quickly to the new environment was that they found abundant opportunities for individual advancement. Is this all there was to it? Actually, a whole lot more happened to them. The moment the immigrants landed on our shores, America grabbed hold of them, stripped them of their traditions and habits, gave them a new diet and a new mode of dress, taught them a new language and often gave them a new name. Here was a classical example of processing people into new men. Abundant opportunities for action by themselves could not have transformed the transplanted peasants so quickly and smoothly.

Immigration, then, is a potent agency of human transformation. It is, moreover, an agency the masses will resort to on their own accord whenever there is a drastic change in their way of life. It is significant that the rapid industrialization of Europe was attended not only by mass movements but also by mass migrations to the New World. Marx cursed the discovery of gold in California for cheating him of his foretold and prayed-for glorious revolution. He said it was the injection of gold from California that saved tottering Europe. Actually, it was the discharge of 30,000,000 immigrants to America that postponed Europe's apocalyptic denouement.

It should be obvious, of course, that immigration can effect a human transformation only when it is to a foreign country. Internal migration cannot do it. Even now, when you want to transform a Sicilian or Spanish peasant into an industrial worker, you can do it more effectively by transferring him to Germany or France than to Milan or Barcelona. The Sicilian peasant who goes to Milan is not automatically processed into a new man, and he is likely to satisfy his need for a sense of rebirth by joining the Communist Party or some other mass movement. Immigration to a foreign country is a do-it-yourself way for the masses to attain a sense of rebirth. When they achieve this sense by joining a mass movement, they avail themselves of a device staged for them by intellectuals. It is easy to forget that mass movements are the creation not of the masses but of the intellectuals. Now, what is likely to happen to a Sicilian peasant who becomes an industrial worker in Milan did happen to millions of European peasants who flocked to the cities of their native countries in the second half of the 19th Century: They attained a sense of rebirth and a new identity by joining the nationalist and revolutionary movements staged for them by poets, writers, historians and scholars, and their adjustment to a new life became a convulsive and explosive affair that eventually shook the Occident to its foundations.

Mass movements play a twofold role in the process of change. Firstly, they stage the drama of rebirth. By joining a mass movement, we become members of a chosen people—saints, warriors or pioneers showing the way to the rest of mankind. Secondly, by fusing people into a compact corporate body, a mass movement creates a homogeneous malleable mass that can be molded at will. We who have lived through the Stalin-Hitler decades know that one of the chief achievements of a mass movement is the creation of a population that will go through breath-taking somersaults at a word of command and can be made to love what it hates and hate what it loves.

• • •

There is one drastic change that no society can avoid; namely, the change from boyhood to manhood. It is a difficult and painful change, and we all know its explosive by-product of juvenile delinquency. How do ossified, changeless societies weather this change? I was particularly interested in primitive, tribal societies that have remained unchanged for millennia. When I first started to look into this matter, I had no idea what I would find. I happened to come upon a translation of Arnold van Gennep's *The Rites of Passage*, and as I turned the pages, I had the surprise of my life. There it was in black and white: The rites primitive societies stage to ease the boy's passage to manhood are the rites of death and rebirth. In the Congo, boys at the age of 15 are declared dead, taken into the forest and given palm wine until they pass out. The priest-magician watches over them. When they come to, he feeds them special food and teaches them a new language. During the rites of reintegration, the boys have to pretend that they do not know how to walk and that, like newborn children, they have to learn the gestures of everyday life. In several Australian tribes, the boy is taken violently from his mother, who weeps for him. He is taken into the desert, where he is subjected to physical and mental weakening to simulate death. He is then resurrected to live like a man.

In modern societies that have no rites of passage, the juvenile gropes his way to manhood on his own. He becomes an ideal recruit for mass movements. Indeed, the rapport between juvenile and mass movement is so striking—the two are so tailor-made for each other—that anyone of whatever age who joins a mass movement begins to display juvenile traits. This intimate linkage between juvenile and mass movement, and the fact that change readies people for mass movements, gave me a new view of the nature of change. Change, I realized, causes juvenilization; it turns a whole population into juveniles. It is as if the strain of change cracks the upper layers of the mind and lays bare the less mature layers. Another way of putting it is that people who undergo drastic change recapitulate to some degree the passage from childhood to manhood, and mass movements are in a sense the juvenile delinquency of societies going through the ordeal of change.

The juvenile, then, is the archetypal man in transition. There is a family likeness between juveniles and people who migrate from one country to another, or are converted from one faith to another, or pass from one way of life to another—as when peasants are turned into industrial workers, serfs into freemen, civilians into soldiers and people in backward countries are subjected to rapid modernization. Even the old, when they undergo the abrupt change of retirement, may turn, so to speak, into senile juveniles. There is such a thing as senile delinquency. Retired farmers and shopkeepers have made of Southern California a breeding ground of juvenile cults, utopias and movements. The Birch movement, with its unmistakable character of juvenile delinquency, was initiated by a retired candymaker and is sustained by retired business executives, generals and admirals. One need not strain the imagination to visualize the juvenile madhouse we would have if rapid automation should cause the retirement of millions of vigorous workers still hungry for action.

• • •

It should be of interest to see what light these theories throw on one of the most pressing changes that confront this country at present; namely, the Negro's passage from inferiority to equality.

One sees immediately the almost insurmountable handicaps that beset the Negro on every hand. Take the matter of *rebirth*. The fact that in this country the Negro is a Negro first and only secondly an individual puts the attainment of a sense of rebirth beyond his reach. No matter what the Negro individual achieves or becomes, he remains a Negro first. How can he ever feel that he is a new man reborn to a new life? Think of the absurdities Elijah Muhammad and Father Divine had to concoct in

order to give the Negro some taste of rebirth. A decade of fervent agitation, demonstrations, riots, court decisions and new laws has not altered the fact that the white environment divests the Negro of his individuality.

Or take *immigration*. Millions of Negroes have migrated from the South to other parts of the country, but this mass migration has not helped the Negro to change himself. It is an internal migration that, as we have seen, cannot work a human transformation, and cannot endow people with a new identity. The Negro ghettos outside the South are a world of "nowhereness" and "nobodiness" where the groping for identity assumes the aspect of a nightmarish masquerade. It is of interest that Negroes who come to New York from the West Indies, Panama or Africa do have the exodus experience, and their performance is not utterly different from that of European immigrants.

Can *mass movements* do ought for the Negro? The answer is no. America is hard on mass movements. What starts out here as a mass movement ends up as a corporation or a racket. The Puritan and Mormon movements became training grounds for successful businessmen, and even the Communist movement is becoming a vehicle for the transformation of true believers into successful real-estate dealers. The Black Muslim movement is on the way to becoming a holding company of stores, farms and banks. The civil rights movement has been an instrument in the hands of the Negro middle class in its effort to integrate itself with the white middle class and force its way into the more privileged segments of American life. Used thus, the Negro revolution is not a movement but a racket. The Negro middle class has neither faith in nor concern for the Negro masses.

The fact is that the civil rights movement has not only failed to become a genuine mass movement but has also failed as a racket. Not only has it not achieved anything like a transformation of the average Negro but it has failed to give the Negro middle class the new life that seemed within its reach. The Negro middle class has fabulous opportunities for individual advancement, yet such opportunities cannot give the Negro a sense of fitness and an unequivocal sense of worth. Middle-class Negroes are finding out that what they need most is something that they as individuals cannot give themselves; something, moreover, that neither courts nor legislatures nor governments but only the Negro community as a whole can give them. Only when the Negro community as a whole performs something that will win it the admiration of the world will the Negro individual be able to be himself and savor the unbought grace of life. The Negro must have justified pride in the achievements of his people before he can have genuine self-respect. Another way of putting it is that at present the only way the Negro in America can attain a sense of rebirth is by giving birth to an effective Negro community. This cannot happen unless the Negro middle class reintegrates itself with the Negro masses and canalizes its energies, skills and money into the building of vigorous organs for mutual help, self-improvement and communal achievement. Demonstrations, riots, slogans, grandstanding and alibis cannot create one atom of pride.

The building of a Negro community will probably require a new type of leader—a leader who will know how to dovetail the Negro's difficulties into opportunities for growth. The renovation of the Negro slums has been crying out for the mass training of unemployed Negroes as carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, plumbers, electricians, painters, etc., and their organization into a black union that later, when the slums have been rebuilt, could challenge the discriminating white unions to open up or be wiped out. There is no reason why the Negroes in America should not become world pioneers not only in the renovation of slums but in the overcoming of backwardness. It is to the 20,000,000 Negroes in America that the backward countries should turn for guidance.

• • •

I have said that everywhere in America at present, the Negro is a Negro first and only secondly a human being. This is not wholly true. There is one place, the U.S. Armed Forces, where the Negro is a human being first. By joining the Armed Forces, the Negro acquires a new identity and is reborn to a new life. His excellent performance in Vietnam is generating a pride that radiates across the Pacific and reaches into many Negro households. New Left activists who ring doorbells in Harlem and urge Negro housewives to make common cause with the Viet Cong are unceremoniously thrown out. It is not inconceivable that the new leaders who will eventually lead 20,000,000 Negroes to a promised land will be Negro veterans of the Vietnam war. The new type of leader will be without charisma, swagger or clownishness. When the task is done, the followers of such a leader will feel that they have done everything themselves and that they can do great things without great leaders.



"I don't know what it is, but, for God's sake, don't do anything to frighten it away!"

ANOTHER WAY *(continued from page 114)*

coffee: the room door must have been left off the catch. The haze had practically lifted from the sea, exposing a ship balanced on the horizon like a small white toy. And soon there were new voices from the room where the man lay dead, crisper, brisk with authority.

The girl crumbled her cigarette nervously in the tray. "What will they want to know? I can't speak Italian."

"Don't worry about that," Forrester said. "I'll help you along." Against his will, he was committed. She appeared scared again, in dread of whatever was in store, and pity moved in him.

• • •

There were two policemen, one of whom looked as if he had slept in his uniform; the other one did most of the talking. He was swarthy, with a pencil-line mustache and neat, wiry hair. It was close on half past eight when he led his colleague and the manager into number 30. Cap under arm, the policeman brought his heels roughly together and bowed slightly.

"Would you come in, please?" he said, motioning Forrester and the girl from the veranda.

"My questions are mainly for the *signorina*. I will speak to you later."

"The *signorina* doesn't know Italian."

"How good is yours?" the policeman asked skeptically. Most tourists came with phrase books and cameras—click, click, click—went home and forgot. Forrester shrugged and gave him a sample of slang. "Try me."

"All right, all right." Impressed, his companion started fishing for a notebook. "Now, the lady's name?"

"I'd sit down, if I were you," Forrester suggested to the girl. He pulled a chair from under the writing desk. "They want your full name."

She seemed to come out of a dream. "Inger Lindeman."

Forrester spelled it for the note taker's benefit.

"Nationality?"

"Norwegian," Forrester replied.

The questions went on. Address? Age? Married? Finally, "What was her relationship to the deceased?"

"The relationship is obvious," the manager said, stirring the air in protest. Then, covering himself, "The register is in order, though. You will see when you make your inspection."

"*Da vero?*" the policeman snapped. "Fancy!" He turned to Forrester. "Ask her what happened last night."

"They got back from the casino at Messina sometime after three; and when she woke this morning, he was dead."

"Ask her, please."

"I already have. She doesn't know anything more."

"I appreciate your intentions, *signore*, but the answers must come from her."

And so it went on—until almost ten o'clock: predictable questions, needless questions, stupid questions. The policeman occasionally presented a pained expression as evidence of sympathy, but the veneer was thin. Not many foreigners died in Taormina, and he was unlikely to have come across one who had died like this; headquarters would expect nothing less than thoroughness.

It was wearyingly painstaking, but, to Forrester's mind, the forest was being missed for the trees. And he finally suggested as much.

"Suicide?" the policeman reacted sharply. "That would be jumping to conclusions."

"The doctor isn't without some evidence."

"He implied that suicide was a possibility—that is all."

"Well, I'm not going to start splitting hairs, but I'd bet you a month's pay he's right."

"You seem very sure."

"I also played roulette in Messina last night." Forrester shot a glance at the girl; she was staring blankly across the room, twitching a cigarette between her fingers. "It made a change to go somewhere else. By sheer chance, I was alongside them at the table. When I left, Nolan was over a million down and showing every sign of following it with more. He was already right out of his depth—and getting scared."

The untidy policeman referred to his notes. "She estimates he lost as much as a million and a half."

"Exactly," the other one commented, pursuing his logic. "And yet she also says there was nothing significant about his manner. No change. No difference. That doesn't sound like a suicide-to-be."

"Who knows?" Forrester said. "He was a stranger, as far as I was concerned. They both were." Once more, he glanced at the girl. "And she doesn't know all that much about him herself."

"If you accept that she is telling the truth, *signore*."

"Oh, to hell," Forrester flared. "I suppose the same goes for me as well?"

For the first and only time that morning, the policeman permitted himself the ghost of a smile. "Any inquiry has to be determined by the assembly of facts and a comparison of information."

"That sounds as if it's straight out of a training manual."

"It makes sense, *signore*, nevertheless."

"Well, don't waste too much of your time on the girl. She's more in need of help than able to give it."

"She will have to sign a statement. And you also."

"No one's going to object to that."

They started to leave at last, nodding formally, adjusting their caps. "*Arrivederci, signorina. . . . Grazie.*" They were pretty human, after all.

• • •

In the corridor, they remembered Nolan's passport. Efficiency wasn't their strong point. Nolan's they found in his jacket, which hung motionless in the closet; hers was in the bedside-table drawer.

The senior policeman flipped them both through. "He was Canadian, *signore*. Born Vancouver. . . ." He liked a small triumph. "You said American."

"Well, I said wrong. In any case, he was a long way from home." Now it was Forrester who turned to leave. "When do you want us for the statements?"

"At noon? Do you know where the police post is?" Forrester said he knew.

They stayed on to search the place, Forrester imagined. When he got back to number 30, the girl was still sitting in the chair, for all the world as if she hadn't moved.

"Thank you for all you have done," she said.

"I'm afraid it isn't over yet. The police want you to go and sign a statement."

"Will you be there?"

"They need one from me as well."

"And then?"

"There's bound to be a post-mortem; but beyond that, I couldn't say."

The police post was nearby and, when the time came, Forrester thought they might as well walk. Heads turned as they entered the hotel foyer. She was probably used to being looked at, because she didn't appear to notice. The manager beckoned Forrester when they were halfway across and he veered over to the desk.

"The *signorina* is being allocated another room—number forty-seven. Her belongings will be moved there just as soon as the police agree. A smaller room. . . . I am sure, if you explain, she will understand."

The high sun fell on them as they emerged. They turned along the slanting street between walls dripping with bougainvillaea and soon they were among the umbrellas of the pavement cafés and the shops stocked with bric-a-brac, where the touring coach parties were let loose. If Forrester had been asked to describe the girl, he would have listed blonde, slim, tallish, brown eyes, high cheekbones. But now, as he moved beside her, he was reminded of Nolan's heavy, quick-paced strut, and then he was remembering him at the casino and then thinking of him on the bed only hours ago. Nolan's memory kept pace with them in the noonday glare and among the indifferent passers-by, the girl's face set, grief and shock hidden behind dark glasses.

Only once did she say anything. "We were leaving tomorrow. We were going to Rome. . . . What will happen about the hotel?"

"They're moving you elsewhere—to another room. The manager told me just now. How are you for money?"

"Not good," she said. "Not good at all."

It was five or six minutes to the police post—an ocherous, grille-windowed building with the scurf of old election posters disfiguring a side wall. They mounted the shallow steps together to be engulfed by the apparent darkness of the interior. The duty clerk let them through the barrier without delay and showed them into an office marked PRIVATO—largish, whitewashed, with a big desk at one end and battered wooden filing cabinets around two sides. The place reeked of stale cigar smoke. There were three men waiting for them, a gray-faced civilian in a gray suit, the policeman from the hotel who had done the talking and his senior officer—a heavy-jowled, podgy-handed individual with black, button eyes and a smoker's wheeze. Forrester had seen him one day near the Mazzarò beach, staring avidly after two retreating, bikini-clad figures, and now he stared without inhibition at the girl for just too long for it to pass unnoticed.

He said to Forrester: "I understand you are acting as interpreter for this lady? We have prepared the statements based on the information you both gave and you will be asked to sign them. This is quite normal procedure. There is nothing unusual or significant about it—is that clear?"

A flip of the fat fingers. The civilian handed some papers across the desk. Perhaps he was a typist, or a lawyer; not that it mattered. The statements were on foolscap, double-spaced, and the girl's filled two and a half pages; Forrester's, three quarters of a page.

"Take your time," the officer wheezed, subsiding into a swivel chair and pretending to examine his fingernails. No disaster could ever have happened to him.

Forrester turned to the girl and began quietly to translate. A fan squeaked overhead. They had spelled her name incorrectly, after all, but there were no other literals that he could see. *I am Inger Lindeman, Norwegian citizen, of Paul Astrup Vei 26, Oslo, age 23, single, passport number 427813, at present in residence at the Hotel Capua, Taormina.* . . . It was a competent précis of what he had learned about her from the policeman's questioning. *I met Mr. Francis Nolan six weeks ago in London, where I was working in a club, the Golden Cobweb. We went to Paris together, where we stayed two weeks. We were for three weeks after that in Alassio, after*

Medico 2¼" filters do it

give pleasure and peace of mind

MEDICO®

FILTER PIPES

66-baffle absorbent replaceable Medico Filters trap juices, tars, nicotine – keep your mouth cleaner, cooler. Change filter and your pipe is clean. Selected, imported briar; nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, Write Medico, 18 E. 54th St., N.Y. 10022, Dept. A-30. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.





MEDICO FILTERS 10 for 10¢
Menthol-Cool or Charcoal
10 for 15¢

MEDICO CREST
with Pipe Rest
$6 TO $20

Illustrated
GOLD CREST dark claret $8
(light café finish $9)



Other Medico
Filter Pipes
$2.50 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO • World's Largest Selling Pipes

note-able accessory

Playboy's dashing Pocket Secretary combines the finest black glove leather with Parker Classic ballpen and handy memo pad. Jot down business appointments, dinner dates — they slip handily away in the slim, trim case. Rabbits romp on patterned lining and one sits jauntily atop pen. Memo pad refills available. Use order No. JE 1090 **$12.50.**
Please add 50¢ for handling.

Shall we send a gift card in your name?
Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products**
The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.
Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.



which we flew to Palermo, then came to Taormina. . . .

"All right so far?" he asked, and she nodded, eyes closed.

Last night, we went to the casino at Messina. We played roulette. I estimate Mr. Nolan lost 1,500,000 lire. At 2:30 o'clock this morning, we took a taxi back to the Hotel Capua, arriving at about 3:30. We went immediately to bed. I noticed nothing abnormal in Mr. Nolan's manner, either then, or during the journey from Messina, or at the casino. . . .

"He was tired," she interpolated. "Frank told me he was very tired."

"No more than that?"

"No." Forrester didn't bother to translate it.

I awoke at 7:15. At first, I thought Mr. Nolan was asleep. . . .

There was nothing new, nothing at variance with how she had answered. Forrester's statement was also accurate. *. . . Neal J. Forrester, British, of Peterborough, England, age 37. . . .* Both ended with an elaborately worded declaration of their approval and a prepared space for the signature witnesses. The girl signed first, then Forrester.

"That is all, *signore.*" The officer glanced cursorily at the documents. "I must compliment you on your Italian. It is exceptionally good. You must know my country well."

"This is my first time in Sicily. But I have relatives in Rome, cousins, and I've visited them for more years than I care to remember."

"Rome?" There might have been a bad taste in his mouth. "Well, no doubt, that will account for it." He scrawled his name on the lines provided and the civilian went to work with a rubber stamp. "Now, as regards Mr. Nolan's death. We shall be taking two other statements—the night porter's at the Capua and the manager's; these, it is hoped, will confirm the lady's estimates of times, and so on." His button eyes kept straying to the girl, measuring her blatantly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell the lady that we shall retain her passport until tomorrow, when the autopsy report will be completed."

"Are you implying that she's under suspicion in any way?"

"Not at all. Nor, *signore,* are you."

The officer smirked knowingly as they left. "What would she have done without your help, *signore*? I trust she will realize how indebted she is." Angered, Forrester stepped past him. Instinctively, he gripped the girl's arm. He had no illusions about her, but he could see how vulnerable she was, how hard it must be to be young and attractive and suddenly made alone.

• • •

This was on Tuesday.

She seemed to dread the thought of going back to the hotel, so he took her down the steep zigzag hill to a fish restaurant near the beach at Giardini. It was quiet there, with few people, and he chose a table on the tiny terrace. She had no appetite, only toying with the food. For the most part, they were as distant as strangers; and now and again, Forrester found his sense of duty wilting a shade as he thought ruefully of where he might have been—Tindari, or at the swimming pool, or in chance conversation with somebody; laughing, perhaps. Already, it seemed an age since he had laughed. But whenever his mind wandered, the girl somehow broke the distraction—this time, with a shiver that shook ash from her cigarette.

"Are you cold?"

"No." She narrowed her shoulders, looking away. "Not like that. . . . It came from inside." Then: "What made him do it? What could have possessed him?"

Forrester hedged. "What sort of person was he?"

"Always busy, always moving." For a moment, a memory trapped her. "Tomorrow was always going to be better, even better. That is why I cannot understand. . . . *Cannot.* He was such an optimist."

"It was good with him, then?" Someone had to show an interest; she had a right to it: her kind weren't equipped for loneliness.

A breeze wrinkled the sea, coming smooth and warm, stirring the geraniums planted along the stone balustrade. "When did you go to England?"

"*Two* years ago."

"To work in a club?"

"No—to look after children."

"Are you a nurse?"

She shook her head. "Three children, at Guildford. It was a big house. The name of the people was Osborne, and the children were called Linda and Jonathan and Jeremy."

"And then you left and went to London?"

"I was bored," she said. "First I went to a shop—it was Harrod's—and then I heard about the Golden Cobweb. I preferred the hours and the money was better. I was a hostess there." She drew on the cigarette. "One night, six weeks ago, Frank walked in. And now. . . ."

"Did he have any languages? Did he speak Italian?"

"No. Oh, no." Her lips formed what might have been the merest hint of a smile. "He just had a way with him—no matter where we were. He was . . . I don't know, things were always possible with Frank around."

Abruptly, as if she regretted the phrase, her eyes blurred again. She was very much like a child, Forrester thought; and with luck, the pain and confusion wouldn't last. With luck, she'd turn a corner and forget, the way children do. Nolan would diminish, Nolan for whom tomorrow must have been like a postdated check that couldn't be met. She was young and too much would happen to her. Life would soon engulf her again.

He said: "Being practical for a moment—don't be anxious about the hotel bill. You'll only be responsible for the new room."

"I have thirty thousand lire only, perhaps a little more."

"Twenty pounds, say. That ought to cover you."

"For the hotel, yes. Maybe. But afterward? How will I manage afterward?"

"I reckon the best thing will be for you to contact your consul. There's sure to be one in Palermo. He'll get you home all right."

"Home," she echoed, the eyes blank.

To his surprise, she then said: "Are you married?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You've been so understanding. So helpful."

"Need one be married?"

"Are you?"

"No."

"Were you?"

"Yes."

With luck, she would have no scars. A vivid memory was an affliction, bringing anguish in the night.

• • •

The police officer had suggested that it might be Wednesday afternoon before he was in possession of the findings of the post-mortem. But he had overestimated either his compatriots' zeal or the local laboratory's capabilities: in any event, it was Thursday morning before the result was through.

The whole of Wednesday, therefore, meant marking time, remaining within easy reach of Taormina. Forrester didn't begrudge it; he had no firm plans and a very full three weeks' leave was behind him, first in Rome, as so often, then here—here being strictly for winding down after a hectic year. Rome hadn't helped in that direction; it never did. Rome was busy, urgent, endlessly entertaining and demanding; whereas Taormina was as beautiful a place for idleness as could be. Not that the girl was in any state to appreciate beauty; she was still very much sunk within herself.

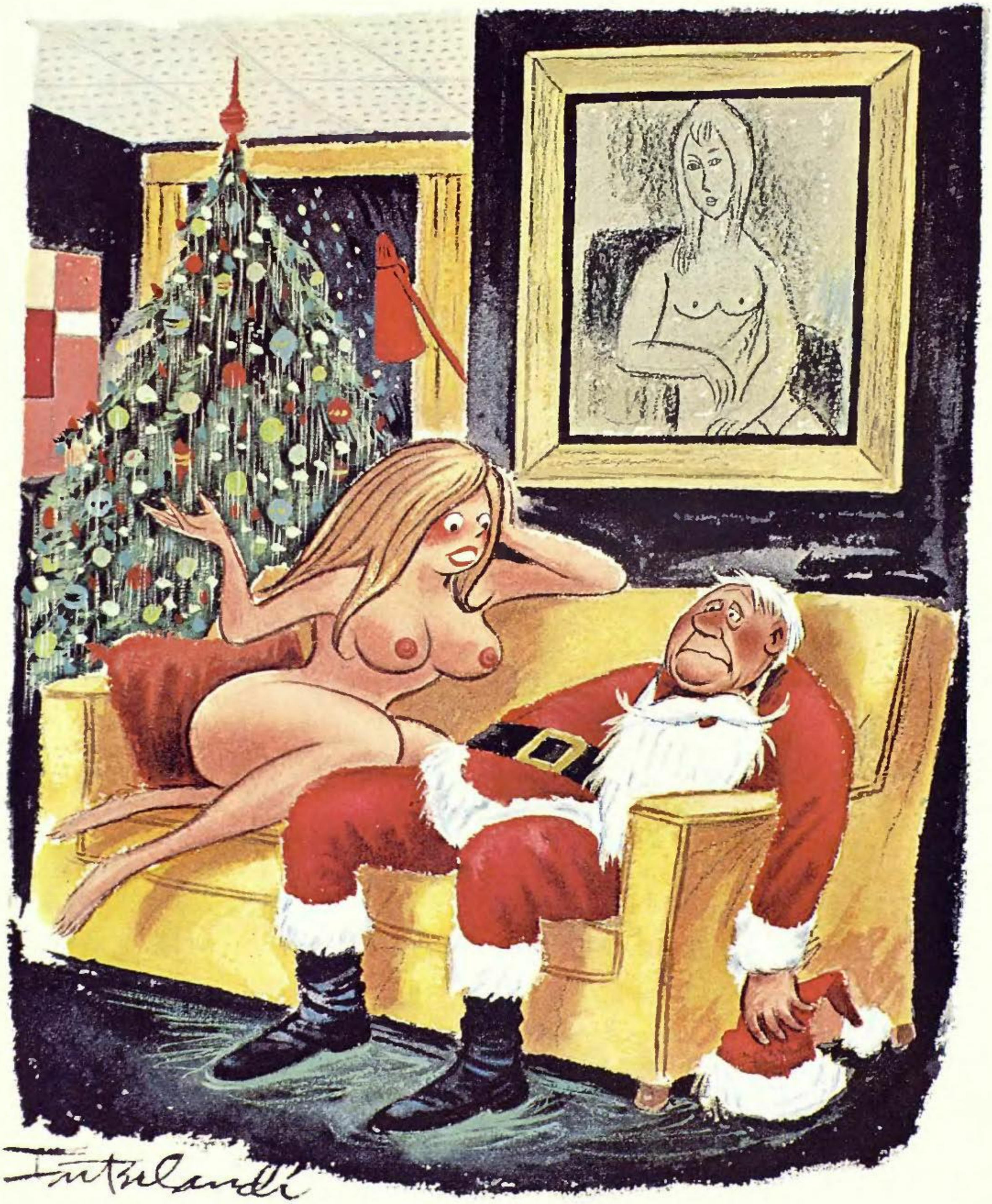
At one point, he said: "I'm leaving on Friday—for Palermo. You'll be welcome to the ride."

"What happens to you at Palermo?"

"I fly to England." He very nearly added: "All good things come to an end," but instead he shrugged and substituted: "Work—there's no escape from it for long."

"Shouldn't I stay for the funeral?"

"That's up to you, but the police are checking with the next of kin, which means there may be some delay about funeral arrangements. Anyhow, you



"Not only isn't Christmas what it used to be, Santa isn't what he used to be. . . ."

needn't decide here and now. There will be a spare seat right up to the moment I leave." After a few seconds, he added: "You won't be deserting Frank, you know. You've got to be thinking about yourself, Inger—what's best, what's most sensible. And surely, the most sensible thing is to put yourself in the hands of your consul. . . . Wouldn't Frank be the first to agree to that?"

His father might have been talking—"Diana's dead, Neal. Face up to it, brutal though it is. You did everything a man could. My God, you almost went, too. Be practical. Concentrate on yourself. There's no other way, believe me. . . ."

The dream returned to him that night, the selfsame merciless dream, but only a fraction of it, the climax, the part where the shale started giving under his feet, scattering over Diana as she clung to the angle of cliff, one arm stretched toward his, sobbing breath, fingers reaching, and then his feet no longer getting any purchase, sliding, stamping, and Diana's eyes from only a few feet away, every second elongated into frantic lengths of time, and then the shale suddenly going down in a gritty, slithering wave, taking her with it in a great sucking yawn of noise, while he watched.

When the dream woke him, as it always did, Forrester lay cold in the bed, hounded again across the years by the recollection. It was five o'clock and he got up, put on his dressing gown and went in slippers onto the veranda. An hour later, he was still there, smoking, watching the pink-and-pewter dawn beginning to make the new day as the world turned.

• • •

He took breakfast in his room. Soon after nine, the switchboard rang through with a message from the police post—would he and Miss Lindeman please report there between ten and eleven o'clock?

They walked to the police post in the April sunshine, to be shown on arrival into the same office as before, with its cloying cigar-smoke pungency and the blatant, libidinal gaze of its occupant.

"Buon giorno, signorina . . . signore."

No one else was there. An anonymous civic dignitary stared at them from a frame askew on the wall. They sat down and waited while the officer shuffled some papers. Perhaps he was trying to give the impression of overwork or of having innumerable and pressing responsibilities. Fussing, he eventually found what he wanted.

"Ah, yes," he wheezed, leaning back and glancing quickly at the girl's legs under the desk. "The doctor's report. . . ." He cleared his throat, then addressed Forrester. "It says here that the dead man had a heavy concentration of sodium amytal in his system. It also says, in effect, that there was no evidence of cardiac or arterial weakness and that no other cause of death can be attributed."

"He killed himself, in fact," Forrester said.

"It will be for the inquest to rule whether the dose was self-administered——"

"Oh, to blazes."

Surprisingly, the officer nodded. "I agree with you. The circumstances point to it being so. All I am saying is that it is not for me to make the official pronouncement. Inform the *signorina* of the situation, please," he said. "Tell her, if you will, that for her peace of mind, I am taking her into my confidence."

He seemed anxious to win gratitude from her, recognition, God knows. It must be hard, Forrester thought, to lust so hungrily and to be totally ignored. On both visits, she had hardly even looked at him.

Forrester told her. "And now, will you be kind enough to hand her passport back?"

"Of course. I have it here, waiting." Like many fat men, he was nimble on his feet. He went to one of the filing cabinets, stomach held in, and found the passport. "Here," he said, making a point of giving it personally to the girl, going round behind her, able to touch her at last, hand excusably on shoulder. "With my compliments, *signorina*. A pleasure."

She asked Forrester: "What did he say?"

"He's telling you you're free to go." To the officer, he said: "The lady is grateful—most grateful."

Another lingering glance in her direction. "You can take it from me that she is at liberty to leave Sicily as and when she chooses."

Rising, Forrester told him: "She's probably traveling with me to Palermo."

"When will that be?"

"Tomorrow."

"Ah." With reluctance, the officer moved to the door; given a chance, he would have prolonged the small talk, the proximity. "Well, I wish you both a pleasant journey." Enviously, he again smiled the parting smile, which implied that he also was a man of the world. "Goodbye, *signore . . . signorina*." And Forrester felt his eyes on their backs as he and Inger walked along the corridor.

• • •

She went with him the next day. Someone on the other side of the world had a claim on Nolan—mother, father, sister, brother; maybe a wife—and it wasn't for Inger to elect what became of his sewn-up, refrigerated corpse. Not that she expressed any views. Tuesday morning remained for her the ultimate finality and she could cope with nothing else, though she left 4000 lire with the hotel manager to be spent on roses if Nolan were buried in Taormina—a generous sum, considering what remained when her bill was settled. In a way, it seemed the sentimental gesture of a child.

Yes, he reckoned Nolan would diminish. Taormina itself was already a memory. In a matter of hours, they had entered a wilderness. The most recent signpost had crooked a broken metal finger toward the sky, but whatever name and distance it proclaimed were all but eaten away by rust and Forrester hadn't spared it more than a glance. Then, as now, there was no choice of route; then, as now, he could see the solitary road snaking along the scrawny hills like a frayed chalk line. But presently, after several empty miles, he asked: "Where's next?"

He couldn't risk taking his eyes off the road for more than a second or so. The girl had a map between them on the seat, but she was no navigator.

"Leonforte," she said without conviction.

"Is that a suggestion or a fact?"

"Provided we have passed Agira."

"Agira's where I nearly had that dog under us."

"Oh. . . . Well, it will be Leonforte."

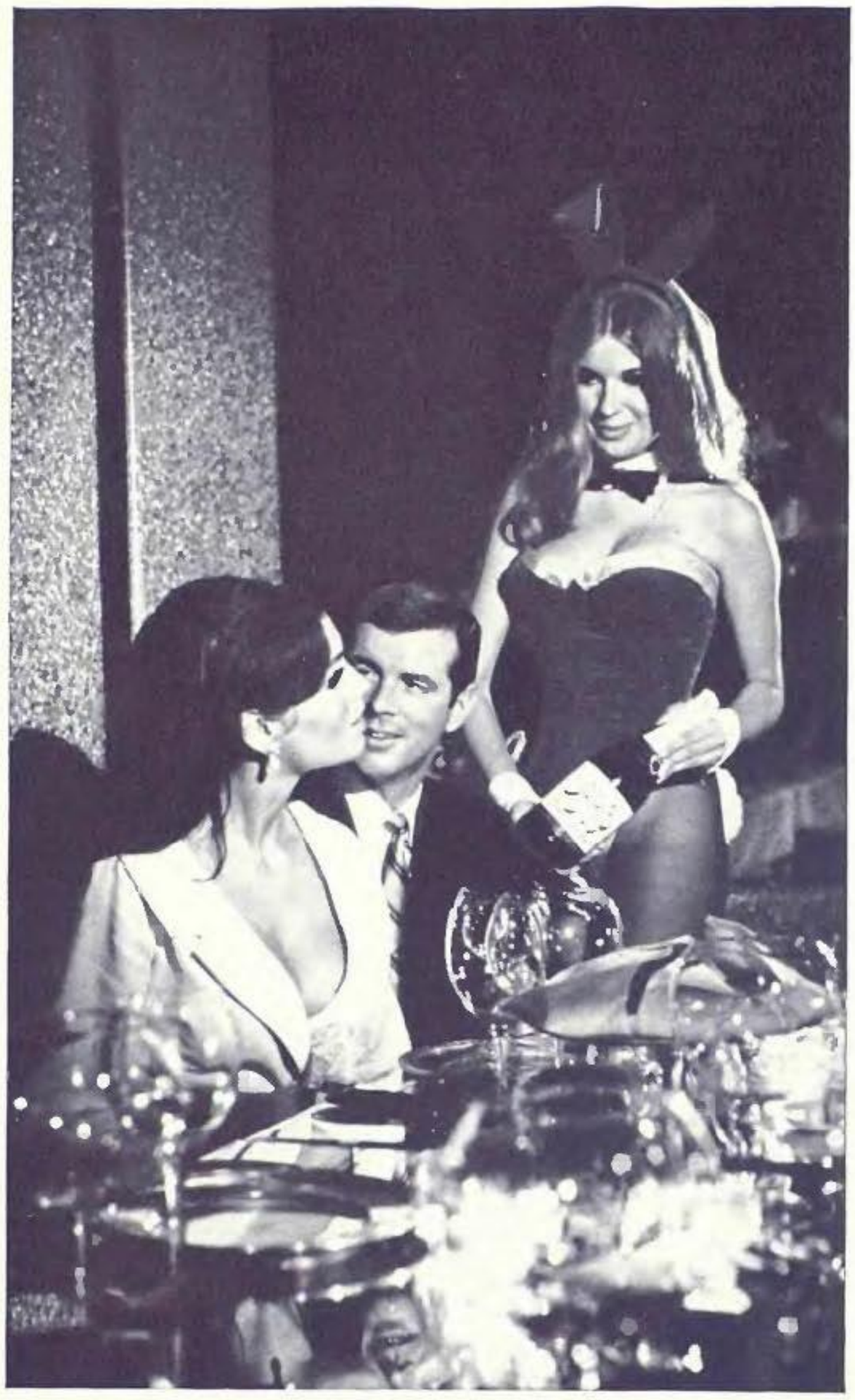
"I could do with a drink. Aren't you parched? I'm as dry as a bone."

Back in Taormina, the manager had said: "Why that way to Palermo, *signore*? Why not go to Capo d'Orlando and then along by the sea through Cefalù and Termini? A better road, more interesting places. And quicker. No? Well, it is up to you—naturally." This with the lift of the shoulders of one who knows best. "But inland, you will find another kind of Sicily. *Antipatica*. Nothing but hills."

He wasn't entirely accurate. Once in a while, a village showed in the heaped-up distances, like a patch of bird droppings; now and again, a river glittered through the haze of heat and shabby farm buildings huddled in the serpentine floor of a valley. But the almond trees and cypresses along the littoral, the carnations and lemon groves and the multicolored plaster walls straight out of the travel brochures belonged where the silver-white beaches were—behind Etna. This was stark, savage country, the road often like a shelf with unnerving gorges sheer on its open side.

The Fiat 1800 handled well. All morning, Forrester had driven with care, wrestling the wheel on the endless curves as the road bucked and twisted around Etna's huge base, spreading a long trail of dust over the high desolation where they now found themselves. Hardly another car shared it with them, only an occasional truck, sometimes a lonely man plodding along the verge or gazing down at them from a rocky

Be Santa three times over and give him Playboy's Triple Gift



Playboy Club Key-Card, bottle of champagne and LeRoy Neiman print—all three gifts for $25

Over 46,000 delighted men received the Playboy Triple Gift last Christmas. Here's your chance to give this exciting gift to the hard-to-buy-for man on your list . . . a gift that will be enjoyed for years to come.

The lucky man you gift will get:

1. His Personal Key-Card to The Playboy Club. The one key that puts him where the action is in 15 Clubs in the U. S., plus two year-round Club-Hotel resorts, one in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, another in Jamaica, as well as Clubs in London and Montreal.

2. A bottle of fine champagne. On his first visit to The Playboy Club, a beautiful Bunny will present him with a bottle of champagne with your compliments. Truly a great way to begin life in Playboy's festive Club atmosphere and a perfect second gift.

3. A LeRoy Neiman print. A Bunny will also present your gentleman with your third gift, a 20" x 30" full-color reproduction of Neiman's "The Hunt of the Unicorn." The 72-foot-long original hangs in the Living Room of the new, widely acclaimed $12,000,000 Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel.

That's Playboy's Triple Gift!

In the spirit of the season, U. S. Playboy Club Triple Gift Keys are $25, even in states where keys are normally $50; Canadian Triple Gift Keys are $30 (Canadian). The Annual Account Maintenance Charge (currently $5 U. S.; $6 Canadian) is waived for the new keyholder's first year.

This offer expires after Christmas. Orders received up to one week before December 25 will be filled in time to be received by Christmas. Use the coupon below for your Playboy Triple Gift orders.

If you've ever been in a Playboy Club, either as a keyholder or a guest, you already know about the advantages opened by this exclusive Key-Card:

- The pleasure of relaxing in the plush surroundings of your very own Club and dining in your choice of rooms, selecting from a widely varied menu.
- Imbibing "Playboy-size," ounce-and-a-half-plus drinks, served by beautiful Playboy Club Bunnies.
- Catching the finest entertainment from leading cabarets and night clubs across the country.
- One year's subscription to VIP, the Club's own magazine.
- PLAYBOY® Magazine redemption program for one year at all U. S. Clubs except Detroit and in California.

Now you can give him the world of Playboy to enjoy . . . BUT YOU MUST ACT NOW! And, while you're gifting friends, why not treat yourself to a Key-Card during this special Triple Gift offer!

The gift key and certificates entitling the recipient to champagne and the Neiman print are mailed to him in a beautiful, personalized package . . . including a three-dimensional card hand-inscribed with your name. Each Playboy Club Triple Gift given as a business gift is tax deductible. (Current Internal Revenue Service regulations allow a maximum deduction of $25 per recipient for each gift given.

Your lucky new keyholding friend may use his new Key-Card in all Playboy Clubs. Currently, state laws allow us to redeem champagne and Neiman print certificates in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Lake Geneva Club-Hotel, Miami, Montreal, New Orleans, New York, Phoenix and St. Louis. Certificates may be redeemed any time during 1969 at any of these Clubs.*

**In Massachusetts it's Playboy of Boston.*

To: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:
Here is my order for
☐ Triple Gift order only ☐ personal Triple Gift only ☐ personal and Triple Gift order

In the spirit of the holiday season, U. S. Playboy Club Key-Cards are $25 even in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi, where Key-Cards are normally $50; Canadian Key-Cards are $30 (Canadian). The Annual Account Maintenance Charge, currently $5 in U. S. and $6 (Canadian) in Canada, is waived for the new keyholder's first year.

Enclosed is check for $_____, or charge my credit Key-Card no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

MY NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

If ordering personal Triple Gift only, you need not complete portion below.

SEND TRIPLE GIFT TO (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

CHECK APPROPRIATE BOXES
☐ Send Triple Gift to recipient with gift card signed _____
☐ I wish to present Triple Gift personally. Send package and unsigned card to me.
☐ I am a PLAYBOY Magazine subscriber.

Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift Key-Cards. 302

KEYHOLDERS DIAL A BUNNY FOR SPEEDIER TRIPLE GIFT SHOPPING . . . WE CONFIRM BY MAIL. *Atlanta* (404 525-4626) • *Baltimore* (301 VE 7-1111) • *Boston* (617 536-7900) • *Chicago* (312 WH 4-3010) • *Cincinnati* (513 241-8580) • *Denver* (303 292-1300) • *Detroit* (313 962-0011) • *Jamaica* (Oracabessa 222) • *Kansas City* (816 HA 1-5080) • *Lake Geneva* (414 248-8811) • *London* (Mayfair 6666) • *Los Angeles* (213 657-5050) • *Miami* (305 751-7543) *Montreal* (514 288-5181) • *New Orleans* (504 523-5001) • *New York* (212 PL 2-3100) • *Phoenix* (602 264-4314) • *St. Louis* (314 OL 2-4700) • *San Francisco* (415 434-2550)

slope with goats moving amid the scrub and prickly pear. A different Sicily, all right, wild beyond Forrester's imagination, and one that he'd never have seen if he'd allowed the manager to route them. Yet Palermo was still within comfortable reach; they'd be there by evening.

He sounded the horn and the tires whimpered through yet another S bend. Then the road ran straight for a while, with a plunging fallaway to their left. A few gauzy slicks of high cloud, eroded outcrops of yellow rock on the steep, bare hillside ahead, no evidence of human activity—until, at last, Leonforte showed. For the passer-by, it was a nondescript town, small and compact, clustered above vineyards and patches of gnarled olive small holdings, with tight streets and sunless back alleys to nowhere. Forrester parked the car in the main square and he and Inger crossed to a café, where checkerboard tables stood beneath some plane trees. She ordered Cinzano soda and Forrester, a beer. The trees shook their shadows gently in the sun and the waiter departed with his metal tray, plucking morosely at a frayed cuff.

Forrester stretched his legs: "D'you feel like eating?"

"Here?"

"God forbid. Unless you're ravenous, I thought we could push on to Etna, or even to Caltanissetta. What d'you say?"

"I can wait."

Their drinks came, cold and slaking. Forrester drained his and ordered another. The girl was almost beautiful in the dappled light, her hair blown, nothing false about her face; the pallor had gone and the tan glowed. She was wearing the trousers from the blue suit, but jacketless now, with a sleeveless white-cotton sweater.

• • •

Etna was still there sometimes, even now, quivering distantly in the rearview mirror. They were climbing again, the panoramas widening, the land more hostile, if possible, than before. About five miles out of Leonforte, a series of hairpins demanded all Forrester's concentration; but when the road leveled off, he opened the throttle. It wasn't long after midday and the dust curdled behind them under the brassy sun. Cactus by the wayside, thornbushes, rock and coarse scrub; either that or dramatic gorges with far-off glimpses of cultivation and perhaps a big house centered amid disciplined concentrations of green.

Ahead, the road split left and right by a wayside call box. Nearing the fork, Forrester could see two men, one in the center of the road, one sitting by the bank. The one in the center started waving, legs apart, facing them; even at 50 yards, his teeth showed in a grin.

"What the hell——"

Forrester braked. The man held his ground, arms raised as if in surrender. The grin didn't falter. Not until the Fiat had come to rest within feet of him and the following wave of dust was drifting over did he move; then he skipped round to Forrester's side.

"*Inglese?*"

"*Si.*"

"*Parla italiano?*" Dark-blue suit, grubby cream shirt, no tie; thin, thongy wrists.

"*Si.* What d'you want?"

"My brother has hurt his leg. His ankle."

The one on the bank acknowledged Forrester's glance with a moody nod. He was the younger of the pair—20ish, and rougher-looking. Both were very swarthy.

"Where are you making for?" Forrester said, cutting the engine.

"Caltanissetta." The man by the car really had the most ferocious grin. It was like a permanent fixture; but above it, the eyes were sharp and darting.

"You're in luck. Climb in."

"*Tante grazie.*" Then, over his shoulder: "*Va bene,* Giuseppe."

The brother hobbled over and they clambered into the rear seat. Forrester watched them in the mirror: country boys.

"How did you hurt your ankle?"

"On a stone up there. I twisted it." He was gruff and surly. And yet on edge; Forrester could sense his tension.

Forrester switched on. As he did so, the brother asked a curious thing. "Esso?"

Forrester had filled up in Taormina, though for the life of him, he couldn't remember with what. Carelessly, he nodded, shifting into gear and releasing the hand brake. "That's right."

"Your wife is beautiful," the other one remarked after a pause.

Forrester smiled back at the grin. To Inger, he said: "They're being complimentary about you."

She didn't respond. He drove a quarter of a mile or so in silence. Presently, there was a solid, metallic-sounding click that he couldn't place. Glancing into the mirror again, he saw the man behind him lean forward; then he felt a jacket sleeve against his neck hair as an arm rested on the back of the seat. For half a moment, Forrester imagined he was about to be offered a cigarette.

"*Signore*—we are not going to Caltanissetta."

"No?" Even then, he hadn't grasped that something might be wrong. "Where, then?"

"I will show you. It is not on this road."

"Sorry, but I'm not making any detours."

"You are." The voice was very quiet, almost against his neck, but its intensity carried a built-in threat: the manner of address had suddenly changed to the familiar and disdainful *tu*.

Slowing, Forrester half turned in his seat. And then, with a chill of alarm, he saw that the man was pointing an automatic pistol at him.

Inger must have seen it simultaneously: Forrester was vaguely aware of her startled gasp. But for seconds on end, the gun seemed to have him mesmerized. He flung a glance at the road, meaning to draw onto the side.

"Don't stop!"

"Listen——"

"Keep going—I'm warning you."

"Do as he says," the other one grated.

Forrester held the car at low speed. "Is this a game? Some kind of a game?"

"Do as I tell you and neither of you will be hurt."

"Who are you?"

"Carlo and Giuseppe—brothers."

Now Inger: "What is happening? Who are they?" She was scared, pressing against the door.

Over his shoulder, Forrester said: "*Cosa vogliono?* Money?"

"Everyone wants that"—this with a snigger.

"I have some money."

"But of course. . . . Now, I suggest you drive faster."

