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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1968 • 75 CENTS

# PLAYBOY

*A 12-PAGE PICTORIAL ON THE GIRLS OF SCANDINAVIA*

*PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH*

*TRAVEL BY LEN DEIGHTON*

*ARTICLES BY SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS AND MAX GUNTHER*

*FICTION BY HERBERT GOLD AND HOKE NORRIS*

*HUMOR BY JOHN DEMPSEY AND MARVIN KITMAN*

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**PLAYBILL** OUR BEACHCOMBING COVER GIRL Jennie Wallace signals the sunny news that summer is, indeed, upon us—and previews the far-ranging pictorial and literary pleasures that are busting out all over in this June issue. Loaded with cameras and enthusiasm for their enviable assignment, lensmen Marvin Newman and Len Kovars journeyed to the north of Europe to pay a pictorial tribute to the Nordic miss in a 12-page photo essay on *The Girls of Scandinavia*. Reporting from balmier climes, Travel Editor Len Deighton, in *Hawaiian Aye!*, counsels the tour-ophobic traveler to escape the sometimes madding hordes of Honolulu by exploring the less-frequented and scenically splendiferous out islands.

A clear June day of yesteryear sent many a young couple drifting merrily down the stream in a pillow-padded canoe; but these days—as Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas shows in *An Inquest on Our Lakes and Rivers*—most such bodies of water are becoming so clogged with industrial waste, sewage and silt that a cruise on them is less than a delight. Justice Douglas presents the economic and aesthetic cases for reversing the trend. A trenchant writer whose chilling article about the attack on privacy marked his debut in these pages last December, the Washington State–bred jurist is a longtime and ardent conservationist.

In the past year, Max Gunther—an indefatigable reporter with wide-ranging expertise in those explosively expanding realms of science that impinge most directly on man and his world today and in the immediate future—has illuminated for PLAYBOY the far frontiers of sonics, computers and lasers; this month he focuses on the inner-space realm of DNA and RNA, the molecular controllers of life. In *Second Genesis*, he examines recent breakthroughs in research that may ultimately allow man to extend both his life span and his intelligence—and even to create a new breed of supermen. For those impatient even with the quickening pace of scientific progress, Marvin Kitman provides a sure-fire short cut to self-improvement with *How I Became a Renaissance Man in My Spare Time*. A two-time PLAYBOY author of antic forays into upward mobility (*The First National Fiduciary Cartel* and *Remember the Yavuz!*), Kitman charts a mixed-media correspondence course in instant culture.


GOLD


DOUGLAS


DEIGHTON


KITMAN


DEMPSEY


GUNTHER


NORRIS


SLADEK


NEWMAN KOVARS


DUGGIN

Fresh fictional variations on an age-old theme are played herein by PLAYBOY regular Herbert Gold, *Chicago Sun-Times* literary critic Hoke Norris and poet-professor John F. Nims. In this month's lead story, *Girl Getting Educated at Noon on Sunday*, Gold takes us inside San Francisco's acid-rock culture for a funky and funny glimpse of young love, hippie style; while Norris, in *Ghost*, ventures into the square world for an unflinching look at the grim double-breasted courting games corporate people sometimes play. And Nims versifies our *Ribald Classic* with an earthy translation of *Once in Auvergne*, a bawdy Provençal tale of lust in bloom.

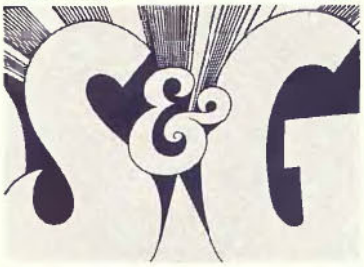
This month's interviewee, famed author-economist John Kenneth Galbraith, is no stranger to PLAYBOY readers. His *Resolving Our Vietnam Predicament*, in our December 1967 issue, was voted our best article that year. Galbraith—who is rarely disposed to sacrifice truth to modesty—says his PLAYBOY article was a decisive factor in crystallizing public opinion against the Vietnam war. "I've never written a magazine piece that provoked so much favorable comment," he told us. Galbraith's first novel, *The Triumph*, was published in April. The protean Harvard professor is now revising his second novel, slated for 1969 publication.