A prod between the shoulder blades. The film of sweat on Forrester's neck and forehead felt icy. Reluctantly, he increased the speed; the verge blurred past. The road dipped, climbed and twisted. A warning horn suddenly blared and Forrester hugged the side on two blind corners in succession. On the third, the horn sounded again, close, and a blue-and-chrome coach swung round the turn. Forrester braked sharply to give it room. A score of tourists gazed down at them as it edged past, cocooned in their contentment, and helplessly he watched them go, hearing with a kind of disbelief the guide with the hand microphone saying: "You cannot see it from here, ladies and gentlemen, but ten kilometers to your right is Lake Pergusa, near which, according to legend, Pluto carried off Proserpine. . . ." Nightmares were made of incidents like this.

No sooner had the coach disappeared in its own dust than Forrester realized he had missed his chance; if he'd pulled across the path of the coach, rammed its side even, then the gun behind him would have been useless. As it was, it crippled every prospect of refusal or escape. Next time, he thought feverishly. . . . Coaches were rare, but there might be a truck or another car; witnesses. Something could be done. The coach had come too soon, catching him unprepared for action. Next time, though. . . . He tensed expectantly, on the lookout, sounding his own horn in the hope of hearing another answer.

But there was no next time. The road was all theirs and remained so for

minutes on end. Then a signpost pointed left to Enna and he was told to filter away to the right. The surface under them vanished; they were on a rocky track and on either side it might have been the pock-marked surface of the moon.

• • •

They must have covered a dozen crunching miles from the road-and-track junction. Time and again, potholes reduced Forrester almost to a crawl.

They were high now, as high as they'd been all day, with unknown villages embattled in the heat-discolored distances. Yet here and for miles around, there was nothing—neither cultivation nor habitation, at most a few broken stone-piled walls like abandoned defense positions. But when they descended into the depressions that lay in uneven succession across the line of the track, the world closed tight around them as the skyline rose. Conifers filled most of these long hollows, and once they crossed the dried-up bed of a stream, bleached wood like bones littered along its rocky channel.

"Another kind of Sicily up there, *signore*"—the hotel manager's words echoed like a taunt. "*Antipatica.*"

"What are you—*mafiosi?*"

The grin flashed again. "If we were, would we say?"

Forrester swore at them. Giuseppe, the one with the bogus limp, colored and jerked forward, but the brother restrained him. "Easy, easy. You know what Salvatore said." Then he tapped Forrester on the shoulder. "Go left over this next rise. Slow down a little—the turn comes quite soon."

The Fiat crested the incline. Another deep hollow confronted them, thick with pines.

"Here," Carlo ordered, pointing. "Turn here."

Forrester swung onto a dirt path. Water flowed in a gully beside it. The path lost its identity, but it was still possible to thread a way through the trees. Sunlight splintered overhead and they went a flickering half mile or so before reaching a small clearing, where a low rectangular stone building stood at the base of some enormous boulders. It was little more than a hut. Water was spilling in a thin silvery cord over the face of a rocky bluff and the boulders were green with moss.

"Stop now."

The car rocked to a halt. There was a movement at one of the hut's windows.

"Go tell him, Giuseppe."

"*D'accordo.*" He jog-trotted away, no limp now.

Carlo motioned with the gun. "Both of you."

"They want us out," Forrester told Inger.

The ground was springy underfoot; they walked without noise, Carlo behind. The sound of the waterfall stressed the encasing silence. Giuseppe had already disappeared into the building, but he emerged with another man, middle-aged, thickset, in shirt sleeves.

"*Rallegramenti*, Carlo! So you got your fish." Advancing, the newcomer came with his thumbs dug behind a heavy belt. Hooknose, gray showing in the black hair and the palest eyes Forrester had ever seen, practically colorless. The square face was very lined, the cheeks hollow.

He gave a mock bow. "I am told you speak Italian."

"I do, yes," Forrester said. "And I want to know what the hell you and your friends imagine you're playing at."

"You have been kidnaped." The man seemed amused. His voice was deep, the dialect pronounced. "What other explanation could there be? And we are not playing—that I can assure you." To Carlo, he said: "Take the car round to the back." He commanded respect; Carlo moved obediently. "We are not playing, but we do not wish to harm you, either. All of this, however, can be explained inside."

There were three sagging board steps up to the door. They entered a room in which there was little except a battered pine table and a few rough chairs; three doors led off and there was a sink at one end with a bucket standing on the drainboard. Alongside was a stove, its rickety flue pipe poking up through the low roof. The remains of a meal—glass, dirty plate and fork—were at one end of the table with a half-empty bottle of red wine. The floor was of stone and light came from two windows, sacking draped crudely at their sides.

"A chair for the *signora*, Giuseppe. We must make our guests as comfortable as possible."

Impatiently, Forrester joined the senior man at the table. "Listen—I'm a British subject and this lady——"

"We know exactly who you are."

"Nonsense."

"It is precisely because we know who you are that you are both here."

"All right—who are we, then?"

It came with quiet satisfaction. "You are George Russell—and this, of course, is your wife."

Forrester's eyes widened. "George *who*?"

"Russell." The pronunciation was extraordinary.

"Oh, no, I'm not." With relief, Forrester said to Inger: "They think we're someone else."

A momentary suspicion of the aside showed in Salvatore's face. "You are general manager for Esso and last night you and your wife stayed at the hotel in Leonforte."

Forrester smiled; it was so ridiculous. "You've got it all wrong, I'm afraid."

"Bluffing won't help. We know. And



"Testing, ho, ho, ho, ho."

our intention is to ask the Esso company for five million lire against your release."

So that was it. He'd once read a news item about a similar ploy in Bolivia, perhaps Mexico.

"In which case, whoever you are, I'd better tell you something quick—otherwise, you're going to make idiots of yourselves." Forrester began counting on his fingers. "One, my name is Forrester, not Russell. Two, this lady is a Norwegian citizen and she is not my wife. Three, I've nothing to do with Esso. And four, last night, *Signorina* Lindeman and I were at the Hotel Capua in Taormina."

Carlo entered the room just then; his grin began to fade as he listened.

"You were in Leonforte," Salvatore persisted, confidence not yet shaken. He clasped his hands, leaning forward.

"An hour ago, yes; but not last night."

The backs of the wrists were tattooed. "You were in Leonforte, you are with Esso and you drive a rented white 1800 Fiat."

"The Fiat's rented, yes. We passed through Leonforte, yes. But am I the Esso general manager? No—most certainly I am not."

"You are lying." The mouth was a thin, taut line. Everyone lied.

Forrester turned to Inger. "For some crazy reason, they believe I'm a George Russell, that you're my wife and that I'm in the oil business."

Salvatore rounded on her suspiciously. "What is he telling you?"

"You can ask her until you're blue in the face, but you won't get an answer. She doesn't speak a word of your language."

"What did you say to her?"

"That you're as wrong as wrong can be about us. I can very easily prove it. Our passports are in the car——"

Forrester rose, but Salvatore snapped: "Stay where you are, Carlo—get their luggage."

"My passport's in my jacket."

Carlo went obediently, the swagger gone. On the other side of the room, Giuseppe gestured uneasily from the wall.

"He told us he was with Esso. I asked him as soon as he picked us up and he confirmed it."

"Oh, for God's sake! I thought you were asking what petrol I used."

A contemptuous roll of the eyes. "And you didn't deny the woman is your wife. . . . He is lying, Salvatore."

"Of course he's lying," Salvatore growled. Then, reverting to Forrester: "We have a relative in Leonforte. Last night, he confirmed where you were staying. This morning, he reported your time of departure from the hotel." Forrester's expression must have made him add: "By telephone—there is a call box at the junction where you were stopped. Don't provoke me, *Signor* Russell."

"Then all I can say is that you shouldn't rely on relatives. This one's led you up the garden."

Carlo clattered up the steps and backed in through the door: there were four cases in all—Inger's two, and Forrester's. He lugged them to the table and thudded them down. The jacket was bundled underarm and Forrester guessed he'd already examined the passport; he flashed a nervous glance in Giuseppe's direction that was part warning, part appeal. Forrester reached for his jacket as soon as it was heaped on the table, but Salvatore knocked his hand aside.

"What d'you take us for, eh?"

"I don't carry a gun, if that's what you're thinking."

A glare served as a reply. Salvatore found the correct pocket with the speed of a thief. "Now. . . ." He narrowed his eyes as he drew out the passport and began turning the stiff pages; his lips moved as he peered to read a double spread of visa stamps.

"The particulars are at the front," Forrester told him.

"I know, I know."

Clearly, he didn't, but he was vain; stubborn. When Forrester's photograph confronted him, he stared at it and grunted. Then, laboriously, he worked over the opposite page, turned back to decipher more, the set of his face hardening as the truth gradually dawned. A vein swelled in his temples.

Finally he exploded: "Imbeciles!"

He flung the passport aside. His chair went over as he leaped to his feet. Carlo started to dart away, but he grabbed him with his left hand and struck him a series of savage blows across the mouth with his right, jerking Carlo's head from side to side, raging abuse at him. Just as suddenly as he had begun, he pushed Carlo clear and wheeled on Giuseppe.

"What kind of fools am I saddled with?" He went toward him. "D'you realize what you've done? You, you useless——"

By the wall, Giuseppe stiffened, flicking open a knife, as Salvatore came to arm's length. "Try. Just try."

With astonishing swiftness, the older man kicked at the extended wrist, sending the knife spinning, closing in with a flurry of knees and fists. Giuseppe sank to the floor, doubled up, hugging his stomach. Only a few seconds had elapsed.

"Even with a knife, you are nothing." Salvatore snarled contemptuously. He spat. "Both of you are nothing." Carlo was leaning against the end of the table, blood trickling from his mouth. "God in heaven, what chance has Angelo with lunatics for brothers? Do you know what you've done? Do you? We wanted Russell, we planned for Russell, and you bring someone else. . . . Someone else, do you hear?"

"It was the only white Fiat to show—and the timing was right," Carlo mumbled.

"Excuses!" Salvatore raged on. "All you give me is excuses!"

He took a passing swipe at Carlo's head, which Carlo ducked. Giuseppe still hugged himself on the floor, sullen in his pain.

"Woman!" Salvatore shouted down at him. "Woman, you."

His fury ebbed and flowed, violence followed by periods of blind swearing accompanied by enraged gestures. "*Merda!*" The glass and plate were swept away, the wine snatched up and gulped. "*Merda!*" At almost any other time, it might have been comic. But he was unpredictable and dangerous; thwarted men were always dangerous, and this one believed himself cheated. Five million lire. . . . Through no fault of his, a dream had crumbled.

"*Non e la mia colpa,*" he mimicked, as Carlo mopped the blood. "Who was to blame, then? Tell me that—who?"

Suddenly, he seemed to catch sight of Inger and Forrester again. And his anger changed course, as if he needed to prove that the others were as much sinned against as sinning. Such incompetence couldn't be true.

"You lied to the boys."

"No."

"You said you were Russell."

"Never."

"You didn't deny it."

"I wasn't asked."

"They were led to believe you were with Esso. Also that you are husband and wife."

"They assumed that. She is a friend."

"Where's her passport?"

Forrester asked Inger. "The small case," he informed Salvatore. "It isn't locked. Look in the pocket in the lid."

This time, the passport was given only brief examination. In disgust, Salvatore tossed it onto the table. "*Cristo!*" he said, and sucked in air, then ran his hands over his lined face.

Forrester waited, ill at ease. He was trying to be casual, yet casualness was out of place. All at once, the waterfall sounded loud and clear, as if a breeze were playing tricks; but beyond the cracked and flyblown windows, the pines stood motionless.

"Ask them about their own money," Giuseppe said, rising from the floor.

Salvatore turned to Forrester: "How much have you got?"

"Perhaps a hundred thousand."

Salvatore made an impatient gesture. "And the woman?"

"None."

"You expect me to believe that?" To

Try it. It won't bite.



How can it? Sail is made in Holland by blending 14 of the gentlest pipe tobaccos on earth. For extra coolness it's long-cut to burn lazily. Sail comes four ways—from natural to fully aromatic. One is perfect for your taste. So take the bit in your teeth and Sail.

MADE IN HOLLAND BY THEODORUS NIEMEYER. HOLLAND'S LEADING TOBACCO BLENDER SINCE 1819.

AVAILABLE IN HANDY POCKET POUCHES AND LARGER SIZE EXPORT TINS.

possess a foreign passport, drive cars, put up in hotels, even second-class pensions—this, automatically, meant wealth.

"We're on our way home, so we're practically cleaned out. She might have two or three thousand left."

"The car could be sold," Carlo ventured. "Down in Agrigento, say. It's a million-and-a-half-lire car."

"And where are we, then? Almost four million short. *Madre!*" Salvatore might have been among enemies. "Use that apology of a head of yours. Think!"

Forrester stood up. "Listen," he said carefully. "You've got yourselves the wrong people. *Signorina* Lindeman and I are due in Palermo. She has urgent business with her consul and I have a plane to catch." It sounded pretty lame, but a hard line was out of the question. "Most of what money there is is in traveler's checks, but you're welcome to the cash. So how about letting me have the car keys?"

Salvatore seemed taken aback. "Are you a fool, like the others? I know you are trying to remember how far to the nearest police post."

"Certainly not. The incident's closed, as far as we're concerned." Forrester could hear himself, like a parody of an Englishman at bay.

"Don't be so sure. Esso isn't the only whale in the sea." Salvatore moved closer, his face squeezed into a hundred lines. "What about your own company?"

"What about it?" Forrester stalled.

"Aren't you worth five million to your employers?"

"I shouldn't think so for one moment." Things were taking a different turn. "You're talking rubbish," he retorted sharply. "If you think you can raise that amount where I'm concerned, you're as stupid as your two boneheaded friends are incompetent."

"*Insolente!* What do you do? Just who are the two of you?"

"Find out."

Furiously, Salvatore started dragging everything from Inger's open case—shoes, underwear, brushes. She jumped from her chair: "No! Please, no!"

"Lay off," Forrester shouted at him.

"You shut your mouth. Empty your pockets."

"Lay off, d'you hear?"

The situation was out of hand, he knew; but he wasn't expecting the blow. It came without warning and caught him hard on the underside of the jaw. And at once, everything rocketed into darkness.

• • •

Only Inger was with him when he came round.

"Inger?" he said to the blur, as light and shape took hold. Slowly, he blinked her into focus. "Where are we?"

"They put us in this room."

Forrester winced as he raised his head. The place was about a dozen feet square. The rusted iron bedstead that he lay across was the only thing there. Sacking hung by the dirty windows, but the rest was as bare as a prison cell.

"How long was I out?"

"Right out—only a minute. Half out, two or three. They carried you in, then pushed me after."

He sat up, trying to regain his wits. His jaw felt twice its size. Voices murmured through the closed door.

Twice, now, they had shared drama, and this time they were equal partners. She sat beside him on the blanket that covered the bed, lips parted a little, eyes on his in appeal, in need of him. If she had been stone-deaf, the past hour could hardly have been more alarming. More than Nolan had receded; normality seemed a million miles away.

"Apparently, they'd made plans to kidnap a Mr. and Mrs. Russell. Russell seems to be a senior man with Esso. He and his wife stayed in Leonforte last night and left this morning, about the time we did. A colleague of theirs kept them notified—by phone, they say." Gingerly, Forrester massaged his chin. "It so happens the Russells are also driving a white Fiat; but as luck would have it, we were the ones who got to that junction first—and that was enough."

"Who are these men?"

"Thugs? Bandits?" Forrester humped his shoulders resentfully. He was sure they weren't *mafiosi*; the *mafiosi* saw themselves as an elite, but these people lacked any aura of power. "If we're any example to go by, they're blundering amateurs, but they've set their sights high. They were banking on five million lire from the Esso company, and as far as I can make out, it's a set figure. Don't ask me why. The one who hit me—Salvatore—wasn't talking in terms of settling for anything less. For some reason, five million is what they're after."

Inger frowned. "From us?"

"They'll be lucky!" Well over £3000. "My company isn't in a position to cope with a demand of that kind. We aren't an international setup; and, in any case, we're subject to all manner of foreign-exchange restrictions." He was thinking aloud, oblivious of whether she followed him or not. "Besides——"

The voices crescendoed in the other room; they were still licking their wounds.

"I am bad luck." Where, exactly, Inger's mind was then, Forrester couldn't tell; but she was suddenly distraught.

"I'm partly to blame," Forrester said. "I wasn't very clever just now."

"You tried."

Strangely, he was flattered. In his anxiety, he turned his attention to the windows again. If he dwelt on it, he knew he could fear for her, for them both. Somehow, he had to get them out of here, but argument seemed to be his only weapon—argument, and one perhaps persuasive lie.

• • •

Ten minutes passed before a key grated in the lock and Salvatore opened the door.

"Have you cooled off?" He paused, as though acknowledging Forrester's enmity. "Come, there is more talking to do."

Forrester followed him into the other room, humiliation only a part of what he felt. All the suitcases had been emptied, their contents spread over the long table. He had expected this, though the sight galled him further, renewing the instinctive urge to remonstrate. Somehow, he beat it down. Whatever rights Inger and he might have believed were theirs had vanished the moment Carlo and Giuseppe got into the Fiat; but only now had it sunk in.

Salvatore fixed his pale stare on him. "What connection have you with the police?"

"No connection at all."

"There are police entries in your passports. In them both."

"That's because of an investigation in Taormina. They stamped the passports."

"What kind of investigation was this?"

"*Signorina* Lindeman's companion died. She and I were questioned. They were making routine inquiries. I was involved primarily as interpreter. After the inquiries were completed, I offered to drive her to Palermo. She's had a bad time," he added, and it was as near to an appeal as he came. That wasn't the way.

Salvatore grunted, apparently satisfied. "Now," he said, back to square one, "I want to hear about this company of yours. Where is it?"

"There is no company."

"No company? You have no employer?"

"I work for myself. In Peterborough, England."

Salvatore frowned. His gaze moved briefly to Carlo, who stood behind Forrester, then away. "And you belong to no company?"

"I told you." All his suppressed anger was welling up again. "I'm self-employed. There's no one for you to bargain with, no one to tap. You got the wrong man."

"This time, I know for sure you are lying." Salvatore gestured, as if he were tossing a ball. "Show him the address, Carlo."

Carlo moved to Forrester's elbow and thrust a business card into his hand. It was immediately recognizable and Forrester's heart sank. He could have kicked himself. The card must have been loose

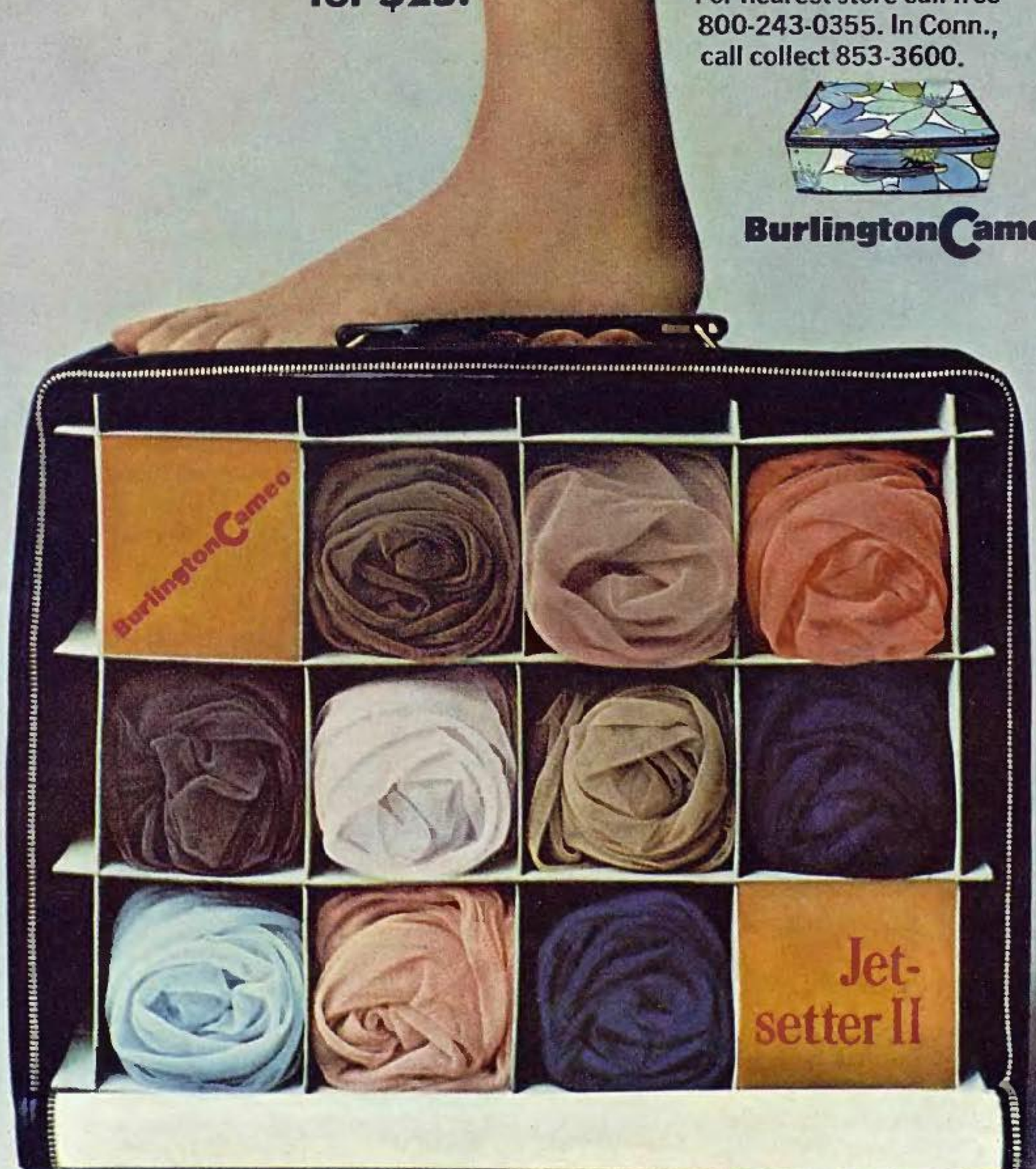


"Honestly, Harry, I'll never tease you again for carrying around that elephant gun!"

No girl would buy herself 10 pairs of pantyhose in 10 colors in a vinyl case for $25.

She'd buy the 10 pairs of sheer, non-drooping, non-bagging proportioned Burlington Cameo pantyhose in the 10 colors one at a time. And she'd buy the shiny, flowered overnight case separately. But the whole thing at once! A girl has to be given that. For nearest store call free 800-243-0355. In Conn., call collect 853-3600.

BurlingtonCameo



in one of his cases, or in a side pocket, forgotten.

Neal J. Forrester, M.C.
STONE AND FORRESTER LIMITED
PETERBOROUGH
DEMOLITION CONTRACTORS

"You see, *signore*?" A hard, mirthless smile that hollowed the cheeks even deeper.

Forrester shrugged. Suddenly, it seemed futile to go on. "All right, it is my company. But it's no Esso. We're a very small concern. *Spicciolare*. What I'm trying to tell you is that you haven't a chance of raising five million lire from that quarter. Not a chance."

As he spoke, he had a forward flash of how it might be, with his father saying in that gruff, disapproving way of his: "How, in God's name, could you get mixed up with people like that? Really, Neal, it's too bad. And who was this woman?" The world had hardly touched his father; so much of it was improper, and what was improper was avoidable. The steppingstones that had led Forrester here would never have been his. If Nolan had died in the adjoining bedroom, he'd have called the doctor and the manager, then gone downstairs for breakfast. So there would have been no involvement with Inger, no feeling of responsibility, no kidnap on the road, no stone hut in the back of beyond, no three men, no gun, no knife, no hollow-cheeked insistence on money. Chance worked differently for his father. And in testy complaint, he would say: "Your life's your own, Neal. But it beats the band that you should expect Stone and Forrester to bail you out. . . ."

All this a thousand times faster than speech.

"Let me ask you a question," Forrester went on quickly. "Why five million? Why not settle for what you've got and call it a day?"

"Because less than five million will not be enough. And we need it within a week."

"You haven't a hope. With Esso, maybe. They'd have funds locally. But my company—even if it were able to oblige, which it isn't—would probably need twice that long to get approval to the transfer, and there's no guarantee of its being forthcoming."

To Forrester's surprise, he wasn't interrupted. He'd hardly expected a chance to reason, but he began to speak about the restrictions imposed by the Treasury, stressing the difficulties, the limitations, the impersonal level of decision. (His cousins in Rome had helped, as usual, with some lire on the side—otherwise, he'd never have been able to squander as much as he had at roulette—but he kept them out of it.) Companies, corporations, individuals—everyone back home, he told Salvatore, was in the same boat.

"You might wait a month, and then be turned down. You can't shove a pistol into someone's back over there."

All the signs were that Salvatore was at least unsettled. Restlessly, he moved about the room. Once, he swatted the air angrily and swore. Giuseppe and Carlo stayed well clear, watching him; Giuseppe, the knife retrieved, was picking at his nails. For a short while, Forrester believed he had at last planted a seed of doubt; indeed, he glanced toward Inger, trying to convey that Salvatore might finally have realized he had bitten off something not worth chewing.

But then Salvatore said: "This company of yours—what does it do? *Demolition*—that is the same as *demolizione*, no? What do you demolish?"

"Pretty well anything—it depends. On land, under water. Buildings, towers, wrecks. . . ."

"Do you use explosives?"

"Explosives, yes," Forrester nodded.

Salvatore suddenly gripped Forrester fiercely on the shoulders, nails digging deep, his face creasing with excitement. Then he spun on the others. "Did you hear? Did you? Miracles happen even now, *ragazzi*. Miracles, I tell you. We have landed a dynamiter." And he burst into laughter.

• • •

He was still laughing when someone clattered up the steps and the outer door opened. Another man came in, younger than either Carlo or Giuseppe, handsome, with sleek finger-waved hair. He nodded with satisfaction when he saw Inger and Forrester.

"*Ciao*," Carlo said. "You've taken your time."

"It was an hour before I could thumb a ride." He bent to beat dust from his tight trousers and pointed shoes. "I see you and Giuseppe got yours."

"But in the wrong car"—this, with relish, from Salvatore.

"*Impossible!*"

"Yes, Luigi, *wrong* . . . for which fiasco you are as much to blame as your no-good brothers. Didn't you notice another white Fiat in Leonforte?"

"Another? I was near the hotel, only near the hotel."

"In which case, you think the Russells look like these two?"

Luigi's gaze returned in dumfounded silence to Inger and Forrester. He feared Salvatore; they all did, and it showed along with the dismay.

"I never saw them close to. I have this friend on the staff; he kept me informed. I couldn't hang about inside the place."

"I am surrounded by incompetents," Salvatore stormed, and struck his fist against his forehead. But his anger was simulated. He was playing Luigi cat-and-mouse, enjoying his discomfiture. "However, perhaps all is not lost. By chance—and no thanks to any of you—we have a dynamiter in our midst." Again he laughed. "An explosives expert. What d'you say to *that*?" And he clapped his hands together. "Have we got the Russells? No, we have not. Will we get the five million? No, we will not. But what have we got instead? The possibility of an alternative. Don't you see? Is your skull that thick?"

Giuseppe flashed him an ugly look. "I see," he said in a surly voice. "But you might as well suggest we climb Etna on our hands. We wouldn't have a hope."

Salvatore hadn't finished. "Face the facts. There *is* no other way, not as things are. We are left with this, this or nothing, and to do nothing would be a crime." He turned to Forrester. "And you will help us."

"You're talking in riddles. But if you imagine I'm going to be party to blowing a bank or something of the sort, you're out of your mind."

Salvatore's eyes flashed. "Listen," he said, the mouth hard again. "We picked you up in good faith, thinking you were someone else, someone we could use as a lever, someone who would help open doors. The error was ours; but, fortunately, errors are not always disastrous. Those doors can still be opened—and you will make it possible."

"I won't make it possible. I damned well refuse. Just who the hell do you suppose you are?"

Salvatore prodded with a finger. "You may find this hard to believe, but—speaking personally—I wish you no harm, either of you. But your safety is of minor importance to me and the boys, compared with what is at stake. Let me put it this way. Both of you have already disappeared: already, you have been taken out of circulation—and no one is the wiser. Whether or not your disappearance is to be made permanent will be for you to decide." An entire world of indifference was in the way he spread his hands. "I am sorry, but there it is."

Forrester glanced desperately at Inger, then back to Salvatore, the others all watching, as still as statues. His voice shook. "You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, yes"—very quietly, with a nod. "If need be."

There was a long silence: ash shifted in the stove.

"We aren't in this place for our health," Salvatore went on. "Perhaps you should know a little about our background, if you doubt my sincerity. Someone was killed, a fool of a policeman. All of us are on the wanted list—all, that is, except one."

"I don't understand."

"There are four brothers. Three are present; the fourth—Angelo—is in the Monteliana jail. Five million lire would have got him out; a price had been negotiated for his escape." Salvatore

darted an unforgiving glance at the others. "Even so, it was always a gamble whether we could raise the money from Esso in time. So now, friend, we will gamble another way. We will pick your brains about explosives instead, and you will show us how to get Angelo out of there ourselves." He waited, studying Forrester clinically. "It is unfortunate for you, but you have no choice, no choice at all. Think it over—and, in case you imagine you are in a bargaining position, remember this. We are going to need you, but we don't need the woman. And I suggest the knowledge of that will guarantee your cooperation."

• • •

From the beginning, there had never been more than three possibilities open to Forrester—force, bribery and persuasion. All had died in turn. Yet from the moment he realized that he and Inger were the victims of chance and error, he hadn't seriously doubted the almost unbelievable charade would come to a satisfactory end before the day was out. He thought it certain they would be lighter by every lira and worthwhile possession in their luggage, but he had visualized an end to it, nonetheless—until a few minutes ago. Between then and now, a kind of madness had entered into Salvatore's thinking, a new ruthlessness that even the others didn't seem to realize might have been on its way. For a long-drawn second or two, Forrester teetered on the brink of turning to them in appeal. His gaze swept them—Carlo with a nervous half-smile, Luigi rubbing the side of his face, Giuseppe moodily toying with the knife—and he knew that Salvatore would carry them with him.

Clutching at straws now, Forrester blustered: "You've taken too much for granted. I haven't handled explosives in years."

"But you have knowledge of them—you admitted it."

"I'm not technically qualified. You're making a mistake, if you're imagining that."

Salvatore thrust his hands into his belt, the tattoos showing: he wasn't to be rattled again. "If I were in your shoes, I would have tried that one myself. But it won't work, not with me. Oh, no. Back there in England, I dare say you sit in a big chair at a big desk in a big office and always wear a fine suit and a white shirt and tell your men to go and do these demolitions." I know how it is, his raised shoulders said. "But if the worst came to the worst, you could instruct others. And if you think you have forgotten—well, start refreshing your memory. You'll have a little time. No one is rushing you. Nothing will happen today."

"Let the *signorina* go," he pleaded. "Let her take the car. I'll advise you, if I must, but keep her out of this. She's suffered enough these past few days."

"She won't suffer anymore unless you make it necessary."

Apprehensively, Forrester moved his hands. "Afterward—I want to know about afterward."

"You will be of no interest to us afterward."

"Meaning?"

"You can do what you like, go where you like—to the police, if you wish. It won't matter then. We won't need you anymore."

"What guarantee have I of that?"

"My word," Salvatore growled, his face like stone. "One does not need to be a *mafioso* to be a man of honor." He said this with a mixture of pride and contempt. "I have a nephew in Monteliana lockup, and his brothers and I have undertaken to get him out before he is transferred to the Ucciardone in Palermo and starts to rot his life away. Don't talk to me about suffering, don't talk to me about injustice. My mother's milk was soured by these before I was weaned."

"Come," Forrester said. He led Inger by the arm through the open doorway into the small, barred room and shut the door.

• • •

Forrester put it to her as best he could. He could understand her amazement; what he was saying sounded improbable even to himself. She started interrupting immediately, pressing for details, and he had none to give. He didn't even know where Monteliana was.

"Salvatore grabbed at the idea when he decided the ransom thing was off. He took the others by surprise. There's no plan, nothing except the idea itself—and, judging by Giuseppe's reaction, it's lunacy. But Salvatore's set on it." Wearily, Forrester shook his head. "I'd all but convinced him that five million was a dream he'd best forget—in fact, I *did* convince him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have latched onto this other thing. . . ." He stopped, forehead puckered, staring blankly at the windows. Events had run away with them and his mind had barely kept pace.

"You can refuse. Where would they be then?" Either she had forgotten the violence or she supposed in some way that it would never go further, never reach out to include her. That Salvatore might have another lever, the ultimate pressure, didn't seem to have occurred to her.

"We'll be here forever, unless I do something. . . . I've got my back to the wall, Inger—don't you see?"

Again, he was filled with pity for her, though this time the emotion was like an extension of what he felt for himself. What did she expect of him? They had come a long way in three days, yet the barriers had never been more than partially lowered. They were as much apart now as when they'd lunched together that first time, with Nolan hardly arrived at the morgue. All at once, his isolation bore in on him. He slumped back on the bed, his mind swimming with despair. Through the door, he heard Salvatore complain: "Where's Margherita? What's keeping her?" And dully it registered that there was yet another one of them.

This is the first installment of a new novel by Francis Clifford. Part II will appear next month.



"Mr. Ulmer! That was heavenly!"

Papa, Papa

(continued from page 200)

yet put a price tag on them. He spotted Juan Gris and Joan Miró. He bought no Picassos; by the time Papa could afford to, Picasso was already a big name. With Picasso there is always the feeling that the talent is greater than what he has to say. Papa bought both Gris and Miró. When he wrote *Death in the Afternoon*, he asked Gris to do the original frontispiece, which he did.

Papa liked Gris very much. He was an engineer turned artist. He did still lifes in the cubist manner. He put all his serious nature into his work. He was the opposite of the facile painter. Perhaps he even had difficulty putting down on canvas what he wanted to say. But when he got it down, it was exactly right and you could tell he really meant it. There was much in Gris that was in Papa.

The picture that Papa liked the best and that he always had in his bedroom wherever he lived was Gris' *Man with a Guitar*. If anyone ever writes the definitive work on Papa, it should be called *Man with a Guitar*. The colors are blues and grays. It is very gentle, very exact, very melancholy. It is a portrait of the artist alone and with his instrument.

Papa loved music as well as art, but he did not love his musical childhood. His mother had given up a promising career as an opera singer to marry his father, and she never really let anyone in the family forget it. All the children were trained to play a musical instrument so that they could have a family chamber-music group. Papa drew the cello. Even this horrible experience, for a little boy who loved fishing and hunting, did have some compensation in later life. He grew to love Bach, and the one musical analogy I ever heard him make to writing was the use of counterpoint.

Papa could not work by music, but he could relax by it. He collected the latest albums from the Broadway shows. His favorite performers were Fats Waller and Ethel Merman. He was not taken with mood music. When a New York critic he was not fond of died in the late Forties, Papa wrote that "he listened to the Stokowski version of *Komm, Süsser Tod* once too often." This is a moody piece by Bach. It translates to *Come, Sweet Death*.

Both recorded music and the pictures on the silver screen were nothing but pure illusion to Papa and not to be taken seriously. Hollywood certainly made money from him, and he never got used to it. It began as early as 1930. A studio paid him $500 for *Men Without Women*. All Hollywood wanted, however, was the title to go with a yarn about men caught in a disabled submarine. That was not exactly the theme of Papa's story.



"Heavens, don't worry about the trains! Marie and Jeff can drop you off in the ghetto on their way back to Westchester."

I remember when Mr. Zanuck cabled Papa about changing the title of one of his books then being made into a movie: "CAN YOU COME UP WITH SHORT SNAPPY TITLE FOR SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF FRANCIS MACOMBER?" Papa typed out a reply: "HOW ABOUT 'FUCK.'" But he never sent it.

He got to see the pictures they made from his books and usually snored through them. As far as I know, he considered it all intellectual masturbation. Except, perhaps, for Gary Cooper. This was the one actor Papa respected both as an artist and as a friend. What he liked about Gary Cooper first was his fine portrayal of Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Then they became friends and hunted together a lot in Sun Valley.

Broadway was not much better than Hollywood. His contact with it was unfortunate and, despite his friendship with people like George Jean Nathan, Papa and Broadway just never clicked. Franchot Tone, the lead in *The Fifth Column*, soured the whole thing. Mr. Tone was enough to sour anyone. Papa did not try playwriting again. To be a successful playwright, life has to be a compromise. He could not do it.

I am sure people do not realize that Papa never really made any money out of the grandiose color productions of *A Farewell to Arms, The Sun Also Rises, The Old Man and the Sea* and the rest. What money he made came essentially from the sale of his books. Many lesser authors have made considerably more money than Papa. A couple of times, he even was forced to do commercials. He once did a beer advertisement. He appeared in the picture and even wrote the copy. It went something like: "What a good beer it really is—cold, drunk directly from the can. . . ." And once he let the Johnson Wax people photograph the floors of the Key West house all polished and shiny. As I remember, he got a year's supply of wax for that.

Certainly Papa traveled a lot, and almost always this was paid for by the articles he wrote. He lived very well with the money he had, but probably the largest sum he ever spent at one time was for the plain house in Ketchum, where he died. Believe me, he was very pleased to get the $35,000 prize money for the Nobel Prize for literature in 1954.

Papa was very unsophisticated about taxes. He felt he could not stand the worry he would have if he made any effort to get out of them. He sold *For Whom the Bell Tolls* for about $100,000 and paid most of it in taxes—I think $87,000. I don't believe he needed to do

this. He could have had someone help him with deductions, but he wouldn't. He was born in a tax-free era and never made the adjustment to the change.

• • •

Papa liked to read. Not many people talk about his reading, but it is as a reader that I remember him best. When he was a youngster, there was some question of his damaging his eyes with the strain from reading too much. He was sent to a farm for the summer to get him away from books. There he still read—package wrappings made of old newspapers.

When he was with Scribner's, he had the publisher send him monthly a trunkful of new books. Although he read heavily of the Civil War and Africa, of W. H. Hudson, Turgenev, Joyce, Crane, Conrad and Twain, he read almost anything he could get his hands on. That included detective novels and *Ring* magazine. He had nothing against soft-cover books. After all, the best writing in France still appears in soft covers. He used to say, though, "I write hardcover books."

Though he read a lot, his work gives little obvious sign of this. He did not believe in making a show of his reading. He knew that it should show, but not like the trimmings on a Christmas tree. Like the iceberg he was fond of using as a simile, what he wrote was the part above the water; what he read made up what was beneath the surface. Though I have never read it anywhere in the critics, I do think that the deceptively simple style of Dante was as much a model for Papa as anything else he may have read. Certainly it was more of a model than the silly nonsense of Gertrude Stein, who once claimed that he had copied her.

One foreign writer who was a favorite from the very start of his career was Georges Simenon. When Papa came back from France after the last War, he had everything—and this was a considerable amount—that the great Belgian had written during the War years. Papa also loved Kipling. He would often quote, "walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch." His favorites among Kipling's short stories were *Without Benefit of Clergy* and *The Mark of the Beast*.

Papa's own books were in his library, but he never read them to us as children, nor did he ever recommend them as reading to us. I don't know why; perhaps he thought they were too old for us.

Papa was all things—sportsman, father, husband, soldier—in order to give him experiences for writing. "Water for that well," he said. He insisted a writer should be a person and not someone echoing secondhand impressions of life. He wanted no comparison, good or bad, with any other writer.

"All bad writers are in love with the epic," Papa said. Epic literature substituted a rigid framework for originality and insight. He thought that bad writers, who could not write about what was happening in their own back yards, chose monumental tasks such as Khrushchev or Kennedy to write about. They thought maybe some of the power and prestige of the principals would be transmitted to their work. "Taking a big theme does not make it a big novel," Papa insisted. He thought writers like John Lardner were the best that modern American literature produced. "An excellent model to follow in writing is the sportswriter," he said. "He records what he sees and hears in the original language."

Papa was a subconscious writer. He could have experiences, keep them inside, then let them out later at their perfected leisure. He never believed in talking to anybody about a book he was planning or working on. He was contemptuous of writers who planned out novels. He never took notes. He felt the novel came from inside, not from notes. You can see where all his experiences paid off in a book like *The Old Man and the Sea*. A lifetime of fishing and living is in that.

He did a lot of soul-searching in his writing. There was no formula. He was very firm about never letting his writing degenerate into that. He referred to this as "The Farewell to Arms Boys Take to the Bush" or "The Farewell to Arms Boys and the Great Train Robbery." He did not want to repeat himself, ever.

He was never cocky. He was very interested in how his books sold. When *Across the River and into the Trees* first came out in 1950, he said, "Well, they really like it in Wyoming, but I'm not sure about New York." He saw each new book as a fight to defend a title.

Much of the key to Papa's writing is in the women he married. Some gave him the working conditions the writer needs. The wives who looked after him helped produce the great ones. All his wives were writers of sorts. He was not too interested in any competition. Said he of one of them: "She has the talent of a high school valedictorian."

To combine steady writing with the need to gather experiences was probably the hardest thing in his life. When he was writing, he needed routine, but people were always trying to see Papa when he was working. We thought he was too polite with them. In Key West, we kept the big black gates locked. Papa also built a six-foot-high brick wall around the house, but there were problems with that. The neighbor complained that his family could not breathe, because the wall cut the breeze. Papa cut a hole in the wall for them.

He really was very good at getting on with people, though I don't think he was a lover of human beings in the same way Damon Runyon was. As a professional journalist, he knew how to be entertaining, but I'm not sure how much he liked the people for whom he made the effort; and he could be a terrible snob.

At a party thrown by a friend in New York, the hostess came up to him and asked, "Well, Papa, what do you think of my friends?"

"I haven't seen so many second-class passengers since I crossed on the Mauretania," he answered.

• • •

Just before embarking on a ship for Europe in the 1930s, Papa had a look at the new passport he had just received in the mail. Under "Occupation," he saw it listed "Waiter" instead of "Writer." He exploded with rage. "They can't do this to me," he shouted. "The one occupation you cannot have in Europe is a waiter. They will not let you in anyplace."

He exchanged quite a few hot letters with Ruth Shipley, then head of passports in Washington, on this and other travel regulations.

• • •

When it came to friends, he had many whom he had known for a long time but did not see much of. He had others where the friendship was very intense for a short period but he never saw again. F. Scott Fitzgerald was a great friend during the 1920s, but I never remember him much after the Paris period. In those days, Scott had a bad habit of spelling Papa's name "Hemmingway." Scott's shortcomings were very troubling to Papa. Scott had the illusion he was a great broken-field runner, for example. "How can he think that, when he has difficulty crossing Fifth Avenue in light traffic?" Papa used to say with distress.

Papa was not one of the boys, though he did try to be from time to time. He made the effort more often when he was younger. He was pretty stiff on judging people. He had that tendency as a writer. He did not trust too many people. He had had bad experiences with people; he was not very thick-skinned.

Critics got to him and he could get to critics. He made no great friends that way. But, then, treachery and betrayal by friends were things that bothered Papa. He once described New York critics as "worms in a bottle all squirming together but unable to get out." What critics wrote, as far as he was concerned, showed "futility and impotence."

Considering this attitude, it is remarkable that the critics didn't treat him worse than they did. He felt critics were always expecting you to write like a previous work. They had no criteria to judge anything new. I do think that Cyril Connolly was granted a special exemption from Papa's general condemnation of critics, but not H. L. Mencken. There, it was war to the end.

Papa was very fond of Ezra Pound. In



Hathaway recaptures the Golden Age of Hollywood

Back in those days of anything goes, no matinee idol worth his autograph ever turned up in a pallid shirt, and neither did anybody else who was anybody.

Hathaway now brings back the outspoken shirts of those exuberant times. We call them *Tiffany* stripes—the colors were inspired by the huge Tiffany chandeliers you find in game rooms in Sunset Boulevard mansions. (Also note the Tiffany lamp in our Gaslight Club setting.)

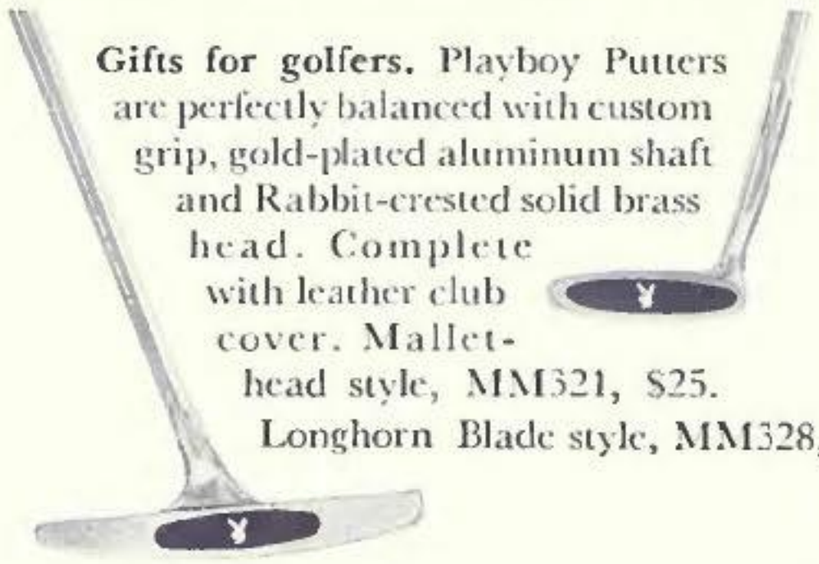
But when it comes to collars, Hathaway believes in the here and now. This is the *Highgate*, the latest fashion in London. It sits higher on the neck, shows more linen, and looks great with a big knotted tie. The soft, luxurious cotton looks satin-striped without being shiny. About $12.

P.S. Hathaway still hand-tailors its shirts. For store names, write C. F. Hathaway in Waterville, Maine.

Hathaway®
THE WARNACO GROUP

COMFORTABLE·CAREFREE COTTON

Cotton, you can feel how good it looks.



Gifts for golfers. Playboy Putters are perfectly balanced with custom grip, gold-plated aluminum shaft and Rabbit-crested solid brass head. Complete with leather club cover. Mallet-head style, MM321, $25. Longhorn Blade style, MM328, $22.



High style—high neck. Playboy's Turtleneck features the finest flat double-knit zephyr wool in white, black, gold, medium charcoal gray, marine blue and brown. Crested with color-matched Rabbit in S, M, L, XL sizes, WA108, $30.



If she smokes, gift her with Playboy's glove-leather cigarette case with Rabbit-patterned lining and thin-line lighter, in black or white, JY208, $6.



Ski-mates look great in handsome matching sweaters of the finest pure virgin worsted wool. Fashioned for comfort and warmth, the sport sweaters feature Rabbit interwoven in white on cardinal red, white on black or black on white. For playboys, Ski-Sweater in S, M, L, XL sizes, WA101; playmate's Ski Sweater in S, M, L sizes, WA201, $25 each.

Lift Christmas spirits in Playboy-designed mugs. Black with kicky white Femlin. Also available in coffee-mug style. 22-oz. Beer Mug, MM319, $5; 10-oz. Coffee Mug, MM320, $2.50.



20 ways to say Merry Christmas from Playboy



Soft touch for Christmas. Playboy's black and white Rabbit-emblazoned pillow adds a decorative touch for den or dorm. 100% cotton permanently flocked, MM329, $6.



Go-togethers for casual get-togethers. Cotton warm-up shirts for guys and gals, Rabbit emblem in white on black or black on white, gold, chili and emerald. S, M, L, XL sizes. Short sleeve Warm-Up Shirt, WA106, $4.50; long sleeve Warm-Up Shirt, WA107, $5.



Christmas trimming for his tie and cuffs. Handsome design in gleaming rhodium with distinctive Rabbit at the center of things. Floating Rabbit Set, JY175, $12.50.



Prestige for the pack. Playboy's Cigarette Box features the finest workmanship in natural-finish American walnut. A flick of the finger and cigarette flips up. Holds full pack, regular or king. Walnut Cigarette Box, MM325, $12.50.

To each his own. Gift him with the pipe that Hef smokes. Made from select imported, aged briar with a specially designed hard-rubber bit. In sand-blast ebony finish with Rabbit etched in white on stem. Playboy Pipe, MM324, $15.



Gift wrappings for after pool, sauna or bath. Playboy's cotton terry wrap-arounds are always thirsty. Kilt adjusts to fit all sizes, MM326, $5; side-button Sari in S, M, L sizes, MM327, $6.





In essence: the perfect gift. A half ounce of Playboy Perfume and she'll be yours forever, T200, $15.

Christmas classic. Playboy's V-neck of flat-knit zephyr wool goes Continental with matching turtleneck bib. Double knit with subtly stitched Rabbit in gold, wine, black, brown or emerald. In S, M, L, XL sizes, WA105, $30.



Kicky gift for the young-at-heart. The plush cheerleader doll, modeled after Playboy's Rabbit, sports a black and white warm-up shirt, white wide-wale corduroy slacks covering flexible wire limbs. A Playboy pennant waves high. Cheerleader Doll, MM330, $12.50.



Christmas confection. Red and white candy stripes of cuddle-soft cotton flannel will keep her warm on cold winter nights. One size fits all your favorite playmates. Night Shirt and Cap, MM201, $6.

Playboy Products
Playboy Building
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60611

Complete Order Here:

- ☐ send a gift card in my name.
- ☐ payment enclosed. (Make check payable to Playboy Products.)
- ☐ Charge to my Playboy Club Credit-Key No.

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

Please use product numbers when ordering items.

Quant.	Item (Prod. No.)	Size	Color

My Name: (please print)

Address

City State Zip

FOR GIFT USE (send to)

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

SP0101

the early days in Paris, Papa was struck with how helpful Pound had been when writers were stuck for money. He appreciated and respected him for helping these writers, though he was not himself prepared to be so helpful. He thought Pound a bit foolish, but he loved him for his foolishness.

When Pound got the Lord Haw-Haw treatment after World War Two, Papa did stick his neck out for him. He and Archibald MacLeish arranged to get him committed to St. Elizabeth's mental institution when the heat was on and released when the heat was off.

• • •

Papa was lucky in that at a very early age he knew exactly what he wanted to be. I think he was most disappointed in us boys when we did not know as quickly as he did. But he felt that our careers were our own affair as much as writing was strictly his. But every time we took up a new sport or interest, we could tell he had a great vision of a career for us. At one time, he had hopes that I would become a taxidermist like Carl Akeley, but nothing came of it. I've never stuffed anything.

It is probably too much to hope that an extraordinary man will have extraordinary children. It is almost never the case, and Papa was no luckier or unluckier than any other extraordinary man.

Papa did want to help us ever so badly, though. I knew that for sure at age eight because of the following incident. I was playing cards with some of my young friends at the house in Cuba. Papa was sitting in the room. I said that I was bound to win soon because of the law of averages. Papa was furious at the statement. To my complete surprise, he lit into me and said that I should never talk foolishly about something I didn't understand in the least. After that, the law of averages and I parted company.

Papa's advice about gambling was that it was lots of fun but that you should never gamble unless you could afford to lose. He himself loved gambling. In Cuba, we were able to go with him to bet on cockfights and *jai alai*. He used to get excited in *jai alai* when he would get himself in a situation, by a series of bets as the odds were changing, so that he couldn't possibly lose.

I'm sure Papa would have been pleased if one of us had been a writer. He looked after Ring Lardner's son who was killed in the Spanish Civil War and arranged a proper burial for him. Papa was pleased, and maybe a bit envious, that Lardner's children went into writing and made a success of it. He read our childish stuff with pleasure. But he was a tough critic. He was especially strong on what you saw. He did not like false sophistication.

The thing about teaching us was that Papa wanted to give us an example, but he did not want us to copy him. He thought that was wrong. He wanted us to learn to shoot, so he hired a gun instructor for us. That way, we learned our own style. He certainly liked kids. He would take me along with him even when he went out for a drink. Even though he had problems with his various wives, he wanted that in a separate category from the children. Those today with careers who have no time for their children, take note: Maybe those with the careers are not all that good.

• • •

Now I am a professional hunter. Papa taught me to love nonprofessional hunting, and to me, that is still the best kind, but it is expensive. Unless you are born rich, the only way I know that you can hunt enough to satisfy desire is to be a professional hunter in Africa when you are young.

There are lots of things wrong with the profession. Many times you feel and act like a household servant. So much of the talk of white hunters is servants' talk —all smiles in front of the client; how awful he is when he can't hear you. But in the end, you hunt every animal that's worth hunting. You hunt 200 days in every year. Each one of those days starts at four in the morning with a cup of hot tea and ends at dark. You do it for ten years and you have watched the animals you love for 28,000 hours. If you have the bad luck to die before you wake, you have done what you wanted to do.

I live on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. It's not as good as it sounds. The climate is not perfect. No mountain's is. The mornings are often wet and misty. It is never really warm. But any day, you can come down off the mountain into the loveliest countryside I know. There are no fences, the people are friendly and there is still lots of game.

• • •

Now, near the end, we must talk of parasites. Like any living thing, Papa carried a parasitic load. He did it without any complaints, even with enthusiasm. Key West was the hardest hit of any town in America during the Depression. It was a long way from the mainland. There were no jobs. A man whose character, lack of foresight or just bad luck caught him in Key West without money was soon reduced to beggary. Beggary touched something deep in Papa. He had had to borrow money a few times in his life and I think it always frightened him. He would say, "First you borrow, then you beg."

When a beggar came to the house, it was always the same. Ada Stearns, the housekeeper, who answered the door, would come to say, "Mr. Hemingway, there is one of those exhausted men come to see you." Ada was from Syracuse, New York, and she never really accepted the situation.

The man at the door would say, "Mr. Hemingway, you know me. I've had some bad luck. All I need is a quarter for a can of beans to get up over the Keys."

It came to be a saying in our family, "a quarter for a can of beans to get up over the Keys."

Naturalists make a distinction between the parasite, who is usually small in comparison with his host and whose substance he does not destroy, diverting only a little of it to his own use, and the predator, the big killer, who destroys his prey so that he may feed at leisure on its dead body. Somewhere in between is the hyena.

Naturalists now know that the hyena does, in fact, kill most of what he eats, but the popular conception is still that of a patient and repulsive beast who can uncannily pick out an old lion, one whose teeth are gone. These old lions are reduced to digging for rats, for lions do not have social security. Finally, the hyena can pull the lion down. He is excessively fond of lion meat, on which he grows fat and sleek.

No one has yet been able to teach the hyena how to write. Unfortunately, no doubt, for there is money to be made from it.

Papa had his faults; everybody does. But as a son, I am hard pressed to find fault with him as a father. I love him because he loved me from the start. When I was young, he showed me by splendid example what it is to know people, reading, music, painting and nature. Today, many people are trying to portray Papa as a certain type. It is much easier to do, now that he is dead. Just what purpose it all serves, I do not know. As a writer, his final value lies in what he wrote.

I am luckier than many sons who have lost their fathers. When I really want to remember him as he truly was, I can reread *The Three Day Blow* or *Big Two-Hearted River*. Then it is a winter Sunday again in Key West with a norther blowing and the sky gray and cold. We are riding up over the old county road across wooden bridges between the Keys with the English names: Saddlebunch, Pigeon, No Name, Big Pine. The water is the slate-gray silver of a dead mackerel's belly and along the edge of the sand shore, where the storm waves are lapping, is a stretch of dirty foam. We stop the car and walk to pick up the frozen fish from the foam. The norther has made the sea a little colder than they can stand, and it does not take us long to find enough of them for a meal.

Farther down the shore, we spook up a flock of golden plover and, as they circle back high overhead, they make that whistling call that is the pitch note of a truly magical childhood.

satire **By ROBERT CAROLA**

WORD PLAY

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

---

G AP

TWiGGY

CONTRACT'N

FRAC
TION

DOUGHNUT

WILLiAM TELL

TVVINS

BLOWoUT

HOMOSEXUAL

cnsnnt

ACADEMIC IRRESPONSIBILITY

(continued from page 225)

Mooney and Sacco and Vanzetti or for criticizing monopoly capitalism and the war.

The campaign of vilification and harassment directed against certain leftish academics in the time of Joe McCarthy seemed the climax and confirmation of the whole thing. After the total discrediting of McCarthy, when political liberty for professors was pretty generally won and Babbitts everywhere had gone into retreat, an occasional rear-guard action on their part seemed more comic and pathetic than sinister or threatening. Picking up, for instance, a Kiwanis Club pamphlet labeled "Freedom." I am tickled rather than dismayed to discover no reference to anything that I mean by freedom, only an appeal to teachers to transmit to the young "an understanding of responsible citizenship, principles of free enterprise and values of our spiritual heritage. . . ." "Free" as in enterprise, but "responsible" in everything; it is quite what the literature I grew up on taught me to expect—something comfortably unchanged in our disconcertingly changeable world.

There is, however, one area at least where the Babbitts, even in retreat, continue to pose a real threat to freedom—a threat because the academic community is on their side. When social behavior rather than politics is involved—especially in matters of sex or the use of banned drugs (associated inevitably with sex in the fantasies of the repressors) and especially when faculty members seem to advocate, or condone, or encourage or simply permit unconventional student practices in these matters—then the faculties of universities tend to speak the same language as the Kiwanis Club. And here I am eternally shocked and disheartened.

For almost a decade now, there has been instance after instance, from the notorious firing of Timothy Leary at Harvard, through the dismissal of certain young "homosexual" instructors at Smith, to the recent failure to rehire the poet Robert Mezey at Fresno State College. Often the real issues are camouflaged, as in Leary's case; the charge pressed was not that Leary had become a published advocate of LSD but that he failed to meet his classes regularly. Or they tend to be blurred, as in Mezey's case; the fact that he opposed the war in Vietnam and defended black power might suggest the recurrence of simple old-fashioned McCarthyism, were it not that thousands of academic opponents of the most unjust of American wars continue to be reappointed or promoted so long as they do not also happen to advocate changes in the existing marijuana laws.

Sometimes the underlying issues are totally hushed up, out of ostensible regard for the reputation of the victims, who, accepting dismissal in order to avoid scandal, provide their colleagues with the possibility of copping out; so that no advocate of academic freedom is called upon to take a principled stand on freedom for potheads or queers; no libertarian is forced to confront the limits of his own tolerance. I am aware of only a single case of this kind fought hard enough and far enough to compel the American Association of University Professors to rethink its own position, defining—from a teacher's presumable point of view—the competing claims of freedom and responsibility: the now nearly forgotten Koch case.

On March 18, 1960, Leo Koch, an assistant professor of biology at the University of Illinois, wrote a letter to the campus paper in which, after some reflections—more banal and less witty than he obviously thought them—on "a Christian code of ethics already decrepit in the days of Queen Victoria," he concluded:

> With modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at least a family physician, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics.
>
> A mutually satisfactory sexual experience would eliminate the need for many hours of frustrating petting and lead to much happier and longer-lasting marriages among our younger men and women.

Whether the course of action that Professor Koch advocated would, indeed, have led to the happiness and marital stability he promised remains yet to be proved, since he inspired no general movement to lead openly the sort of sexual life that many students, whether "sufficiently mature" or not, have been leading covertly, anyhow. If Koch was espousing anything new in his manifesto, it was presumably the abandonment of concealment and that unconfessed pact by which students make it possible for their teachers to pretend they do not know what their students pretend they do not know those teachers know.

Yet his letter had results, all the same, for it brought about a chain of events that ended in his being fired. And his firing, in turn, produced a series of statements and counterstatements about morality and freedom from the president of the university, its board of trustees, the faculty senate and many individual members of the teaching staff. This intramural debate was followed by a prolonged investigation under the auspices of the American Association of University Professors of what had become by that time "the Koch case," an investigation not finally reported on in full until three years later. The report, which appeared in the *AAUP Bulletin* of March 1963, reveals a division of opinion among college professors themselves, symptomatic of a confusion on the issues involved, that not only divides one academic colleague from another but splits the individual minds of many Americans inside the universities and out.

More interesting to me, however, and more dismaying than any of the disagreements, was a substantial area of agreement between the president and the board of trustees of the University of Illinois (who thought Koch should be fired), the faculty senate of that institution (who thought he should only be reprimanded) and Committee A of the A. A. U. P., the professed guardians of academic freedom (who thought the whole case should have been thrown out of court because of lack of due process). All four agreed that Koch was guilty of a "breach of academic responsibility" and that, regardless of his guilt or innocence, his academic freedom, like everyone else's, was and should have been limited by the academic responsibility that he was accused of having flouted. What academic responsibility means was nowhere very clearly defined in the dispute but was apparently understood by everyone involved to signify an obligation on the part of any professor to keep his mouth shut or only moderately open in cases where there is a clear danger of offending accepted morality; i.e., public opinion.

But how odd it was to find in the conservative and anti-intellectual camp a committee specifically charged with the protection of professors' rights—rights which the committee has often unyieldingly defended. What, then, moved it this time to grant that ". . . we can hardly expect academic freedom to endure unless it is matched by academic responsibility"? Surely, the topic of Koch's letter had something to do with it, and not merely the fact that his thoughts were neither well reasoned nor cogently expressed. If all cases of academic freedom involved the justification of documents as dignified and compelling as, say, Milton's *Areopagitica*, to defend liberty would be as easy as to attack it; but this, as the A. A. U. P. must have learned in its long career, is far from the truth. No, it was the subject of Koch's expostulation that made the difference; for when sex and students are simultaneously evoked, even the hardiest campus civil libertarian seems willing to cry "responsibility" with all the rest.

And the larger community has sensed

Duncan Andrews is doing everything for his hair.

Everything wrong.

First, he shampoos every other day or so. Drying. Uses bar soap or whatever's handy. Also drying. And dry hair can be brittle. Breakable. (And the more his hair breaks, the less he's got.)

And that's only the beginning. Because all that shampooing makes hair uncooperative, Duncan uses a grooming agent. A good one, sure. One that keeps his hair from dancing all over his head. By squashing it. Making it look even thinner. Besides, it only glosses over the dryness problem, and makes hair dirty all over again. So, back to another drying shampoo.

What's a man to do? Here's what. Shampoo once a week. With Pantene® Shampoo for Men. Does more than simply wash dirt out. Gives hair body and shine. And our famous Swiss conditioning formula* leaves hair manageable. And undry.

Next: Pantene Hair Groom Spray for Men. Don't laugh yet. Spray will help keep hair in place lightly. Gently. Undetectably. Hair looks thicker, fuller. And that can mean a lot to a man who doesn't have a lot. And, to keep hair fresh and clean between shampoos, Pantene Hair Lotion. A daily splash and a scrub of the fingers does it. Keeps hair healthier looking, too.

Everything from Pantene—Shampoo, Hair Groom Spray, Hair Lotion. All based on the same unique Swiss conditioning formula*. All do good while they keep your hair looking good.



Pantene.
Everything right for your hair.

*Made in U.S.A. according to a Swiss formula.

Photographed at Primrose Farms, Somers, N. Y.

this, moving in to attack—even when political motives play a considerable role—only when sex and drugs are involved. The young instructors at Michigan State University who helped edit a radical magazine called *Zeitgeist* may have offended their colleagues and administrators in many ways; but when their contracts were not renewed, a year or so ago, it was only the dirty words they had printed that were marshaled as evidence against them. And when, some years before that, Mulford Sibley, a well-known pacifist and political dissident, was brought under attack at the University of Minnesota, what was quoted against him was a speech in which he suggested that the university might be healthier if it could boast "a student Communist club, a chapter of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, a Society for the Promotion of Free Love . . . and perhaps a nudist club."

Predictably enough, communism and atheism tended to be soft-pedaled in the accusations brought against him, which lingered most lovingly over the fact that he was "agitating for nudist clubs" and added, apparently as the final proof of his perfidy, that "Dr. Sibley assigned books to his students resembling 'Lady Chatterley and Her Love Affairs.'" I know how disabling such a charge can be in academic circles, since, in an early encounter of my own with a really concerted effort to silence me in the classroom (the only time I ever really ran into trouble before the recent attempt to manufacture a case against me on the grounds of "maintaining a premise where marijuana is used"), I was accused not only of contempt for my then–fellow Montanans but also of having written a "dirty" poem called *Dumb Dick* and a "dirty" story called *Nude Croquet*, which was "subsequently banned in Knoxville, Tennessee." Alas, some of my former colleagues, willing enough to stand with me on political grounds, were shaken by being informed that I was a "dirty writer."

Pornography and nudity, along with trafficking in drugs and indulging in homosexuality, as well as refusing to condemn any or all of these to students, are the stock charges in latter-day assaults against the freedom of the teacher by elements in the business community sophisticated enough to know that in our time, old-fashioned accusations of being Red or "soft on Reds" are likely to be laughed out of the court of public opinion and have no status at all in courts of law. But there are statutes that can be invoked against offenses of the former sort, as in the recent police harassment of Leonard Wolf, a member of the English department of San Francisco State College, charged with "contributing to the delinquency of minors."

Wolf is the founder of Happening House, an institution set up to maintain a dialog between the kind of kids who inhabit the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco and the local academic community. During a conference on the problem of runaways, some of those kids, members of a performing dance group, took off all their clothes on stage. Wolf, who was the most convenient adult on the premises, was arrested. He was subsequently tried and acquitted because the prosecution could not prove him responsible for the students' disrobing, but from the start, the intent of the police seems to have been quite clearly to impugn Wolf both as the founder of Happening House and as a teacher. Why else charge him with acting in a way that "causes, tends to cause or encourages unknown juveniles to lead immoral or idle lives"? Whatever college officials thought of his classroom performance or his outside activities, a court conviction would make him a criminal in their eyes—and, as such, his position in the college, as well as his status in the community, would be endangered. And just as clearly, it wasn't only Wolf who was being put on trial, but all teachers who, insofar as they are true to their profession, seek to release their students from parochialism and fear, thus laying themselves open to charges of "corrupting the young" or "contributing to the delinquency of minors." A printed statement from the Leonard Wolf defense recognizes this fact—though it states the dilemma ineptly and misleadingly by insisting that in his case, "The limits of any teacher's responsibility are at stake" and that "If the attack on Professor Wolf proves successful . . . the limits of responsibility will have been unfairly extended in the service of repressive interests."

One cannot effectively fight an opponent whose language, along with its assumptions, has been uncritically accepted. And to grant—even implicitly—that there are just and proper limits somewhere, sometimes, to the teacher's freedom is to give the game away to those ready and eager to seize any show of weakness on the teacher's part. This is especially dangerous these days, when we are threatened on two sides, not just on one, as we have long been accustomed. On the one hand, there are the traditional "repressive interests," plus the courts and cops whom they largely control, to whom a free faculty seems always on the verge of going over to the enemy; i.e., the young, whom they think of as swinging back and forth between an unwholesome flight from reality and untidy demonstrations in the streets. And, on the other hand, there are the young themselves, or at least the revolutionaries among them, to whom the much-vaunted "academic freedom" of their teachers seems only a subterfuge, a cover-up for their subservience to the *real* enemy; i.e., the old, who, if they do not actually wage imperialist war and exploit labor, apologize for both.

I sit at the moment looking mournfully at an "Open Letter" directed to the faculty at the University of Sussex, an English university in which I spent last year as a visiting professor. The document is signed by "The February 21 Committee," a group whose chief political activity was throwing a can of red paint over a speaker from the American Embassy who had attempted to defend United States intervention in Vietnam. An early paragraph reads, in part: "Students say 'free inquiry' or 'free speech' mean that academics must permit their institution to be used for any purpose, this freedom ends logically in irresponsibility. . . ." Syntax and punctuation have broken down a little, but the meaning is clear—and disheartening. Whether Kiwanis Clubber, A. A. U. P. member or Maoist student, one touch of responsibility makes them all kin to one another, and alien to me.

Yet there is a difference, of course, between the Babbitts and the *enragés*, those who boast themselves sane and those who like to think of themselves as mad. Both demand restrictions on political freedom, one from the right and one from the left; but the students, at least, are on the side of erotic and imaginative freedom, in favor of love and dreams—and when such issues are involved or can be evoked, the free professor will find them on his side. In that area, indeed, they are more dependable allies than his own colleagues, since even the most liberal professors have tended to be equivocal on the subject of social, as opposed to intellectual, freedom, for both students and themselves. To the young, more important than the freedom to read what books or take what courses they please is the freedom to make love as they please; and it was therefore quite proper that the recent student revolt in France was touched off at the University of Nanterre by protest over restricted visiting privileges between boys' and girls' dormitories.

This fundamental inconsistency of viewpoint toward social rather than academic freedom has tended to sap the integrity of certain faculty, and sowed a deepening distrust in the minds of students, who, in response, have been on occasion as cavalier about the political rights of their teachers as their teachers have been about their personal liberties. But there is an even more fundamental source of confusion in the definition of responsibility that the academic community—professors first of all, and now the students—has accepted, without sufficient wariness, from the larger community that surrounds and often resents it.

Once the teacher has granted the theory that responsibility equals restriction, restraint, censorship, taboo, he has

lost in advance all those "cases" to which he must in due course come. At best, he commits himself to endless wrangles about exactly where freedom (understood as the right to express what he believes without hindrance) yields to responsibility (understood as the obligation to curtail his expression), lest he offend the taste, the conventions or the religious, political and moral codes of the community that sustains him.

There is no way out of such wrangles and not much point in going on to further debates about who (the teacher, the community or some impartial referee) is to draw the line between freedom and responsibility, once these have been postulated as opposites. And surely there is even less point in debating after the fact how harshly the "irresponsibles" are to be treated, whether by a lopping of heads or a mere slapping of wrists; i.e., whether they are to be dismissed or reprimanded. I propose, therefore, to define responsibility in quite a different way—as a matter of fact, in two quite different ways—in order to put the problem in a new light and deliver everyone from the frustration and ennui of having endlessly to rehash the old arguments.

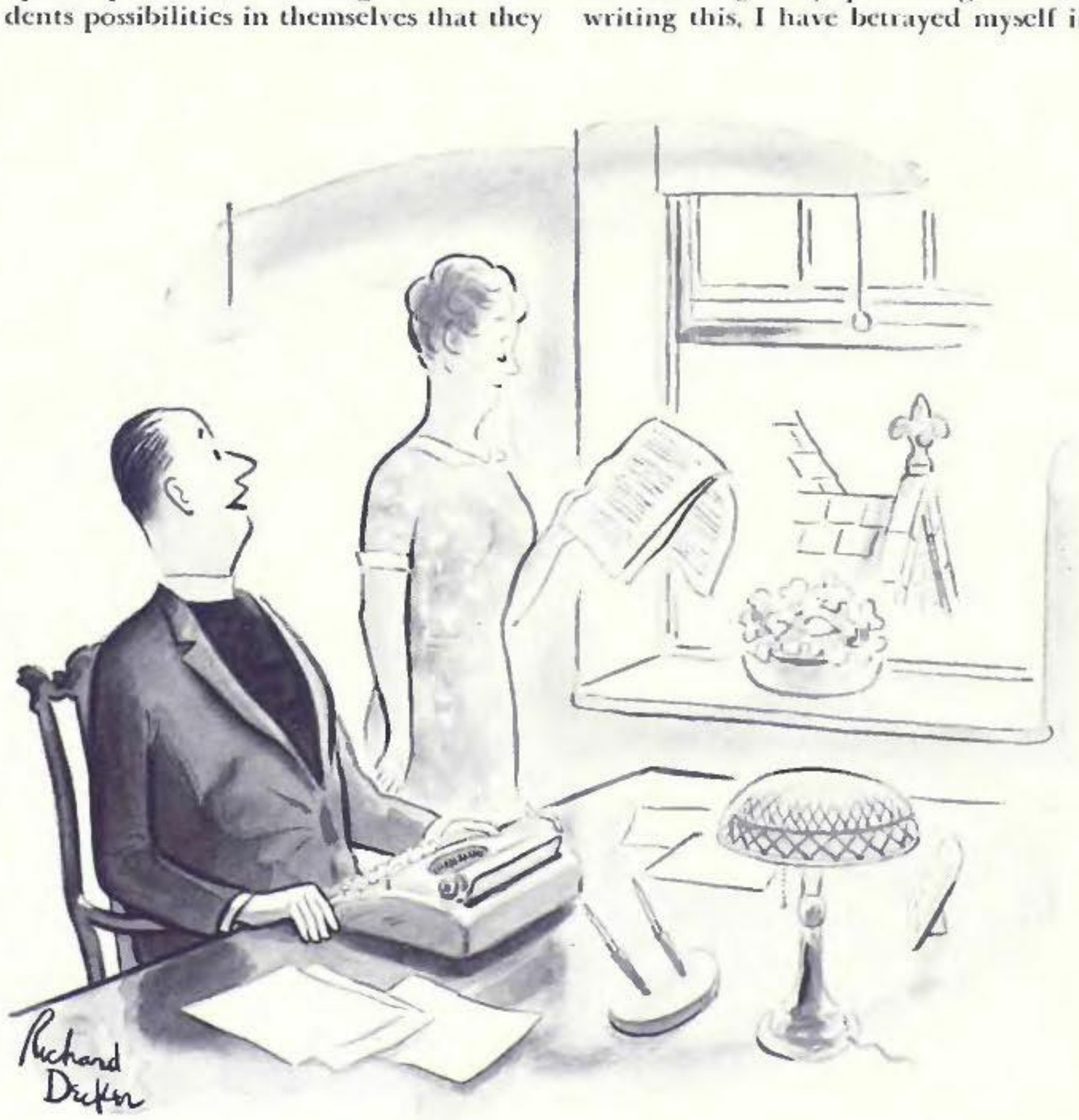
Let me begin with a positive definition of "academic responsibility" as the teacher's obligation to *do* something, rather than not to. The teacher—not exclusively, perhaps, but, without doubt, especially—has a single overwhelming responsibility: the responsibility to be *free*, which is to say, to be what most men would call *irresponsible*. For him, freedom and responsibility are not obligations that cancel each other out but one and the same thing; and this unity of academic freedom and academic responsibility arises from the teacher's double function in our society: first of all, to extend the boundaries of knowledge by questioning *everything*, including the truths that most men at any given point consider sacred and timeless; and, finally, to free the minds of the young, so that they can continue the same task beyond what he himself can imagine.

I shall not linger over the traditional "research" function of the teacher, since its necessity is granted, with whatever secret reservations, by almost everyone except certain backward students, much given to complaining that their teachers spend more time on research than on them—not understanding that there would be nothing for those teachers to give them if independent investigation and lonely meditation were ever suspended or drastically curtailed. Thorstein Veblen, prototype of the free teacher, thought it was a mistake to attempt to combine in a single person the schoolmaster and the scholar; but American universities have long since made the decision to try, and it is incumbent on the scholar-schoolmaster to be clear in his own mind, and to make clear to everyone else concerned, the priorities of his commitments. Few of them have been as candid about it as was Robert Frost, himself a schoolmaster for some 50 years, who always insisted from the platform that the teacher's first duty was to himself, his second to his subject matter and only his third to the student. And no one who begins with an understanding of the free teacher's peculiar obligation to the free student could possibly challenge this order.

The problem to begin with is: What can, and what should be, taught? From that start, it was clear to me that teaching was a passion, not a science, and that methods, therefore, are meaningless in the classroom, that lesson plans and pedagogical strategy are vanity and illusion. But it has taken me nearly three decades of teaching to realize that even the subject matter one teaches is quickly —and, in most cases, quite correctly— forgotten, gone, certainly, with the last exam. It should no longer be considered a scandalous secret that the students believe they are hiding from teachers—or vice versa—that course subject matter is at best optional, at worst totally irrelevant.

What is required of the teacher is not that he impart knowledge but that he open up minds, revealing to his students possibilities in themselves that they had perhaps not even suspected, and confirming in them a faith in their own sensibilities and intelligence: not suffering their foolishness or indulging their errors, but all the time revealing to them the double truth that, though the student can often be wrong, he has, like his teacher, the *right* to be wrong; and that, if he is willing to live a life of intellectual risk, he may someday know more, see further and feel more acutely than any of the elders of the community, including his teachers. It is the credo of the free and truly "irresponsible" teacher that no truth except this (not even the ones he most dearly believes in) is final, since the advance of human thought is potentially unlimited.

Such a teacher addresses his students, confronts them, engages with them, in the hope that they will someday go beyond the limitations of vision built into him by the limitations of his training and his time; and that they will even escape the trap of believing that their new vision is a final one, to be imposed forever after on the generations who succeed them. My ideal teacher must teach his students, in short, to be free—which is something quite different from persuading them to write in their notebooks, "Be free!," since freedom cannot be acquired by rote any more than it can be established by law. Freedom cannot be taught by preaching it—as, by writing this, I have betrayed myself into



"If I told it like it is, my dear, half the pews would be empty the following Sunday."



"And just how am I supposed to structure my leisure time?"

doing—but by acting it out, living it in full view. Once we have realized that the teacher is not just a guide, much less a substitute parent or a charming entertainer (though he can be all of these things, too, if he is so moved), but a model; and that what is learned in the classroom is *him*, the teacher, we will understand that the teacher must become a model of the free man.

And yet how many of our own teachers do we remember as having been even in aspiration, much less in fact, anything like free? How many do we recall with love for having freed us from those fears and doubts about ourselves and our world that we brought with us into school, inextricably intertwined with our ignorance and bravado? There have been only a handful among the scores I encountered in my own school career: one or two in high school, none at all in college, and one in graduate school, whom I cannot forbear naming. Author of once-admired but now-forgotten poems and a splendid book about the shape of his own life, *The Locomotive God*, William Ellery Leonard once gave me, by his splendid example, certain illusions about what teaching and teachers were like that brought me into the university in the first place; and then left me, with even more splendid tact, to find out the truth for myself.

But why have so many, so large a majority not merely of my teachers but of everybody's teachers, failed in their obligation to choose to be free? It is tempting, but finally unsatisfactory to say, in easy cynicism: Well, everyone fails at everything, so why not they? Certainly there are pressures on them from all sides to be of "service" to the community as a whole, or to the past, to the present, to God, to the revolution, etc. Wherever the free teacher turns, he confronts men, sometimes his own colleagues, convinced that the function of the university is not to free the mind but to inculcate a set of values, to indoctrinate or—as we say when somebody else's values are concerned—to brainwash the student.

But the wielders of such pressures are, in a sense, not hard to resist, especially when they speak from the conservative tradition; since there are habits of response built into most professors from earliest youth that stir a reflex of resistance against movements to ban books by, say, Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs on the one hand, or by Che Guevara and Mao Tse-tung on the other, or to fire those who ask students to read them. Whatever our disagreements with the lovers of such literature, we tend to feel them on our side. No, the most conspicuous failure of professors in this regard has been their refusal to protect the dissident right-wingers among them under attack from antilibertarians on our side. Surely one of the most scandalous events of recent academic history has been the quiet dismissal of a distinguished rightist teacher of political science from an equally distinguished Ivy League college, whose own silence was bought by buying up his contract and whose colleagues' silence apparently did not have to be bought at all.

Obviously, those who advocate reticence or "responsibility" from our side are more insidious—and sometimes, it would appear, impossible to resist. For it is our loyalty, rather than our timidity, on which such academic enemies of "irresponsibility" insist: asking us to limit ourselves (lest we give aid and comfort to a common opponent) in the free investigation, say, of the interconnections between the homosexual revolution and the first stages of the civil rights movement, or the importance of anti-Semitism and racism in the later black-power movement. Similarly, they urge us not to take away from the progressive forces certain symbolic heroes of the historical left—not, for instance, to follow up the evidence that at least Sacco, and possibly Vanzetti as well, was guilty as charged in the famous case that mobilized most decent men on their side; and that many of the organizers of the protests against their condemnation already knew the fact and strategically concealed it.

And when the voices that plead with us to lie a little about the importance of Negroes in our history, or to mitigate a little the harsh truth about the last country to betray some revolution in which we once thought we believed, are the voices of our own students, the voices of the young—how even harder it is to resist. We know that their cause, too, will be betrayed, as all causes are ultimately betrayed, but it seems churlish and unstrategic to tell them so; their strength and weakness is precisely not to know this, as our strength and weakness is to know it. And these strengths and weaknesses are complementary, make social life and intercourse between the generations not merely possible but necessary. Why, then, should we not lie to them a little when they come to us, as they do between periods of absolute rejection?

In a way, we are better off, safer, from our own point of view and theirs, when they turn their backs on us, muttering, "Old men, all we want you to do for us is *die*!" But a moment later, they return (being in need of uncles and grandfathers if not fathers: Marcuses and McLuhans and Norman O. Browns), crying, "Underwrite, sanction our revolt, tell us we are righter than you!" Indeed, how could they fail to be righter than we are still, wrong as we were at their age? But it is not our function as free teachers to tell them only how they are right; it is also imperative that we say (at the risk of being loved less, even of finally losing their ear altogether) how they are wrong—what in their movement, for instance, threatens the very freedom that makes it possible, and what threatens to freeze into self-righteousness.

Spokesmen for the "future" forget that, even as they fight for it, the "future" quickly becomes the present, then the past; and that soon they are only fighting for yesterday against the proponents of the day before yesterday. This is why the teacher dedicated to freedom must tell them *right now* the same thing he tells the Babbitts when they howl down or propose to ban some speaker, some uncongenial idea: If any kind of truth or pursuit of truth—however misguided, however wrong—seems threatening to a cause we espouse, it is time to re-examine that cause, no matter how impressive its credentials. It is also to ourselves, of course, that we're speaking, since without constantly reminding ourselves of this simple principle we will yield to some pressure group, right, left or center. But even taken together, such groups are not our deepest and most dangerous enemy.

What gets us, as teachers, into final trouble is the enemy of our freedom that ordinarily we do not perceive at all: inhibiting forces that are as impersonal and omnipresent and invisible as our total environment or our very selves. Indeed, they are a large and growing part of that total environment, especially in the United States, where more and more education for more and more people remains an avowed goal of society. There are, however, inhibitory and restrictive tendencies built into the very school system to which almost everyone born in America is condemned by the fact of his birth—condemned beyond the possibility of appeal, since what he may feel as a prison was dreamed for him by his forebears as utopia.

For better or worse, in any event, young Americans these days find themselves sentenced by law to a term lasting from their fourth or fifth birthday to their sixteenth or seventeenth—and, by custom and social pressure, to a good deal more: time added, as it were, for good behavior. But though students in large numbers are dimly aware of all this, they have tended to resist it as outlaws rather than as revolutionaries; i.e., to drop out rather than to raise as a slogan, an immediate demand, the right not to go to school. Students have been primarily—and quite properly, as far as it goes—concerned with failures of the school system to provide them with the kinds of freedom to which that system itself is theoretically pledged: the right to demonstrate or petition, to participate and advise, to control in part, at least, their own destinies *in* the schools; but the existence of those schools, and even their traditional function, they have largely taken for granted.

To me, however, the root problem,



"I paid $6.95 for this book and it's about politics!"

the essential restriction of freedom, seems compulsory education itself—on both the primary and the secondary levels, where it is enforced by statute and truant officers; and on the higher levels, where it is, more and more broadly, customary and enforced by the peer group plus parents and teachers. Everything begins with the assumption by the community (or some auxiliary private enterprise) of the role traditionally played in the lives of the young by their families, aided and abetted by medicine men, prophets or kindly passing strangers; and is confirmed beyond hope of reform when that community sets up ever more rigid and bureaucratized institutions to do that job for it.

From this initial requirement follows most of what is dangerously restrictive throughout the school system: the regulation of every moment of a student's day (especially in high schools) and a good part of a student's nights (especially for female students, all the way to the university level). This involves, first of all, required attendance, tardiness reports, classes artificially divided into periods and rung off and on by a centrally controlled bell system, proctored examinations and blackmail by grades. And it implies, in the second place, a host of "disciplinary regulations" beginning with the banning of cigarettes on school grounds, or alcohol at school dances, or pot and the pill in dormitories, and ending with petty decrees—totally unconnected to the laws of the larger community—about the length of skirts and pants and hair. Hair, especially, seems the concern of school authorities, whether on the head or on the face—as if somewhere in the collective mind of those authorities, the image persisted of youth as a sort of Samson who to be enslaved must be shorn.

Students have, of course, protested against this; and a good deal of what moves them, plus more that might or should move them, has been beautifully formulated by Edgar Z. Friedenberg, beginning with a book titled *The Vanishing Adolescent*. But their cry of "No more *in loco parentis*" is undercut by their clearly contradictory wishes on this score. In general, they seem to want the schools to maintain a certain parental role in warding off police prosecution, yet to surrender that role in maintaining internal discipline. In any case, the protesters do not begin far enough back; for the American school system is essentially—by definition and tradition—*in loco parentis*. And nothing fundamental is solved by persuading it to become a permissive rather than an authoritarian parent—that is, to make itself more like students' actual parents and less like their actual grandparents.

It is, alas, precisely those "permissive" parents who have made the whole school system, from kindergarten to university, what it is, insisting that it act out for them the dark side of their own ambivalence toward their children—be the bad parent they feel guilty for not being—and for wanting to be. If our schools are, in fact, totalitarian under their liberal disguises, more like what the sociologists call "total institutions" (jails, mental hospitals, detention camps) than small democratic communities or enlarged families, this is because the parents of the students in them *want* them to be what they are. Certainly any parent, any full adult in our society, is at least dimly aware of the tendency in himself and his neighbors to project upon children and adolescents sexual and anarchic impulses denied in himself. These impulses he asks his children both to act out and to be blamed for, relieving him of his own double guilt—and providing in its place the double pleasure of vicarious self-indulgence and the condemnation of sin.

In addition, there is the sexual jealousy that inevitably troubles those home-tied by jobs or children, or oppressed by the menopause and the imminence of death when they confront others just emerging into puberty, as well as the desperation of those unable to persuade their children of the value of moral codes in which they only theoretically believe—a desperation that ends in calling out the law to enforce what love could not achieve. And, finally, there is the strange uncertainty of our society about just when a child becomes an adult (whatever that elusive term may mean)—at puberty, at 16, 18, 21; when he votes, drinks legally, goes into the Army or simply becomes capable of reproducing himself. Out of this uncertainty emerge those absurd social regulations that turn the girls' dormitory into a police state, the rules whose goal is to keep those we claim we have to regulate (because they are still "children") from getting pregnant; i.e., from proving to us that biologically, at least, they are fully mature.

Small wonder, then, that our schools and universities have become, like our jails and hospitals and asylums, institutions whose structure works against their own avowed ends—leading not to the free development of free men but to the depersonalization of the student, to his conversion into a code number and an IBM card punched full of data, a fact that he may forget in the midst of the small pleasures that punctuate his boredom but of which he is reminded once, twice, even three times a year by the degrading rituals of examination and registration. The damage done the student by this system we have all begun to notice, as the resentment of his indignity has driven him to construct barricades and hurl fire bombs; but the similar damage done to his teachers we tend to ignore, since they typically respond with silence or statements read only to one another at annual meetings.

It is not merely that the teacher, too, is regulated, right down to such trivial matters as wearing a tie or smoking in class, but that also—and, finally, more critically—he, like the prison guard or the asylum attendant, becomes the

prisoner of the closed world he presumably guards, a world in which he begins talking at the ping of one bell and stops at the clang of another, meanwhile checking attendance, making sure no one cheats or lights a cigarette under a NO SMOKING sign or consumes hard liquor or drugs or, God forbid, takes off his clothes in public. All of this, however, makes him a jailer or a cop, who notoriously resembles his charges; and insofar as he resists, turns him into a hypocrite, acknowledging only the infractions that someone else—the press, a planted police spy, an indignant parent—has noticed first.

How can the teacher who accepts such a system talk freedom to the students before him? Or how can he demand it for himself—academically, politically, personally—at the very moment he is denying it—socially, erotically—to those he asks to emulate his model? The historical struggle of teachers for what has been called "academic freedom"—that is, their own freedom—has been impugned throughout by their hypocrisy. No community, not even a school, can exist one tenth absolutely free and nine tenths half slave. It is an unendurable fraud, of which most of us manage to remain absurdly unaware, until some notorious "case"—the Leary case, the Koch case, the Mezey case—forces us to confront it, to confront the contradiction in ourselves. By then, however, it is too late.

Inevitably, at that point we tend to compromise or totally betray for one of us the principles we have already learned to compromise and betray for the students to whom we are, after ourselves, chiefly responsible. And here we have come, at long last, to responsibility. To avoid the word at this juncture would be as abject as having taken refuge in it earlier, since to be responsible means, in the new context, not to be restricted, which is to say, less free—but to be *answerable*, which is to say, more free.

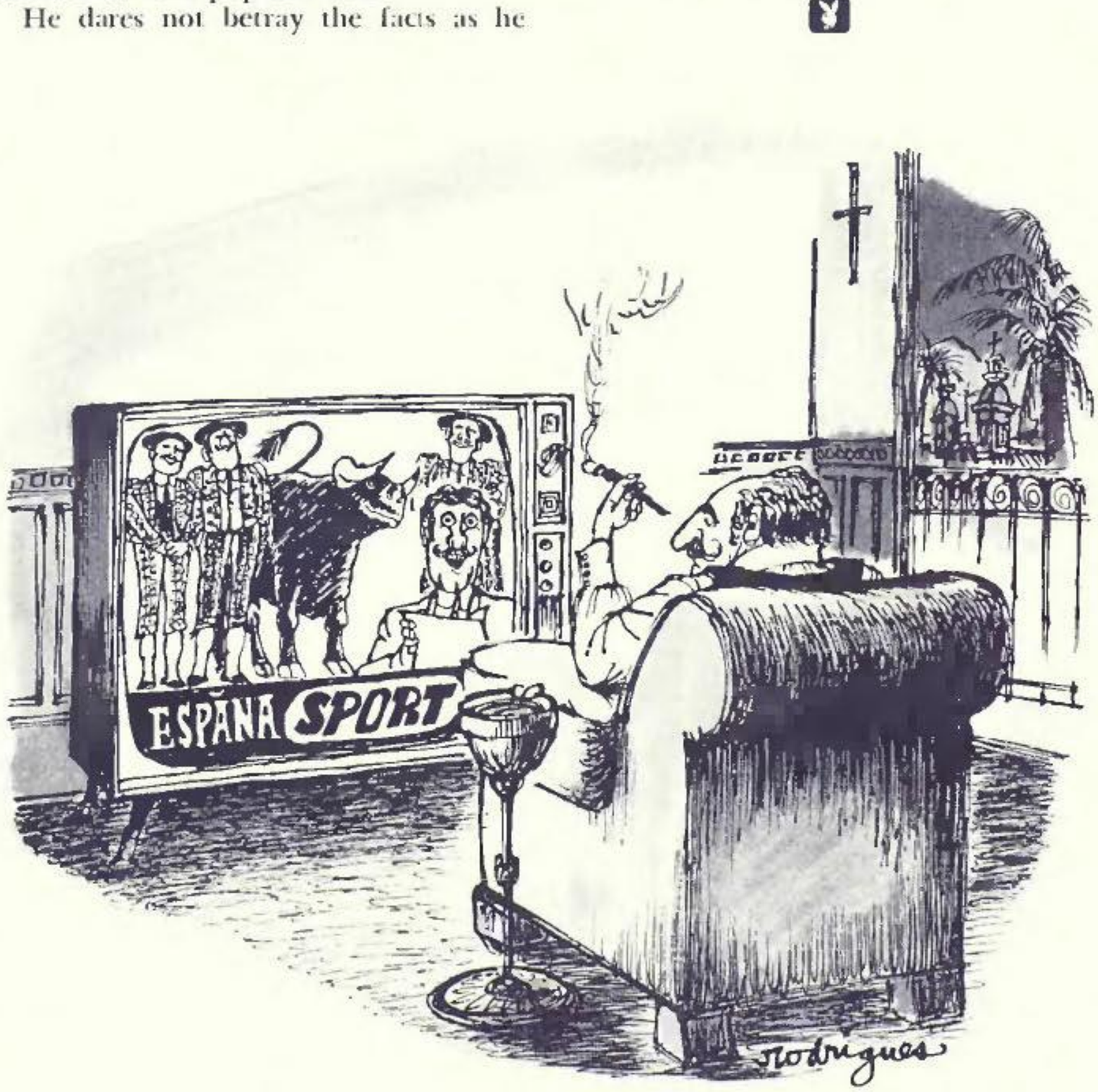
Until a man has learned to be truly free, he cannot begin to be responsible in this deep etymological sense of the word, since the only thing for which a teacher is properly answerable is his own freedom, his necessary prior *ir*responsibility. A slave or a man under restraint, an indoctrinated indoctrinator, a civil servant brainwashed to brainwash others, is answerable for nothing. No matter what charges are brought against him, he can plead innocent; for he is the agent of another, a despicable tool, just another Eichmann, dignified beyond his worth by being brought to the dock.

The free teacher, on the other hand, must not merely suffer but welcome, even invite, criticism of what he espouses and teaches, for his job is to change the minds of the young—which those in established positions seem to view as a kind of "corruption." For him, freedom does not mean freedom from consequences; he takes, as the old Spanish proverb has it, what he wants but he pays his dues. Wanting nothing free of charge, he denies to no one the right to disagree with what he says, to criticize, to try to rebut, even to threaten sanctions. He must always be willing to argue against all comers the basic case for his freedom, which is never, and can never be, won finally and forever. But he must also be prepared to defend—one by one and each on its own merits—all of the tenets, views, opinions and analyses he finds himself free to offer.

Above all, when his ideas are proved wrong, to his own satisfaction, in the debate with those who challenge him, he must feel free to confess his error without in any way diminishing his right to have held those ideas; for he has never had any real freedom at all unless he has been free from the start to be wrong and unless he remains free to the end to change his mind. If, in the debate he has occasioned, however, he continues to believe in his position, he must—with all the assurance that comes of knowing his fallibility as well as that of his opponents—continue to maintain that position. It does not matter at all if a majority is against him, or even everybody; for even everybody has, on occasion, turned out to be wrong, and he is, in any case, not answerable to a popular vote.

He dares not betray the facts as he has learned from his teachers and his colleagues to determine them, but he must always be aware that those "facts" exist finally in his own head. And he is equally answerable to posterity—which means, for a teacher, his students—not those before him at any moment but those yet to come; best of all, those not yet born; and these, too, he must remember live only inside his skull. It is to the unborn, then, that the free man, the true teacher, is finally answerable; but it is the living students, their parents and the community that he inhabits rather than the one he dreams, that judge him and can make him suffer. If that community—parents or students, or both—desires to visit sanctions on him, he must not pretend surprise or feel dismay.

Yet they are not hard to please, really, the spokesmen of the past or those of the present; all they ask is a show of subservience either to long-established conventions or to the very latest life style. Only an allegiance to the ever-receding future dismays both; for, driven to imagine a time to come, the responsibles, both old and young, feel their authority slipping from them as they realize that someday they will be dead. But it is precisely this realization that exhilarates some men, making them feel free enough to be irresponsible, irresponsible enough to be free.



". . . Amigos, as we promised you, tonight we have with us the four semifinalists in the nacional bullfight contest. . . ."

pacifism in america *(continued from page 155)*

his sense of loyalty—have been turned to the support of war, whose heroes have been immortalized in song and story.

Yet man, who accepts and even loves war, can also love peace. Some men have rejected war as too ugly and terrible a means to be justified by any end. The dream of the Hebrew prophets—that men would turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks—has persisted down to the age of thermonuclear bombs.

The peace movement today has its roots in the pacifist movement of 50 years ago. The history of pacifism over the past five decades encapsulates the best and worst of human nature and has considerable relevance for America today.

Neither before our entry into World War One nor today, in our cruel and stupid war in Vietnam, has a strong, united peace movement emerged, completely opposed to war. In every crisis between the outbreak of World War One and the beginning of our involvement in Vietnam, there have been two groups among the general supporters of peace. One group is composed of pacifists, who condemn war outright. The other, far larger and more shifting group opposes particular wars that it does not feel are politically or ethically justified.

At the outbreak of World War One, I was a Presbyterian minister, a conventional advocate of peace on religious grounds. The War itself—by its contrast of horror with the ethics of Jesus—made me a religious pacifist. I also became a strong objector to the War on political grounds. Each position strengthened the other. I have never forgotten the words of a very able and honorable judge, Julian W. Mack, who was serving on a Government commission to consider the case of conscientious objectors who were in prison at the end of World War One. I was talking to him in behalf of a Jewish religious objector and the judge said, "I am not sure of a Jewish religious basis for conscientious objection, but I can't see how a Christian can fail to be an objector to war. To me, it is the greatest irony in history that the belligerent tribes of western Europe took a pacifist Jewish peasant not only as their prophet but as their god." But there came a time in the period between the two World Wars when, to my sorrow, my religious philosophy could provide me with no alternative to a possible support of *some* wars, as the lesser of two evils. It was, however, the passion of my life to find alternatives not only to war in general but to the particular wars that crowded upon us.