Rounding out our roster of June entertainment for men are John Sladek's *The Man from Not-Yet*, a reversionary sci-fi fable about a noted 18th Century lexicographer facing life in the 20th Century; Richard Duggin's *Gamma Gamma Gamma*, an intense story of brotherly hate among fraternity men; and John Dempsey's wickedly witty cartoon package, *The Lovers*. Sladek recently published a science-fiction novel titled *The Reproductive System* and is now editing *Ronald Reagan*, a poetry magazine so named because "Ed Sanders—the underground editor—used up all the other dirty titles"; Duggin teaches creative writing at the Municipal University of Omaha and tells us that, despite great chunks of time spent grading freshman compositions, he's making progress on a new novel; and Dempsey is presently a denizen of Laguna Beach, where he's practicing his credo of "drawing love, not war." All this—plus our annual superselection of *Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads*—adds up to a spirited celebration of summer.

vol. 15, no. 6—june, 1968

# PLAYBOY

Shore Things P. 85



Goodly Gifts P. 99

Scandinavian Girls P. 122

Dempsey's Lovers P. 92

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## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE


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And the beat goes on.
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Or maybe it's the economy and handling of a neatly mid-size car. The scat of a 273 V-8. The sport of an optional all-vinyl interior. It just may be Satellite's got a lot more going for it than the rest.
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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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## CANDID CAPOTE

Thanks to PLAYBOY for your outstanding and perceptive March interview with Truman Capote. Be it narrative journalism or fiction, Truman is brilliant, a true artist and a disciplined poet of emotions and characters.

Glenna L. James
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

After reading that *marvelous* interview with Truman, I think those who do not know him personally will find that they have a very different picture of him. I have known Truman very well for 15 years. He wears success better than anyone I know. He has never changed; most people would have. I think doing the film of *In Cold Blood*, going over the story again, was a terrible strain for him, as he was so fond of Dick and Perry. I saw the picture twice with him, and each time, I realized what a masterpiece it is.

I knew Papa Hemingway very well; I got married in his house in Cuba. I couldn't stand him! Truman and I have discussed him a great deal. I always say to Truman he was the biggest phony who ever came down the pike! He was really my husband's friend; besides that, he had a terrible character, was an awful bully, treated his children terribly and his wife Mary like hell! To me he was a conceited ass! My darling Truman has none of these qualities, and everyone who knows him adores him. I'm so happy that your magazine has published such a brilliant interview with him.

Mrs. Winston Guest
Roslyn, New York

*Mrs. Guest, one of the more effervescent of the Beautiful People, is a member of the best-dressed Hall of Fame.*

I'd like to praise PLAYBOY—and interviewer Eric Norden—for affording Truman Capote the opportunity to champion a greater role for psychiatry in the treatment of crime. In the last analysis, most crime is a manifestation of psychological aberration. Who, then, is better equipped to handle the problem than the psychiatrist?

Ralph Ginzburg, Editor
*Avant Garde*
New York, New York

I thought the interview with Truman Capote in your March issue was most interesting, intelligent and enlightening. Due to my position in the Kansas Bureau of Investigation, I became acquainted with Capote when he was here researching *In Cold Blood*. He is a brilliant and dedicated individual. His defense of the police against their critics—in this period of rising crime rates and exaggerated charges of police brutality—is commendable and indicates that he is a good citizen with common sense and integrity.

Alvin A. Dewey, Special Agent
Kansas Bureau of Investigation
Topeka, Kansas

As Capote says, homicide should be a Federal offense, since almost all homicide convictions mean years in Federal court after state-court litigation has been exhausted. As things now stand, it is possible to run through two or three proceedings in a state and three more in the Federal system. The money wasted and the load on counsel (since almost every homicide defendant goes bankrupt at some point in the chain of appeals) is sad, indeed. Equally sensible is Capote's suggestion that those convicted of murder be divided into two groups—salvageable and incorrigible—and dealt with accordingly. It is embarrassing to discover that as simple and thoughtful a plan as he has proposed comes not from the legal profession but from outside. I often think that the propensity of lawyers to rely heavily on the history and tradition of their profession sometimes emasculates their imagination—which is as valuable in this business as it is in any other.