In this article, I shall use the word "pacifist" to describe only those who have been conscientiously opposed to participation in *all* wars. In the early years of this century, Tolstoy was by far the most influential of pacifist thinkers and writers. Philosophically, pacifists have added very little to Tolstoy's thinking. But there were some outstanding pacifists and many influential persons who stood out as peace advocates, often in opposition to particular wars. It is, however, not human voices but war itself and its consequences, even when the better side wins, that plead loudest for peace.

As I look back on it, the early part of this century, prior to 1914, was curiously an age of innocence. We in America knew of many evils, including war, but we believed in "progress" and the probability of peace. We believed this despite the Spanish-American War at the end of the 19th Century, despite our Manifest Destiny imperialism in the Philippines, despite our interventionist policy in the Caribbean area, despite the Boer War in Africa and the Russo-Japanese War in Asia. We took little account of the significance of colonial rumblings against the great capitalist imperialist powers. We had great hopes in arbitration. The steel baron Andrew Carnegie had a social conscience that was very weak in dealing with the sins of a ramp-ant capitalism but made him a great financial supporter of libraries and schools. Around 1910, he gave money for the Church Peace Union and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He also built the Peace Palace in The Hague. (The actual service to peace of these institutions has been very moderate.) Another tycoon, Henry Ford, so loved peace that he sent a peace ship to Europe after World War One had begun. It had no influential effect.

In 1910, Norman Angell published *The Great Illusion*, proving that large wars would not pay the empires that waged them. It was almost universally applauded; but in four years, the First World War broke upon an astonished world. European socialists had gone so far in opposition to international war—as contrasted with revolutionary struggles—that the eloquent Jean Jaurès of France, James Keir Hardie of Scotland and others seriously discussed strikes against mobilization in France and Germany, in the event of a threat of war. In England, which had no conscription, a general strike against the entry into war was considered, but there was no formal adoption of this plan, nor were there any arrangements to carry it out. Jaurès was assassinated by a French "patriot," and soon socialist internationalists were killing one another in the name of loyalty to their particular nations just as cheerfully as Christians, who had had centuries' more experience in violating human brotherhood.

In the United States, there was at first an almost universal horror of the War and determination not to be dragged into it; but this opposition was chipped away by the growing involvement of our whole economy in the support of the anti-German Allies, by the fear that Germany might win and, particularly, by abhorrence of Germany's action in sinking ships that carried passengers as well as munitions. (In the Second World War, we did the Germans the honor of copying this practice, in our submarine destruction of enemy merchant ships.) I have long believed that we would not have entered World War One if we had traded with both groups of combatants. President Wilson would not have discovered a war for democracy in what amounted to a brute imperialist clash. When the President summoned the nation to war on April 6, 1917, most of the opposition to it—except from socialists, other radicals and a small group of religious pacifists—joined in the hysterical support the War received, at enormous cost to civil liberties at home. The conventional peace societies went along with the crowd. But some new societies had sprung up that persisted after the U. S. had got into the War. The American Union Against Militarism, under the leadership of Lillian Wald, Jane Addams, Oswald Garrison Villard and others, was actively opposed to the War and to Wilson's Caribbean policy. The Union persisted awhile after our entry and then died. The present American Civil Liberties Union is, in a sense, its offspring, because it developed out of a subcommittee of the Union under the leadership of Roger Baldwin, himself a conscientious objector. The Fellowship of Reconciliation, founded in England in 1915, was the most important and durable of these new peace societies. It was an organization of Christian objectors to war and spread to the U. S. That magnificent humanitarian organization, the American Friends' Service Committee, founded in 1917, operated in the Quaker tradition of pacifism. In later years, it and its efficient secretary, Clarence Pickett, were to receive the Nobel Peace Prize.

In the calmer times between wars, other American pacifists received that honor. Among them was Jane Addams, founder of Hull House in Chicago and probably America's most famous social worker. She spoke out for peace all during the First World War and was a principal founder of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (in April 1915). One of her associates, Emily Greene Balch, was similarly honored. So, too, in a later stage of the struggle for peace, were the famous scientist Linus Pauling, because of his opposition to thermonuclear weapons, and

the Reverend Martin Luther King, who applied the principle of nonviolence in the American racial struggle.

But none of this regard for pacifists and their service to world sanity and peace was manifest during the First World War. The U. S. had never had conscription—except in a very bad form for part of the Civil War—but Wilson and his Congress felt it necessary to impose it, despite the fact that thousands of Americans had come here from European countries to escape it. There were hardly any provisions for conscientious objectors. Like all those who refused the draft, objectors were nominally subject to whatever penalty military courts might impose on them. The law defined conscientious objectors in a very narrow manner. They had to be members "of any well-recognized religious sect or organization at present organized and existing and whose existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein in accordance with the creed or principles of said religious organizations."

A great many of the young objectors could not qualify as members of these pacifist churches. Even those who did qualify were required to take some form of prescribed noncombatant service. No systematic provision was made for such service until almost a year of war had passed. The result was confusion, rough handling of conscientious objectors and excessive court-martial sentences. One of the worst incidents concerned a small group of religious objectors called Molokani, who had settled in Arizona during President Grant's Administration, on his assurance that there would not be peacetime conscription in the United States. When the War came, their young men refused to register and, under the law, served about a year in prison. They were model prisoners in civil prisons, but then they were compulsorily registered and drafted into the Army. They again refused service and were sentenced for very long terms to Fort Leavenworth Military Prison. Here they refused to work, because the commandant of the prison was a colonel and his orders were military orders. Even the armistice made no difference. Under military law not of his making, the colonel sent the young men to dark, solitary cells, where they were manacled to the bars in a standing position during the period when the other men worked. My brother, Evan W. Thomas, was not a Molokani, but he, too, refused to work and was among this manacled group. Fortunately, he managed to get a message to me. To my shocked surprise, one of the clergy to whom I appealed, a leader in the Church Peace Union, said the men were traitors and deserved no sympathy. The onetime liberal Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, denied that there was any such punishment in an American military prison. It was only after I got Don Seitz of the New York *World* to send a crack reporter to Leavenworth that the truth was revealed. Armed with this evidence and with the belated support of liberals, the Reverend John Nevin Sayre, related to President Wilson by marriage, managed to reach the President, who ordered the end of such punishments. My brother was released on a technicality and the others were transferred to another prison and not too long thereafter were freed. I do not know of similar brutality directed against conscientious objectors to later wars, after the shooting had stopped.

It is estimated that during World War One, some 170,000 managed to evade the draft altogether by flight to Mexico or by obtaining false medical certificates or safe, exempt jobs. But these were not crusaders for peace. That role was far better filled by some 4000 objectors. The conscription law and its enforcement were very confused, but in the end, there were about 1200 who accepted civilian substitutes, such as farm furloughs; and 99 took work with the Friends' Reconstruction Unit. About 500 absolutists were court-martialed and



Skoal Wintergreen Tobacco isn't for smoking. It isn't lit, isn't puffed, isn't inhaled.

It sure beats smoking.

Skoal is good, honest tobacco, all right. But with a cooling touch of wintergreen. Just a pinch between your gum and cheek gives you everything you want from tobacco. Without smoking, or even chewing. Every can is dated for freshness. Try Skoal. It's too good to smoke. (Costs less, too.)





And try Skoal's partner—Copenhagen "straight."

sent to military prisons for long terms—25 years or even life. There were cases where the original sentence was death. After the War, Presidential clemency reduced these long sentences rather capriciously. The last of the objectors was not released until 1933, long after objectors in foreign countries had been released.

Conscientious objectors were not the only sufferers. Civil liberties were pretty well shot to hell under the "liberal" President Wilson. Mobs of "patriotic" citizens went even further than the President. Ray Abrams, in *Preachers Present Arms*, tells a melancholy tale of the wholesale expulsion of pacifist preachers from their pulpits. Very few survived. At the end of the War, there were some 1000 political prisoners still in jail, guilty of nothing except their exercise of rights that were supposedly guaranteed by the First Amendment. The best known, of course, was Eugene Debs, the Socialist who polled about 1,000,000 votes as a candidate for President while he was a prisoner in Atlanta.

I shall never forget the joy with which I greeted the armistice that finally ended the brutal War of mud and trenches in Europe. It was a joy very commonly shared by the world. But the War did not give us wisdom, as I had hoped, to guard against the recurrence of organized murder in the name of our nation or our political creed. At first, there was widespread hope in peace circles for President Wilson's plan for a League of Nations. What came out of the Versailles Conference by way of a treaty and the plan for the League of Nations was a great disappointment to pacifists, as well as to radicals. We believed that the treaty—which, to be sure, might have been worse—contained the seeds of another world war. How far this opposition should go divided radicals and pacifists, but many swung over to unenthusiastic support of the League during the Harding and Coolidge Administrations. As the Socialist candidate for President in 1928 and 1932, I favored joining the League on condition of some reservations (which could easily have been obtained) to prevent it from dragging us into a new war. We held this position as late as 1932, when President Roosevelt ended any talk of joining the League.

I have never believed that, given the general conditions of the world, our membership in the League would, of itself, have saved it from disaster and the world from the agony of World War Two. Communism had arisen during World War One and Mussolini's Fascism not long thereafter. They, rather than a struggle for peace, preoccupied most minds.

American attention to foreign policy was diverted by the Great Depression. But even before 1929, American attitudes toward the First World War had drastically changed. The old hysteria continued for a time after the armistice, but it changed rapidly and fairly early in the Twenties. I and others found ourselves being applauded for saying things about World War One that very likely would have called forth violent protests and probable arrests at the beginning of the decade. The idea grew that we had been victims of the "merchants of death." By the time of the Senatorial inquiry presided over by Senator Gerald Nye of North Dakota, this idea was firmly based—and resulted in a rather weak Neutrality Act designed to prevent trading in arms with nations at war. Ironically, that idea of neutrality—and the way it was enforced under Roosevelt's direction—worked to the disadvantage of the democratic Spanish government in that country's civil war. Even the advocates of arms embargo eventually turned against the proposal when it was used, as it was by Roosevelt, to hurt the Spanish Loyalists and, hence, to help Franco and—through him—Hitler.

The general idea of neutrality had had support from peace advocates, including pacifists. The Nye inquiry itself was largely the result of work by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Earlier peace organizations and their friends, with more or less enthusiasm, had supported Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes in engineering a treaty in 1922 limiting naval construction in the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy. In 1930, the London Naval Reduction Treaty provided for a proportional reduction of the navies of these five countries. Under President Coolidge, we were treated to the Kellogg-Briand Pact, signed by practically all nations. The Pact renounced war as an instrument of policy but never had any effect on real foreign policy. It was a piece of pious hypocrisy.

Then, in 1930, there was a strong, nearly successful effort in Congress, sponsored by Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota, to initiate a constitutional amendment making war totally illegal. Whatever the role local or national organizations played in support of the Frazier Amendment, it was not primarily the work of pacifists or pacifist leaders. Frazier himself owed his position and his fame only secondarily to his stand on peace. Primarily, he was part of the agrarian radical movement in North Dakota (and other states) that produced the Farmers Nonpartisan League and had a great influence on the Republican Party in the northern prairie states. Peace sentiment as such was earnestly presented by excellent men and women, but little or no new philosophy of peace was developed in America by them or by the fragmented peace movement.

In the world at large, the great exception was that remarkable Indian character Mahatma Gandhi, whose work before and during the Second World War brought to success India's nonviolent revolution against Great Britain and the establishment of Indian independence. Gandhi—who, by his own statement, had been principally inspired by the writings of Henry Thoreau—invented the tactics of nonviolent demonstration and action used today.

Americans generally, as the 1930s wore on, were far more occupied with the subject of violence in connection with the national and international problems raised by communism and fascism than with peace as the ultimate goal. The American League Against War and Fascism—which became the moderately influential League for Peace and Democracy—was much more concerned with opposition to fascism than with opposition to war. Toward its end, it was rather effectively captured by the Communists, although by no means were all its members Communists. Its usefulness was completely destroyed when Hitler made his pact with Stalin. Other organizations arose as the crisis in Europe drew nearer. The Keep America Out of War Committee was formed in 1937. It was opposed to the War, but it was not isolationist in its general foreign policy. The much larger America First movement was isolationist in general policy and intensely opposed to those policies of Roosevelt that it thought were leading us to war.

All of this controversy, however—in which there was little interest in pacifism as a principle—ended with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and Hitler's declaration of war on the United States. The political organizations opposed to war disbanded instantly and their members dedicated themselves to supporting war in Europe and the Pacific. The Communists, whose *Manual* had declared that the Soviet Union was the only fatherland of the workers, followed Russian policy: first, against Nazism ("The Yanks are coming!") and then, briefly, in support of the Hitler-Stalin Pact ("The Yanks are not coming!"). During the Second World War, they were 212-degree Fahrenheit patriots. I remember their sending hecklers to try to interrupt a poorly attended meeting that I called to protest Roosevelt's ordering all Japanese and Japanese-Americans within 100 miles of the Pacific Coast into concentration camps, without trial or hearing. This order was the greatest single outrage against civil liberty in both World Wars. The patriotism of many Japanese-Americans from other parts of the country, who served bravely in our Army, proved how unnecessary the camps were. Otherwise,

civil liberties fared pretty well, for the simple reason that the Second World War was the only war in America's history to which there was practically no opposition. There were, however, conscientious objectors on religious and humanitarian grounds. These were better treated than in the First World War. Much more generous and effective provision for alternative service for them was provided. They were not required, as in the First World War, to be members of some pacifist religious body, but they were required to affirm that their pacifism was on the basis of their "religious training and belief." This phrase received very different interpretations by draft boards in different parts of the country. (The draft law of 1948 subsequently tried to solve this by requiring belief in a Supreme Being.)

At the end of World War Two, after atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the world and its peace forces faced a new situation. The immemorial practice of war became a threat to the very existence of mankind. Soon after Hiroshima, I heard a high military officer at a conference talk along the lines later followed by Norman Cousins in his *Modern Man Is Obsolete*. Nevertheless, this conviction by no means made all people automatically pacifist; nor did it provide alternatives to war, and so the struggle went on.

In a world where war had supposedly become "obsolete," the United States since the Second World War has been involved in military activity in Cuba, Lebanon and the Dominican Republic, as well as "police actions" leading to more serious wars in Korea and Vietnam. Behind all of these struggles lay the fear of an equally militant communism, and the somewhat stupid belief that communism should and could *always* be restrained by military force. Major assumptions about the nature of communism and its strength have been partially refuted by developments in its once monolithic structure. There have been modifications in the Stalinist version in Russia; and the growth of independent, nationalist and increasingly libertarian versions in several countries has been a welcome development. Recently, this liberalization has been most emphatic in Czechoslovakia—where, however, as I write, Russia and her satellites have intervened in force to put down a liberal Communist regime. Russia's rationale for invading Czechoslovakia resembles the reasoning Johnson used for intervening in the Dominican Republic. Both involved a combination of national self-interest and ideological concern. We intervened through a fear of "communism" while the Russians, according to *Tass*, intervened to combat the "threat to socialism."

However, not all post-War developments have been negative. A pragmatic sort of pacifism has won some victories in the United Nations. In 1963, peace forces here and abroad succeeded in securing a limited ban on nuclear tests, which greatly diminished the danger of radioactive fallout; and earlier this year, agreement was reached on a nonproliferation treaty that, as of this writing, has not yet been ratified by the Senate. Neither France nor the Communist government of China signed either treaty.

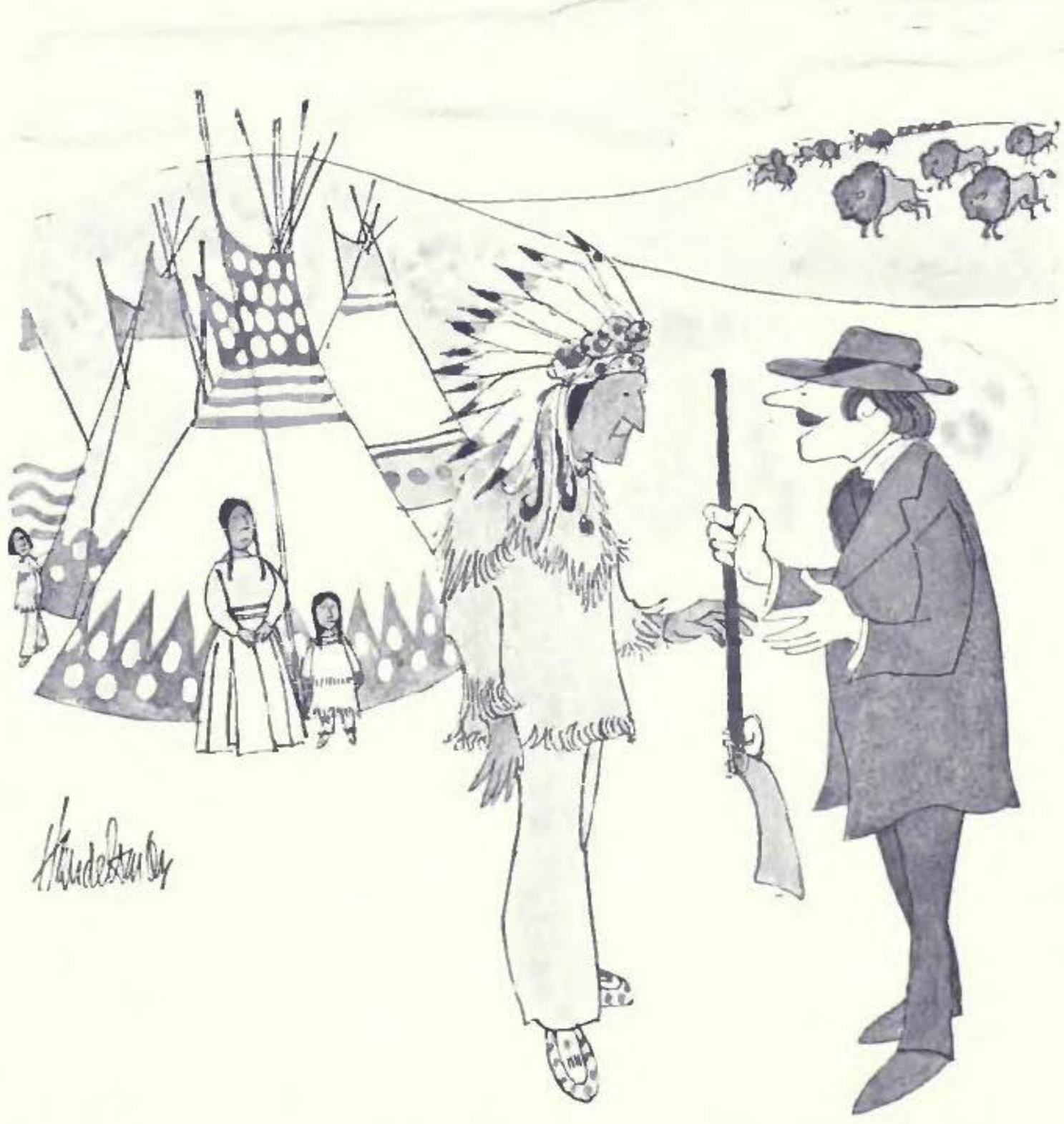
But it was still true that by 1968 the total military budget of the United States was 80 billion dollars, of which 30 billion dollars was spent on the war in Vietnam, a war that we were not winning but only indefinitely prolonging. Moreover, racism of various kinds had resulted in violent riots in more than 100 American cities, and many Negro and white activists who had formerly been committed to nonviolence saw no hope but in a kind of guerrilla war in our streets. Frantz Fanon, Fidel Castro, Che Guevara and Regis Debray became heroes.

Both violence and nonviolence have had remarkable and personally devoted advocates during this period. At the beginning of the post-War period, India still had her great and apparently successful proponent of a nonviolent revolution in Gandhi. In the United States, Dr. Martin Luther King had won some victories of importance, on principles developed by Thoreau and Gandhi. Before his tragic assassination, Dr. King's work was organized through the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (headed now by the Reverend Ralph Abernathy), which remains dedicated to fulfilling Dr. King's "dream."

In India, Gandhism had not been strong enough to prevent a tremendous clash between Moslems and Hindus, war with Pakistan, the take-over of Goa and several armed confrontations with China.

In these struggles both sides have their heroes. In the United States, Martin Luther King, Medgar Evers and countless others stand as victims of the violence they so strenuously opposed. I would be inclined to add to this list the name of the late Reverend A. J. Muste, whose life and gift of leadership had been given to the cultivation of a nonviolent resistance and a pacifism that was never passive in the face of injustice. One also thinks of that remarkable woman, Dorothy Day, and others in the Catholic Worker movement.

On the violent side, one need only think of the fantastically courageous



"Paleface sellum firestick to Sioux warrior. Sioux warrior joinum National Firestick Association."

Ernesto Che Guevara and his group of little-known but extremely dedicated guerrilla comrades in Bolivia.

In the United States, pacifism as I define it has doubtless gained many new adherents. It has, however, been less influential as a direct force than as a spur to men opposed to particular wars. That sentiment, which is so large and prominent in opposition to the war in Vietnam, was slow in growing, and is much greater now than it was during the Korean War. Many near pacifists felt that, on balance, that conflict was an international peace-keeping operation that could only be avoided by a dangerous yielding to the violence of international communism. Even so, there were approximately 8000 conscientious objectors to the Korean War. The latest report I have shows about three times that many conscientious objectors to the war in Vietnam and each month sees a rise in the number of men registering their objection. Religions that have not been explicitly pacifist, such as Roman Catholicism, are producing more and more C.O.s. More and more objectors are insisting on the 1-O classification, which means that they refuse noncombatant as well as combatant duty. The campaign against President Johnson's policy is widespread and growing. More people have spoken out and from a greater variety of positions.

But the churches and other organizations that now express great opposition to the war in Vietnam were frustratingly slow in awakening to its meaning and significance. Since this article is a short history of pacifism rather than a history of our times, I cannot go into the reasons why there was, on the whole, so little resistance to the American interventions in Cuba and the Dominican Republic, and during the early stages of the war in Vietnam. In general, the argument was that we had to stop communism, which we have a tendency to falsely identify with any form of social revolution in Latin America and elsewhere. We have continued to work under the extraordinarily stupid assumption that the defeated Chiang Kai-shek, ingloriously driven out of mainland China, is still entitled to represent it at the United Nations. (The nonrecognition of China has been one of the more effective bars to peace, and pacifists and near pacifists have continued to point this out.)

Even President Eisenhower warned us against the military-industrial complex, which, coupled with some of the worst features of the CIA, has immensely hurt the cause of peace and American leadership for peace in the world. Senator J. William Fulbright has warned us against some of these dangers in his fine book, *The Arrogance of Power*. His criticism, as well as that of many others, both in public office and out, is not predicated on a complete pacifism, but at least shows some recognition of the hard facts of life.

Unfortunately, most polls show less than total support by laymen for these relatively advanced opinions. The official labor body in the United States, the AFL-CIO, has not kept up with the churches, either in general support of peace or in specific actions, as, for instance, the war in Vietnam. Many strong unions have gained in wages as their employers have gained in profit—money that they do not want to lose. Far too much of our economy is military, and recipients of its benefits are blind to the fact that the vast sums we have spent on the Cold War are far less productive, in jobs and benefits to the consuming public, than money directed into a war against poverty and for schools, hospitals and homes throughout the nation.

Labor in America has never been very close to communism, but before the Second World War it was influenced to a greater degree by Communists. Considerable sections of labor were friendly to communism during our alliance with Soviet Russia against Hitler. All this was radically changed with the development of the Cold War, for which, I believe, Stalin was chiefly responsible.

The chief crusader against communism in the labor movement was not Senator Joseph McCarthy but the little-known, very influential Jay Lovestone. Lovestone was a leader of the American Communist Party in the Twenties, from which position he was deposed by Stalin. For some years he tried to run a non-Stalinist Communist Party, with decreasing success year by year. About the time of the Second World War, Lovestone moved to the right. After the War, he acquired much influence behind the scenes in the AFL-CIO and devoted his life to trying to build a world-wide anti-Communist movement in labor circles. His weapons emphatically did not include pacifism or any belief in the possibility of working out coexistence with evolving communism in Russia, still less in China. It is only recently that some sections of the labor movement have stepped out of this mold and actively



"Slip me a dollar or I'll tell my mother you pinched me on the bottom."

protested against the Lovestone brand of anticommunism.

Against all this supermilitarism there still has not emerged a united peace organization. There are a great many groups—for youths, for women, for liberals, for pacifists, etc.—that have had a great influence. One thinks of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE), among others. The National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam is a large alliance of peace groups responsible for several impressively large demonstrations against that war, and against war generally. It is a very inclusive group, with a loose membership of groups and individuals ranging from liberals to the extreme radical left.

In both civil rights and antiwar groups the divisions are largely due to increasingly strong differences of opinion on the uses of violence. For example, Dr. Benjamin Spock, a bitter, consistent opponent of the war in Vietnam, has said that while he hates all war on principle, he would support American commitments to Israel as the lesser evil if Israel's existence were threatened.

This problem may be examined best, perhaps, by a discussion of the role of demonstrations in both the civil rights and the antiwar movements. In Washington and, of course, in other towns and cities, thousands of people have found their way to join in such demonstrations as the August 1963 March on Washington—which was organized, incidentally, by a former staunch pacifist, Bayard Rustin. A comparison of this demonstration with the so-called March on the Pentagon in October 1967 is revealing. Great numbers of the same people marched in both demonstrations, but the spirit of the first march was expressed by Dr. King's magnificent eulogy of peaceful methods to achieve social change. The spirit of the second march was very different, and much more diffuse—although its chairman, David Dellinger, was a genuine pacifist in his rejection of war, even guerrilla war, which had, by this time, attracted many white and black activists.

The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, inspired by effective young leaders like Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, once supported nonviolent methods of resistance, both as tactics and philosophically. Now, some members call for guerrilla war in America and openly support the National Liberation Front in Vietnam. Their white counterparts in other organizations, notably in the Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.), hold similar views. These groups do not absolutely reject but have very little hope for electoral politics or for that form of pacifism that seeks to avoid all forms of violence.

In general, however, there is an extraordinary rise in popular interest in



"Of course we're delighted to have you bring home a college friend for the holidays, dear—we just feel Mr. Brenner would be more comfortable in a room of his own."

electoral politics in the United States. This interest was intensified when President Johnson, acceding to the great opposition against him, decided not to run again this year, and by the subsequent fight in the Democratic Party for the nomination. That fight culminated in the last week of August with the nomination for President of Vice-President Hubert Humphrey—while Chicago police were using Gestapo-like tactics against both demonstrators and newsmen in the streets and parks of that city. Through the simultaneous television coverage of the convention itself and the demonstrators in downtown Chicago, millions of Americans became aware of the numbers and determination of young pacifists.

Political opposition has compelled Washington to pursue negotiations with North Vietnam with at least some seriousness. But those negotiations are bogged down in Paris. They will remain ineffectual as long as this country continues to bomb North Vietnam and refuses to recognize the National Liberation Front as a chief negotiator.

The most radical activists against the war—many of them contemptuous of pacifists—have supported the right to expand a moral objection to the draft so that it applies, as it did not in the past, to particular wars. Anything less than such a provision in the law is opposed completely to civil liberties and gives the Government a dangerous power over the individual.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Reverend William S. Coffin, Jr., Michael Ferber and Mitchell Goodman were recently found guilty of illegally conspiring to aid and urge young men to avoid the draft. The case is now on appeal. Of all the defendants, only one, Michael Ferber, can be described as a complete pacifist.

Most pacifists and other peace lovers would probably agree with the Socialist Party's position on the requirements for a secure peace: First among these is universal disarmament down to a police level, under much stronger international control than the UN at present affords. Simple fear of nuclear arms, accompanied by an increasing accumulation of them by one nation after another, will never keep peace indefinitely. Governments are scarcely more to be trusted with such arms than kindergarten children could be trusted if they were handed revolvers to use as deterrents in quarrels. Beyond disarmament, peace also requires a concerted, world-wide attack on poverty, illiteracy, disease and the exploding world population.

There will never be peace until the major powers—emphatically including the United States—cease to act unilaterally as armed policemen around the world. Tragically, America can take no leadership for peace while it plays out its present role in the Vietnam war. Peace can only come after the world recognizes that violence is never a logical deliverance from injustice. The most useful role for the pacifist in these times is to point to the incredible excesses violence has rained down upon humanity in this century—and to convince man that violence in any form must be recognized as his true enemy.

GIRLS OF THE ORIENT *(continued from page 186)*

however, the girls burst out of this cloistered life to enjoy daylong dances. A visitor who minds his manners and observes the taboos may well be invited to join them.

But most travelers find more interest in socializing than in anthropology, so they wisely gravitate to the cities. The sophisticated Filipina, especially in Manila, differs from her country cousin in nearly every way. She is as style-conscious as any woman in the Orient, for example, and much more likely to have sampled higher education. Many respected professions in the Philippines, such as pharmacy, are almost monopolized by females, and women are consulted on the biggest business deals.

But when the band starts playing, the Filipina files away her business acumen and reverts to the early island ways. She is the Orient's best dancer, just as the Filipino musician is the Orient's best jazzman. (From Hanoi to Honolulu, Filipino jazz bands dominate the Pacific stage.) In the *tinikling* dance, the Filipina imitates the movements of a dainty island bird as she adroitly skips between a rhythmically clapped pair of bamboo poles. Less exciting but more graceful than this Oriental edition of rope skipping is the candle dance, performed by a solitary girl with a lighted oil lamp on her head and one on the back of each hand. The music begins at a slow pace and gradually accelerates, until the dancer whirls in a miraculous spiral of coordination and balance.

In night clubs along Roxas Boulevard in Rizal, theoretically a suburb but actually a part of Greater Manila, the dancing is a good deal racier. Professional hostesses and girlish amateurs prove that Filipino skill at the *tinikling* carries over to the cha-cha, the mambo, the frug, the funky broadway or whatever the dance of the moment may be. The Bayside is the best known of the hostess houses and, unlike most such clubs, welcomes girls from the outside. Other night spots come and go in bewildering succession, but the very young have made a permanent establishment of the Safari, near the city's zoo. (The Safari, with no hostesses, is strictly bring-your-own.)

To woo the self-sufficient Filipina, the Westerner should remember that an orchid corsage, called a *waling waling*, is highly prized. The fashion-obsessed Filipina is flattered to be invited to the Sky Room at the *jai alai* arena, where formal dress is *de rigueur*—though a sensible island custom rules that formal dress for males in that sticky climate is the *barong tagalog*, a loose, embroidered shirt worn tieless and outside the trousers.

Southward from the Philippines sprawls the Indonesian Republic, approximately 3000 islands strewn across the vast reaches between the South China Sea and the Indian Ocean. Except for a few Papuans in New Guinea and the jungle-clad islands of the East—the original Spice Islands that lured the first European traders to the Orient—Indonesians are of the same brown-skinned, Malayan-Polynesian stock as the Filipinos but with a larger admixture of foreign bloods.

Everywhere in Indonesia, girls delight the onlooker with their slight, graceful bodies, limpid eyes and delicate features—but as long as Bali remains unspoiled, the traveler should waste no time elsewhere. The Sundanese of west Java, amid the stunning mountain scenery of Bandung, are a fun-loving, colorfully clothed people, but the Balinese are just as merry—and only half clothed. While the Indonesian capital of Djakarta is a dismal shantytown, useful only for changing planes, Denpasar, one of the largest cities in Bali, could be the capital of paradise. Half-clad women vendors work in the market and, because they care more for conviviality than for commerce, spend most of their time languidly weaving palm leaves into *fiesta* decorations. A half-hour drive from Denpasar, in Ubud, a colony of foreign artists has introduced the bohemian West into the already relaxed Balinese moral climate. Girls train here, at the Ubud Ballet School, for the world-famed Balinese dance. During performances of the *djoged bumbung*, they pick a partner by coyly tapping his shoulder with a fan. But the male should beware, for that is the last touch permitted to either, at least for the duration of the dance. The partners try to outdo each other in enticing movements, but the trick is never to touch; for the Oriental ideal of lovemaking is ecstasy exquisitely prolonged. Too rapid a conquest might shatter the mood. After nightfall, the artists join the frolic and the groves buzz with whispers and giggling.

The lovely Balinese bosom is covered only for formal ceremonies. During daily routines, the girls prefer to work and play untrammeled by excessive clothing.

From the serene provincialism of Bali to the cacophonous cosmopolis of Singapore is less than a day's journey by air, counting the stopover in Djakarta. But it's a complete change of worlds. Singapore, at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, is the crossroads of the Orient and the West, and the streets bustle with Malay girls in sarongs, Indians in saris, Pakistanis in satin shalwar pajamas, Chinese in black *samfoo* costumes and ruddy, miniskirted Britons, Australians and New Zealanders. Singapore boasts the highest standard of living in the Orient, and its girls express their affluence in chic clothing, expensive jewelry and a general air of well-groomed prosperity.

The city-state's kaleidoscopic stream of mixed races and costumes provides exciting diversion for visitors sitting on the veranda of the venerable, fashionable Raffles Hotel. Singapore's sidewalk parade is fascinating; but, of course, the object is to meet one of the marchers. For the knowledgeable traveler who can match the girls' own worldly cool, there are many ways.

The Singapore Turf Club, for example, is the smartest in the Orient; everybody who is anybody haunts the track during the season. Fortunately, the Turf Club Town Office grants temporary membership to presentable-looking visitors, giving them a license to pick a winner among the fillies in the paddock—or at the club lounge. For dining and dancing, the same smart set favors the Arundel Room at the Goodwood Park Hotel, an 11-acre estate located across the street from the American Club—and a hangout for lone American girls looking for escorts. On Sundays, the hotel offers an American-style barbecue that draws to the swimming pool some of Singapore's tastiest dishes.

A somewhat randier set frequents the Cockpit Hotel on Oxley Rise. The many languages of an international group of correspondents—and girls—blend into a soothing murmur at the hotel's Javanese version of *rijstafel* luncheons. And every evening, the beauties of a dozen nations demonstrate their native styles on the dance floor.

At Singapore's "girlie restaurants," pretty waitresses sit with customers, chat a weird but understandable pidgin, give sympathetic ear to the diner's troubles and offer advice—including, perhaps, an instant solution to his solitude. If midnight finds the visitor still alone, he can head for the Malai Kai food stalls on South Bridge Road. When the night spots close, young actresses from the floorshows flock to the stalls for a snack. The visitor's only problem then is telling the actresses from the elegant *poules de luxe* who also make the scene.

A short distance up the Malay Peninsula, a finger of Thailand probes southward toward Singapore. The capital, at Bangkok, lacks the dazzling scenery of Hong Kong or the bursting energy of Tokyo, but veterans of Asian travel keep coming back to the crazy, traffic-choked city. Why? Because of its girls. In Thai, the city's name—*Krung Thep*—appropriately means "City of Angels." Thai girls are plumper than most Asians, and their broad faces are lit by perpetual smiles. The Danes of the Orient, the Thais are eternally good-humored and hedonistic. The Thai girl is, however, highly sensitive and easily hurt. She will continue to smile sweetly after a man has as much as patted her shoulder in public, but will remove herself from his company at the earliest opportunity.

The Thai government supposedly has

cracked down on Bangkok's once-wide-open vice world; but the puritanical ministers currently in power cannot really close down a town where the king himself (who went to Harvard) is a celebrated jazz clarinetist and where a leading air force officer owns a string of night clubs—including the swinging Moulin Rouge. The most sophisticated night spot in Bangkok is La Tropicana, in the Rama Hotel, where sedate temple dancers dramatize the languid postures of the classical Thai art. Jazzier are the goings on at the Whynot and other night spots run for the benefit of the American GIs. Mizu's Kitchen is thick with the bohemian atmosphere of a news correspondents' hangout.

A delightful Bangkok specialty is the massage by a monokini-clad masseuse. The girls insist that it is useless to wear a bra, since it falls off anyway during the exertions of the massage. The telephone number—advertised daily in the *Bangkok Post*—for ordering a "happy (*bangkapi*) massage by charming girls," in the privacy of your hotel room, is 58-556.

Except for over a half-million visitors sponsored by Uncle Sam, Vietnam is all but closed to prudent travelers. Saigon remains accessible, but the civilian tourist will wisely postpone his Vietnamese sojourn until the long-hoped-for end of the conflict. When peace comes, travelers will concur with the returning GIs and newsmen that the Vietnamese girl may be the loveliest creature on this planet. (Politics aside, what other country can boast two recent first ladies with the delicate sensuous beauty of Mesdames Nhu and Ky?) From the same racial stock as the Chinese, the Vietnamese have evolved into a slighter people with more refined features. The country's most beautiful women typically have lush, sensuous mouths and enormous, darkly appealing eyes. Rather narrow in the hips by world standards, Vietnamese girls nevertheless reveal wonderful curves in profile, a trait they nourish carefully by dressing in form-fitting and translucent *ao dai* tunics.

The world's most delightful welcoming committee greets passengers at Hong Kong's airport—a bevy of Chinese and Eurasian beauties introducing visitors to the fabled *cheongsam*, the high-collared, skintight, knee-length sheath dress split up the side to reveal a handsome slice of thigh. Chinese girls, especially those of the southern provinces around Hong Kong, have tiny feet and slender legs, among the shapeliest in the world. Fully conscious of their seductive appeal, the girls don't hesitate to exploit it. The best-formed girls often fit the *cheongsam*'s slit with a zipper, so that they can vary their exposure to accommodate their company and mood.

Old-time Chinese parents frown on the mixing of East and West, but tens of thousands of lush Eurasians, combining the best of both worlds, prove that somehow mixed couples *can* get together for more than a cup of tea. Also, as the entrepôt for the Far East, Hong Kong—like Singapore—has attracted girls from many nations, all of whom have absorbed the sexual *ambiance* of the Orient.

In the Cellar Bar of the Ambassador Hotel in Kowloon, across the bay from Hong Kong island, excitement-seeking males will find similarly inclined females, both Western and Oriental. The nearby President Hotel, despite its very proper appearance, is one vast playground. Elsewhere in the city, Maxim's Restaurant glitters with glamor girls at the cocktail hour. And the pool and beach of the Hong Kong Hotel at Repulse Bay teem with daughters, wives and mistresses of the colony's wealthiest businessmen. Along the Wanchai waterfront—in the now-legendary world of Suzie Wong—girls by the thousands dedicate their youth to making men happy. At the Luk Kwok Hotel, where *The World of Suzie Wong* was written, the desk clerk blandly assumes that you want a double bed. Why else would you register at Suzie's place?

In Hong Kong ballrooms, only tea and hostesses are served. Wong Choy was the first dance hall in town, but

Music to play by AT 1/3 off

On Every Cartridge Tape 4-Track, 8-Track, and Cassette

FROM AMPEX STEREO TAPES





NO.	TITLE — ARTIST	8-Track Retail	8-Track Members	4-Track Retail	4-Track Members
594	*THE IMMORTAL OTIS REDDING—Otis Redding	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
597	*IN-A-GADDA-DA-VIDA—Iron Butterfly	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
598	*STEPPENWOLF—Steppenwolf	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
585	*ARETHA NOW—Aretha Franklin	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
599	*FRANK SINATRA'S GREATEST HITS—Sinatra	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
553	*VALLEY OF THE DOLLS—Dionne Warwick	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
600	*FRESH CREAM—Cream	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
601	*RENAISSANCE—Vanilla Fudge	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
602	*RELEASE ME—Engelbert Humperdinck	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
603	*AXIS: BOLD AS LOVE—Jimi Hendrix Experience	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
604	*BIRTHDAY—Association	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
605	*THE BEST OF WES MONTGOMERY, VOL. 2—Wes Montgomery	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
606	IN THE BEGINNING—Hank Williams	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
607	*THE MASON WILLIAMS' PHONOGRAPH RECORD—Mason Williams	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
591	*THE RASCALS' GREATEST HITS/TIME PEACE—Rascals	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
608	WHEELS OF FIRE—Cream	6.98	4.66	NA	NA
609	*THE TOM JONES FEVER ZONE—Tom Jones	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
610	*A TRAMP SHINING—Richard Harris	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
611	JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE MIND—Amboy Dukes	6.98	4.66	NA	NA
612	*WAITING FOR THE SUN—Doors	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
554	CRY LIKE A BABY—The Box Tops	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
613	*CAPTAIN SAD AND HIS SHIP OF FOOLS—The Cowsills	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
614	DIMENSIONS IN SOUND—Stanley Black/London Festival Orchestra & Chorus	6.98	4.66	NA	NA
615	*MANTOVANI'S GOLDEN HITS—Mantovani and his Orchestra	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99
616	*THE SUPER HITS, VOLUME II—Aretha Franklin, Rascals, Otis Redding	6.98	4.66	5.98	3.99

*Available in cassette at $5.98 retail—members price $3.99.

Here's your chance to SAVE big money on tapes . . . every 4-track, 8-track and cassette available . . . a complete library of over 6,000 to choose from . . . all at savings of at least ⅓ off list price. These savings are yours only as a member of the Cartridge Tape Club of America. And, there's still more. You get reduced prices on home and auto tape players. A bi-monthly magazine with complete tape listings, feature stories, news, photos, tape reviews, top selling tapes, etc. Monthly top tape and new release newsletters. Bonus offers. Special gifts. Nothing is ever sent unless you want it. No minimum purchase required. There's no other club of its kind. No other club offers you the complete choice of tapes. Write for complete details. Or join today. Send just $5 for a lifetime membership plus the members cost of any tapes you might order from the sample listing . . . receive a special FREE gift and our complete catalog.

If coupon is missing, write Cartridge Tape Club of America, 1509 South Michigan, Chicago 60605

Please Specify:
☐ 4-track
☐ 8-track
☐ Cassette

553 601 610
554 602 611
585 603 612
591 604 613
594 605 614
597 606 615
598 607 616
599 608
600 609

Cartridge Tape Club of America
1509 S. Michigan • Chicago 60605
Dept. 12A

Here is my check for $_____ covering the $5 lifetime membership fee plus the _____ tapes I have ordered and circled.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



YELLO-BOLE®

THE NEW TASTE IN SMOKING

The all-male taste, yet so mild and flavorful you'll have trouble keeping it from "her".



Spartan
Rich, dark finish. $2.95.

Airograte
Changeable bowl. Metal grate suspends tobacco. $3.95.

Thorn
Rugged, sand-blasted finish. $4.95.

Duo-Lined
Double lining of real honey. $5.95.

Yello-Bole is made for men who like their smoking rich and full flavored. To create this unique taste the bowl is pre-caked with a new-formula honey lining. This gentles the smoke. Smooths the taste. Enriches the flavor. So effective—the imported briar bowl is guaranteed against burn-out.
Available in a variety of shapes, $2.50 to $5.95.

Free Booklet shows how to smoke a pipe; styles; shapes.
YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 10022, DEPT. N-98
by the makers of KAYWOODIE

now more than 80 offer scores of girls to entertain the wanderer. Headmistresses issue patrons a menu describing the delectable dishes of the house. At Kam Fun Chee—the Golden Phoenix—the card says:

> Bik Kwan speaks Cantonese, Mandarin, Japanese, English; is beautiful, very sophisticated, a smart dresser.
>
> Lok Wai has a pretty face with big round eyes; very fragile and Oriental.
>
> Lee Mun is voluptuous; a happy-go-lucky good-time girl.
>
> Yuo Mun is a north Chinese beauty with fine facial bone structure; soft-spoken, refined manner.

Wealthy Chinese patronize the ballrooms regularly. Since the most popular girls make in the neighborhood of $1000 monthly just by being pleasant and flattering to well-heeled tea drinkers, they can well afford off-duty independence.

Two hours by hydrofoil from Hong Kong lie the six square miles of Portuguese Macao. For generations, this tiny outpost of Europe has been the setting for lurid novels about rampant vice. Sensationalizing hacks have written of naked Eurasian girls displayed in bamboo cages at public intersections for the edification of pedestrians. If that picture was ever true, it's not now. The cages are gone, but in their stead is the overhanging threat of a Chinese take-over. Despite its nominal Portuguese role, the colony is all but controlled by mainland interests. Politics permitting, the American visitor on the crowded streets of Macao will find that passing girls look subtly different from the Chinese in Hong Kong. They are the expected mixture of Portuguese and Chinese, of course, but early settlers imported Malay concubines and their blood also shows in many Macaoans. The local dialect even borrows many Malay words.

For 50 years, the Japanese ruled the island of Taiwan (Formosa), now the seat of Nationalist China; accordingly, a major social institution in Taiwan, even more than in Hong Kong (where the Japanese ruled only briefly), is the modern edition of the geisha house—there called a wine house. The biggest of these—with 150 hostesses—is Tung Yuan Kuo in the capital of Taipei; but the prettiest and liveliest girls are at Pai Yu Lou. Nine miles north of Taipei lies the extraordinary resort of Peitou, famed throughout the Orient as Happy Hot Springs. Fifty inns preserve the Japanese custom of mixed communal bathing, and a corps of the prettiest call-girls in the East responds to summonses on motor scooters. Anything goes in Peitou, even at the comparatively austere Mayflower Hotel, the only Oriental inn rated deluxe by the guidebooks.

In Korea, as in Taiwan, a half century of Nipponese influence has left its mark. The equivalent of the geisha house there is called the *kisaeng* house, and the hostesses are called by the Japanese word for girl, *musume*, corrupted, naturally, to "mooses" by American GIs. At the Blue Cloud and the Daiha in Seoul, the mooses have acquired a taste for Western music and dancing. Korean hostesses are even more independent than the girls of other Oriental countries, for Korean girls have always enjoyed a high status.

To lure tourists, the government has built a complex of *kisaeng* houses, night clubs, restaurants and hotels on Seoul's Walker Hill, which overlooks the Han river. Of special interest to male visitors, 13 detached hotel bungalows offer maximum privacy to the lucky man who has bagged his moose.

By starting his Oriental loop in Manila, the foresighted traveler not only eases gradually into Oriental culture but saves the best for last. As everyone knows, Japan boasts girls of exquisite beauty and pleasing manner; beyond that, it is a liberated, sexually joyful country, where the only sins seem to be dancing after the band quits at midnight and failing to take off one's slippers before entering a bedroom.

Nudity means nothing to Japanese girls. In hot weather, they often forsake their bras, no matter how transparent their blouses. Old-style communal bathing has been banned from metropolitan centers—supposedly in deference to Western prudery—but the custom lingers in remote resort hotels, such as the inns in Beppu on the Inland Sea; the Akan Kanko in Hokkaido; and the Fukinuki at Gamagori, where the community bath is the most tastefully decorated room in the house. (Men protect their modesty by adroit use of a tiny hand towel; but girls, with a more widely distributed problem, find their towels revealingly inadequate.) Even in Tokyo, bath arrangements are refreshing in every sense by Western standards. In public bathhouses, svelte teenaged girls clad only in panties and bras attend male patrons, helping them disrobe, scrubbing them in the *O-buros* (which accommodate as many as 100 bathers) and massaging them afterward. In the well-known five-story Tokyo Onsen, two girls attend each patron—but hanky-panky is prohibited. Bathhouses in the Shinjuku district—home of the Japanese hippies and an incredibly lively entertainment area—are considerably less restrictive.

Curiously, though the Japanese consider mixed public nudity an unremarkable state, since World War Two they have developed an insatiable taste for

the art of the striptease. Much of Japan's after-dark entertainment features the gradual removal of clothing by girls who would think little of bathing *au naturel*—with you and perhaps 100 others. At the Papagayo night club (serving Mexican food), the show is continuous, nude and electrically erotic. On Saturday and Wednesday, the Monte Carlo puts on bathtub reviews, at which the girls relinquish even the flimsy protection of a G string. And every third house in the gangster-riddled night-life district of Asakusa puts on a strip show for an almost-all-Japanese clientele.

For ages, Japanese custom has kept the wife at home while the husband roamed. But a Japanese would as soon belt down three fingers of kerosene in a broom closet as drink his sake alone at a bar. Thus, centuries ago, he invented the geisha girl, a professional companion whose role is to amuse, flatter and entertain lonely males. Though not originally a prostitute, the geisha typically keeps her eye open for an attractive, wealthy protector—and turns on her considerable charms when she finds him. An apprentice geisha, called a *maiko*, wears her hair in an elaborate style indicating that she has no protector yet and hence is still a virgin. It is a proud day when she resets her hair to show that her status has changed.

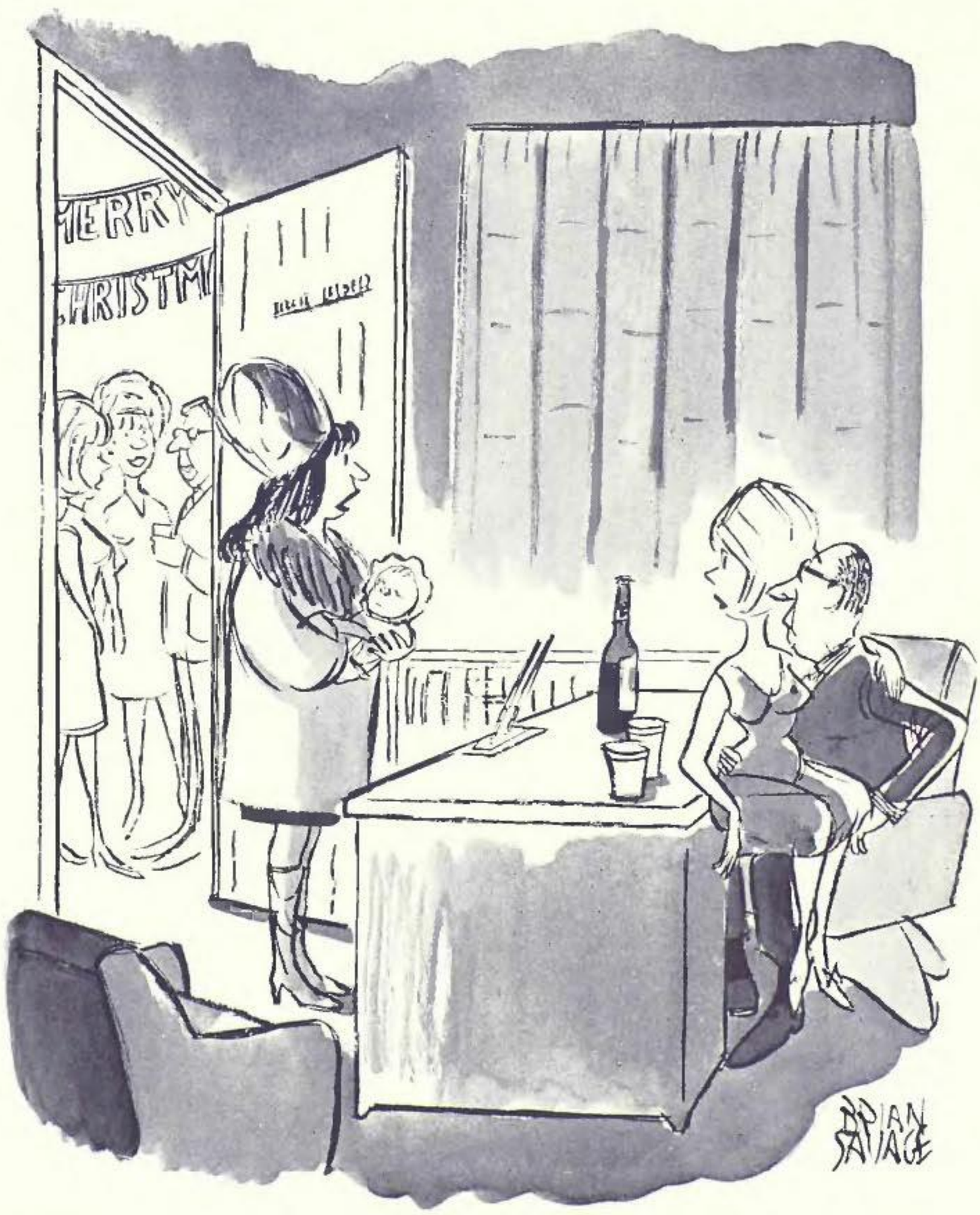
Old-timers still patronize the geisha, but her arts are too subtle for most Westerners and Westernized Japanese, who want more out of an evening than a few weepy ballads and a wild game of cat's cradle. Accordingly, the Japanese hostess—imitating the geisha in the delicate arts and surpassing her in the basics—has emerged. At the Club Tami, for instance, Madam Tami-san herself carefully matches patrons with lovely hostesses, who volunteer to play games somewhat more adult than cat's cradle—such as strip dice or a half dozen other novelties.

Abounding with hostesses, the Ginza is a neon-lighted jungle of bars and cabarets. In the Akasaka and the Asakusa sections, on opposite sides of town, night life is virtually the only industry. Even in the relatively provincial city of Osaka, the Metro offers 1001 hostesses under one roof. Many of them are from nearby Kobe, home of what Americans consider the prettiest of Japanese girls. The Japanese themselves prefer the northern girls from the Tohoku district, which becomes a convenient difference of opinion at Tokyo's Queen Bee, where Westerners are segregated on a different floor from Japanese. All patrons sit at revolving bars to look over the hostesses as though browsing over a smorgasbord. Westerners are offered mostly Kobe kewpies, while the Japanese pick over Tohokuans.

A resourceful male does not have to depend entirely on professional entertainers. Around the pool at the Akasaka Prince Hotel, fashion models gather to sun themselves and keep their figures trim by actually taking a swim now and then. Foreign and Japanese students, eager to practice English, stay at the Hilltop Hotel. (The Nikkatsu Hotel downtown and the Diamond Hotel behind the British embassy are more understanding in their rental policies than the prim Imperial.)

• • •

Before anxious Western males embark for Tokyo or Taiwan, they should be advised of a few things. First, be not deceived, by the Oriental girl's demure demeanor, into thinking she is an easy mark. Oriental girls well understand their tremendous appeal to Western men and use it artfully to defend themselves in a sometimes hostile male world. Their favors must be wooed and won by the same masculine style and charm preferred by the girls back home. Second, though it is convenient for Americans and Europeans to call the Orient the Far East, the Asians themselves prefer to call it the Orient. They rightly insist, on their home grounds, that they are not east of anywhere. And, finally, many Oriental girls will not have the facility with English that Oriental men possess. But girlhood training makes them exquisitely sensitive to a male's slightest change of mood—and they *are* eager to please. So clever are they at the subtle art of flattery that a man can finish an evening beside a girl who knows not a word of English and leave with the impression that they have been conversing gaily—because Oriental girls talk a universal tongue that can dazzle men of any nationality. The language of love has always produced meaningful dialog; and in the Orient, it is spoken more fluently than anywhere else in the world.



"I am the ghost of Christmas past."

the regular way

(continued from page 115)

football. So I go and we throw the football. Back and forth. And he says, You're goin' with Rosemary, huh? I say, Yeah. He says, Did you get any yet? I say, Get any what? He says, You know, man. I say, No, man, I didn't get any . . . get any *what*? He says, Did you get any . . . any p-u-s-s-y? I say, No, man, I don't do that kind of thing. He says, What you mean you don't . . . you mean to tell me if a chick offers you some p-u-s-s-y, you ain't gonna take none? I say, Well . . . I mean, you know, if somebody wanna *give* me some p-u-s-s-y. . . .

Now, the truth is I don't know nothin' about p-u-s-s-y. You walk around the neighborhood, you see signs on the sidewalk, on the walls: PUSSY IS GOOD. And it's somethin' that you just take for granted—you look at it and say, Yeah. But most of the kids who write it never have had any. I used to hear the big guys say, you know, like when they used to talk on the corner, So-and-so, man, she's got some gooooooood p-u-s-s-y. But I never really thought about it; I didn't care, because I wasn't interested in that. I was always interested in the *face*, 'cause I was, like, 11 years old. And another thing I couldn't understand was why guys would look at girls' legs. You know, So-and-so's got some gooooooood legs. Did you see them . . . man, I'd love to see them legs way up in the air. Hey, why would you wanna see her legs in the air, man? You like to see people fall down, or what?

Anyway, I don't say nothin', and he says, Well, you know Rosemary wanna give you some p-u-s-s-y. So I say, Yeah, I know she wants to give me some p-u-s-s-y, but I'm not gonna take it. He says, How come? I say, Because I'm gonna marry her, and I want her to be a virgin. He says, Well, I think you better go get some of that p-u-s-s-y, because Rosemary ain't nobody's virgin. I say, What you talkin' about? He says, Well, you 'bout the *only* cat that hasn't got some of that p-u-s-s-y. He says, *Everybody* got some of *that* p-u-s-s-y; even ol' weird Harold got some of that p-u-s-s-y, underneath the Ninth Street bridge.

Man, I dropped my head *so* low, man, and I looked at the cat, and I said, Man, she ain't never gave *nobody* no p-u-s-s-y. And he said, Don't tell me—*I* got it in the hallway one time . . . she gave me some gooooooood p-u-s-s-y.

So I threw the ball down, and I went to her house, man. I was almost ready to cry. And I knocked on her door. I was puffin' mad. She opened the door and she says, Whatcha doin' here? My mother's home. So I said, You been givin' everybody some p-u-s-s-y? She said, What? I said, *Have you been givin' everybody some p-u-s-s-y?* Because Rufus say that you gave him some p-u-s-s-y in the hallway. She said, I didn't give Rufus *nothin'*. I said, Well, did you give some to ol' weird Harold under the Ninth Street bridge? She says, No, I didn't give ol' weird Harold no p-u-s-s-y. I said, Well, who *did* you give p-u-s-s-y to? She said, I didn't give p-u-s-s-y to *nobody*. I said, Well, then, would you give *me* some p-u-s-s-y? She said, My *mother's* home. I said, OK, but *when* you gonna give me some? She said, I'll give you some Saturday. I said, Where? She said, Here—my mother goes to work on Saturday.

So, man, Saturday comes, and I've been thinkin' all week about this p-u-s-s-y. You know, and I'm tryin' to ask people questions about how they get some p-u-s-s-y. And I don't want guys to know that I don't know nothin' about gettin' no p-u-s-s-y. But how do you find out how to do it without blowin' the fact that you don't know how to do it? So I come up to a guy, and I say, Say, man, have you ever had any p-u-s-s-y? And the guy says, Yeah. And I say, Well, man, what's your favorite way of gettin' it? He says, Well, you know, just the regular way. And I say, Well, do you do it like I do it? And the cat says, How's that? And I say, Well, hey, I heard that there was different ways of doin' it, man. He says, Well, there's a lotta ways of doin' it, you know, but I think that . . . you know, the *regular* way. . . . I say, *Yeah*, good ol' regular way . . . good ol' regular way of gettin' that p-u-s-s-y.

So now, I'm walkin', and I'm trying to figure out how to do it. And when I get there, the most embarrassing thing is gonna be when I have to take my pants down. See, right away, then, I'm buck naked . . . buck naked in front of this girl. Now, what happens then? Do you . . . do you just . . . I don't even know what to do . . . I'm gonna just stand



"Don't you see, Mother? If I quit work, George will have to give up his novel and go back to the advertising agency."

there and she's gonna say, You don't know how to do it. And I'm gonna say, Yes I do, but I *forgot*. I never thought of her showing me, because I'm a man and I don't want her to show me—I don't want *nobody* to show me, but I wish somebody would kinda slip me a note—if somebody was there. I stopped off at a magazine stand to look and see if there were any sexy magazines about it. I mean, if I wasn't going to learn how to do it, I figured there might be some pictures in there of somebody *almost* getting ready to do it. But I don't find nothin'.

So I keep walkin', and the closer I get to the house, the more scared I get. And I get to the house and now I *don't want to do it*. I mean, I DON'T WANT NONE. 'cause it's nasty . . . and it's *dirty* . . . and you will GO TO HELL, and she could get pregnant; and my mother's gonna cry, and my father's gonna cry, and I'll probably get a beatin' . . . so I really don't want to do it now. I'm not gonna do it to her. But I go and knock on her door. And I'm not shaking or nothin', it's just that I'm knocking on the door and I don't want any. And I'm gonna tell her as soon as she opens the door that I don't want any. Because it is nasty, and you could get pregnant from it, and all those things. And she opened the door. And she said, Hello, William. And I said, Hello, Rosemary. And then my heart starts thumpin', because I really loved her. So I just kinda stood there. And I really *loved* her, but I knew that I could never marry her or nothin' like that, because she wasn't a virgin.

So I came in, and she closed the door, and I just stood by the door there. She had a sofa and a center table and a big piano. And she just pulled up her dress, and she said, C'mon. Well, had I seen one before, I probably would have just run out the door. But it was interesting, and I had never seen one before—not a real one. You know, so I just kinda looked at it. And she kept her dress up while I was lookin' at it. You know, I just kept lookin'. And I said, Well, that's it . . . there. *There* it is . . . that's the thing . . . this is it . . . here it is. And I looked at it . . . and it didn't look like nothing *good*. It just looked like, you know. And I thought, My mother's right, it is nasty; and you *should* get pregnant from playing around with that. Anyway, I came up to her—and we didn't even get on the floor or nothin'—and we were rubbin', doin' the grind, and I pulled her dress down so I wouldn't have to look at it, and we just did some rubbin', just did some rubbin' and grindin' and everything, and I kept thinkin' about what that thing looked like, and I kept thinkin' about how you could get pregnant, and about how I would have to come outta school and get a job, and then I would be 13 years old with a lunch pail and some hard boots and coveralls, and I would be goin' to work with these old men and sittin' there, and be talkin' like old people, and then I would have to start smoking, and all those things. So I said, Look, my mother has to see me at twelve o'clock. She said, Well, don't you want to do it? And I said, Yes, I want to do it . . . but when I do it, I got to do it for a long time, see—maybe three, four hours sometimes. She said, For what? I said, That's the way to do it . . . three, four hours. She said, Do you really? I said, Yeah. She said, Mmm, that sound like you could really do it. And I said, Oh, yes, I've been doing it for . . . well, the first time I ever did it was when I was eight years old . . . so I've been doing it a long time . . . and I got to go. . . . And I left . . . and I never came back.

Anyway, I got to the schoolyard and Rufus was throwing the ball. And I walked up to him. And he said, You been over to Rosemary's? And I just pulled up on my belt, you know, and I smiled and I said, Yeah, man, she got some *gooooooood* p-u-s-s-y. He says, Isn't that stuff good? I said, Yeah, man, it was *really* good.

And he says, Well, did you come? I said, What?

He says, Did you come right away? So I said, Yeah, we had a *lotta* fun. He said, Man, did you *come*? So I said, Sure. He said, How was it? I said, Well, she's got some *gooooooood* p-u-s-s-y. So he said, How did you do it? I said, Uh . . . man . . . if you don't know how to do it, I ain't gonna tell you how to do it, and I got to get home and mop the linoleum, and I walked about half a block away, and I look back and there's Rufus—he still standin' there holdin' the football. And I yell back, Man, we did it the *regular* way!



"My name is Stanley Goodwin. I saw your ad for 'a hip cat who can offer intellectual companionship to a groovy kitten.'"

IN DEFENSE OF INDOLENCE

(continued from page 169)

sardines, an English version of hide-and-seek: they wait in the closet, shivering with glee, with difficulty containing their excitement and their water. Now and again, another joins them in the dark, sworn to silence, abjured to remain motionless, lest their lair be discovered and the horde descend.

Very few of us, unfortunately, can play the game indefinitely. I myself achieve total indolence only occasionally and for pathetically short periods; but I persevere. Life, as I conceive it, finds me on the hook; the unseen and all-powerful angler reels me in inexorably. Struggling vainly to avoid the final confrontation at the pierhead, I find it comforting every now and then to play dead for short periods, to feign tranquillity, even perhaps to half persuade the one who holds the rod that I am no longer on the line. I permit myself to be drawn through the waters of life and pretend that I am floating with the current.

These days of indolence are never announced in advance, even to myself, still less to those who are anticipating visits, phone calls, letters. I will wake one morning to find perhaps the first snow on the ground, or the first blossom on the trees, or the last leaf fallen from the bough. I will wake to a feeling of nausea, or with a headache, or with a sense of unbelievable well-being; or perhaps I will simply oversleep and wake with the telephone ringing in my ear. Something will tell me not to answer; and as the bell gathers its momentum, I lose my own. My hand outstretched to lift the receiver falls back on the eider down. This is one of those days when I must fast from activity.

My engagement to lunch with the Archbishop of Canterbury must be canceled, the dinner to be given for me by the Worshipful Company of Silversmiths postponed. My proposals for the abolition of chartered accountancy will not be available; my television confrontation with the prime minister cannot take place as scheduled. All over the country, all over the world, place cards are reshuffled, air time is canceled, editors bite their nails. I regret the disappointments but, having dropped my spanner in the works, I remain unrepentant. Like the lunatic in the old story, I couldn't continue to pound my head against the wall if I didn't occasionally experience the bliss of desisting from such insane activity.

The pursuit and temporary capture of indolence has never presented me with a problem. I was something of a child prodigy where sloth was concerned. Not for me the polo mallet, the sliding seats of racing sculls, the vaulting horse in the gymnasium. It was not a matter of choice. I had no eye for a ball, no muscle for the parallel bars. Each term, I would flunk the physical-coordination test and be flogged by the house prefect. Nor was much admiration lavished on me by my schoolteachers. At an early age, I accepted the premise that my shape was not the kind most people admire nor my mind the sort that others covet. Yet I never lost faith. I thought of myself as an ill-wrapped parcel containing an elegant gold watch that only waited to be wound.

With scorn, I watched my contemporaries nurture their minds and exhaust their bodies, suffer mental breakdowns and dislocated shoulders, then wait disconsolately for noses to mend and cuts to heal, so that they could rush back into the mud and batter one another unconscious in a vain attempt to prove who was the better man. My idea of hell is still one vast locker room full of men changing from long pants to short, with rackets and clubs swinging around my ears.

In self-defense, I armed myself with the discouraging phrase, the snide comment, the insincere commiseration. I was not a popular child; nor, as one who has never been able to perceive the nobility of vulgar competition, was I a particularly healthy one. I have always preferred the civilized pleasures of the table to the crude exertions of the playing field. As a consequence, before every film engagement, I am forced to submit myself to one of those insurance examiners who must predict as best he can whether I am likely to survive long enough to complete my role in the picture. I am conditioned to jerk my leg spasmodically whenever my knee is struck with a hammer and to breathe deeply without giggling when a naked ear is applied to my back. And over the years, I have developed a special agility for leaping off examination couches that would do credit to men half my age. But all this avails me little. Indeed, the battle is lost before the examination begins. It is lost on the scales. Whether anyone ever succeeds in insuring me, I cannot tell; medicos are loath to disclose their verdicts, but on one point they are unanimous: I am grossly overweight.

It would seem that my magnificent body was originally designed to swing from branch to branch, hunting and consuming salads, with an occasional small rodent included for good measure. But nowadays, I seldom eat salads; and although I once helped consume a guinea pig when I was seven, the circumstances are altogether too gruesome to be mentioned in these pages. I do not like to brood over distressing experiences, which is why, having collected my hat and coat from the doctor's waiting room, I then treat myself to a feast of *blinis* stuffed with caviar. Next morning, only a twinge of indigestion will serve to remind me of the whole humiliating episode.

But corpulence is a small price to pay for a life of blessed leisure. Of all the gifts lavished upon me at my christening, indolence is the one for which I am most grateful. It has made life possible. It has prevented me from rushing in and rushing out, from fatiguing myself, from wasting time better spent in idle reverie and, above all, from realizing my ambitions. When I was a child, my mother often recounted the yokel's celebrated reply to an inquiry about what he did with his time. "Sometimes I sits and thinks, but mostly I just sits." Where my parent found humor, I found inspiration. I discovered that the easiest way to stop thinking was to stop breathing. Even today, people are apt to discover me seated at my desk, my eyes closed, holding my breath.

"What on earth are you doing?" they ask.

"Nothing," I tell them. "Nothing at all."

In a way, I am something of a pioneer. I was practicing meditation before the Beatles were born. Life is a circular track; pause long enough in the rut and you will find, when you decide to join in again, that you are in the vanguard. I never cease to be astonished at the keenness displayed by the contestants, considering that no winning post exists.

I was fortunate to have been conceived by parents who held opposing views on almost all subjects. My father's métier was gambling; my mother's, the training of domestics. In a way, they complemented each other: My father ran out of money; my mother, out of cooks. Life thus became less hectic. And I learned a valuable lesson from my father's dedication to the track: that a man leaving his house every morning to go to work is not necessarily adding to the family fortune. Indeed, the daily breadwinner is seldom adequately compensated for the boredom and the monotony inflicted on him by his chosen task. The knowledge that most men share his fate, that his wife wishes him out of the house, that it is too wet for golf, may occasionally encourage him to "tote dat barge, lift dat bale, get a little drunk and land in jail"; but one day his employers will find him dozing fitfully at his desk or drunk across the bar and, shaking him into semiwakefulness, will wring his limp paw and send him home for good.

Once, for a brief period, I myself abandoned the peace of the theater to venture into the maelstrom of business. I chose vacuum cleaners; or, to be more accurate, vacuum cleaners chose me. I was indoctrinated into the mystique of door-to-door selling by a high priest of salesmanship who so utterly converted me that I was willing to slave 12 hours a



"Oh—that's my personal hell!"

day for the cause. There was no petty crime that I didn't eagerly practice, no dishonest approach I didn't cheerfully adopt. I became a phenomenon. I was congratulated, compensated and speedily promoted to the point where I led half a dozen disciples in and out of the parlors of British housewives, scattering domestic-hygiene appliances and collecting initial deposits. So drunk with power did I become that I even took to punishing intransigent homemakers who had not been receptive to my sales campaign; I would call on them in the middle of the night and harangue them on the doorstep until they became my customers at literally the eleventh hour.

Then one day I suddenly resigned my commission; my faithful troops paraded on without their commanding officer. I accepted the role of a butler in a London play titled *Up in the Air*. No one could think of a better title during the three nights the play ran. Despite this inauspicious return to the theater, I was not tempted to re-enter the world of demon business. I had strayed from the path, seen the error of my ways and taken the pledge: Why charge up and down suburban side streets, when you can earn more sitting about and talking on a stage? Nowadays, when confronted with an ailing vacuum cleaner, I feign ignorance; and if my wife reminds me of that shameful interlude from my callow youth, I blush and leave the room. I am not ashamed that I was once a vacuum-cleaner salesman, only that I was a *good* vacuum-cleaner salesman.

It is fortunate that I learned early in life that every man carries in his briefcase the seeds of his own destruction. If he should unwittingly plant a beanstalk outside his office window, he is well advised to change offices before the damn thing obscures his view—and the pot of gold at the top entices him to climb. How grateful I am that, halfway to the top, I managed to jump off.

But I feel I am being something of a hypocrite even by setting these words on paper. When PLAYBOY invited me to extol the virtues of indolence, I was sorely tempted to leave the pages of the manuscript blank. One can honor a virtue no more fittingly than by practicing it—which is why, I suppose, so few essays in praise of doing nothing have been written, while library shelves groan under the weight of volumes admonishing us to do-it-yourself. How marvelously I would have enjoyed the Elizabethan Age, when—for the rich, at any rate—the mere business of getting up in the morning involved an unconscionable expenditure of effort. In those days, a nobleman such as I would have been awakened with reverence and cushioned against further exertion; then tea would have been poured for me, and slices of gossamer bread and butter proffered by a servant who waited by the bedside, ready to draw his master's bath; then a barber would have shaved me and a valet dressed me, tying my shoelaces, knotting my tie, fastening my buttons; and there would have been a parlormaid to iron my newspaper and place it in my hand. There would also have been someone to wind the clocks and see that they kept time. "Time for what?" you may ask. In such circumstances, what could the recipient of all these favors do for himself? Very little; but how pleasant it would have been to sit in peace at the center of such a domestic whirlwind.

Times have changed, lamentably, but it is still possible to organize others to perform the simple tasks necessary for one's comfort. One should be careful, however, never to watch those tasks being carried out and discover for oneself how they are performed. Learn a language and you will spend your life translating sentences for others. Know how to change a fuse and much of your time will be spent on stepladders. When the lights fail, I wait happily in the dark while someone else repairs them. When taps drip, I adjust to their rhythm until the plumber arrives. Nor have I ever looked under the hood of a motorcar—or even opened the trunk—lest I become familiar with the workings of an internal-combustion engine or discover a piece of equipment that might enable me to change a flat. I did learn to ride a bicycle, but it was my governess who patched the punctures. The world, luckily, is full of amateur electricians, plumbers, busybodies and part-time firemen. The organizers of civil-defense exercises admit that their greatest problem is to recruit not the helpers but the victims.

I belong to that select few who consider it our duty to provide the naturally energetic with outlets for their exuberance. We give the strong something to lift; we furnish the diligent with simple tasks. I make a point, for example, of never looking at my own watch if there is someone beside me who can be induced to consult his. I am always on the lookout for new ways of employing my fellow creatures. A journey for me is no longer simply a matter of getting someone to buy me a ticket, another to pack my bags and a third to drive me to the airport. Nowadays, I insist on a volunteer to push a wheelchair from the car to the plane. Ever since I broke my ankle and discovered how much pleasanter it is to be trundled rather than shepherded along endless airport corridors, I have insisted on propulsion. Once inside, I don't mind where I sit, as long as I have first pick—which I always do, since I'm invariably ushered aboard as an invalid ahead of the other passengers. Moreover, once I'm settled comfortably, the other passengers, observing my plight, tend to diagnose my condition as heart trouble and are not eager to crowd the row, for fear that they may be called upon in an emergency to provide me with the kiss of life. Thus, at an early stage in the journey, I am able to wrench out the arms of the adjacent seats and spread out.

On the ground, as well as in the air, a reputation for indolence has to be carefully sown and cultivated; but once established, it looks after itself and is instantly recognized for what it is. Indolents are not expected to be tidy or, indeed, even to greet their girlfriends by standing. And if the latter desire to be kissed when taking their leave, it is they who must bend down and proffer the cheek or, occasionally, the lips; a surge of passion is always more appreciated when it is unexpected.

The late Sir Winston Churchill never captured my attention so completely as when he confessed to never standing if he could sit and never sitting if he could lie down. It is for this reason that I make use of the floor as much as possible, not only for my own person but for general clutter. "I see you prefer the big shelf," a pedant once chided me. It was some time before I understood that he was eager for me to pick up some article of clothing that I had blithely discarded at my feet. His phrase was to linger in my memory and has been a source of inspiration. I find peace and satisfaction nowadays in allowing newspapers to fall from my hand. Magazines, books, spectacle cases, telephone directories, the telephone itself, an occasional glass of madeira, an empty plate, my typewriter and miscellaneous letters and sheets of manuscript lie on the carpet, bearing witness to where the great eagle has nested.

Indeed, the pages you have just read were retrieved a few minutes ago from beneath a box of chocolates by a compulsively neat butler, where they had reposed, untouched and unremembered, for several happy months. After a herculean ordeal of creative ferment, the Muse—and my limited attention span—had mercifully deserted me. Neither has returned as I write—or, rather, dictate—these words; but they will have to suffice, for it has become even more tiresome to receive increasingly shrill dunning letters from my frenetic editor at PLAYBOY than to postpone any longer the completion of this enervating project.

Perhaps only the indolent would find these halfhearted disclaimers satisfactory as a conclusion for this gemlike essay; but a truly indolent man would never have bothered to read this far in the first place. So perhaps it is my destiny to be misunderstood. In any case, it seems to me that my subject—and my sincerity in singing its praises—could receive no higher tribute than my inability to muster sufficient energy to finish. . . .

MIND MACHINE

(continued from page 122)

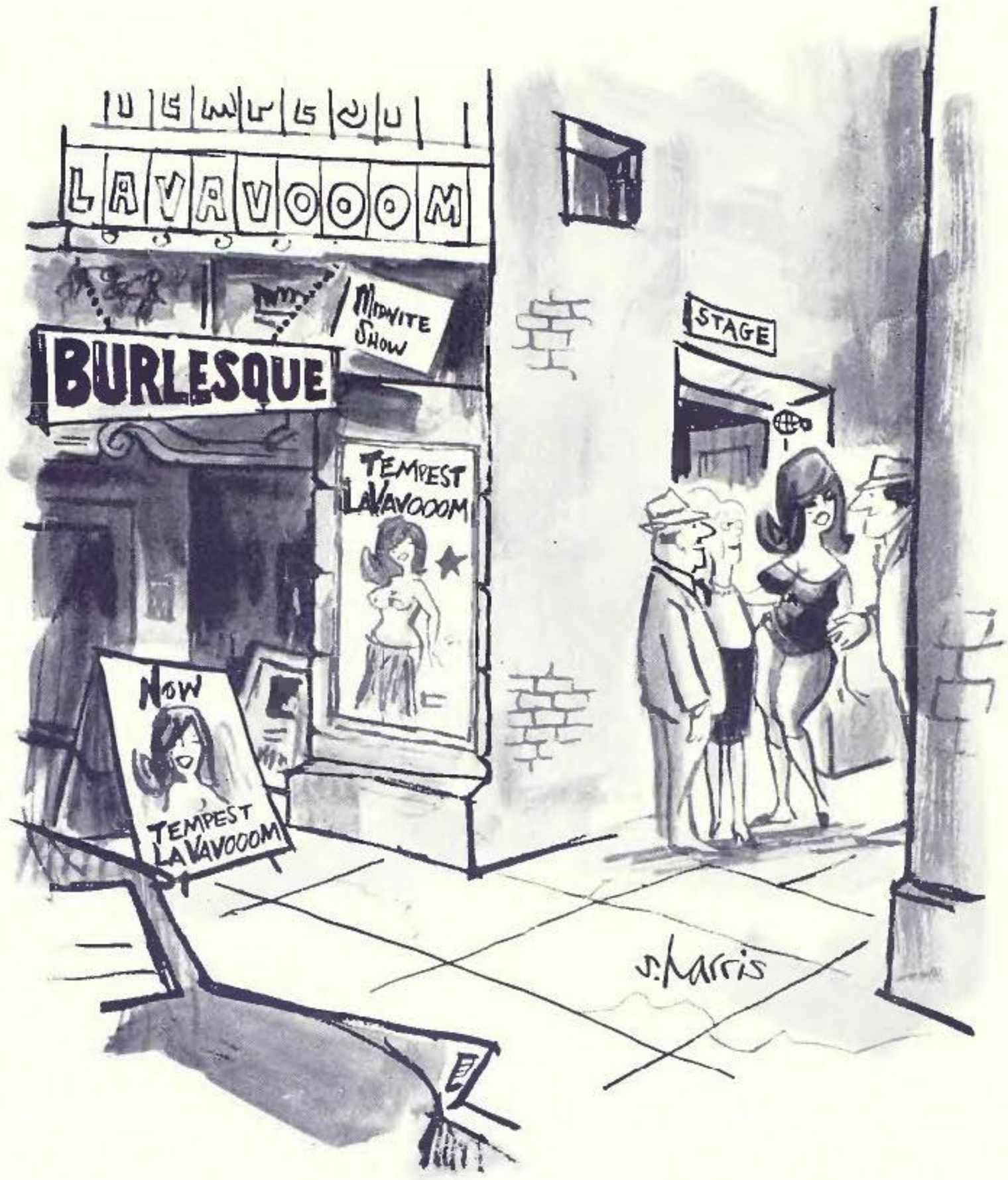
art and the person appreciating it opens up some fascinating possibilities. It would allow feedback in both directions; by this I mean that the viewer would react to the work of art, then the work would react to the viewer's reactions, then . . . and so on, for as many stages as was felt desirable. This sort of to-and-fro process is already hinted at, in a very crude way, with today's primitive "teaching machines"; and those modern novelists who deliberately scramble their text may also be groping in this direction. A dramatic work of the future, reproduced by an intelligent machine sensitive to the varying emotional states of the audience, would never have the same form, or even the same plot line, twice in succession. It would be full of surprises even to its human creator—or collaborator.

What sort of art machines would create for their *own* amusement and whether we would be able to appreciate it are questions that can hardly be answered today. The painters of the Lascaux Caves could not have imagined (though they would have enjoyed) the scores of art forms that have been invented in the 20,000 years since they created their masterpieces. Though in some respects we can do no better, we can do much more—more than any Paleolithic Picasso could possible have dreamed. And our machines may begin to build on the foundations we have laid.

Yet perhaps not. It has often been suggested that art is a compensation for the deficiencies of the real world; as our knowledge, power and, above all, our *maturity* increase, we will have less and less need for it. If this is true, the ultra-intelligent machines would have no use for it at all.

Even if art turns out to be a dead end, there still remains science—the eternal quest for knowledge, which has brought man to the point where he may create his own successor. It is unfortunate that, to most people, "science" now means incomprehensible mathematical complexities; that it could be the most exciting and *entertaining* of all occupations is something that they find impossible to believe. Yet the fact remains that, before they are ruined by what is laughingly called education, all normal children have an absorbing interest and curiosity about the universe that, if properly developed, could keep them happy for as many centuries as they may wish to live.

Education: that, ultimately, is the key to survival in the coming world of thinking machines. The truly educated man (I have been lucky enough to meet two in my lifetime) can never be bored.



". . . And these are my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald N. LaVavooom."

The problem that has to be tackled within the next 50 years is to bring the entire human race, without exception, up to the level of semiliteracy of the average college graduate. This represents what may be called the *minimum* survival level; only if we reach it will we have a sporting chance of seeing the year 2200.

• • •

Perhaps we can now glimpse one viable future for the human race, when it is no longer the dominant species on this planet. As he was in the beg'nning, man will again be a fairly rare animal, and probably a nomadic one. There will be a few towns in places of unusual beauty or historical interest, but even these may be temporary or seasonal. Most homes will be completely self-contained and mobile, so that they can move to any spot on Earth within 24 hours.

The land areas of the planet will have largely reverted to wilderness; they will be much richer in life forms (and much more dangerous) than today. All adolescents will spend part of their youth in this vast biological reserve, so that they never suffer from that estrangement from nature that is one of the curses of our civilization.

And somewhere in the background—in the depths of the sea, orbiting beyond the ionosphere—will be the culture of the ultraintelligent machines, going its own unfathomable way. The societies of man and machine will interact continuously but lightly; there will be no areas of conflict, and few emergencies, except geological ones (and these could be fully foreseeable). In one sense, for which we may be thankful, History will have come to an end.

All the knowledge possessed by the machines will be available to mankind, though much of it may not be understandable. There is no reason why this should give our descendants an inferiority complex; a few steps into the New York Public Library can do *that*

just as well, even today. Our prime goals will no longer be to discover but to understand and to enjoy.

Would the coexistence of man and machine be stable? I see no reason why it should not be, at least for many centuries. A remote analogy of this kind of dual culture—one society encapsulated in another—may be found among the Amish of Pennsylvania. Here is a self-contained agricultural society, which has deliberately rejected much of the surrounding values and technology, yet is exceedingly prosperous and biologically successful. The Amish, and similar groups, are well worth careful study; they may show us how to get along with a more complex society that perhaps we cannot comprehend, even if we wish to.

For in the long run, our mechanical offspring will pass on to goals that will be wholly incomprehensible to us; it has been suggested that when this time comes, they will head on out into galactic space, looking for new frontiers, leaving us once more the masters (perhaps reluctant ones) of the Solar System, and not at all happy at having to run our own affairs.

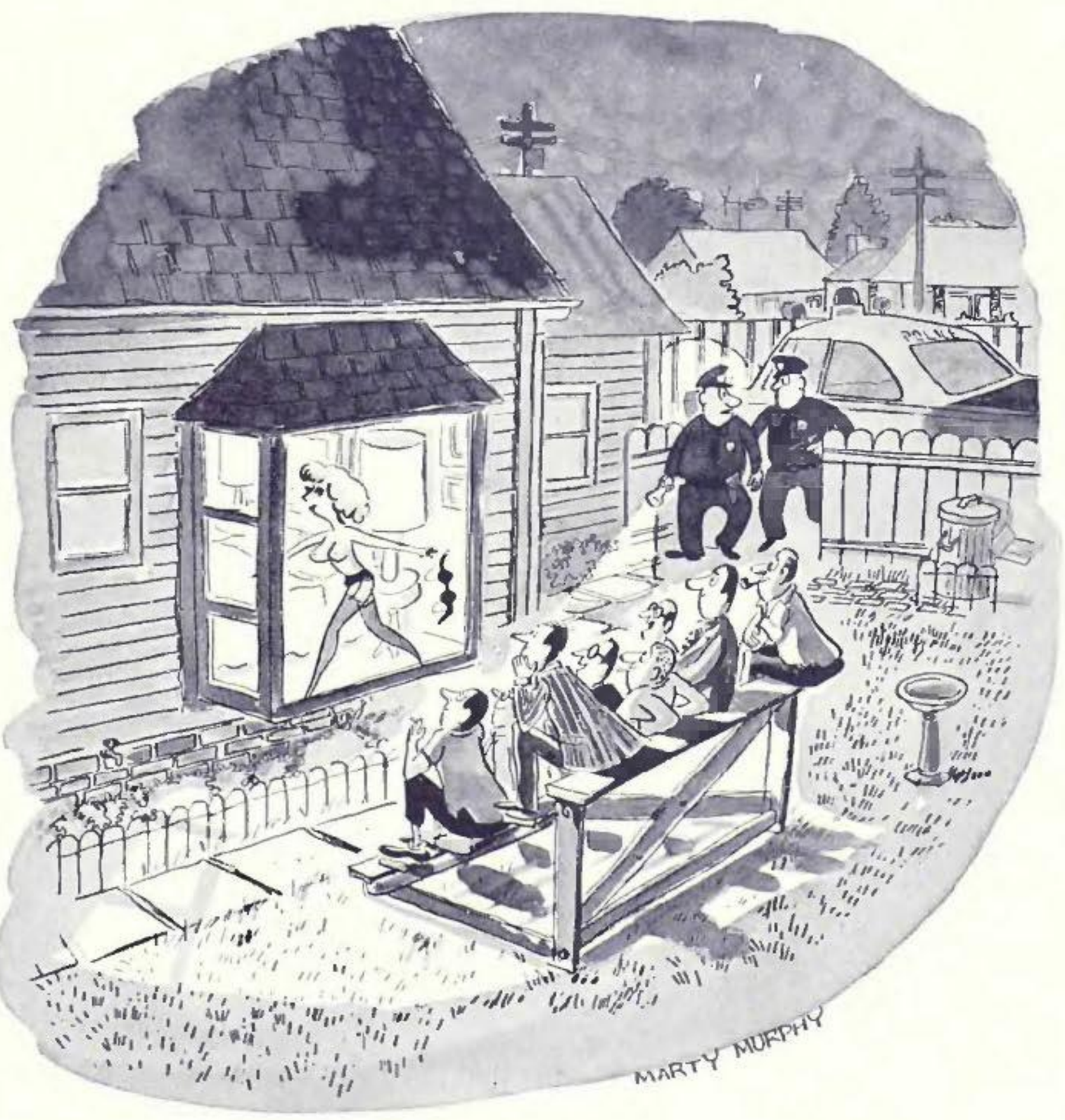
That is one possibility. Another has been summed up, once and for all, in the most famous short science-fiction story of our age. It was written by Fredric Brown almost 20 years ago, and it is high time that he received credit from the journalists who endlessly rediscover and quote him.

Fred Brown's story—as you have probably guessed—is the one about the supercomputer that is asked, "Is there a God?" After making quite sure that its power supply is no longer under human control, it replies in a voice of thunder: "*Now* there is."

This story is more than a brilliant myth; it is an echo from the future. For in the long run, it may turn out that the theologians have made a slight but understandable error—which, among other things, makes totally irrelevant the recent debates about the death of God.

It may be that our role on this planet is not to worship God—but to create him.

And then our work will be done. It will be time to play.



"One thing for sure . . . this isn't one of your run-of-the-mill Peeping Tom cases. . . ."

EROTICA

(continued from page 201)

erotic art. Despite the persistence of book burning, even into our own time, the bolder and bawdier works of Aristophanes, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Ovid, D. H. Lawrence and others have survived countless suppressions; millions have read them, and every educated man at least knows that these giants of literature wrote such books. The average museumgoer, however, will be surprised to learn that similar works, in the visual rather than verbal medium, were produced by men such as Tintoretto, Rembrandt and Picasso.

That this revelation occasions shock stems from the fact that puritan taboos tend to linger longer over the "hot" visual arts than over the "cool" literary arts. Learning that Rembrandt portrayed sexual intercourse in realistic detail strikes many with the same impact as if they had been told that the Dutch master did the illustrations for a *Mutt and Jeff* eight-pager. It is to be hoped that this reaction is doomed and that it will vanish as the public begins to accept the fact that sexually explicit works, although under heavy ban, are a major part of man's artistic heritage. It is, quite obviously, as natural for a painter to explore sex frankly as it is for a poet, playwright or novelist.

Since we recently took a holiday from our own field of clinical psychology to arrange the first public showing in modern times of erotic painting and sculpture (held from May through July in Lund, Sweden; during September in Denmark; and scheduled for showing in Stockholm's Liljevalchs Museum from April 2, 1969, through May 1969), we are particularly pleased to write the text for this preview of what will be a PLAYBOY series of illustrated articles on artistic erotica, which will trace the history of this taboo-ridden art from the cave carvings of the Paleolithic Age up to the mixed-media experiments of today.

We ourselves see aesthetic, educational and even emotional benefits in visual erotica for the average art buff and museumgoer who has never been exposed to such material. He will acquire a new perspective on art; but even more importantly, he will realize that sexual subject matter can be presented with artistry, with beauty, sometimes with humor—and often with greatness. He will learn that sexual material need not be restricted to the sordid and amateurish treatment found in hard-core visual pornography; he will learn that sex has been the inspiration and sometimes the preoccupation of men of genius. This cannot help but allay anxieties, shame and misgivings that have been created by our society's traditional under-the-counter approach to erotica.

But artists themselves may perhaps benefit most from this series. As the distinguished French painter Boris Vansier told us after participating in our Lund museum exhibition, "When I had a private show of my *Offrandes* [a series of female nudes in provocative "offering" postures] in Paris, it looked like an obsessive painter showing his obsessive work. It might have struck an observer as an oddity in painting history. But the same paintings, at this show, are in context with other artists' works and suddenly they fall into place as just another contribution to the long heritage of eroticism in art." Bringing this hidden heritage to light will give us all a clearer view of certain contemporary works that otherwise would seem bizarre, sensationalistic or, as Vansier says, "obsessive."

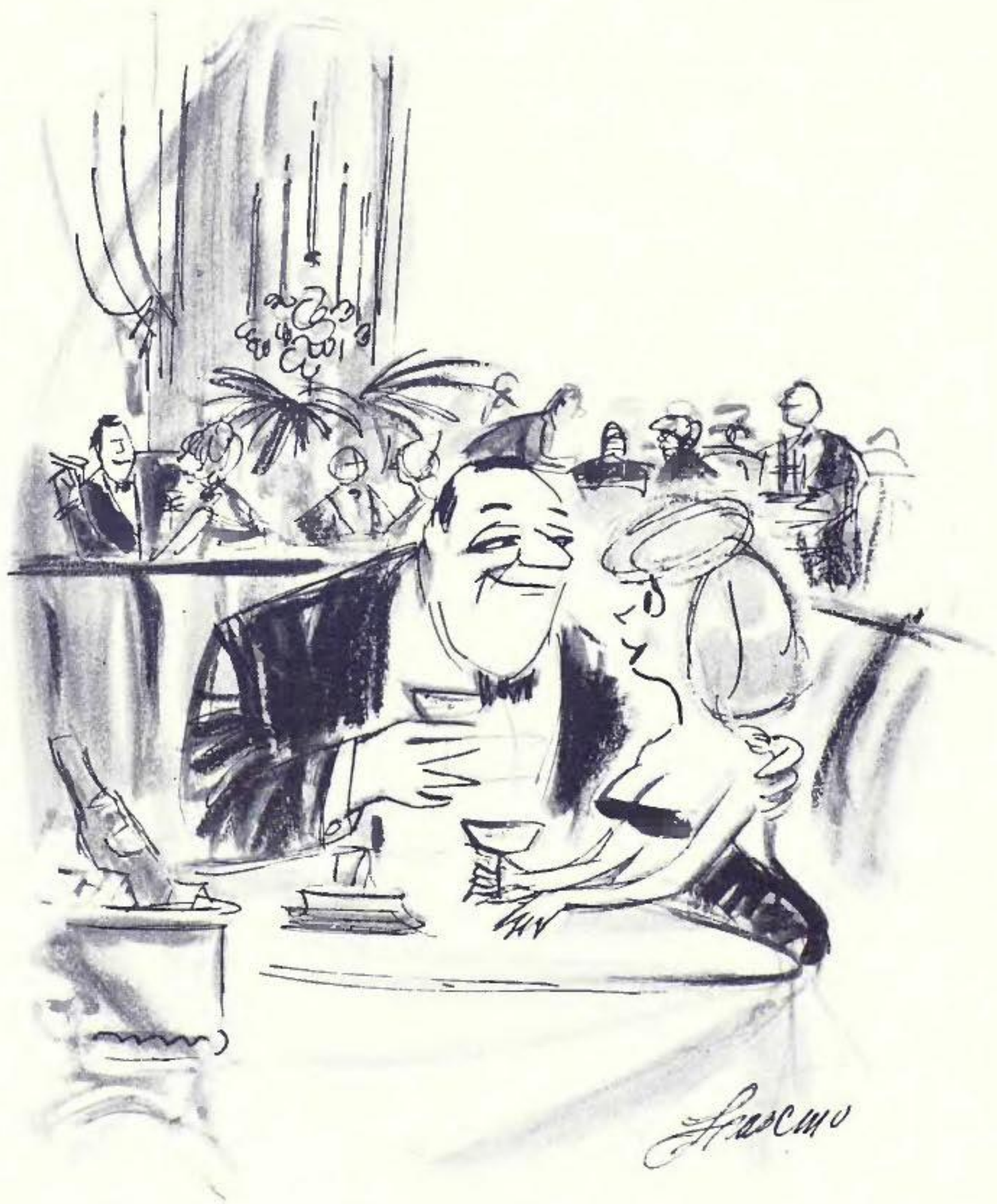
It is amusing that some people—a few of them ostensibly sophisticated art critics—argue about the "redeeming social value" of these art treasures. This whole framework of debate presupposes universal agreement on one nonarticulated axiom—that erotic stimulation does not constitute a positive value in itself and needs to be "redeemed" by something else. To the contrary, we hold that free expression of sexual reality (and sexual fantasy) is essential to personal well-being and social progress. In fact, far from being a threat to the moral fiber of the individual or to the fabric of society, the acceptance of erotic art is a sure sign of social health.

Enlightened people are beginning to realize this. We were particularly delighted that many parents took their children to see our show, and we observed no case of trauma or even mild shock among either group. Children merely related to the paintings and sculptures they could understand and ignored the rest. Obviously, this is dependent upon the attitudes of the parents. If adults showed signs of alarm, anxiety, shame or disapproval, the children would begin imputing some invisible danger to the display.

In ancient Pompeii, erotica was a common theme of wall murals in the home; we would like such sexual sanity to be reborn. If people can loosen up to the point of hanging erotic art in the home, they are affirming sex and declaring louder than in words, "I am a sexual being and I don't mind saying so."

Of course, some people will continue to find this art "offensive" and would like to see it banned from public view—no matter how extraordinarily accomplished the artists may be. All we can say to such people is that a high percentage of television programs are offensive to us personally—which is why we don't own a TV set—but we would never dream of telling other people, "We are repelled by the glorification of violence on your favorite show, so you can't look at it anymore." We ask merely for the same civility and courtesy in return. But perhaps Mencken was right in defining the puritan as a "bounder": certainly, he is an authoritarian all too willing to employ censorship to enforce what he "knows" are the "correct" viewpoints. Anybody who attempts to deny the reality and importance of sex—which is what the governments of most countries are still doing—is charting a dangerous course. Sex can never be repressed: it can only be deflected and perverted, and the forms it then takes are always ugly, never wholesome, and often deadly. Thus, we believe that the shock of releasing erotic art to a wide audience can only be beneficial. Our society badly needs such a mind-blowing experience if it is to move out of the war-making sadomasochist bag and into a more life-affirming era.

There is another social issue raised by erotic art. The *Manchester Guardian* spotlighted this for us when it commented that our Lund museum show was a contribution to democracy, for anybody with 60 cents in his pocket could walk in and see the exhibits. Traditionally, only the upper class has had the opportunity to see such art, the assumption being that persons of "breeding" could be trusted to cope with such things, while the "vulgar masses" would be inflamed or driven to antisocial acts by them. But our exhibition did not lead to copulation in the streets, to any recorded increase in the number of rapes or to the collapse of the family as an institution. If such a show is possible in two liberal European countries, it ought to be possible elsewhere, and the inner freedom it would produce is much needed and long overdue. For only those who are internally free are really able to contribute anything of importance to the cultural heritage of the human race.



"I'm practically a virgin. I used to belong to a little old man who was asleep every night by 9:30."

DARK EYE *(continued from page 123)*

When the lights in the hall were turned off, the room was totally darkened except for the radiant screen casting eerie flickering lights across the faces of the children. From behind the screen came a rattling sound, as if pieces of wood were being shaken in a sack. A few men clapped, and then on the glowing screen a palace appeared, a courtyard and gardens, and in the foreground, a fountain. The brightly attired figure of a soldier appeared. He pranced a few steps and then cried, "Karaghiozis! Wake up, Karaghiozis! The sultan is coming!"

From behind the fountain snapped a great bald head, the face in profile containing a single huge dark eye. The head drew back down for a moment and then the silhouette of Karaghiozis leaped swiftly into view. A powerful body with one arm shrunk to no more than a hand emerging from his chest, the other arm long and apelike.

The sight of the weird figure caused the children to cry out, and with a wrenching of my flesh in fear, I joined my shriek to their cries.

A frantic sequence of scenes followed, characters appearing who shouted, danced, sang, quarreled, laughed and beat one another. There were dancers and beggars, soldiers and wrestlers, fishermen and sultans, gods and devils, a rabid throng inhabiting the screen with a violent and teeming world that my father created and controlled. His nimble hands directed their leaps and jumps and somersaults; his voice delivered their cries, harsh, shrill, tearful, deceiving, demonic. Above all the players loomed the figure of Karaghiozis, his dark eye piercing the screen. It seemed to look directly at me and I screamed in terror even while the children around me shouted and shrieked in glee.

When the lights went on at the end of the performance, I sat mute and exhausted. A vigorous clapping brought my father from behind the screen, his face flushed with power and triumph as he bowed, acknowledging the cheers and the applause. He stood afterward in the center of a group of admiring men, who slapped his shoulders and shook his hands. My mother hung smiling to his arm. I went to her to be consoled for my distress, but even while she held me against her body, I felt her love directed only toward my exultant father.

He never performed the Karaghiozis in public again. In the years that followed, he kept the cardboard figures of the players, perhaps 25 or 30 of them, in a footlocker at the rear of his closet. Sometimes, when he was drunk, he would pull out the footlocker, open it and sit down on the floor beside it. He would bring out the mad Karaghiozis and all his companions. He'd spread them around on the floor, pick them up, move their heads and arms. They often spoke only in his head, but when he could not contain himself, he cried voices between them. In the end, exhausted and unfulfilled, he would store them carefully away and go lamenting to his bed.

My father lost his job in the grocery, worked for a while in a laundry and then lost that job as well. During this period, my mother took work as a waitress to pay our rent and food. When he could not find money on which to drink, my father spent his time brooding.

I remember a night when my mother was still at work. My father had been locked alone in his bedroom for hours until he called me in. I found him on the floor beside the open footlocker with the Karaghiozis players spread around him. He wasn't drunk then, but his face was flushed and a frenzy glittered in his eyes. He motioned for me to sit beside him and, frightened, I obeyed.

"In the old country," he said, "a father teaches the Karaghiozis to his son. In this way, it is passed from generation to generation. My father taught me and I will teach you."

I trembled and nodded slowly.

"They don't want the Karaghiozis now," my father said with bitterness, "but someday it will be revived. The crowds will gather again and cheer and laugh and cry out for Karaghiozis." He looked at me with burning eyes. "You must be ready for that time."

He motioned to one of the cardboard players. "This one is Hachivat, Karaghiozis' friend; and this is Celebit, the dandy; and Tusuz Deli Bekir, the bellowing bully; Tiryaki, the opium smoker; Zenne, the dancer . . . and this one, this one is Karaghiozis."

He picked up the cardboard Karaghiozis and held him tenderly in his hands. I had never seen him look at any living creature with the warmth and love his face held as he looked at Karaghiozis. He moved slowly to hand the figure to me. "Hold him now and I'll show you how to control his head and arms."

The huge dark eye in the profiled face terrified me and I shrank away.

"What's the matter?" my father cried. "What are you afraid of? He won't hurt you! This is Karaghiozis!"

His anger fled and he tried to speak softly to reassure me.

"It will take time to teach you all the plays," he said. "You must learn them slowly and learn them well. Then you will be able to improvise plays of your own." He stared at me with naked and earnest eyes. "Do you know that once I could continue a dialog between Karaghiozis and his friend, Hachivat, for more than fifteen hours? Do you know that once the mayor of our village, watching me perform, hearing Karaghiozis talk of politics, the mayor offered me a position in his office? Do you know . . . ?"

His voice trailed off as he looked sadly at my locked and frightened face.

"Get out, little bastard," he said wearily. "Get out of my sight. Go to bed."

I hurried from the room to undress and climb shaking under the covers. I called to my mother when she came home and she came and sat beside me, consoling me by her presence until I had fallen asleep.

That night marked a change in my father. His last hope had fled and he seemed more furiously bent on his own destruction. His credit was dried up at the taverns on our street and he made futile pilgrimages to other neighborhoods. When he could not bully or steal money from my mother or my cousin Frosos, he begged and borrowed from friends and strangers along the street. Abandoning all efforts to find any kind of work, he whirled in a wind of drunken despair.

Any redeeming memory I had of him, any bond of blood remaining between us was demolished in the blustering, whining, raging moments when he cursed fate, the misfortune of his marriage, the madness that made him leave the old country. And in his frenzy his voice altered, becoming shrill and hoarse, taunting and pleading, demanding and denouncing, as if all the myriad tongues of the Karaghiozis players were crying through his lips.

My mother suffered as he suffered, prayed for him constantly and accepted all his curses and imprecations in silence. On those evenings when his helpless rage seemed to be tearing him apart, my mother said my prayers with me and put me to bed. She closed the doors between my room, the hall and their bedroom. I still heard faintly my father shouting and cursing for a while. Then a silence fell over the rooms, an ominous and terrible silence, although I did not understand until years later the way in which my mother took my father's rage and frenzy into her own frail body.

Once, only once, did I condemn my father to my mother. I was about 12 and it was after one of the worst of his rampages, when he had broken several dishes he knew my mother treasured, and finally, like a great beast, had collapsed in a heap on the floor. He lay sprawled on his back, his mouth open, harsh drunken snores erupting from his loose, limp face. I whispered a wish to my mother that he might die.

She had never struck me before, but she beat me then. She beat me savagely with a belt while I screamed in shock and pain.

"Listen to me," she said, her face



"I guarantee 'TRICORN' is the best damned Sandalwood Cologne a man can buy!"

—RALPH TAYLOR, PhG.
PRESIDENT, Caswell-Massey

"WE get $60 for our half gallon bottle of Tricorn Cologne. That's a lot of money, even for a man's fragrance that is completely hand made and so rare, there are only 25 such bottles in the entire country! I wouldn't dream of asking you to spend so much just to smell good without guaranteeing your whole-hearted satisfaction. ★★ THAT'S WHY I'M PREPARED TO SEND YOU MY CHECK IN THE AMOUNT OF $60 IF YOU DON'T AGREE WITH ME THAT OUR CASWELL-MASSEY TRICORN IS THE BEST DAMNED SANDALWOOD COLOGNE YOU CAN BUY! ★★ Obviously, we think a lot of Tricorn. For our money, it's probably one of the finest scents Caswell-Massey has created in the last 216 years! (Or didn't you know that we were the first people to make men's toiletries in America, as far back as 1752?) Tricorn isn't just an unusual fragrance, it's downright Revolutionary! Our inspiration for it was the sandalwood scent so favored by our colonial forebears. ★★ Tricorn, as I said, is hand made. We blend it by hand. And we use authentic, honest-to-goodness Bitterwood, which experts will tell you is the best of all the imported sandalwoods. We filter it by hand, after freezing the Cologne to 0° centigrade to eliminate even the most minute impurities. And then, when Tricorn has aged in casks like a fine bordeaux for up to half a year, we bottle it . . . lovingly . . . by hand . . . in detailed reproductions of 19th century tincture bottles. The half gallon bottle gets a ground glass stopper in the old way, the traditional hand applied wax seal and a silk faced grosgrain ribbon. And topping it all, a kidskin parchment cap. ☞ **The patient attention to details and to quality we give to Tricorn Cologne explains why there are only some twenty-five half gallon bottles of it up for sale. More generally available in fine department stores and at the best men's shops are the 3 oz. bottle at $4.00, the 8 oz. size at $8.75 and the 16 oz. size at $16.00.** ★★★ OUR VERY SOOTHING TRICORN AFTER SHAVE LOTION, MADE TO A DERMATOLOGIST'S FORMULA, SELLS AT THE SAME PRICES AND IS AVAILABLE IN 3, 8 and 16 OZ. BOTTLES. FOR ULTIMATE LUXURY, MAY I SUGGEST OUR TRICORN TOILET WATER, A SUPERBLY MADE PRODUCT OF INCREDIBLE RICHNESS COMMANDING $10.00 FOR 4 OUNCES AND $18.75 FOR 8 OUNCES. ★ Let me also recommend our other eight unique Caswell-Massey fragrances: General Lafayette's favorite, No. 6, Jockey Club, Newport, Persian Leather, Verbena, Lime, Lemony-Lime and Casma. You're bound to get a charge out of them, too."

$60 MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

on purchase of the half gallon bottle of Tricorn Cologne

"If you don't agree after the very first sniff that Caswell-Massey's Tricorn Cologne is richer, more rewarding than any other sandalwood cologne you've tried, return the half gallon bottle to me (via insured, pre-paid Parcel Post) and I'll send you a check for the full purchase price. (I'm so sure you'll like Tricorn Cologne, I'll guarantee even the small size bottles!)"

RALPH TAYLOR,
President
Caswell-Massey Co., Ltd.
Dept. P-1
114 East 25th Street
New York City, N.Y. 10010



"Looks to me like the breakdown of respect for authority is working its way up to other age groups."

white and her eyes like knives. "Say such a thing again and I'll have the flesh hot from your back. In the old country your father was an artist, a great Karaghiozis. They came from villages a hundred miles away to see him perform. Now nobody cares for his skill and he rages and drinks to forget his grief and loss. Do you think a man whose soul is being torn apart can help himself? We can only love him and have faith in him. He has nothing else."

But I could not understand, and for turning my mother against me, for the beating she gave me, I hated him more.

My father died when I was 14. During one of his drunken sprees in the coldest part of winter, he had stumbled and fallen in an alley. The snow began and the thick flakes covered him. He lay concealed for hours until he was discovered. They took him to the hospital and called my mother. For three days and three nights, while he struggled to die, she fought to hold him to life. On the morning of the fourth day, cousin Frosos took me to the hospital. We walked the long ward filled with beds and strangers, and at the end, behind a screen, my father was dying.

He was curled on his side, one half of his face hidden, one arm extended in a twisting grasp for something that seemed just beyond his reach. His cheek was unshaven, his huge dark eye open, staring straight ahead. My mother, her face worn like a river stone by tears, led me to the bed and put my hand upon my father's hand. I felt the quiver of his flesh expiring under my fingers.

He could not turn his face to look at me, but the eye stirred restlessly. He looked no different than I remembered him many times before. He was helpless, the way I most favored him, because at those times he was unable to curse or to strike my mother.

Cousin Frosos led me away from the bed, and at the screen, I stopped and looked back one last time. A fly buzzed over my father's head and the dark eye in the dying face burned in a frantic effort to escape and follow the wings' swift flight.

I awoke that night to hear my mother scream. She was still at the hospital with my father, but I clearly heard the howl of desolation and loss that came torn from her soul. I knew my father was dead.

Through the following months, my mother grieved. Only 40, she seemed to age a year with each month. Still she worked and took care of me. I took a job after school and on weekends, and when payday came, I gave my mother every dollar that I made. In addition, there was a lodge insurance policy on my father's death that provided us a small regular monthly sum. Strangely, as survivors, we lived better than we had lived when my father was alive. We might almost have been happy then, for the first time in my memory, except for the way my mother grew swiftly older, quietly, irrevocably mourning my father's death.

Sometimes late at night, when she thought I was asleep, I would see the light burning under her bedroom door. I would quietly open her door a narrow crack. She would be sitting on the floor, the open footlocker beside her, the cardboard figures spread across her lap, her hands holding, her fingers fondling the wild, dark-eyed Karaghiozis.

When I finished high school, I received a tuition scholarship to a college several hundred miles away. My mother and I accepted the separation. I wrote her at regular intervals, telling her about my classes, the news of school, and avoided letting her know about my loneliness, the ways in which the past locked me in a shell I could not break. Her letters were brief, filled with admonitions for me to study and pray and live true in the eyes of God. Each time I saw her after the separation of a few months, I marked again the ravages of premature age, her hair grown dove gray, a web of wrinkles gathering around her eyes, a gauntness at her throat.

When I graduated from college and walked to receive my diploma in a black cap and gown, my mother sat in the third row on the aisle, an old woman watching her son in his moment of fulfillment. I went to hug her afterward, holding her slim, frail body in my arms, wanting her to share the achievement she had helped make possible. Yet, in that moment, I held only a fragment of her in my arms, and with a cold chill sweeping my heart, I realized how faint a hold she retained upon the earth.

It was only a few months after my graduation that my mother died. She was less than 50 and should have had many more years to live. But she had no relish for life, and after I finished my schooling, her last bond to the earth was gone. She fell ill in the spring, lingered only a day and died as quietly as she had lived for the past eight years. It was as if the shadow she became after my father's death was suddenly brushed away by a light gust of wind.

I buried her, as she had wished, in the cemetery beside my father, one of two graves beside the stone fence. They would lie together forever, with no one to shield or console her against his abuse.

And on the same day she was buried, I carried the footlocker to the basement of the building in which we lived, and in the furnace, one by one, I burned the cardboard figures of the Karaghiozis' puppets. Hachivat, Celebit, Tusuz Deli Bekir, Tiryaki, Zenne, the beggars, soldiers, sultans, wrestlers and devils, all consigned to the flames. Karaghiozis himself I saved for last, and when the final fragments of the others had gone up in ashes and smoke, I put him into the flames. I knelt before the furnace door and watched trembling as his arms and legs curled and writhed and darkened in the fierce fire, his limbs shriveling in a final anguished spasm, his glowing dark eye suspended for an instant of torment after the rest of the figure was gone.

SARDINIA *(continued from page 229)*

wearing sunglasses and the lower half of a bikini and reading a paperback. At the sound of the man's voice, she slips into the top half, glances without apparent interest at the Sards and the other sightseers on the quay and goes below, followed by the man in the swimsuit. The hatch is closed and an electric fan can be heard. A few minutes later, the crew walks softly down the rubber-carpeted gangway to the quay, leaving a sign stretched between the handrails that reads, in Italian, French and English, DO NOT DISTURB. It is a very hot, blue day in the yacht basin at Porto Cervo, capital of the Mediterranean's newest playground—the Costa Smeralda, a 35-mile-long stretch of beaches and bays in the northeast corner of the island of Sardinia. The Costa Smeralda was created by the Aga Khan. The millionaire members of the international jet set call it the last refuge.

To reach it, you should fly to either Milan or Rome, where you can get direct flights to Olbia, the largest town close to the Costa Smeralda and about a half-hour drive from Porto Cervo. The overnight flights from New York to Rome usually arrive soon after breakfast, while the hour's flight on to Olbia leaves in the early evening, a gap that affords a pretty full day of shopping and sight-seeing in Rome.

If you don't want to fly to Sardinia from the mainland, you can pick up a car at Rome Airport and drive about 50 miles to Civitavecchia, where you'll find a car ferry that plies between the mainland port and Olbia and Golfo de gli Aranci, another Sardinian port that is even closer to the Costa Smeralda. However, the ferry is an overnight trip and it is essential that you book a cabin weeks ahead; otherwise, you'll sleep on the open deck or, if you're lucky, across a couple of chairs in the bar.

Sardinia is an island about halfway between the mainlands of Africa and Italy. The Costa Smeralda—the name is taken from the emerald color of the sea in the area—is on roughly the same latitude as Naples, a position that gives it a warm, sunny climate from March until October, although the Costa Smeralda high season actually gets under way about the end of June and runs through early September.

Before 1963, when development began, the region was inhabited by farmers and a few herdsmen. There was no industry, communications or public services. Then the Aga Khan IV, Prince Karim, a direct descendant of Mohammed the prophet and spiritual patriarch of over 15,000,000 Moslems, formed a syndicate with a few friends and bought some 32,000 acres, which is roughly the size of Bermuda.

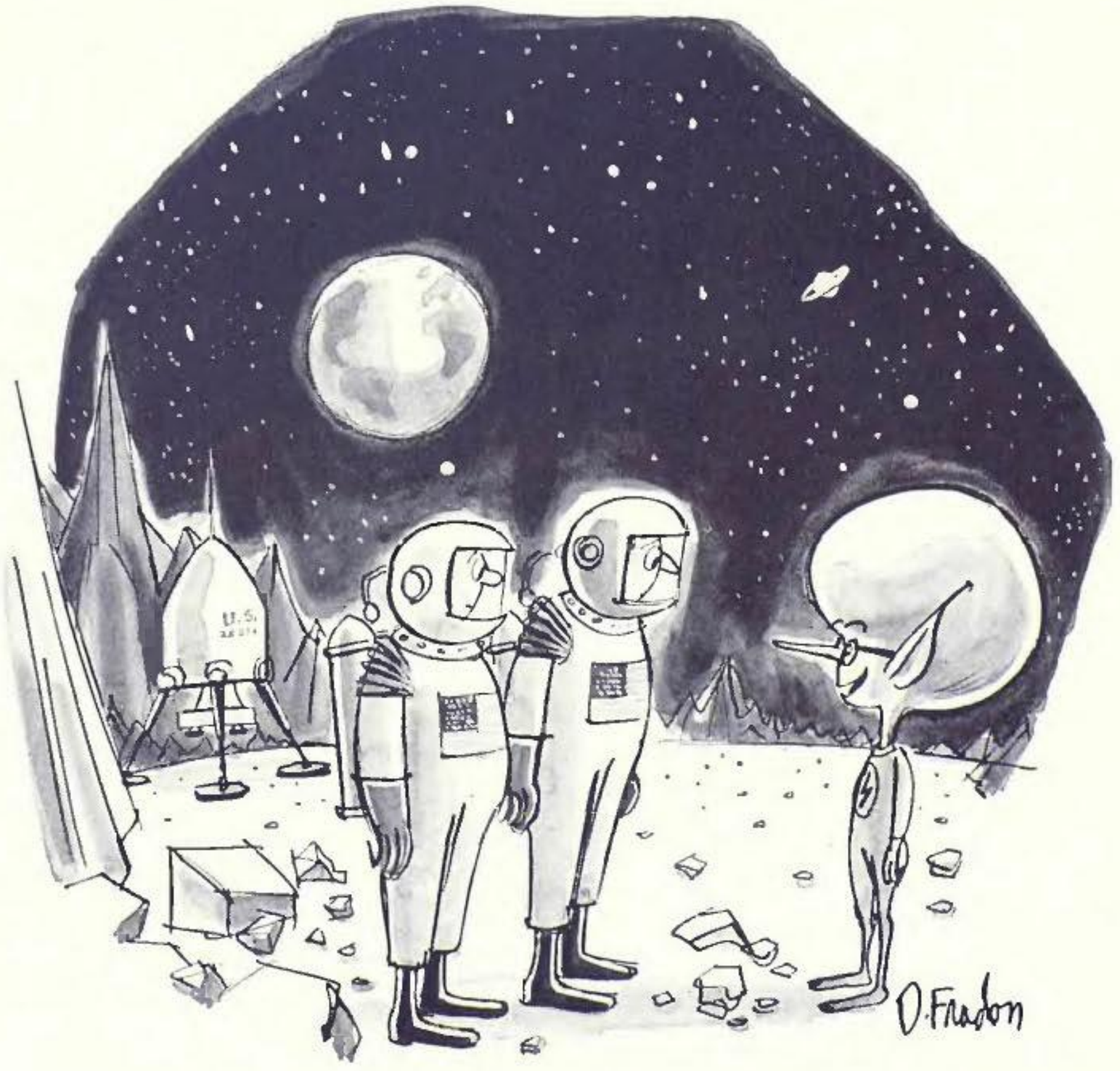
Today, there are six hotels and innumerable villas scattered along the 80-odd beaches and in the steep, rocky hills overlooking the sea. Property speculators have been discouraged by making it mandatory that all purchased land be built on within a specified time and, since this is coupled with the rule that all architectural designs must be submitted for approval by the syndicate (or the Consortium, which is the group's official designation), there has been and can be none of the maniacal exploitation that has in such a short time permanently defaced other parts of the resort world.

Privacy, imaginative architecture, clear water, white sand and sophisticated company are the keys to Costa Smeralda's success; and these are among the features that have attracted the Armstrong-Joneses, Rex Harrison, Brigitte Bardot, Stavros Niarchos, Rockefellers and Rothschilds and other accredited members of international royalty in all its many forms.

There are no skyscrapers—not even a modest high-rise—no neon signs, billboards, traffic lights or other jarring notes to disfigure this remarkably beautiful wilderness. The best hotel, the Cala di Volpe, is a collection of faded red-tile roofs, lichen-covered white walls, cool arcades and a squat, arched wooden bridge over a pellucid stream. It looks like a medieval village that took a thousand years to grow, yet its foundation was laid five years ago.

The hub of the Costa Smeralda is Porto Cervo, a cluster of shops, the Consortium offices, a hotel grouped around a wide, bricked piazza overlooking the harbor and equipped with an ice-cream parlor and a couple of outdoor terraces, where people stop around lunchtime or late afternoon for a glass of *vernaccia* (the local white wine) or just to watch the bikini parade. Occasionally, a stage is set up in the center, artificial laurel hedges are raised around several hundred folding chairs and the Aga Khan, wearing a blazer and white flannels instead of his usual Porto Cervo costume of Levis and T-shirt, will appear to award the trophies for winning one of the yacht regattas.

During the day, the piazza is all but deserted. The yachts leave early in the morning to cruise along the coast; and those who don't bring their own yachts must be content with renting a boat, making sure to order a hamper of food and wine from the hotel before setting out, as there are no restaurants tucked



"My goodness! Where were you earth people when God gave out the brains?"

away on the many islands and beaches outside the harbor.

The most popular beach is Long Beach, a curving strip of white sand and dunes that can be approached only by sea or by a diabolical road. Even at the height of the season, it would be surprising to find more than a hundred people on this beach, many of whom observe the sensible custom of sunbathing in the nude.

Wheels are essential for this coast and, as with hotel accommodations, reservations must be made well in advance. If you want to pick up a car in Sardinia, rather than take one over on the ferry from the mainland, you can make arrangements for collection in Porto Cervo itself or in Olbia. Everything from minijeeps, open on all sides, to conventional sedans is available. Last time I went, I used a little Fiat 850, which, though it may have lacked the grandeur of the Ferraris and Lamborghinis that litter the area, made much more sense for negotiating the dirt roads and, in fact, was used with impunity on surfaces that would have given a Ferrari driver a mild thrombosis.

You won't find any evidence of organized activity on the Costa Smeralda—no moonlight cruises (though there is a schooner that tours the islands) and no get-acquainted dances at the hotels. The people who go to the Costa Smeralda don't want to get acquainted, at least not on those terms. They want to relax, swim, eat good food, ride horses, go spearfishing, sleep, sail and, to varying degrees, fornicate and get quietly stoned. It would, let us say, be the last place on earth to attract a convention of Shriners.

This sort of scene, freewheeling, informal and subtly hedonistic, quite naturally attracts some very beautiful girls, most of whom, unfortunately, are accompanied by men who are either exceptionally handsome or exceptionally rich and, in many instances, by men who are both. This can be disconcerting if you are neither and you have a personality to match. In these circumstances, you can spend a most depressing vacation on the Costa Smeralda, especially if you are traveling alone or with an equally tedious male companion. The answer is obvious: If you don't care to rely on your loot, luck and looks, take a girlfriend.

Since companionship of some kind, preferably female, is essential there, you should waste little time in just looking. On a given day, the best results might be obtained on Long Beach by setting up an elaborate gourmet picnic lunch in a prominent position and waiting for some hungry girls to join you; or you could, as some of the hipper visitors do, simply walk along the beach and wait for someone—or a couple or a group—to ask you to join in some activity. It does happen. Either way, the worst that can result is that you'll eat too much—or nothing will happen at all.

If the beach scheme doesn't work out, go to the piazza and sit at one of the tables. Or make the rounds of such casual gathering places as the post office, the bar of the Hotel Cervo, the ice-cream parlor, the Pizzeria or the yacht basin. After that, try the bars of the Luci di la Muntagna, the Hotel Liscia di Vacca or La Contra Restaurant, by which time either you will have succeeded in making contact or you will be thrown into jail for loitering with suspicious intent. These are the places you should try during the day. Just don't look too eager.

At night, the best spot to be, assuming you have now found company, is Pedro's. Pedro is Peter Rockwell Kent, a young American who came to the Costa Smeralda a few years ago, after running a similar place of the same name in Torremolinos on the Costa del Sol. Pedro's is a *discothèque* with a bar, a *boutique* set in a garden. It looks like a private house, which it is, because Kent and his wife and three sons live there, along with an odd-looking dog called Lambchop. A couple of very attractive British students who work there in the summer, a disc jockey and various other friends live in an adjoining wing.

All of this produces more of a private-party mood than that of a business operation, although it is one, and highly successful. Food is not served, but there are two excellent restaurants nearby (the Hotel Liscia di Vacca and La Contra) and a third, Chez Henry, located on the hill below Pedro's garden.

Pedro's is open seven nights a week and sometimes, when it gets too crowded, they charge a couple of dollars for admission. It's best to arrive around 10:30, when you can still find a comfortable sofa in the Kents' dining room and the evening rush is just beginning. Take a look at the clothes in the *boutique*—the designs and materials are unique, the inspiration is mostly North African and Indian, and all are largely handmade.

The rest of Costa Smeralda's night life is not too distinguished. There's the Inferru in Porto Cervo, a small dance floor and records at Tiffany's, the Kabuga Discothèque, and the Gamba di Legno in the Romazzino Hotel, where there's a band. On gala occasions, a big-name performer will appear on the piazza. Charles Aznavour gave a concert there last August.

All the hotels in the region serve excellent food, the Cala di Volpe and Pitrizza being the finest. If you are staying at either one of these and you want a change, try the grill of the Hotel Cervo, the Romazzino Hotel, Su Marineri (for seafood) and, for snacks, the Piazza Bistro and the Pizzeria. South of the Costa Smeralda, in Porto Rotondo, is the Sporting Club, an elegant terrace restaurant on the harbor that's well worth the hour's drive it takes to get there. There, as at the bigger restaurants on the Costa Smeralda, you should reserve a table, especially if you plan to dine around eight.

The Costa Smeralda is only a tiny sliver of Sardinia, which covers, in all, more than 9000 square miles and, after Sicily, is the largest island in the Mediterranean. Corsica is seven miles from the northernmost tip of land.

The landscape is mountainous and barren, a dry brown with a few patches of green when seen from the air in the summer; and the countryside is wide, hot and still. There are no large towns on the island and the total population is less than 2,000,000. If you have the time and are prepared to cope with the lack of tourist amenities—and this means inadequate accommodations and nonexistence of the English language—you might want to explore some of the churches and villages that lie inland on this island of silence. A dependable network of roads connects the main towns, from Olbia, Sassari, Alghero and Nuoro in the north to Cagliari to the south. And a few English-speaking jokers sometimes make the arduous trip out to the southwest coast and have their photographs taken while they stand in front of a highway sign that announces the hamlet of Buggerru.

Sardinia is stark terrain, ferociously hot in the summer, gray and cold in the winter. It is difficult to imagine that it will ever become the fertile, industrious island that the Italian government once planned it to be. Its people have a long memory of bleakness and privation, both of which are as deeply rooted in their life as is the Mafia in the western towns and villages of Sicily. Change, if it ever comes, can be little more than negligible. Most tourists on Sardinia, even other Italians from the mainland, give the impression that they are glad to be tourists. On the Costa Smeralda, however, which exerts the peculiar magic that must have affected the first people to choose the Bahamas or Southern California for sybaritic retirement from civilization and its discontents, visitors have visions of a villa of their own, dominating a white beach and an emerald sea, warmed by the sun and cooled by amiable breezes. To these people, and to the growing numbers who will inevitably discover this coast over the coming years, the Costa Smeralda may well be the last resort, in both senses of both words—ultimate and only-remaining, pleasure spot and refuge.

CIRCUMCISION OF JAMES BUTTONWOOD *(continued from page 187)*

up from a little-frequented part of the beach that said, every 100 yards, DANGER FIRING RANGE U.S. MARINES. "I figured if I stayed in between the signs, I was safe."

The necessary potatoes he borrowed from a supermarket in West Pismo, California, which, almost unknown to itself, was Buttonwood's favorite store. The spuds were only of medium size, because Jimmy, a man of delicate conscience, took only what he could hide in his armpits and which he could, therefore, hold firmly while he limped and palsied his way out past the electric door. "Did you know that nobody will look a cripple in the eye?"

I admitted that I didn't, and it was a useful fact, but if he had such success as a cripple, why did he have to become a Jew?

"Pure bad luck," said Buttonwood. One of his vices, and he had several, was a compulsive curiosity that forced him to read all signs, billboards, posters, throwaways, lost library books and inscriptions penciled on the privy walls of Standard Oil stations, particularly if they rhymed. So, for him, one of the great libraries of the world was the free bulletin board outside the supermarket. One evening, right under a notice offering a used baby carriage in exchange for prostate massage by a "young technician," there was this modest card, inquiring if there wasn't an altruistic person willing to teach Sunday school at the Jewish Center of West Pismo, California.

"That really threw me into next week," said Buttonwood. "Because I had always figured the Hebrews had staked out Saturday for their own, it wasn't used at the time, anyhow." He didn't, as yet, know what altruism was; but the notice began to work on his mind. He had visions of becoming a useful member of society for a short while, particularly as he thought there could be no better hideaway than teaching Scripture while he was waiting out the statute of limitations on a charge of technical rape in Calumet City, Illinois—as if anyone in his right mind would or, indeed, could rape anybody in Calumet City, Illinois.

"But how in the hell could I—painlessly, that is—pass myself off as a genuine Hebe?"

He figured the cheap way was to wear glasses, so he lifted a loose pair from a shop in Pismo that was called Clothing Used by the Stars, Including TV Personalities. "I wore those horn-rimmed gonkers for a mean and miserable week," trying to get used to the effect, which was sickening. Their previous owner had apparently had a borderline case of binocular astigmatism, and the specs corrected this defect with considerable vigor. Most people remained simply foreshortened, especially if they had the decency to remain at a distance. But if they came forward, they swelled as if they were pregnant. "It made me yearn to lean right forward and throw up my cud," said Jimmy. However, he reckoned that if the Jews could endure this type of horn-rimmed torture for well past 5000 years, he could learn to wrestle with it till he got his first check.

Two days later, in a state of fair equilibrium, he got himself to the West Pismo Jewish Center, a great blob of cream-colored cement, and took the elevator to room 807. Actually, it was the second floor, but the place had been upnumbered to give the Center more prestige. Both the Committee for Folk Culture and the Bureau for the Critique of Traditional Values, since they had exactly the same personnel, had decided to sacrifice personal comfort and occupy the same quarters. Jimmy took off his hat and sat down on one of the three wooden folding chairs; it happened to be the one, according to the brass plate modestly fixed to the back, contributed entirely by Local 349B, Journeymen



Kosher Picklers of United States and Canada.

The secretary, who was eating a raisin bun, offered him a large piece, studded with raisins, which he immediately devoured. It was the first unpiscatorial food he'd had in many months and his savage, direct attack rather intrigued the secretary. She had long, dark hair, with an artificial silver streak she would not normally have had for another 30 years and was given to biting her lower lip, especially when she was sexually interested, "which was generally." She leaned her sweater toward him at an intoxicating angle, close enough to tickle his wrist with pale-pink fuzz; and while he was inhaling and recovering, she asked him how to spell *grievance* and, after that, *disgusted*. She was typing a letter addressed, it would seem, to some Very Much Higher Committee. Her name, she told him, was Sharon Weiss; and his name, he suddenly decided, was Buttonholtz; the Holtz part of it he got from a bronze plaque in grateful acknowledgment to the man who had installed the vent that was the subject of Sharon's letter: "Be it noticed, I have a tendency to allergy"—she misspelled the word too hideously to record here—"and it is no help to have this air conditioner blowing right straight down my neck!" Buttonwood told me it was about the only time in his life he wished he were an air conditioner.

Meanwhile, some sort of anguished quarrel was going on in the office just beyond Sharon. Buttonwood thought they were beating up on one another, but Sharon Weiss said the Committee (or was it the Bureau?) was simply trying to decide where to go to lunch. For some reason, this depressed the hell out of Buttonwood. He got up to leave, but Sharon hissed at him to sit down, bit her lower lip, got on the intercom and announced that Mr. Buttonholtz, the new Sunday-school teacher, was waiting to meet the members. Nothing happened.

Sharon went on typing and out of kindness and, perhaps, attraction, would occasionally ask him to lick an envelope, on account of her allergy.

About one half hour later, several members, all of them small men with great shocks of white hair, opened the door, frowned at him, closed the door, opened it again, nodded to him, closed the door once more and, through the shut door, invited him to come in. Buttonwood did nothing; he was too scared; but no one seemed to notice his disobedience.

The Committee and/or the Bureau consisted of anywhere from three to eleven persons; impossible for Buttonwood to reckon how many, for they kept getting up and going on various errands, answering—and at some length—phones that were not for them, or simply appearing at the inner door with several paper cups of coffee with cream, which they offered to Buttonwood with hisses, because they were so hot. "The Jews are a very unselfish people when it comes to coffee with cream," said Buttonwood.

Sharon snapped on the intercom and shouted, "This man has been waiting here for exactly two hours!" At which an exceptionally short, brisk man, with a magnificent mane of curly white hair, scarlet tie loosened at the collar and a chest as massive as a gorilla's, came out and shook Buttonwood's hand with painful sincerity. "I cannot tell you, sir, how very happy we are to have you on the staff."

Buttonwood, a little shocked at finding himself hired before they had checked with the local police, inquired the man's name. "My name, O! My name! After this morning, my name is Schlimazel!" He brushed several flecks of imaginary dust off his shoulders, then did the same for Buttonwood. "Our previous teacher, the Honorable Mr. J. Victor Kapell, judge of the municipal court, which fortunately he didn't work Sundays, he fell sick with gall bladder, the human person is a very delicate machine." He added that as soon as the judge was better, they were going to have a banquet for him. "We don't thank our people enough. I include myself." With all this talk of ingratitude, it became quite plain to Buttonwood that his salary was nil.

Furthermore, that he was also expected to coach basketball, which was convenient, since all classes met in the gymnasium, anyway—at least until the Monster Jubilee Building Fund got around to plastering the Albert Einstein Annex.

Buttonwood was just writing out his letter of resignation, mentally speaking, when the phone rang on Sharon's desk. Schlimazel seized it triumphantly; and while it still rang, he said, "Why is it, wherever I go, they track me down, not a moment's rest, this is me, to whom do I speak?" and without pausing, he handed it to Buttonwood. "A certain Mrs. Holtz," said he, "has an ethical question. So you be the expert and tell her to go to hell, will you please?"

Buttonwood found himself with two pieces of phone in his hands. He put them on Sharon's desk and waited until they stopped screaming. Then he said, in his best native drawl, "Yes, ma'am?"

"I'm very upset, I'm very," said the lady.

Buttonwood, out of a lifelong experience with upset ladies, told her to lie down and suck on a piece of Arizona lemon. She said, "Men, they are really something!"

Buttonwood agreed with her. "You wouldn't want it otherwise," he said.

She grew a lot calmer at this reassurance. "They are really something, they are," she told him. And she asked him, did he want to go to work for her, evenings, that is?

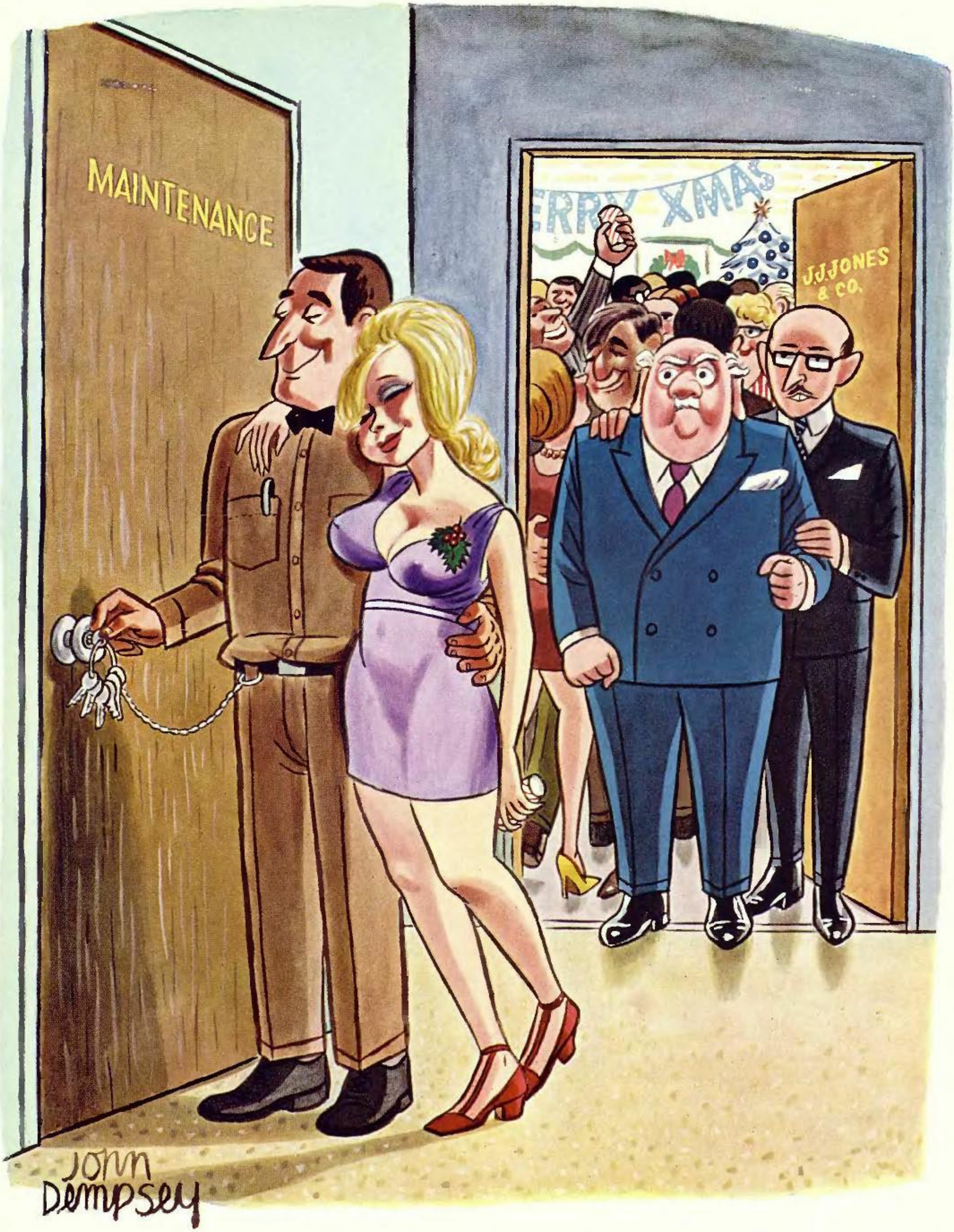
"Being I had two jobs locked up already, both of them highly virtuous—had to be, as they were highly unpaid—and being I looked to be the highest unpaid voluntary Hebrew in West Pismo, I figured a little monetary sin would do no harm. So I kind of leaped at the lady's offer. But I leaped slowly. Asked her how much per hour, including travel time, she was prepared to pay. She opened with two dollars and I hit her with five dollars. She thought for about one bat of an eyelash and compromised on five dollars plus coffee. She didn't mention cream, but I didn't press her on that one. I'm about to tell you, I was kind of scared. I couldn't imagine—and, what's worse, she wouldn't tell me on the phone—what in the hell was I supposed to do that could possibly be worth five dollars an hour?"

• • •

Buttonwood was five minutes late to the Sunday-morning junior Bible-study class. That was a mistake. Because no one, least of all the paying pupils, would think of arriving anywhere on time. He sat under an empty basket in an empty gymnasium, absolutely alone, until he began to think that he was a victim of his Jewish glasses and that if he took them off, this whole thing would quietly go away.

About a quarter of ten or thereabouts, some dozen students, aged nine to twelve, wearing dark suits, ties, hats, and glasses too large for their faces, had each unfolded a chair and sat around Buttonwood in a circle, from which it was impossible, now, to escape. Jimmy always, at a time of crisis, astonished himself; he had a lifelong propensity for doing the right thing at the wrong time; and this so confused the issue that he was able to escape unscratched. Now he remembered, out of his dusty childhood, a verse from *Colossians* and took it as his text; it was about the Second Coming of Christ. Little by little, Buttonwood warmed to his subject. He shouted, he whispered, he got down on his knees and pounded the newly varnished floor. The boys were pretty fascinated. They all agreed this was about the most highly interesting Sunday-school class they had had in several weeks. About an hour later, someone said, "Amen, brother! Tell it like it is!" His young audience swiveled around to look at the interruption.

Three dark, bearded young men, wearing black ankle-length Naugahyde coats, black fezzes with red tassels and carrying identical black attaché cases, came marching up toward him, diagonally,



"Easy does it, J. J. We don't want to start a ruckus with the union."

across the whole length of the basketball court.

The fact was, the Jewish Center was conveniently located in an area of West Pismo that was 57.62-percent black. The three young fezzes were the Committee of Resistance to Alien Power, a title chosen for its snappy abbreviation. They said they were black peasants, and while their strategic objective was secession from a sick United States, their tactical objective, they explained, was to have the West Pismo Jewish Center turned over to an *ad hoc* cabal. To prove they were right, they opened their attaché cases and showed him the contents. One held a snub .38 in blue oxide and the two others were ordinary Winchester single shotguns, but cut down to the firing chamber.

Jimmy got up on a folding chair, gave a Cherokee hand salute, said he agreed with them down to the last honkie and explained that any white blood he might appear to have was due to an assault near Window Rock on his poor old grandma, by an imperialistic cowboy by the name of Scott. Furthermore, he pulled out his shirt and showed them the hereditary scar where one of Custer's honkie bullets had slit open his grandpa's stomach. "Didn't hurt him one little bit. He could digest a Federal honkie bullet about as fast as a Mexican pinto bean and with about the same results." And further, as the sole representative in West Pismo of an oppressed minority, he proposed, singlehanded, to turn over the basketball court to any black boy, over six feet tall, who could loop a free throw nine out of ten.

The parley ended with the arrival of Sharon Weiss through the upstairs door. She came down each stair from the balcony in the same Irish sweater and black plastic skirt. In a state of dreamy resentment, she bit her lip at Jimmy Buttonwood and told him that Mrs. Holtz had called three times, and her advice to him was pay no attention, thank you.

"That ol' Sharon Weiss," said Buttonwood. "She had two of everything."

• • •

Mrs. Holtz, when he went to see her, had a small, blue monster in a cage, who, if you approached it with sweet words, would come muttering to the bars; and if you proffered it a friendly finger, would open it to the bone for you. Mrs. Holtz said it was a boy, she knew that because it had a blue beak. She said, "And furthermore, he's fallen in love with me, he's fallen." And she smiled at Jimmy, very briefly. She said she couldn't get him to eat a thing, because when she opened the cage to fill its little plastic bin, he would attack Mrs. Holtz' hand, dragging its tail over her knuckles, leaving a love offering of some pale seminal fluid. She would pull back her hand in fury. "He's such a naughty boy!" And the bird would get only those few millet seeds that were flung to one side in the loving, biting encounter.

Jimmy looked at Mrs. Holtz' hand; it was knobby, with swollen tendons and a hollow wrist, which she had got, she said, wearing herself to the bone as a bookkeeper for her ex-husband, may he perish in hell, "which I doubt if they'll even take him." Her nails were silver and as long as talons, and Jimmy suddenly understood why the parakeet thought she was a bird. He borrowed her lipstick, painted a face on his bent forefinger and thumb and, making noises like a man, entered the cage and filled the box. The bird, after retreating in horror, muttered instructions to its own image on the brass floor and, when the intruder was gone, flung itself triumphantly on the food and began to eat like a feathered maniac.

Mrs. Holtz watched with tears spilling over the ledges of her lower lids. "Oh, you got a head on your shoulders, you got a head," and she fed Jimmy everything she could find in the fridge at such short notice: lamb chops, boiled beef, lentil soup, stuffed derma, cooked prunes with apricots, cheese *knishes*, fricassee of lung, raw potato pancakes with fried onion and a soup plate of *ptcha*—a curiously filling concoction of garlic, chicken feet and little unborn eggs. Jimmy ate and drank from one end of the plastic kitchen table to the other. With his paranoid Jewish glasses, the front of every plate seemed enormous, while the back receded to infinity. Far, far in the background, Mrs. Holtz' lovesick bird ran up and down its wooden perch, bowing and screeching with jealousy; while in the foreground, the object of the creature's impossible affection kept opening lukewarm cans of creamed corn, *garbanzo* beans and, for an exotic touch, Italian stewed tomatoes. Stupefied with all these calories, washed down, it was true, with No-Cal cherry soda, Jimmy pulled himself to his feet and began to clear the table of all its hideous carnage. So far, nobody, to his knowledge, had said a word about what he was expected to do for his five dollars per hour.

Finally, Mrs. Holtz said, "Jimmy, Jimmy, what a very attractive name, why not, it belongs to a very attractive person, nessie pa?" And she smiled at him through the enormous cloud of steam that rose from the cup of tea she was putting before him, with her terrible, perfect teeth. It struck him, suddenly, that what Mrs. Holtz had in mind was some monstrous, acrobatic perversion. "Sit down, Jimmy boy, sit, sit," and though he obeyed, the command confirmed his worst fears. He began to put absolute mental limits to what he would do for five dollars an hour, which, come to think of it, was pretty poor pay.

Mrs. Holtz walked up and down, rattling dishes and scraping silverware off on fellow silverware. Obviously, she was having a lot of trouble expressing her desires; it could be that it was something so dreadful and fantastic that not even the Germans had a name for it.

She wept, she took two aspirins and wept some more. Then she brought out a manila envelope stuck with rolls of Scotch tape and said, "Here is my grave full of memories, here is." It contained nine different postcards Mr. Holtz had sent her from New Orleans, one every day, except the hotel clerk made a mistake and sent them all in the same mail. So now the trial was coming up on the 15th of May, and he was so insulted when she sued for divorce that he moved out of the house and never came back. And she was absolutely sure he had gone to live with his bookkeeper, by whom he already had three redheaded children over the years, but how to prove it?

So she wanted Jimmy Buttonwood to follow Mr. Holtz every evening he left the shop and report to her where he went and whom he saw, and she would give him "a Polaroid camera with flash attachment for your very own, plus the use of Mr. Holtz' car, which he left in the garage, a Polaroid." Jimmy kind of doubted the ethics of tailing a man with his own car, but he figured, what the hell, he was in no financial position to be struck down by conscience.

"Could you show me a picture of this husband you claim to have had?" asked Jimmy politely. She dug out a clipping from the *West Pismo Brotherhood Bulletin & Sholom Aleichem Messenger*: It was a vigorous, square-faced man getting a plaque just slightly smaller than he was. It was also, no doubt of it, Mr. Schlimazel: the founder and president and sole owner of HOLTZ HOLTZ-ALE PLUMBING—YOUR SANITARY WORRIES ARE OVER.

The next night, with advance pay in his pocket and a gut distended beyond recognition by another of Mrs. Holtz' impromptu banquets, he squeezed himself behind the steering wheel of Mrs. Holtz' husband's car and drove off, with a horrible noise, to shadow him. Age and mismanagement had given this 1939 Hudson convertible a neurosis that can only be described as excruciating. It groaned as soon as it was touched; the turn of the ignition key drove its putative six-cylinder engine into explosive hysterics; the gearbox was made of coarse gravel, connected with barbed wire, and at every shift these elements performed atrocious mayhem upon one another; forced to take to the road, the car screamed with apprehension at every turn of the ramshackle steering

wheel; in short, it was the ideal vehicle for the amateur detective, for any normal suspect would think he was being tailed by a monster out of the cinematic deep and flee to the nearest shrink to have his nerves scraped clean again.

Mr. Holtz, he was bitterly informed, spent his wife's community property at a joint up the coast called the Bar None, which featured modern country music, continuously (if the music stopped, even for five minutes, the customers drifted home, the silence in their heads was that ghastly), played by an all-girl instant topless band, known as the Four Milkmaids but mentioned locally by a title that featured exactly double that particular numeral.

Buttonwood never made it. About three miles out of West Pismo, the left front wheel snapped off as he was going round a right-handed switchback; there was a solid rock cliff on the right and Buttonwood, last descendant of a long line of deputy sheriffs, would have been crushed into a bloody parfait if the brakes, perhaps in sympathy, hadn't locked. The car turned over twice, and Buttonwood got out, upside down. His glasses were intact, so he deduced, somewhat illogically, that he was still alive. Some time later, as he was trying to light a cigarette with two stones, a poultry truck slammed sideways into the ex-Hudson, releasing about 2000 baby ducks, who, because of his tattered white shirt and windy hair, thought Buttonwood was their mother. In the next half hour, four other vehicles came round the dark curve and joined, with a horrid splintering of glass and chromium plate, Buttonwood's party. The 1939 Hudson, afire by this time, was bulldozed down the slope at the left, where it went hissing into the cool waters of the Pacific. It landed on all four stumps. "They don't make cars like that anymore," said Buttonwood.

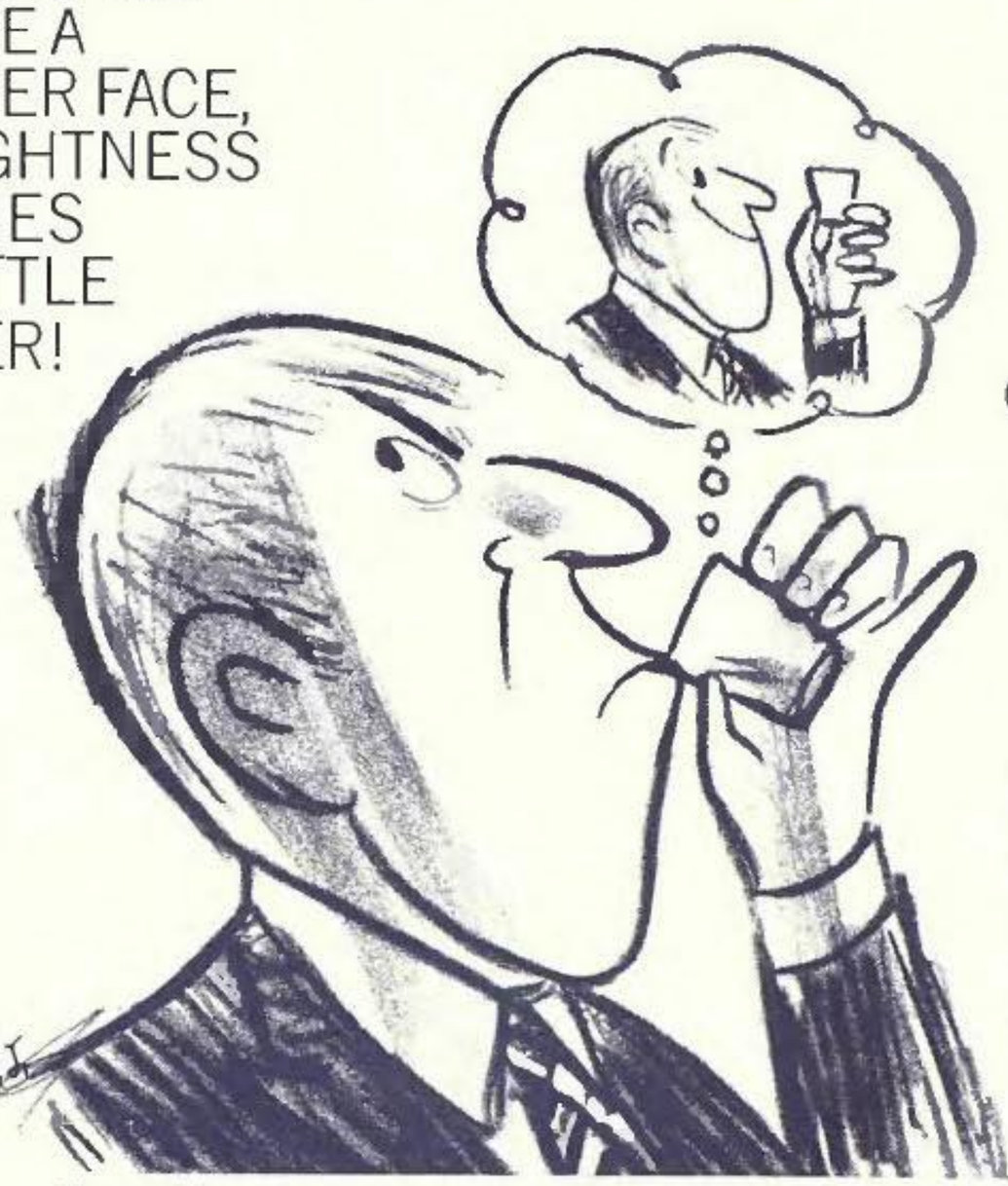
Buttonwood, though, never gave up his sleuthing job. He had no idea where Mr. Holtz was, but he would phone in imaginary details to Mrs. Holtz, who was tremendously impressed; for without the nasty restriction of truth, Buttonwood was able to give Mr. Holtz' infidelity a much more lurid, dramatic and disgusting development. Meantime, perhaps to pass the time, he and Sharon Weiss would drive out to the scene of the great accident, slide down the loose gravel and snuggle inside the salty ruins of Mr. Holtz' old Hudson. It commanded a nice view of the moonlit sea. "Frustration Motel," said Buttonwood.

Jimmy would start his courtship, he told me, something as follows: "Sharon, honeybee! How about a real kiss this time around?"

To which Sharon would reply: "Oh, my goodness, thanks for the Sue Jess Chee On, but you know my rule. I stop

Fernet-Branca
The Bitter Brightener

MAKES YOU MAKE A BITTER FACE, BRIGHTNESS COMES A LITTLE LATER!



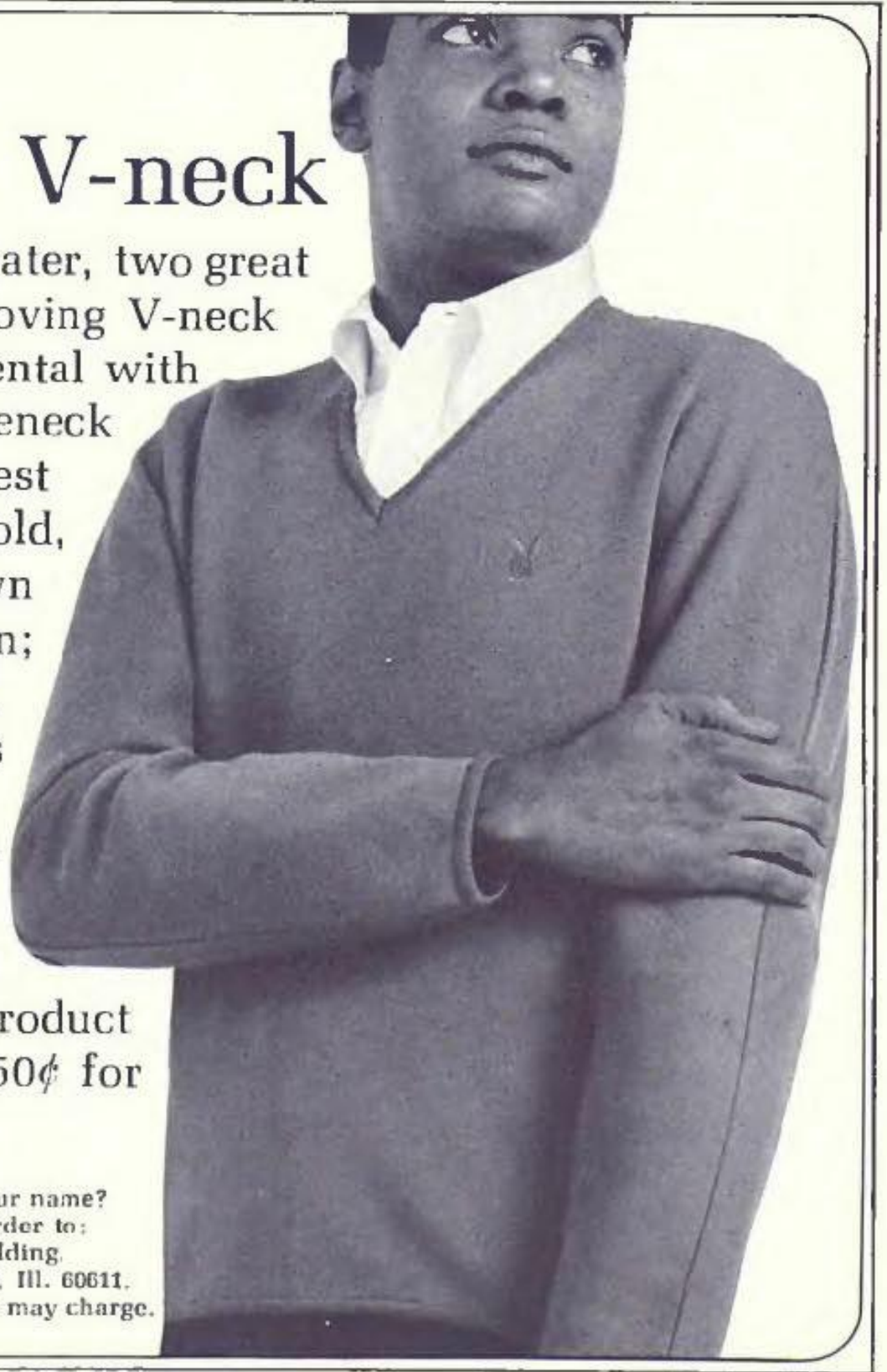
WITH COFFEE, MENTHE OR STRAIGHT.



Wherever bitters are available or write Fratelli-Branca, 12 Desbrosses St., New York, N.Y. 10013.

versatile V-neck

The Playboy Sweater, two great looks. A leisure-loving V-neck classic or Continental with its matching turtleneck bib. Flat knit, finest zephyr wool in gold, wine, black, brown and emerald green; S, M, L, XL sizes. Rabbit stitched as a subtle insignia. The plus: a snap-shut storage bag. WBB1050 **$30.** Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.



Shall we send a gift card in your name?
Please send check or money order to:
Playboy Products, Playboy Building,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.
Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

at the count of five. Sharon, the C. P. A. of sex, that's me."

"What do I have to do to get me a six-count kiss?"

"Say you love me."

"I adore you."

"That's not the same thing and you know it."

"Oh, it was real struggle buggy," said Buttonwood. "These Jewish girls are born with a very strong left hand."

• • •

About the fifth time out, on a Wednesday evening, to be precise, when any decent American-Jewish date would be taking Sharon to a dinner dance and a foreign movie so as to give them a little inspiration for their premarital wrestling match, Jimmy B. and Sharon Weiss were listening to the ocean, which is what this primitive Hudson had instead of the normal four-track cartridge stereo, when a hand loomed forward out of the rolling fog and rapped at what was left of the roof. Jimmy took a tire iron out of the side pocket and rolled down the busted glass about two inches.

Mr. Holtz had parked his HOLTZ-ALE truck up on the Coast Highway; he had a wax bag in one hand—which contained two fat hamburgers on buns, one with, one without. He said, "You are breaking my heart, you son of a gun, hello, Sharon, sweetie. I want to prove to you that Holtz of Holtz Holtz-Ale does not bear a grudge, who wants the with-onions? Nobody? Sharon, Sharon, you should be ashamed to let your boyfriend here to persecute me in this manner, does he realize he is making an enemy of one of *the*, if not *the*, biggest givers ever known to the Jewish Center of West Pismo in recent years? So let us be friends, OK?"

He came and sat in the front seat of the demolished car with them. It seemed a bit too intimate to Jimmy, but Sharon didn't seem to mind. She put on fresh lipstick and began to devour both hamburgers, biting first one, then the other. "I'm just a hungry chile," she said. The two men scowled at each other, listening to the spray against the front axle, as the world turned and the tide came slowly in.

At last, Mr. Holtz belched out of the very depth of his misery and muttered that he knew who put Buttonwood up to doing this dirty job, and wasn't this a bitch, spending a man's own alimony to spy on him? He said, "You see? I am very sensitive when it comes to money. I don't mind so much when I owe money myself, but I simply can't stand when other people owe money to me."

Sharon said, "Mrs. Holtz is not interested in you." She leaned across the broken steering wheel and said, "Mr. Holtz, you have missed the boat. She's interested in Jimmy."

Mr. Holtz looked at Buttonwood and Buttonwood looked at his beer. He admitted he might have grinned a little, too, which was a mistake. Sharon said, "Mrs. Holtz simply wanted to get laid."

This remark made Mr. Holtz sad. Tears came to his large, bloodshot eyes, and he said, "Well, well. Sex is a study in itself." He blew his nose in a handkerchief, which he afterward showed Jimmy with some pride, for these were pure Irish linen with rolled edges and hand embroidery that carried the following message: IF YOUR NOSE LEAKS, DON'T USE ME, CALL HOLTZ-ALE PLUMBING. These had been made up for him especially by Mrs. Holtz not six months ago, and here she was suing for divorce. Suddenly, he began to sob; next week—the 23rd, to be exact—was the 17th anniversary of their marriage; the nuptial arch had been covered with pink flowers; "she loves pink, that *momser*"; the hotel room at Atlantic City looked right out on the boardwalk; it cost a fortune, but Mrs. Holtz preferred to lie out on the sand; she had such a pink sunburn, "it was like making love to an electric plate"; such was their honeymoon: passion, pain and Unguentine.

"And now, Mr. Tactful," said Sharon, "suppose you tell Jimmy the real reason you followed him here, because I don't dare."

Holtz said, "Son, about that basketball team you were so kind to help it along?"

Jimmy said, "Sir?"

"I hear you have piled up a great, but a great, record."

"Seven straight wins," said Jimmy. "Those boys are pistols."

"I have not yet had the pleasure to congratulate the team in person, but I read their names every week in the *Bulletin*."

"They'd be mighty proud," said Jimmy.

"One thing I remarked," said Mr. Holtz, "there is very few Jewish names on the team," and he blew his nose, one enormous nostril at a time.



"Take my word for it, Fred—this is an even better deal than the last one."

"They're all Abyssinian Baptist, sir," said Jimmy.

Mr. Holtz said, "We are a very liberal bunch. We take pride in fighting prejudice to the last drop. But don't you think it would be a nice gesture to put one Jewish name onto the team?"

"Nossir," said Jimmy.

"Tell him, will you tell him or shall I tell him," Sharon said to Mr. Holtz.

"We got a letter yesterday," said Holtz, "advising that we are challenged to a special exhibit game, which, if I explain, you will see what a situation we are in. We want Jewish boys on a Jewish team. Is that so tragic?"

"The answer is still no, Mr. Holtz," said Buttonwood.

"The letter is from the champion basketball team of Tel Aviv, in the state of Israel!"

"So?"

"So it should penetrate by now! The absolute necessity! That we have to have at least! One! Jewish name! On the team!"

"They tried out," said Jimmy. "They didn't cut the mustard."

"They'll try again and you'll change your mind," said Mr. Holtz.

"They're too short," said Jimmy.

"They will grow overnight," said Holtz.

Jimmy said, "Mr. Holtz—no."

Sharon said, "That's my boy! He's on full-time ethics! One day he will break my heart—I hope." And she kissed Jimmy and then, with an overflow of her enthusiasm, kissed Mr. Holtz, too.

• • •

Jimmy Buttonwood, a veteran of a hundred overnight affairs, three marriages and a weekend with two sisters, grade school teachers in Norfolk, Virginia, was beginning to find Sharon's talkative, passionate virginity almost too much for his health. He had a pretty fair room on Abalone Boulevard, which is not a bad district, if you know West Pismo at all. It was smaller than the Santa Fe station but had two windows with real glass in them, "which was misfortunate." That night, after leaving Sharon and taking a pint bottle of Irish milk to bed with him, he awoke dead drunk and tried to climb through one of them to take a relief, "which there's nothing like a pee in the open air, it cools and soothes your mellow soul," but the glass gave way and he went to the hospital with a nasty cut: He got 11 stitches, a wooden splint made of three brand-new tongue depressors and a large bandage with a hole at one end.

When he phoned in sick the next Sunday, Sharon, wearing a casual outfit of new red boots, Hong Kong skirt slit up one side to a point under the left armpit and a white blouse with false ruffles and real nipples, rang his bell and walked in before he had a chance to shoot himself. She made him lie down in bed at once; he broke into a horrible sweat, for fear she might lie down beside him.

"Don't sit on the bed, it's just not right," Jimmy, with some astonishment, heard himself say.

"My, what a gentleman you turned out to be, you must be delirious with fever," said Sharon, and put the tip of her tongue on his forehead, in lieu of a thermometer. Jimmy gritted his teeth with invisible pain. She diagnosed his case as "the grip," "a disease I always thought was confined to members of a fraternal order." She had brought four oranges in her purse and she squeezed them at arm's length and heated the juice in a small pot and made Jimmy drink these steaming vitamins until he sweat like a bathhouse janitor. She offered to sponge him with what was left of the whiskey he kept in the bathroom sink, but he fought that one off, pretending to need sleep very desperately. "The more you're stubborn, the more I love you," said Sharon.

She sat down, took off her boots and removed her stockings, which were apparently secured on each side to her hipbone, except that Sharon had no hipbone. Jimmy, overcome by the contest between desire and pain, shut his eyes and groaned. Sharon came and bent over him and went "Ts, ts, ts," while she absent-mindedly fixed the strap on her stage-right.

"Poor little mouse," she said to him, and lifted the covers just enough so she could slide in next to him. "Count ten," she said, laughing, and leaned on one elbow to kiss him. About 30 seconds later, the lady manager of the one-story apartment house, with a view, if you could see ten miles through the fog, of the great blue Pacific, and who sat among great knobs of German-Milwaukee–style furniture, along with a ginger cat and a lovely lacquer box, Viennese in origin, in which she kept the coiled hair combings of the past half century, heard a man scream in apartment 3-C.

• • •

Jimmy said to me, topping up my glass with fresh whiskey, "The accident also kind of effed up my relations with the all-black telephone poles that played their ass off every Thursday and Saturday night for the greater glory of Mr. Holtz' Greater West Pismo Jewish Community Building and Fund." Jimmy had got them new sweat shirts with a Jewish star on the front and a black panther on the back; so far, so good; he coached them in the style of play that he remembered from the summer he had spent with his second cousins in Mournful, Oklahoma, which was basketball crazy.



"Take it easy. I'm only up to page twenty-three."

with a backboard and a ring in every driveway, and whose style of play was characterized by dribbling in place with specially sharpened elbows, and a pass pattern that ended with the sphere in the two long hands of Little John, who had simply to open them to let the ball swish neatly through the net. They beat the Junior Hadassah Maccabees of Carmel Highlands, for example, 159 to 34 and, having thus won the conference cup, went to the hot showers that were their sole reward.

Now, Jimmy Buttonwood, as his wound healed, had become exquisitely sensitive to the least call of nature, and it made him somewhat less than cautious. Anyway, the imitation-marble partitions were designed for nice Jewish boys of six feet or under. But the team was all over six, six, except for Little John, who was a little under seven-all. They not only could, without inconvenience, look over the partitions at their coach and mentor, but they did. That wouldn't have mattered so much—in spite of the placement, now that the splint had been damaged, of two very large Band-Aids—except that Jimmy, in his customary state of dreamy concentration, had put his broadcloth shorts on backward.

He found it pretty hard to function naturally, when his entire team was staring down at him over the steaming partitions. Little John accused him (1) of being drunk on duty, (2) of manhandling himself in a manner unbecoming a coach and mentor, (3) of getting himself secretly circumcised without inviting them to the party, (4) of being that most heinous of human beings, an artificial Jew. Jimmy had a snappy answer: The Cherokee were one of the ten lost tribes of Israel and were famous ("Don't you read your Bible?"). The ritual was bloody but superficial; consequently, "It had to be redid every eighteen and a half months exactly, or lose my standing in the Jewish race."

Little Boy Johnson, more or less speaking for the team, said, "That's kind of a drag for a mature man, isn't it, coach?"

Buttonwood said, "No, baby. I've got so I kind of look forward."

Next day, he got a special-delivery letter from the Bureau, thanking him profusely for his past effort and hoping he'd continue in an advisory capacity as far as his health would permit. It was clearly the West Pismo Community Center's form of dismissal notice. Jimmy became profoundly distressed. He was one of those persons who, unless everyone loved him, without exception, found life almost intolerable. After 24 hours, and by this time extremely drunk, he went home to his empty room, sat on the floor with his back to the wall and wrote the following letter:

Good old Sharon:

I know in my heart you want to get shut out of me, so I hasten to oblige the best way I know how. Hope it don't inconvenience you as bad as it does me. Please notify Deputy Sheriff Albert Buttonwood Featherbird at his office, open only afternoons except Sunday, in Mournful, Oklahoma, and he will dispose of the sad remains of. . . .

Yours truly,
J. Buttonwood

Then he exchanged his guitar for a secondhand shotgun and earnestly endeavored to kill himself. It could not be done in the normal way, because the gun, from muzzle to double trigger, was six inches longer than the distance he could stretch from his ear to his forefinger. He therefore worked out a lever arrangement with a stray tablespoon and a bit of lamp wire, so that if he took off his left shoe and pressed with his horny, stubby big toe into the bowl of the spoon, the handle would spring both triggers at once.

About four in the morning, he finished his last bottle, cried just a little bit, for all his sins, and stood up beside the gun, put the muzzle up against his left ear and tramped hard on the spoon. Nothing happened, which was natural, since Jimmy had forgotten to buy shells for the shotgun. "Story of my life," said Jimmy, "long on guns and short on bullets."

He then endeavored to hang himself with a lamp cord but was interrupted by the telephone: It was Sharon Weiss, very sad; where was he? What the hell was he doing? The game was already in progress.

Jimmy got to the Center, entered the wrong door, took the wrong stairs and fell into the kitchen, where there was an overflow audience; before he could get out to the basketball court, he found a plate of chicken and *varenikas* forced upon him, luckily without a fork, or he would have stabbed himself to death at what he saw. His team came charging out onto the floor, all five black giants, dribbling and passing in an exceedingly fancy exhibition of what they were going to do to the Israelis. What they thought was funny, and which possibly was not, was the cake mix they had applied to their faces, their hooked false Woolworth noses, their white-plastic horn-rimmed glasses. In short, they were in whiteface: Their idea of ironic support for Buttonwood's firm stand against honkie Hebe replacements. But now, they, in turn, were sickened and horrified to the point of laughter, when the Israeli team emerged from the opposite locker room and marched in military formation to their places on the court. Because the Israelis wore blackface, and somewhat more permanently, since they were Yemenites to a man; and, in fact, were a good six shades darker, by the International Color Standards adopted by the Warsaw Convention of 1928, than anybody on the West Pismo team, who had "more than considerable good, kind, everlovin' white-massa blood" in their elongated veins. The game began in a daze of mutual admiration, from which the Israelis recovered first, to score 26 points in a row. They could be said to have underplayed the West Pismo Black Panthers, for they were all remarkably short, as befits a team bred on a midget sea like the Mediterranean.

They lined up in a 1-3-1 zone but shifted every once in a while to a 2-3 and slashed in double with their ace, Ben Said Mizrachi Cohen, looping in his typical left-hand jumper from the corner. Their plays were all executed about the level of the Panthers' monumental kneecaps. The half ended 88 to 22. Between halves, Buttonwood's whiteface all-black team sat in the lockers, in the mingled scent of sweat and denatured alcohol, with their tall heads in their hands or doused under the cold-water tap, saying, "Shit, man," over and over and over.

"Worst of all was the Ayrabs," Buttonwood told me.

"What?" I cried. "What Arabs?"

He told me there were 200, 300 of them, come down in buses from some college in Berkeley, under the impression that Allah was in danger of losing his basketball title. They led a whole sheep onto the floor and were about to blood-sacrifice it under the north basket, when they were challenged by black power, but which black power? The various factions, in their various fezzes, opened their attaché cases and pulled out their weapons and drew on one another as betrayers and sellouts to Mr. Whitey. Meanwhile, the sheep ran into the kitchen, where it ate the herring and cole slaw amid general consternation.

It was time for direct action. Jimmy took his jackknife, descended to the basement, pried open the fuse box and put the blade across all the terminals at once. Upstairs, on the basketball court, there ensued a screaming, howling, booing, baaing, ribald, rib-crushing, Arabic, Aramaic, aromatic, sensuous and joyful darkness. Someone seized him by the little hairs at the back of his neck and began kissing him. He lit a match, just for the record: It was good old Sharon Weiss, wearing her usual white lipstick.

She said, "I don't care. You're a nut. I love you anyway. Isn't that nice of me?"

The police raid netted 237 men, 192 women and six persons who stood on their constitutional rights and refused to say.

• • •

After this, Jimmy desperately wanted to marry Sharon. But no, she wouldn't



"Excuse me, my good man. Could you direct us to the nearest orgy?"

have him. Her reasoning was very good: She was perfectly willing to sleep with him on date nights, anyway, "If I'm in the moody mood." In the morning, her mother would knock at Sharon's door and ask whether her visitor wanted ham or bacon for breakfast. But as for marriage, that was obviously impossible. "BUTTONWOOD-WEISS NUPTIALS"? How would it look in the *West Pismo Brotherhood Bulletin & Sholom Aleichem Messenger?* Yes. Buttonwood could see the absolute logic of this position. What really made him mad was the announcement, one day, that Sharon Weiss was to marry the previous Sunday-school instructor, Municipal Judge J. Victor Kapell, gall bladder and all.

Buttonwood cashed in his shotgun, took the bus to San Francisco and got an appointment with the eminent neurologist Dr. Shpitz-Catarrh (not his actual name), and asked to be, however gruesome, uncircumcised; out of revenge, he had decided to go gentile again. The surgeon, looking forward to an absolutely unique paper on the subject, offered to perform the operation at minimum cost, providing, of course, a transplant could be volunteered. "That's when I learned," said Jimmy, "that I had no real God-honest friends in this world."

About three days later, he was sufficiently sober to notice that some really disgusting man was staring at him from behind the bathroom mirror. It took him an hour or two to deduce that this monster, with bloody scabs on his cheekbones, was probably himself.

That was the day he got religion. "Not the usual crud," Jimmy told me. "No. I figured out what my friend Jesus would have done in a similar situation, boy," he said to me. "Did you ever take time to think what Jesus did between the ages of fourteen and thirty-three? Well, I have given it some thought and, buddy, I have come to the conclusion that he was a low-class bartender in the city of Rome. And I got the same calling.

"For, after all," he explained, "a low-class bartender is a saint; he's got to be. He gives sacraments, receives confessions, settles quarrels with a sports encyclopedia, using it to conk the contestants on the top of the head, if necessary; and deals out absolution—in short, cheat-bottomed jiggers. A polished wooden bar separates him from the sins of the world."

Meanwhile, he was having one hell of a time adjusting to a world without anastigmatic glasses. Everything from here to the horizon was bent the other way. Worse yet, the universe seemed, and perhaps it really had, shrunk. He also feared, for a long while, that his circumcision had had the same effect, but was actively endeavoring to find out.

We drank to that, all right.



"He says he got us all down on tape last year, so he doesn't need us this year."

BANJO BUTT

(continued from page 154)

tasty. Whatever it was, Banjo invariably prepared it in the mode that he referred to as "Swiss steak," mercifully camouflaging the meat with a dark, oily brown fluid laced with a few shriveled onions and wizened peas. Accompanying every meal were mashed "potatoes" made from some sort of white powder that the quartermaster delivered to Company K's mess hall in brown-paper sacks. This was an eerie accompaniment to every meal, having absolutely no discernible flavor and being of a consistency that superficially resembled Silly Putty. Our taste-tempting assortment of "vegetables" ran the gamut from rubber beets (boiled to a rusty brown and served at body temperature on a wilted lettuce leaf) to Brussels sprouts that looked like furry yellow ping-pong balls and would actually bounce if dropped, as they often were, on the mess-hall floor.

This Lucullan feast was washed down with Banjo Butt's Company K specialty, which became infamous throughout the entire Signal Corps: the Purple Death. It was ladled out of the usual 32-gallon GI can, in which bobbed a piece of ice about the size of a baseball. After all the intervening years, I can still taste its iridescent astringency. A liquid of the deepest purple hue, it was reputedly the by-product of an unsuccessful experiment by the Kool-Aid company that had, naturally, found its way onto the Signal Corps menu. Some said it was raisin Kool-Aid; others called it "bug piss." In any case, it was highly useful, since it was excellent for cleaning brass and was a very effective insecticide when used in a spray gun. It was good for writing letters, too, but it tended to blot. It was also a spectacular laxative.

We had only one dessert: canned fruit cocktail—warm, syrupy and insipid. The K.P.s enjoyed dishing it out with a quick flick of the ladle as you carried your compartmented tray past the serving table, drenching the S.O.S. with its cloying sweetness. There are millions of ex-GIs who have carried with them to this day a pathological aversion to chipped beef, based on their belief that it's prepared with canned peaches, grapes and maraschino cherries.

Such is the human spirit, however, that invariably, after every leaden lunch, we always felt that maybe supper would be better. All afternoon, the mess hall would give out sounds of pots banging, dishes rattling, the muffled curses of the cooks as they drove the K.P.s before them like galley slaves in the daily race against time to get supper together by 1730 hours sharp for 286 beady-eyed, hollow-cheeked enlisted men.

The afternoon always dragged on and on in a hazy, sun-drenched, sweat-

soaked torpor, as Company K struggled endlessly to master the electronic monsters that dominated our lives—parabolic dishes four stories high, spinning maniacally, allegedly searching the heavens for enemy marauders who never came. The rumor had swept through the Signal Corps that anyone who spent as much as ten minutes within a half mile of a 545 radar unit might as well forget his sex life for the rest of his days. This led to occasional misunderstandings in town on Saturday nights; there was even talk of a general strike for extra hazard pay. Finally, Lieutenant Cherry, speaking in his most authoritative falsetto, gave us a lecture on the subject, alleging that the radar, if anything, *added* to our potency. After that, we were *sure* the rumors were true. Which may be why all we looked forward to were our daily meals.

Lieutenant Cherry always insisted that we remove our fatigues and dress in our wrinkled suntans for supper—a touch of style that we didn't particularly appreciate. This meal, which ended the day, was the high point of Banjo's culinary ingenuity. The menu ran to several basic entrees: (1) "hash," a dark mélange of gristle and unidentifiable pieces of some sort of vegetable fiber, palatable only when ketchup was available, which meant about once a month; (2) "salmon loaf," a gamy, case-hardened slab riddled with razor-sharp fishbones, speckled with dehydrated onion and covered with "cream sauce," a grayish gruel accented with lumps of flour; and (3) "chili macaroni," an exotic mixture of white shoelaces and what appeared to be raisins but tasted like lint from a Y. M. C. A. bath towel. It was colored red.

There were other favorites that showed up from time to time, such as "liver," a vulcanized obscenity that often brought Company K close to open revolt; and Banjewski's personal *pièce de résistance*: stuffed cabbage, which Banjo proudly proclaimed was prepared "the way us real Polacks make it in Pittsburgh." Upon our first encounter with this delight, Gasser, on the spot, cracked the first Polish joke ever heard by man. It had to do with why the Polish air force didn't need wings and what propelled it. On nights when this delicacy was served, the entire company would retire to the PX and dine on Power House candy bars.

We had fallen into a routine so unvarying that it wasn't easy even to know what day it was. The weeks, the months, the seasons blended together like the leftovers from the last meal that we found again on our plates, in slightly altered form and splashed with tomato sauce, at the next meal. Little did we realize that we were on the eve of an episode that would mark our lives forever—and enter the annals of military legend.

It started after chow one night. It had been a "fried pork chop" night—thick chunks of greasy bone to which clung large lumps of grayish fat—accompanied by beets, reconstituted mashed potatoes and melted GI ice cream (tutti-frutti) that had mingled tastily on my tray with the pork gravy. I was headed down the duckboard street toward the latrine when I noticed a darkened troop carrier drawn up before the orderly room. Three or four figures in suntans had dismounted and were entering the company office. At the time, I thought: "Just another load of victims."

Gasser was with me, mumbling something about going down to the PX and grabbing a beer. We entered our tent. Goldberg sat on a footlocker, his shirt off, sweating profusely and changing his socks. He looked up as we entered. His face, usually an inert mass of ennui, was highly animated.

"Did you guys see that truck at the orderly room?"

"Yeah."

"Who's getting shipped?" Goldberg asked.

"How the hell do I know?" Gasser answered with his customary friendliness.

"It looks like some guys are shipping *in*," I told him.

Goldberg heaved a giant sigh of relief. He was deathly afraid of getting shipped anywhere, presumably on the theory that his present post, however miserable, would be preferable to any new one. Later events, amazingly enough, were to prove him wrong.

That evening was like every other evening in our little six-man tent. Edwards, as was his wont, finished polishing the hinges on everybody's footlocker and started to work on the bedsprings; Gasser snored, belched and scratched his heat rash as he dozed. Goldberg tried to pick up Tokyo Rose on his Hallicrafters short-wave radio. I read my Donald Duck Big Little Book for the 27th time. Zinsmeister continued the nonstop letter he was writing to his girlfriend in Passaic; she had long since gotten married, but it was so far along that he decided to keep writing and send it off to his *next* girlfriend, whenever he met her—which at this point looked as if it would be after the War, if ever. And Clarence W. Dye of Winona, Minnesota, a pimply-faced mathematical genius who spoke only in Algebraic, read his logarithm tables and chuckled in appreciation.

Our tent was on the day shift that week, which meant that we stood reveille at 4:45 A.M. After our few short hours of fevered sleep, we stood in the dark while Kowalski, our beloved first sergeant, read the roll from the clipboard he clutched in his talons. Hot, sweaty and sleepy, we answered "Yo,"



Satin Sheets and Pillowcases

As kind to your body as a good night's sleep! Our luxurious Celanese® acetate satin sheets launder beautifully. 8 elegant colors: Gold, Black, Mint, Lilac, Orchid, Pink, White or Blue. (Used in the Imperial and Bridal Suites of the Conrad Hilton.)

SATIN SHEET SETS (2 sheets, 2 cases)	ONLY
Dbl. Bed Set (90x108)	$15.90
Twin Bed Set (72x108)	15.90
Queen Bed Set (90x122½)	19.45
King Bed Set (108x122½)	21.45
3 letter monogram on cases	1.50

(For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.25 to double or twin set price; $3.00 to queen set price; $4.00 to king set price.) Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

Scintilla, Inc. 4802 N. Broadway Chicago, Illinois 60640 PL-5

VINUM FLUEAT
(Let The Wine Flow)



Be the first to wear this handsome, original medallion commemorating the ancient worship of **Bacchus** – god of wine, merrymaking and revelry. The NOW look for sports or dresswear. The ideal gift for the man who has everything. Available in traditional copper, antiqued nickle or silver finish. Only **$7.95**

MYTHCO • P.O. box 4438 • W. Hollywood, Florida 33023

PLAYBOY® CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

Moving? Use this form to advise PLAYBOY 30 days in advance. Important! To effect change quickly, be sure and attach mailing label from magazine wrapper to this form and include both old and new address.

AFFIX LABEL HERE

OLD ADDRESS

Name (Please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

NEW ADDRESS

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

Mail to: **PLAYBOY**
919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611

each with his own inimitable style and inflection. As Kowalski read off the details for the day, the voices of other first sergeants could be heard in the darkness, along with a few catcalls and muffled curses. The Everglades Defense Command was starting another day. In retrospect, it must have been a little like five minutes to eight on that Sunday morning of December 7, 1941, just before the first Zeroes roared in from the sea. We wandered down to the latrine. A few guys showered. Most just scraped the beards off their faces, painfully skirting the more violent areas of heat rash. I went back to the tent and put on my sodden fatigues. Gasser was already dressed. In sullen silence, the two of us headed for the mess hall—and a new life.

Groggy as I was, 50 feet away from the mess hall I had looked at so many times in the past that I could no longer even see it, I was aware of something. There was an air about it. It was *different*, somehow. It hit Gasser at the same time.

"What the hell is up?" he asked in a wary voice, sniffing the wind. "Be careful."

An almost imperceptible puff of tropic breeze fanned our faces. We stopped in our tracks. An aroma of stunning and sensuous complexity wafted over us for an instant and was gone.

"What was *that?*" I asked incredulously.

"Damned if I know!"

The usual odor of the mess hall at this hour was an oily fog of oxidized lard. What we had just experienced was as alien to what we had always known as the scent of flowering mimosa on an arctic ice floe.

"I'll reconnoiter," hissed Gasser, using a word we had learned in basic training but had never found a use for until now. Skulking to the mess hall and up the steps, he peered cagily inside. I saw his face transfixed with amazement in the yellow light from within. Then, like a shot, he disappeared through the door faster than I had seen him move in over a year. Knowing that I would be safe—since Gasser was ahead of me, instead of behind me—I decided to follow.

I could not believe what assaulted my senses when I opened the screen door. Tray upon tray of rich, glowing, brown-glazed Danish pastry and French hot breads, of spectacular variety, stretched out on the stainless-steel counter from which we had troweled so many impalatable gallons of Banjo Butt's indescribable oatmeal. The scent of baked almond, prune and citron drenched the air. Gasser, tray in hand, had already dug in with the maniacal fury of a man who has spent 17 weeks on a life raft. Containing my hysteria with a supreme effort of will, I picked up a hot *croissant* so delicate and fragile as to crumble at the touch, and stared at it in disbelief. So stunned were we with the epicurean panoply spread out before us that we never even paused to wonder how or why it was there. Naïvely, I suppose we took it for granted that Banjewski had somehow miraculously whipped it all up for us.

Working our way silently and steadily down the counter with the efficiency of a threshing machine, scooping up two or three of everything in sight and shoveling them onto our trays, we reached the end of the wondrous pastries and stopped short. In front of us was a huge tray exuding a richness of aromatic bouquet such as I had never experienced in all of my 17 years. An odd-looking K.P. stood behind it. He was wearing a spotless white apron and carrying a neatly folded towel over his forearm, like a waiter in a William Powell movie. Clearly, he was not one of the coffee-stained wretches who regularly doled out our powdered eggs. I extended my tray tentatively in his direction. Delicately, using a silver spatula, he carefully placed beside my foot-high mound of fragrant buns and sweet rolls a portion of what turned out to be a major turning point in my life.

"What is it?" I asked.

"*Oeufs à la bénédictine*, sir."

"What?"

But he was already serving Edwards, hard at my heels. Two more K.P.s, tongs at the ready, awaited me farther down the line; I passed on in a daze. At the end, I turned, tray in hand, and stopped, unable to believe my eyes. Our bare hall of roughhewn wooden picnic-type tables, flanked by long benches and topped by a white GI sugar dispenser, a couple of salt shakers and a tin pitcher of Purple Death, had been transformed into a field of dazzling, snowy napery, sparkling silver and iridescent glasses glistening in the yellow light. Oblivious, Gasser was already seated at our usual table, shoveling it in. I put my tray opposite him and slid into my seat. Without looking up, Gasser gasped hoarsely through a mouthful of cinnamon *croissant*, "Jesus Christ! Have you tried this stuff?" With heaped trays and stunned expressions, GIs were scrambling into seats all around us. I picked up one of the two gleaming forks that were carefully aligned next to an elaborately folded napkin at my place. The *oeufs à la bénédictine*—which I was to learn from Zinsmeister were a kind of poached eggs I had never run across in Hammond—steamed next to a succulent slice of apple turnover and three finger-length sausage links so heartbreakingly perfect that I felt unworthy of them. Picking up a morsel of the eggs, I touched it to my lips. A thrill of discovery and revelation surged through my being in a crashing wave of ecstasy. I came from a simple, earthy family whose idea of true luxury in food consisted of lemon meringue pie from the A. & P.

Goldberg, next to me, snout deep in his tray, was throwing off a fine spray over the table in his immediate vicinity. Edwards, across the table next to Gasser, sat mesmerized before his untouched plate, face ashen with fear of the unknown. Leaning forward, he whispered to me: "I heard a guy say once't back at Camp Crowder that before they ship guys to some really rotten place, they give you this last great meal!"

At this, Gasser, eggs Benedict dripping from his chin, shot back: "If you don't like it, Edwards, gimme your tray!" A jostling but subdued throng now filled the mess hall, a far larger crowd of breakfasters than Banjo had ever drawn. The news had obviously spread all the way to the latrine. I saw faces that I had not seen at this hour for over a year. Even the guys who staggered back to their bunks after roll call for that last precious ten minutes of sleep before the day's hell began were lugging trays, their eyes bright with anticipation. White-coated dining-room attendants moved from table to table, bearing chilled pitchers of milk and steaming pots of coffee.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said one of them, leaning solicitously over our table. "Do any of you care for strawberry preserves? Perhaps a pat of butter for your brioche?"

Edwards, visibly shaken, sat unmoving and unspeaking, his face drawn with fright.

Gasser finally spoke up: "Don't mind if I do, bud." Gasser was ready for anything.

The waiter gracefully placed on his tray two rosettes of pale-yellow butter, each adorned with a tiny sprig of parsley. Next, a long-handled spoon dipped into an earthen pot he carried on his tray and transferred its contents to Gasser's teetering mountain of delicacies. Goldberg eyed the waiter with open suspicion.

"Hey, are you a GI, mac?"

"Excuse me, sir?"

"You ain't from Company K, are ya?"

"Not exactly, sir." Bowing slightly, he turned and moved on to the next table. The mystery remained unfathomed.

Fifteen minutes later, wearing cartridge belts, canteens, gas masks, class-D work uniforms, leggings, bayonets and helmet liners, Company K marched back into real life. Already the sun was high and glowing white-hot; but we swung along with a new spring in our step, as the low hum of illegal conversation filtered from platoon to platoon. There was, naturally, only one topic.

Taking up my position high over the scrub pines far out on the boom of an



Not quite ready for the mature taste in Scotch?

Cultivating a genuine enthusiasm for the taste of Scotch can take time. So we say don't rush. We figure we're bound to get you eventually. For the more you like the taste of Scotch, the more you'll go for Grant's... a magnificently tasteful blend of aged whiskies like our splendid Glenfiddich and Balvenie...each super-smoothed for 8 unhurried years in the barrel. Sooner or later, as long as you're up it's got to be Grant's.

We'll wait. Grant's 8.®

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © IMPORTED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & COMPANY, N.Y. BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.

SCR 545. I peered into the mystical glow of my azimuth scope, intercom phones hanging heavy on my sweating ears, and listened to the chatter of the crew as they dissected every detail of the morning's miracle. For a while, there was a spirited argument about who this "Benedict" was. It was finally decided he must have been some guy at Q. M. who took pity on us and sent some eggs to Company K.

"But who cooked 'em like that?" asked an unknown voice.

There was a long silence. No one had thought of that point yet. The food had been so overwhelming that it had not yet occurred to anyone that there was more to it than that. The high, quavery voice of Lieutenant Cherry cracked in: "Can it, you guys! This is no goddamn party line."

As the morning wore on, breakfast receded into memory. After all, months of *anomie* do not vanish in a few hours. Besides, it was field-exercise day, which meant we ate K rations for the midday meal. I lay in the shade of a prime mover, a monstrous truck with tires that must have weighed a half ton apiece, and gnawed on the crumbly bar of chocolate-flavored pool chalk that came with the K rations. Gasser stirred a concoction in his canteen cup, a lemony powder poured from tin-foil envelopes into water dipped from the nearby swamp, with two chlorine tablets dropped in for flavoring and to stun the larger bacilli. It made an interesting drink.

"Ya know," he said thoughtfully, "I been thinkin' about this morning."

"What about?"

"Didja notice Banjo wasn't around?" His face had the crafty look of Charlie Chan sniffing down a clue.

"What do you mean?"

"I dunno. But another thing: I'll lay ya five to one them K.P.s weren't real K.P.s."

Gasser paused dramatically for a noisy swig of his villainous, algae-dappled drink, then added: "No real K.P. ever said 'sir' to a buck-ass private."

I hadn't thought of that; but in those days, that was only one among a multitude of things I hadn't thought of. Goldberg ambled by, dragging his gas mask in the sand behind him.

"Let's go, you guys. Cherry's got a bug up his ass."

We followed him through the heat haze and back to work. Placidly, the hours inched by, until finally it was time for the four-mile hike back to camp. Through the low sand dunes, dusty palmettos and scraggly pines we trudged, canteens clanking, sweat dripping down our backbones to gather over our cartridge belts. Eventually, we moved past the motor pool, the outlying peninsula of civilization in those parts, past G Company, an alien, sharp-faced lot of doomed beach-radar specialists. These teams landed on enemy shores hours before the first wave of infantry came ashore. Hollow-eyed and withdrawn, they drank heavily, because they were expendable and they knew it. We avoided them like the plague. It might be catching.

Past P Company, M Company, N Company and, at long last, we were home. Sergeant Kowalski took charge as we lounged in ragged ranks, waiting to be dismissed. The duty corporal trotted out of the orderly room, carrying a clipboard. Casually, Kowalski glanced at the sheets clipped to it, his green Air Corps sunglasses shining in the late-afternoon sun.

"All right, you guys. At ease. From now till furder orders are issued remanding dis order, all E.M. of K Company will wear class-A uniforms, including blouse, class-A tie and o.d.s, at all meals in the mess hall, as of 1800 today. By order of da company commanda."

A sullen rustle stirred the company like a breeze moving through a Kansas wheat field. *Now* what?

"Any questions?"

From far off to the left from somewhere in the first platoon, a muffled voice asked: "Breakfast, too?"

"You heard de orders." Kowalski looked up and down the ranks, his green lenses flashing sharply, quelling further signs of rebellion.

"Company ATTEN-SHUN! . . . DISMISSED!"

He turned and disappeared into the orderly room. Gasser immediately grabbed me by the elbow, his helmet low over his eyes.

"Do you smell what I smell?"

I tilted back my head and sniffed the tropical air. "Yeah."

"Jesus Christ, let's get dressed!"

He bolted at a dead run for our tent. I followed as quickly as I could, still sniffing the air as I ran. Inside the tent, Goldberg was already half dressed, his cartridge belt flung out on his bunk, his helmet rolling on the floor. Edwards sat on his footlocker, shaking violently, muttering over and over: "I don't understand. I don't understand."

Ten minutes later, a long line of U. S. soldiers snaked around the whitewashed walls of Company K's mess hall. Dressed to the nines, brass gleaming in the tropical twilight, garrison caps laced with the Signal Corps' orange braid, they waited patiently in front of the tightly shut screen door.

Gasser, an imposing figure in his usual spot at the head of the line, turned to me and whispered: "Watch for Banjo Ass." I nodded as a couple of Philistines from L Company slouched by in their rumpled fatigues, peering at us suspiciously. All around us, the mess halls of our sister companies were well into the ritual of dispensing their nightly beets and salmon loaf. Finally, the door to ours opened wide; a white-coated K.P. stood within.

"Gentlemen, the evening meal is served. If you will. . . ."

Gasser hesitated. His usual practice prior to this evening had been to hurl himself headlong into the mess hall, sneering as he went. Tonight was different. With a slight bow, Gasser shuffled in.

Our mess hall, like all the others, was lit by a long row of yellow light bulbs that hung from the ceiling, giving the place all the warmth and hominess of an IRT subway station at four A.M. For a moment after I had entered the hall, my eyes could not adjust to what lay within.

The entire place glowed with the soft, sensual flickering of candles casting dancing shadows on sparkling glassware. Linen tablecloths reflected the light of the flames onto the shadows of the ceiling. In a quiet voice, one of the K.P.s said to Gasser: "If you will select your table, we will begin serving."

"Serving? Oh, yeah, sure."

Adapting himself quickly to the situation, Gasser sauntered to our usual table halfway down the hall. In stunned silence, the rest of us filed in after him and took our seats. A new era had dawned. Two hundred and eighty-six men had begun an odyssey that none of them would ever forget.

A phalanx of white-liveried waiters placed crocks of a fragrant, fluffy substance on each table. At each place was an array of silverware that would have sufficed for the entire company: forks of varied sizes, several knives, a half dozen spoons of graduated capacities. Our waiter, placing a dish at the head of the table, said simply: "Gentlemen, your *pâté*."

Gasser, watching him leave, said to no one in particular: "Your *what*?"

Zinsmeister, who had been strangely silent throughout the day, finally spoke: "*Pâté de foie gras*, Gasser." He had been to college.

Goldberg perked up: "Patty de what?"

"*Foie gras*."

"What do you do with it?" asked Edwards in a shaky voice.

"Watch, you slobs," replied Zinsmeister in a voice redolent with sarcasm.

Selecting a short, flat-bladed knife from among his cutlery, he delicately scooped a small dab of *pâté* onto the plate before him. The K.P. suddenly reappeared, bearing a wicker basket lined with a snowy napkin. "Bread sticks and wheaten wafers, sir?"

Zinsmeister selected a nut-brown cracker, spread it with *pâté* and daintily began to nibble. "Hmmm," he mused. "Not bad at all."

Gasser went into action: "HOW



"By the way, do you have on a black garter belt? He's crazy about black garter belts!"

ABOUT PASSIN' IT DOWN!"

"Of course, Gasser. Excuse me. I was thoughtless." Zinsmeister passed the crock of *pâté* down the table toward our end, along with the wicker basket.

"What *is* this stuff?" asked Goldberg as he got a whiff of it.

"I told you, Goldberg—*pâté de foie gras*," said Zinsmeister patiently.

"But what *is* it?"

"This, Goldberg, is an age-old manner of preparing goose liver by force-feeding the goose, thereby enlarging and enriching the flavor of its liver. It is indigenous to the French. I might also add that this ranks with the finest *pâté* I have yet enjoyed. May I have another wafer, please?"

"Is it anything like chopped chicken liver?" asked Goldberg.

"*Pâté* resembles chopped chicken liver about as closely as champagne does celery tonic, Goldberg."

A totally inexplicable elegance had begun to permeate the fiber of our company. Gingerly, I tasted the *pâté*, and once again knew ecstasy beyond measure. The surrounding tables seemed to be undergoing the same transformation. Quiet, genteel conversation drifted over the plates. The waiters efficiently cleared away the crocks and placed shiny white bowls at each setting. Dye, who rarely joined our conversation, leaned forward: "Uh, oh. I knew it couldn't last. Now for some of Banjo Ass' elephant soup."

The waiter returned, carrying a large tureen, and carefully ladled some of its contents into Zinsmeister's waiting bowl. Zinsmeister nodded approvingly.

"Ah, vichyssoise."

"Yes, sir."

"Properly chilled, I trust?"

"Of course, sir."

"And the chives?"

"I'll be back directly with them, sir."

This little scene was not lost on the rest of us. The waiter neatly dispensed a bowlful of vichyssoise for each of us and left for the chives.

Zinsmeister quietly explained to the group: "Vichyssoise—a chilled cream soup prepared with leeks and the hearts of new white potatoes, boiled no longer than fifteen minutes. Although not properly a French dish, having originated at the old Waldorf, it was, nonetheless, refined to its present perfection by one of the master French chefs of the late 19th Century."

Although there are no actual records to prove it, this was probably the first time in the history of armed warfare that this kind of talk had ever been heard among enlisted personnel of any known army. Uncertainly, Goldberg began to spoon up some of the vichyssoise.

"Excuse me, Goldberg, old man," said Zinsmeister. "The wrong spoon."

From anyone else, Goldberg wouldn't have accepted the reprimand. But Zinsmeister had been, after all, first among us to make Pfc, and carried with him everywhere a strange collection of unreadable paperbacks. One night, tiring of my Donald Duck Big Little Book, he had lent me one of his—Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. I hadn't understood a word in it—even though it was in English—but I was impressed as hell. Zinsmeister wasn't one of us. But we now instinctively leaned toward him for guidance in these uncharted gustatory seas.

The vichyssoise scoffed down, our bowls were removed and the next dish placed before us. The waiter stated simply: "*Poulet sauté à la bordelaise*."

The snapping-hot casserole of chicken and what Zinsmeister informed me were artichoke hearts and shallots was beyond description. Side dishes of asparagus dabbed with a dollop of hollandaise accompanied the chicken. Gasser, forking in a bit of artichoke, said what all of us had been thinking: "I guess poor old Banjo Butt has had it. Did any of you notice those cooks back there in the kitchen?"

Indeed we had. Four swarthy men wearing crisp chef hats had appeared from time to time, speaking only to the waiters and staying well back in the kitchen, glimpsed occasionally as they hurried to and fro, working over the ranges. Edwards, relaxing after the stupendous entree, said: "Well, if ya gotta go, this is as good a way as any."

Dye, always fatalistic, added: "It can't last."

How right he was—but we had no time or inclination at that moment to brood over our fate, which we all assumed would be dark. The waiter had returned to our table.

"Dessert tonight, gentlemen, is *crème moulée au caramel*. Or, if you prefer, *petits fours*."

"How about a little of both, mac?" asked Gasser, speaking for all of us.

Indolently, we lounged over our dessert, as the candles sputtered low.



"But, Mother, I know what Dr. Spock says about diaper rash, and I don't know what General Hershey says."

La Bisquera

BROILS BIG STEAK FOR TWO!



...ESCLUSIVO—FROM ITALY!

makes top round taste like T-bone!

Delizioso new way to pan broil and tenderize

without fat, grease, water or softeners

La Bisquera, crafted by a patented process, of porous earthenware that draws off fat and bitter acids, while keeping meat, fish and poultry moist and succulent, simmering in their own natural juices. No condiments, no basting needed!

USE LA BISQUERA on top of any range—forget the oven. Broils fast over medium heat—never shrinks meat. Cleans easily. Order today—you'll lick your chops (and everything else you broil) or your money refunded!

LA BISQUERA—Complete with Simple Instructions and FREE: Continental Recipes—Only **$9.98** (plus 75c postage and handling)

Prompt Shipment. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Send check or money order—no C.O.D.'s
Send for FREE gourmet catalog.

MAISON MICHEL, ltd.
Dept. PL-128, Michel Bldg., New Hyde Park, N. Y. 11040

GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS

keeper of the keys

Ring the keys to your kingdom with the Playboy Key Chain in fine rhodium and black enamel. Use order no. JW10501, **$3.50.**



Please add 50¢ for handling. Please send check or money order to: Playboy Products, The Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

Statement of ownership, management and circulation (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Date of filing: September 26, 1968. 2. Title of publication: PLAYBOY. 3. Frequency of issue: Monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611. 5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, Jack J. Kessie, 1 E. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill. 7. Owner: HMH Publishing Co. Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Glenn L. Hefner, 1922 N. New England, Chicago, Ill.; Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chicago, Ill.; Keith Hefner, 10104 Angelo View Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; Victor A. Lownes III, 45 Park Lane, London W. 1, England; Arthur Paul, 1520 Forest Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Eldon Sellers, 120 St. Germain, San Francisco, Calif.; Jane Sellers, Ripley Neck, Harrington, Maine; Burt Zollo, 2209 Sandy Lane, Wilmette, Ill. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 10. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total no. copies printed, 5,967,116; B. Paid circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 3,930,526, (2) Mail subscriptions, 1,195,497; C. Total paid circulation, 5,126,023; D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, 24,079; E. Total distribution, 5,150,102; F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 817,014; G. Total, 5,967,116. Single issue nearest to filing date: A. Total no. copies printed, 6,189,098; B. Paid circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 4,099,475, (2) Mail subscriptions, 1,244,692; C. Total paid circulation, 5,344,167; D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, 30,859; E. Total distribution, 5,375,026; F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 814,072; G. Total, 6,189,098. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete: Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager.

The *crème moulée au caramel* melted in the mouth, its subtle vanilla flavor contrasting nicely with the black coffee. Zinsmeister stretched lazily and asked, "Would any of you enjoy a stroll before we turn in?" Out in the night air, we discussed the eventful day on our way back to the tents, where we lay on bunks wondering whether we had all died and waked up in heaven. Gasser, stretched out under his mosquito bar, looked up at the black-canvas ceiling, humming to himself. Goldberg, squatting on his footlocker polishing his shoes, burped softly. Zinsmeister, puffing a cigar, said: "You know, Goldberg, belching is a sign of appreciation for hospitality among the Arabs."

Goldberg grunted contentedly and continued polishing. A disquieting sense of well-being—premonitory of sure disaster—had come over all of us.

Before the last notes of reveille had died out at 4:45 the next morning, a jostling throng of draftees—headed by Gasser—was jogging double time down our company street; it looked like the first lap of an Olympic marathon.

We were not disappointed. Breakfast was even more superb than the day before: eggs Portuguese, *crêpes aux fraises flambées*, baked Canadian bacon and delectable hot pecan honey buns heaped with butter. Lunch? Madras curry with mango chutney, endive with vinaigrette dressing, glacéed pineapple wedges and Turkish coffee. And so it went—meal after meal, day after day. By the end of the month, Company K had been transformed. No longer did we spend hours in our pyramidal tents chewing on Mr. Goodbars. No longer did we rush into town on the weekends to gorge ourselves on sodden cheeseburgers and Dr Peppers.

Of course, not everybody in Company K was ready for the good life. I began to realize that the lower orders among us will not be ready until the wheels of evolution have spun a full circle once or twice again. One night at dinner, Elkins, our fearless jeep driver and a primitive of the first order, yelled in fright: "THEM GODDAMN PANCAKES IS ON FIRE! THE WHOLE GODDAMN PLACE IS GONNA GO UP!" as he flailed his arms in a futile attempt to beat out the lovely blue flame that flickered over a magnificent serving of steak Diane.

Another night, Pfc. Hulbert Ledbetter snarled, "This lousy sissy food makes my butt ache!" as a *soufflé au Grand Marnier* was placed before him. Some people are just natural Jell-O eaters. They were a shunned minority, dimly aware that the others saw something in these exotic foreign concoctions that totally eluded their concrete palates. But the classic meat-and-potatoes Neanderthal, like the Norwegian rat, is a hardy specimen and no doubt will survive long after

The sun can do anything that a Sperti does... except tan you at night, tan you indoors and turn itself off.





More people buy Sperti Sunlamps than all others combined

Sperti SUNLAMP

Sperti Sunlamp Division
Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

FREE!

WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRONIC KIT CATALOG!



The latest edition . . . with more kits and more color. Includes over 300 kits for unique creative fun at 50% savings. You can build your own color TV, stereo system, electronic organ, home protection system, portable and shortwave radios, ham and CB equipment, marine electronics and many more. No special skills or knowledge needed. Millions of others have done it already — you can too! Mail the coupon today and see how easy it is.

HEATHKIT

Heath Company, Dept. 38-12 CL-337
Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022
Please send FREE 1969 Heathkit Catalog.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____



There's an art to being a Bunny—but it's an art that will reward you with Playboy's glamorous surroundings, fascinating people, travel opportunities and top earnings if you're attractive, the proper age (see listing below), married or single. And, during your first 90 days as a Bunny, you are guaranteed at least $2.50 or $3.00 an hour (rate dependent on Club location). Be part of the "in" life—don rabbit ears and cottontail for a happening you'll never forget! Contact the Bunny Mother in The Playboy Club nearest you.

ATLANTA, Inntown Motor Hotel; *BALTIMORE, 28 Light St.; PLAYBOY OF BOSTON, 54 Park Sq.; *CHICAGO, 116 E. Walton St.; CINCINNATI, 35 E. 7th St.; DENVER, Radisson Denver Hotel; *DETROIT, 1014 E. Jefferson; KANSAS CITY, Hotel Continental; *LAKE GENEVA, Lake Geneva, Wis.; LOS ANGELES, 8560 Sunset Blvd.; MIAMI, 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; *NEW ORLEANS, 727 Rue Iberville; *NEW YORK, 5 E. 59th St.; PHOENIX, 3033 N. Central Ave.; ST. LOUIS, 3914 Lindell Blvd.; SAN FRANCISCO, 736 Montgomery St.

*18 is minimum age. 21 is minimum in all other Clubs.

Build Authentic Models of
U. S. S. Bounty
and other History-Making Ships

Kits make Treasured Gifts
A real collectors' piece, 22" long by 17" high fully shaped hull and parts, tapered masts, all fittings, detailed instructions. Build the ship made famous in story and movie. $39.95 ppd.



(not plastic or Balsa)

WHITWORTH GUN



Build the British 12 pounder used by Union and Confederate Forces. Solid brass barrel 9½" long. Only $10.50 ppd.

MERMAID FIGUREHEAD
Rich color decoration and warm wood staining set this molded ship's figurehead off on its golden fiddlehead. Weather resistant. Includes wood bracket for wall hanging. 32" high. Price $44.95 ppd.



MARINE PRINTS FOR FRAMING, SCRIMSHAW JEWELRY, BRASS SHIP'S LAMPS, MOUNTED FLINTLOCK PISTOL, COMPLETED SHIP MODELS, MANY NAUTICAL ITEMS & GIFTS



Over 108 pages—ship and gun models, books, tools, accessories, filled with Nautical Treasures 75¢

MARINE MODEL COMPANY, INC.
Dept. P68, Holesite, Long Island, N. Y. 11743

the last recipe for *mousse au chocolat* has crumbled into dust.

While it lasts, however, the price of gentility comes high, even for those of us civilized enough to enjoy its rewards. A continuous stream of Company K enlisted men waddled over to the PX tailor shop to be measured weekly for alterations. First on trousers, then on shirts, until finally raincoats and even ponchos had to be let out. At least two guys I knew in the second platoon had to turn in their helmets.

But this was the least of our problems. Before the month was out, unfamiliar faces began to appear in the nightly line that waited for the next culinary triumph in Company K's mess hall—which, by this time, even Gasser had to admit was no longer being run by Banjo Butt. Sensing the danger of security leaks, we had clamped a top-secret lid on all information pertaining to the mess hall; somehow, the word had spread anyway, not to mention the aroma. But the air of L Company, M Company, P Company and O Company was still redolent with the unforgettable stench of burned pigbelly and charred string beans. Contrasted with the scent of *pot-au-feu* and *poisson farci à la florentine* that drifted past *our* latrine, it was obvious that something had to give.

A strict mess-line identity check was finally instituted. At every meal, our supply sergeant, who knew each man in the company by sight, name, rank, serial number and expanding neck size, ticked off each of us on a clipboard as we bounded into the mess hall. Inevitably, nasty scenes resulted when impostors were apprehended and heaved back out into reality. One incident was particularly poignant. An ashen, threadbare corporal from G Company was caught hiding in a GI garbage can, hoping for a few of our scraps. Even Kowalski felt sorry for him when the man was carried, weeping, back to his company and into the arms of his mess sergeant, who made Banjo Butt look like Brillat-Savarin.

Out of simple Christian charity, a few of us who had acquaintances in other companies would occasionally slip a bit of pastry or a small portion of *coq au vin* out to them—just enough to fan the rising undercurrent of resentment that began to overrun the entire camp. We no longer traveled singly after dark; the have-nots made no attempt to hide their bitterness.

Six weeks passed, then two months. Finally, another subtle change began to take place. I believe I was witness to the first hint that Company K hadn't really changed at all. It happened at the evening meal, by candlelight, of course. Gasser, in his usual place at the corner seat directly across from me, glared without warning at the subservient white-coated waiter and said in a voice dripping scorn: "This *côtes de veau à l'ardennaisse* is fit for Company P. Who the hell do you think we are?"

It tasted all right to me. But Goldberg grunted over his fork, "Yeah, it's rotten."

Taken aback, the K.P. said: "Sir? This is the first complaint we've——"

Zinsmeister, taking control, spoke up: "The juniper berries, you oaf!"

"Sir?"

"Here. Taste it."

Zinsmeister persisted, spooning up a portion of sauce for the K.P. to sample. Gingerly, he took a sip of the dark hot liquid.

Zinsmeister continued: "No decent *côtes de veau* can be made without four fresh juniper berries per serving."

The K.P. flushed in embarrassment, apologized and disappeared into the kitchen. From behind the swinging doors came a babble of excited voices, all shouting in different languages, then cursing—identifiable in any language—followed by the crash of dishes and the sound of a struggle. But no one emerged from the kitchen. The four new cooks and their special platoon of K.P.s remained men of mystery.

Sequestered in several tents apart from the general company area, they never mingled with mere mortals and rarely spoke unless spoken to. One of them, a tall, gaunt, storklike man, wore a red bandanna knotted about his neck. Another, a completely round man with heavy jowls and cold, beady blue eyes, could be heard late at night humming strange tunes as he prepared his fragrant *croissants*. The third—short, wiry and blue-jawed—seemed to be carrying on a constant muttered argument with himself; he carried a cleaver in his left hand, always. The fourth, a Sidney Greenstreet type with a great black drooping mustache, once refused to open the mess hall for a good half hour after chow call because his lobster soufflé had fallen. He cried a lot.

Endless speculation about who they were and why Company K had hit the jackpot went on night and day. Edwards was sure they had been sent to fatten us up for the kill. It was Gasser's considered opinion that they were spies, since (1) they acted suspicious, (2) they kept to themselves and, especially, (3) they weren't even Americans. "Nonsense," said Zinsmeister. "It must be some kind of experiment in psychological warfare." Goldberg just ate, content to leave such speculation to his betters.

The real secret did not come out until the night of the Big Raid. There are many versions of what actually happened on that unforgettable night; most of them are fanciful. All I can say is that I was there and I saw it with my own eyes.

It had been a bad day around the SCR 545. First the overload relays in

the power supply had shorted out when a smuggled can of beer had overturned into one of the generators, setting off a spectacular fireworks display and throwing Lieutenant Cherry into a rage, during which he became the first officer in military history to demote a buck private. Then the dipoles had to be retuned when an albatross laid some eggs in the radar dish during the night. To make matters worse, the Signal Air Warning crew hadn't even picked up her pip coming in—a fact that battalion headquarters would have found enormously reassuring. For the rest of the afternoon, Cherry stalked back and forth, grinding his teeth audibly and hurling an occasional handful of pebbles at us—laughing when he bounced one off a helmet—as we pretended to man our dials and switches, which had long since ceased to function, because the batteries had gone dead.

But the travail of the day was forgotten by evening, for supper that night was unquestionably the topper of them all, and we had seen some great meals. Trauma, sadly, has blotted out my memory of the menu, but just recently I remembered that the dessert—*pêches cardinal*, with its touch of kirsch garnished with *crème Chantilly*—had brought tears to my eyes. Even Gasser was satisfied.

We were lingering over coffee, a brew that resembled ordinary GI Java about as closely as Twinkies resemble baked Alaska. Ordinarily, it was an unpretentious espresso; but tonight it was a tart, aromatic mocha laced with a hint of crushed vanilla husk. Zinsmeister had just touched a match to the end of an elegant Cuban panatela, a nightly ritual he had lately begun to affect. Between puffs, he had taken to regaling us with an after-dinner anecdote or two, like the one about how Elkins, drowsing at his post, had inadvertently touched the wrong feed line on the 545, thus blasting his tin hat ten feet into the air and resulting in the sudden disappearance of his eyebrows. Or the one about Corporal Chester L. Dumwetter's attempt to wangle six successive three-day passes in order to visit his ailing sister, who had taken up residence in a trailer outside the camp, where she was dying of an unnamed disease. When Dumwetter returned from the trailer one day with the news that he had contracted the same disease as his sister, Lieutenant Cherry suspiciously sent him to the medic for a checkup; but sure enough, it was true. Private Dumwetter spent the next month scrubbing down the latrines with a toothbrush. It was the kind of small talk that made life in Company K so rich and rewarding.

Chuckling benignly, Zinsmeister allowed the aromatic blue smoke to trickle from his nostrils. Gasser munched on a salted almond, while Goldberg tried to launch a Brazil nut on the rose petal that floated in his finger bowl. I was just about to remark that I had heard a rumor that beginning next week, Company K would be served post-prandial brandies and, in fact, had just opened my mouth to speak, when it happened.

CA-RRAASHH!

We sat frozen for a long moment. I think all along we had secretly felt, each in his own way, that something like this was going to come sooner or later. It was too good to last. Our life of decadent sensuality had been an invitation to retribution from one quarter or another.

Zinsmeister's cigar hung suspended between his fingers. Gasser, the first to recover, finally blurted: "It's them goddamn bastards from Company M!" A large rock had been hurled through a window screen and scored a direct hit on Dye's *crème aux framboises*. It was the first salvo of a military engagement that was destined to eclipse the exploits of the Six Hundred riding into the valley of death.

A dull roar of angry voices surrounded the entire mess hall. By now, most of us were on our feet, ready for anything. The rest, including Goldberg, had dived under the mess-hall tables, taking their desserts with them. Another rock bounced through a window, narrowly missing a burnt-almond seven-layer cake one of the chefs had thoughtfully prepared for the second platoon. In the guttering candlelight, two K.P.s raced toward the main entrance in an attempt to head off the coming tidal wave; but it was too late.



"I suppose it was inevitable. Seven o'clock, 'The Wonderful World of War.'"

A flying wedge of emaciated, fatigue-clad figures charged through the door, supported by flanking waves of screaming hostiles crashing through the window screens, invading our sanctuary as the barbarians must have hit Rome, sacking and bellowing lustily as they roared into action. I caught a glimpse of two long-lines repairmen from Company M snarling at each other over a tray of brandy *éclairs*. A swarthy tech sergeant rushed back out into the night, lugging a five-gallon jar of crème de menthe maraschino cherries under one arm and a brace of cold capons with wild-rice stuffing under the other. Elkins, outraged at this sacrilege, tackled a wiry Pfc. who was attempting to make off with a large tin of almond paste and a succulent strawberry *torte*. They fell heavily to the floor—on top of the *torte*—the almond paste oozing out in a rich tidal wave as both men slid under a table. Gasser, his deep-seated hatred for Company M suddenly unleashed, threw a vicious body block—he had been an all-star defensive tackle before his Company K days—at a corporal who was frantically attempting to escape with a large tray of cream puffs prepared for our before-bed snack. The corporal grunted as Gasser hit him, the tray spinning high overhead and spraying cream puffs over a radius of 15 yards or more.

Zinsmeister, carefully balancing his cigar on the edge of our table, stood up quietly, took aim and carefully belted a

passing motor-pool private across the back of the neck with a stalk of stuffed celery. The private whirled in rage—just in time to get a slab of Key lime pie in his left eye. He went down in a heap, skidding across the floor through a pool of marmalade. I was impressed. Zinsmeister had always seemed to me a man of peace.

From somewhere up near the front of the hall, a hoarse voice shouted: "FER CHRISSAKE! HERE COMES P COMPANY!"

Fresh troops had been hurled into the fray.

Unfortunately, months of easy living had taken their toll on Company K. The taut muscles of P Company's shock troops, who had been living off K rations and cigarette butts for over a year, were the final stroke that broke our last line of resistance. Like a school of hungry tiger sharks, they raged through the dining room into our beloved kitchen, frenziedly gulping heavy cream—we no longer used plain milk in our coffee—and wildly stuffing themselves with leftover Danish pastry. The hysterical chefs—with the exception of the short, angry one, who had just missed a fleeing figure with a misaimed cleaver shot—cowered, screaming in three Mittel-European languages, behind our huge breadbox, which was being systematically rifled of its anise loaves, fresh rye, magnificent pumpernickel and delicate French breads.

Teams had apparently been organized. Three Pfcs. passed Smithfield hams, decorated with pineapple rings, into the darkness, where waiting hands spirited the booty into the boondocks. Gasser, incensed at the sight of the pillagers working with such audacity, charged and grasped the leg of a superb baked turkey just as it was about to depart into the darkness; outside in the night, the unseen looters fought back, finally disengaging it with a judo blow to the wrist. Gasser fell to the floor in pain and shouted for a medic.

As I left through a window in the rear, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a 200-pounder from P Company staggering under a giant load of canned artichoke hearts and fragrant wheels of brie; around his neck was a heavy garland of *saucisson*; the four-foot Florentine salami stuck in his cartridge belt made running difficult, but he moved like a streak. Fatigue cap low over his eyes, he looked like a delicatessen with feet. All around him, other scurrying wraiths carted off armfuls of bounty, leaving a wake of Norwegian sardines, pickled capers and candied dates.

Amid the melee, Lieutenant Cherry's jeep skidded to a stop before the mess hall. Without leaving the car, he stood up and surveyed the scene, white-faced and inscrutably expressionless. A slab of *baklava* squished against the jeep's hood as the moiling rabble surged around him. For a moment, a look of weary resignation passed over his face; then he sat down, adroitly ducked a flying *petit four* and took off in the direction of battalion headquarters.

Three minutes later, the first wave of MPs hit the beach, white helmets shining, whistles screaming as they waded in. The mob scattered like rabbits, stampeding into the darkness and back to the relative safety of their tents—or into the swamps. A great cheer resounded among the beleaguered men of Company K as the MPs swung into action. It was the first *pro*-MP sentiment I had ever heard expressed in the Army by enlisted personnel. And the last. A historic moment.

Almost on cue, as the last looter fled into the night, the skies blackened and a tropical deluge roared down, turning the street into a river of melted whipped cream and *sauce Béarnaise*. Company K's days of glory were over. At the time, we were not aware with what finality they were over, but it was just as well.

An hour or so later, back in our tent, we talked it over. The pounding of a Florida cloudburst on the sloped roof of an Army tent, once heard, is never forgotten. Over the din, Gasser shouted: "HOW 'BOUT THEM SONS-ABBITCHES?"

Goldberg, stretched out on his bunk, chuckled: "Did you see that skinny buck sergeant trying to run through the bushes with all those hams hanging on him? And then, when they threw him in the wagon, how he went limp?"

The rain roared on as we hashed over the wild night. I was scratching away at my heat rash when it occurred to me that one of our little band was missing. Raising my head, I peered through my mosquito bar. I could see Gasser's cigarette glowing in the dark.

"Hey, Gasser," I called. "Did they pinch Zinsmeister?" Gasser didn't answer.

Edwards piped up: "I saw him take off into the bushes. I think he got away."

Silence descended on our tent, except for the thudding rain. A few minutes later, the tent flap opened with a rush of water and in stepped Zinsmeister, soaking wet and smelling faintly of mayonnaise. In the dark, he removed his waterlogged combat boots and portentously made his announcement: "Well, are you interested in the truth, men?"

Several bunks creaked inquiringly. We all knew a rhetorical question when we heard one.

"I have just come from a revealing conversation with a close friend of mine up at battalion. I cannot reveal his name, for fear of reprisals."

Gasser snorted derisively: "Can the crap, Zinsmeister!"

"Very well—but I don't know whether you guys are ready for this."

"Ready for what?" I asked.

"Company K has been the subject of an interesting experiment, men."

We waited as he peeled off his soaked uniform, milking the suspense for all it was worth. "I have found out about those cooks."

Even Dye was listening now.

"Have you ever wondered what happens to the head chef of the Waldorf or the pastry chef from the Ritz-Carlton when he gets drafted?"

"They make dogfaces out of 'em and probably teach 'em to drive trucks," said Gasser. "And when they draft truck drivers, they make 'em into cooks."

"No, Gasser," continued Zinsmeister. "When a man reaches the top in this exacting profession, that does not occur. He is carefully culled from the mob of draftees and put into a secret pool of *sauciers, pâtissiers, rôtisseurs* and fellow masters of *haute cuisine*." Zinsmeister loved flowery talk of the kind that maddens the yahoos. "Just such a group was sent to Company K for training in the field, working with GI equipment and personnel, before further assignment."

Gasser, now all ears, sat up on his bunk. "Further assignment *where?*"

"The kitchen of a high-level general, let us say. Perhaps the Joint Chiefs."

Gasser toppled back into his bunk and grunted. "Jeezus Keerist."

"D'ya mean that's the kind of stuff generals *always* eat? Them burnin' pancakes and everything?" asked Elkins with awe.

"Yea, verily, Elkins. The lucky ones."

Each wrapped in his own thoughts, our humble little band of Pfcs. lay silently in our bunks. After staring at the dark shadow of my mosquito bar for about an hour, I finally dozed off, returning to half-consciousness only briefly, when I heard the sound of a couple of trucks roaring off into the night. Then silence. I lay half dreaming, then became aware of a familiar sound amid the pelting rain. I sat up in the dark.

"Hey, Goldberg," I whispered.

"Shhh." He was listening, too.

Heavy footsteps of an unmistakable tread clumped along the duckboards, moving in the direction of the latrine.

"You know, I'd swear——" whispered Goldberg.

He stopped in midsentence. I sniffed the air. Once, twice. "Goldberg, do you smell what I smell?"

In a low voice he answered, "Yeah, S. O. S.!"

"Banjo Butt is back!" I hissed.

We both knew that aroma as one knows the warp and woof of one's own life. Goldberg sank back heavily on his bunk. We were back in the Signal Corps. The rain trickled down the tent pole and spread in a widening puddle beneath my bunk as I cried myself to sleep.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH LARRY SIEGEL

WE'RE IN LAS VEGAS AGAIN ... MECCA OF GAMBLING, NAKED SHOWGIRLS AND THE FOUR-MINUTE DIVORCE ... BUT IT ISN'T THE LAS VEGAS WE USED TO KNOW. TODAY, LAS VEGAS CAN BEST BE DESCRIBED AS A BODY OF LAND SURROUNDED ON FOUR SIDES BY HOWARD HEWS ... WHICH BRINGS US TO THE MATTER AT HAND -

MISS FANNY? ANY NEWS ON THE BIG BUSINESS MEETING BETWEEN DADDY BIGBUCKS AND HOWARD HEWS ?

IS IT TRUE THAT THEY'RE PLANNING ON BUYING UP ALL OF CALIFORNIA EAST OF ART LINKLETTER ?

H.H. HOT LINE

GLORY-OSKY... WHAT DO **I** KNOW ?

THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, SAHIB.

NO TELEVISION PEOPLE ALLOWED.

BUT I'M WALTER CRONK-

CLOP!

YI!

NO REPORTERS ARE ALLOWED.

BUT I'M DREW PEARS-

CLOP!

YI!

NO BUMS ARE ALLOWED.

BUT I'M DAD-

CLOP!

YI!

MASTER! A THOUSAND PARDONS FOR CLOPPING! WE DID NOT KNOW IT WAS YOU.

LET THE REPORTERS IN! LET THEM KNOW I'M BROKE! MY OIL HOLDINGS ··· MY NAPALM HOLDINGS ··· WIPED OUT!

I OWE HEWS

I OWE HEWS

HOWARD HEWS TOOK EVERYTHING. HE'S A FINANCIAL WIZARD. THANK GOD I STILL HAVE YOU ··· MY DEVOTED SERVANTS, EH?

TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER, MASTER.

YES, TOMORROW WE DEVOTED SERVANTS GO OUT AND FIND NEW JOBS!

WELL, I THINK THIS IS TERRIBLE, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE HOWARD HEWS A PIECE OF MY MIND!

Howard Hews

WANT ADS

-BUT ALL I WANT TO DO IS TELL MR. HEWS WHAT A TERRIBLE THING HE'S DONE TO A WARM, WONDERFUL BILLION-AIRE.

MR. HEWS IS DEATHLY AFRAID OF CONTAMINATION AND BEFORE YOU CAN ENTER THE INNER OUTER OFFICE, YOU MUST BE CHECKED FOR SCURVY, BERIBERI, ASIATIC FLU, DIPHTHERIA AND A BROKEN LEG-

COUGH, PLEASE.

HOWARD

YOU PASSED THE HEALTH EXAM ··· BUT THE DOCTOR FAILED. YOU MAY SEE MR. HEWS NOW. THERE'S A RUMOR HE'S IN THE REAL-ESTATE DIVISION.

I SAY WE TAKE A CHANCE AND GRAB ALL THE UTILITIES.

BUT FIRST WE MUST PUT THE SQUEEZE ON ALL THE SURROUNDING PROPERTY AND FORCE THEM TO SELL.

HEWS REAL ESTA

ARE YOU INSANE? WE COULD GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL AND LOSE ALL OUR HOTELS!
BE-SIDES, IT DOESN'T NECESSARILY GIVE US CONTROL OF MARVIN GARDENS.
IN THAT CASE, WE WIPE OUT MARVIN-
I WONDER IF I COULD SEE MR. HEWS!
SEE HOWARD HEWS? **NOBODY** SEES HOWARD HEWS.
YOU'RE WRONG. APPLEBY HERE HAS SEEN HIM.
IT WAS BACK IN '55. I SAW HIS RIGHT EAR AS HE DISAPPEARED AROUND A CORNER.
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK FOR HIM AT HEWS AIRCRAFT, WHICH IS JUST ACROSS THE ROAD?
SOLD
SOLD
GO TO
Chance
COLLECTION
USA

HEY, HOW ABOUT THESE NEW SWINGING WINGS HOWARD HEWS DESIGNED FOR OUR NEW AIRCRAFT.
FORGET THE NEW SWINGING WINGS! LOOK AT THE NEW SWINGING STEWARDESS HE DESIGNED.
EXCUSE ME, GENTLE-MEN, BUT HAS ANYBODY SEEN MR. HEWS-
I SAW HIS HAND ONCE. IT WAS STICKING OUT OF HIS CAR WINDOW PUNCHING A REPORTER.
YOU MIGHT FIND HIM AT THE MOVIE STUDIO ON THE NEXT LOT.
SPRUCE GOOSE-II
COFFEE
ASPIRIN
LUCKY INDY

QUIET ON THE SET! "SON OF THE OUTLAW," TAKE ONE!
I DON'T LIKE IT, MANNY. I HOPE MR. HEWS KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.
IF HOWARD HEWS DID IT WITH JANE BUSTLE'S TOP, HE CAN DO IT WITH JOAN TRESTLE'S BOTTOM!
I'M LOOKING FOR MR. HEWS. HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?
I SAW HIM IN A PHOTO-GRAPH ONCE.
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO HIS HOTEL OFFICE? THAT'S WHERE HE IS MOST OF THE TIME.
TAKE 74
3

HOWARD HEWS! I MUST TALK TO YOU!
I'M MR. HEWS' PUBLIC-APPEARANCE STAND-IN. IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO HIM, TRY NEXT DOOR.
HOWARD HEWS

— HOWARD HEWS ··· YOU **MUST** LISTEN TO ME!
SORRY, MISS, I ONLY TALK FOR HIM. I DON'T LISTEN.
IDIOT CARD #1

ARE **YOU** HOWARD HEWS?
HE ONLY LISTENS, MISS. HE DOESN'T TALK. HOW-EVER-

— WOULD YOU COME IN HERE, PLEASE.··· MR. HEWS WANTS YOU.
FINALLY! I'M ABOUT TO TALK WITH HOWARD HEWS!

TALK? WHO SAID MR. HEWS WANTS TO TALK? ··· MR. HEWS IS JUST **WILD** ABOUT PRETTY GIRLS!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OH, DIDN'T I TELL YOU? I MAKE LOVE FOR HOWARD HEWS!
HOLD IT! HE'S LYING! I MAKE LOVE FOR HOWARD HEWS!
WAIT A MINUTE! I MAKE THE LOVE!
YOU ALL LIE! I'M THE OFFICIAL LOVE-MAKER!
I MAKE THE LOVE!
ME!
I!
ME ME!
SHINE

GENTLEMEN! ATTENTION! WILL YOU ALL PLEASE LEAVE THE ROOM AT ONCE!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! IT'S HOWARD HEWS!

-REPORT- PRESIDENT'S ADVISORY COMMISSION on civil dis- order

AND NOW, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY, PLEASE GO THROUGH THE DOOR STRAIGHT AHEAD OF YOU AND COME INTO MY OFFICE.

... WHY, THERE'S NOTHING HERE EXCEPT-

-TEN PAIRS OF SNEAKERS ... A DOZEN SPORT SHIRTS, OPEN AT THE NECK, TWENTY BOXES OF KLEENEX, EIGHT VAPORIZERS, FIVE CANS OF CN AND A DEODORIZER! THIS **MUST** BE HOWARD HEWS' OWN PRIVATE OFFICE ... BUT **WHERE IS HOWARD HEWS?**

MY FIRST PLANE

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, MY CHILD.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! IT'S **DADDY BIG-BUCKS!**

-YOU SEE, ANNIE, HOWARD HEWS IS REALLY A CORPORATE FIGUREHEAD. HE LIVES IN THE PERSON OF A BOARD OF DIRECTORS. **MY** BOARD OF DIRECTORS! HE BUYS UP PROPERTIES FROM, SAY, DADDY BIGBUCKS, FOR CERTAIN, AH... TAX ADVAN-TAGES.

I TRUST MY LITTLE POOLSIDE CHARADE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEWS-MEN DION'T UPSET YOU.

ACTUALLY, THERE IS NO **REAL** HOWARD HEWS.

YOU MEAN HE'S LIKE SANTA CLAUS ... OR THE TOOTH FAIRY?

EXACT-LY, MY CHILD. C'EST MOI! C'EST MOI!

END

PLAYBOY
READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Ampex Recorder/Player	67	Jantzen Sportswear	36
AZTRAN Shoes by B. F. Goodrich	13	Jaymar Slacks	105
Bauer Cameras	63	Jiffies	69
"Botany" 500 Men's Clothing	60	Lear Jet Stereo 8	265
Bulova Watches	49	Lucien Piccard Watches	260
Burlington Cameo Hose	260	Mele Jewel Cases	62
Copymate by Transogram	45	Osterizer	84
Dodge Auto	4th C	Panasonic Radio	88
Fiat Auto	81	PBM Men's Clothing	64
Garrard Turntables	38	Pleetway Pajamas	64
General Electric Tape Recorder	85	Plymouth Auto	33
Golden Vee Shirts	50	Plymouth Shoes	63
G. W. Electronics	77	Remington Shavers	53
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles	23	Roberts Stereo Tape Recorder	68
Hathaway Shirts	265	Samsonite Attache Cases	65
Helbros Watches	233	Samsonite Suitcases	65
Hitachi Tape Recorder	20	Sawyer's Projector	37
Honeywell Pentax Cameras	34	Sony Radio	40
Hush Puppies	55	Sony Tape Recorder	11
Interwoven Socks	35	Timex	59
		Toshiba Electronics	239
		Uniroyal Tires	30-31
		Volkswagen Auto	47
		Winthrop Shoes	40
		Yashica Cameras	54

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

_____

_____

_____

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

USE CONVENIENT GIFT SUBSCRIPTION ENVELOPE, PAGE 61

SEND **PLAYBOY** EVERY MONTH



☐ 3 yrs. for $20 (Save $10.00)
☐ 1 yr. for $8 (Save $2.00)
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

_____
name

_____
address

_____
city state zip code no.

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

N370

SPECIAL ISSUE $1.25

NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S FIFTEENTH HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

U.S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS REAFFIRMS THE CONSTITUTIONAL SAFEGUARDS AGAINST THE EXTREMISTS OF "LAW AND ORDER"—**"THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL"**

CHARLES PERCY, JOHN LINDSAY, HARVEY COX, KENNETH TYNAN, EDWARD P. MORGAN, THEODORE SORENSON AND OTHERS CHART A COURSE FOR A MORE HUMANE AMERICA—**"THE DECENT SOCIETY"**

ART BUCHWALD—A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK STOCKTAKING OF THAT ANTEDILUVIAN ERA B.P.—**"THE DARK DAYS BEFORE PLAYBOY"**

SEAN O'FAOLAIN—THE LEADING IRISH WRITER PENS A POIGNANT STORY OF A DUBLIN LAD'S FIRST SEXUAL FORAY—**"THE TALKING TREES"**

MARTIN LUTHER KING, ARTHUR SCHLESINGER AND **BUDD SCHULBERG**—A FINAL TESTAMENT ON HUMAN JUSTICE BY THE ASSASSINATED CIVIL RIGHTS LEADER, PLUS PROBING PORTRAITS OF BOBBY KENNEDY AS MAN AND POLITICIAN—**"MARTYRS OF HOPE"**

HUGH M. HEFNER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, PUTS FORTH HIS PERSONAL CREDO IN A 15TH ANNIVERSARY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

LYTTON STRACHEY—A NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED RIBALD TALE, DESTINED TO BECOME A CLASSIC, BY THE EDWARDIAN BIOGRAPHER OF THE EMINENT VICTORIANS—**"ERMYNTRUDE AND ESMERALDA"**

FREDERIK POHL—PIECE BY PIECE, HE PROGRAMED HIMSELF INTO THE COMPUTER, UNTIL NOTHING WAS LEFT—**"THE SCHEMATIC MAN"**

P. G. WODEHOUSE—WHERE ARE THOSE WONDROUS GENTLEMEN'S GENTLEMEN OF YESTERYEAR?—**"THE LOST ART OF DOMESTIC SERVICE"**

ROBERT COOVER—A SILENT SCREAM FOR HELP GOES UNHEEDED BY ONLOOKERS DURING AN **"INCIDENT IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY"**

PLUS: A SWINGING LOOK-IN AT OUR NEW TV SERIES, **"PLAYBOY AFTER DARK"; "FIFTEEN YEARS OF AWARD-WINNING PLAYBOY ART"; "THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA: SEX STARS OF THE SIXTIES";** *PLAYBOY* ARTIST **LE ROY NEIMAN** AT **"THE BOLSHOI BALLET"; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "THE TWELVE MONTHS OF LOVE"**—A PORTFOLIO OF EROTIC JAPANESE WOODCUTS INTRODUCED BY **HENRY MILLER;** *PLAYBOY*'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD **FUTURISTIC COSTUME PARTY** AND A BRIMMING CORNUCOPIA OF GIFTS TO TOTE, DISPATCH OR PROMISE FROM THE **"NICK-OF-TIME SAINT NICK."**

COMING SOON: LUSH PHOTOGRAPHIC UNCOVERAGE OF **"THE GIRLS OF AUSTRALIA"** AND **"THE BUNNIES OF NEW YORK";** REVEALING PICTORIALS ON **VANESSA REDGRAVE, PAMELA TIFFIN, JULIE NEWMAR** AND THE ZANIEST, SEXIEST FLICK YET, **"CAN HIERONYMUS MERKIN EVER FORGET MERCY HUMPPE AND FIND TRUE HAPPINESS?"** STARRING **ANTHONY NEWLEY, JOAN COLLINS** AND PLAYMATE **CONNIE KRESKI;** FURTHER MISS-ADVENTURES OF **"LITTLE ANNIE FANNY";** *PLAYBOY PANELS* ON **"THE DRUG CRISIS"** AND **"HOMOSEXUALITY";** EXCLUSIVE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS* WITH **U.S. SENATOR WILLIAM FULBRIGHT, THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS, ALLEN GINSBERG, LEE MARVIN, GORE VIDAL** AND **BILL COSBY;** THE BEST WORKS OF THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS AUTHORS AND ARTISTS TO APPEAR IN ANY MAGAZINE TODAY, INCLUDING **IRWIN SHAW, U.S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, ROBERT GRAVES, KENNETH TYNAN, LEN DEIGHTON, HERBERT GOLD, ANTHONY BURGESS, NAT HENTOFF, JULES FEIFFER, CAREY MC WILLIAMS, JOHN DEMPSEY, WOODY ALLEN, ARTHUR C. CLARKE, GAHAN WILSON, J. PAUL GETTY, ALBERTO VARGAS, WILLIAM IVERSEN, KEN W. PURDY, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, RAY RUSSELL, LE ROY NEIMAN** AND MANY MORE.

ANTIQUE
BOURBON

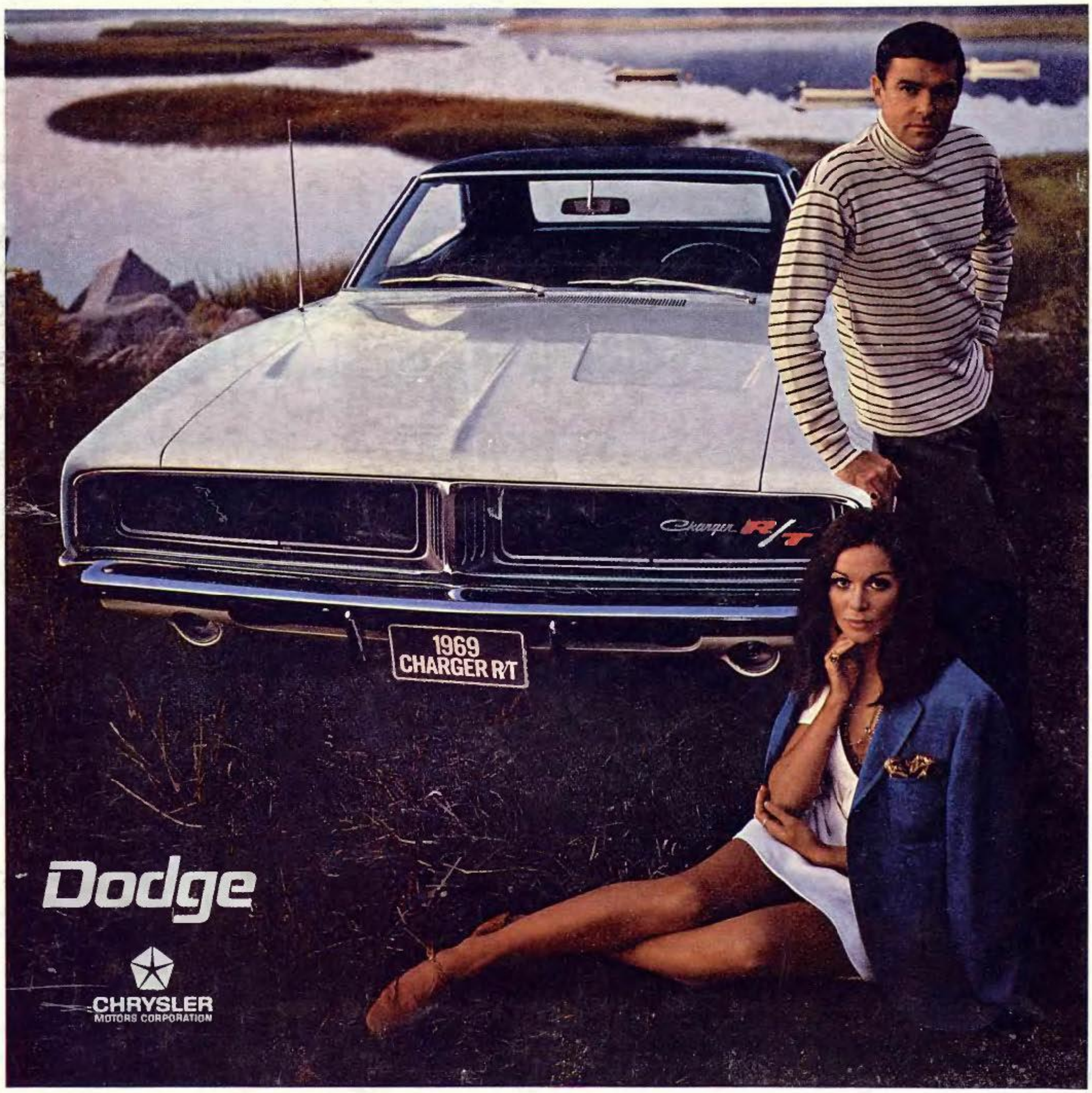
THE WATERPROOF BOURBON

Antique's got a real gift for pleasing people. A gem of a decanter —filled with true holiday spirits. The rare aroma of The Waterproof Bourbon can't be drowned by soda, mix or ice...or its rich flavor washed away. And that's quite a gift in itself.

ANTIQUE... undiluted pleasure



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 6 YEARS OLD • FRANKFORT DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



The Eternal Triangle.

You'd think Ralph's new love would have been curtains for me. I mean, it was all he talked about. Well, I learned to live with it. As it turned out, I think his new Charger R/T really brought us closer together. He's taught me how to shift the 4-speed synchromesh. He lets me pick out the stereo tapes. And clean the vinyl buckets. It's not all bad. He even mentioned marriage once.

DODGE *fever*

The Catch of The Year

Watch AFL football and the Bob Hope Comedy Specials on NBC-TV.