F. Lee Bailey
Boston, Massachusetts

While I recoil from the prospect of fresh conflict, I really must correct certain flagrant misstatements in Truman Capote's version of the controversy that preceded publication of my book *The Death of a President*.

1. I did not break my agreement with Robert Kennedy. I scrupulously honored it. After four months of editing, he sent me a written release. He then participated actively in the negotiations that led to the *Look* serialization. Then came the rub. His sister-in-law—the President's

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widow—decided to veto him. But it was too late. Contracts had been signed; lawyers were lining up. Kennedy knows this, if Capote doesn't, and Kennedy and I remain on good terms today.

2. I did not get rich. At the outset of the task, I provided that my book royalties would be paid to the Kennedy Library. Actually, I'm still paying off debts that arose from the project. I'm not crying all the way to the bank, because I don't happen to be headed in that direction.

3. It is absurd to suggest that I was asked to write a "popular" book, while Arthur Schlesinger was to write a "definitive" account. As it happens, my academic qualifications and Arthur's are identical. He, Ted Sorensen and I were writing at the same time and were in constant communication.

4. Capote asserts that the Kennedys "*gave*" the book to me (his italics, I presume). If this means that the material was supplied to me, it is false. I developed my own resources, did my own research and paid my own expenses. Altogether, I conducted over 1000 interviews. To be sure, some members of the family talked to me. Others, understandably, found the prospect too painful.

Let me cite an example. Mrs. Kennedy assured me that her sister would be available for an interview, but her sister declined. To this day, I have never met Lee Radziwill. I believe Capote has. I propose that next time he feels like slandering me, he check with that lady.

William Manchester
Center for Advanced Studies
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Connecticut

That Truman Capote "believes" the Warren Report to be correct in all its essentials and to be flawed only by "minor technical errors and omissions" suggests that he is insufficiently acquainted with the Warren Commission's own records (the 26 volumes of the hearings and exhibits) and with the responsible critical literature. These establish indisputably that the Warren Report is deformed by deliberate misrepresentation and even alteration of fact, and that vital evidence, such as spectrographic test results and crucial films and photographs, remains suppressed, in some instances without even a pretense of legitimate purpose.

Capote's relegation of the critics of the Warren Report to the ranks of "vultures" who are looking for "an easy way to make a living" compounds his ignorance with malice. The critics include persons who were quite gainfully employed and even some of independent wealth; most of us are now poorer by substantial sums unhesitatingly spent in pursuit of a deeply held conviction that a shameful miscarriage of justice had to be reversed. But, like some other apologists for the Warren Report, Capote finds it easier to indulge in name-calling than to refute the facts brought to light by the critics.

I do not, of course, consider Garrison one of the critics of the Warren Report, notwithstanding his pretensions. Capote is quite correct in deeming the Garrison "case" nothing but "a lot of hot air," and I can endorse all of his remarks on this subject. Which proves that if anyone talks long enough, he is bound to say something sensible.

Sylvia Meagher
New York, New York

*Mrs. Meagher not only read the 26 volumes but indexed them. Her subsequent book, "Accessories After the Fact," has been widely praised for its meticulous research and scholarly objectivity.*

### COMPELLING *CHRONICLE*

George Byram's story, *The Chronicle of the 656th* (PLAYBOY, March), left me breathless. He put into words something I have dreamed about for years—going back in time to participate in the Civil War. While reading his story, I *was* transported back to 1864 and actually experienced events that had previously been only fantasies for me. It was a great story—the best ever in PLAYBOY.

Neal Growcock
Rantoul, Illinois

The Civil War short story by George Byram is, without question, the finest thing ever done on the War Between the States. It certainly belongs with the writing of Stephen Crane, Bruce Catton and Burke Davis.

S. L. Pruitt
Baltimore, Maryland

Byram's story is the most outstanding piece of fiction I have read in years. Living in the Pacific Northwest, I can only guess how readers below the Mason-Dixon Line are reacting.

Peter Gilliland
Olympia, Washington

George Byram's *The Chronicle of the 656th* was excellent.

William H. Howell
Fayetteville, Arkansas

If PLAYBOY has ever published fiction as intriguing or as engrossing as *The Chronicle of the 656th*, it is beyond my memory. The story was the best treatment of the time-transport concept I have ever seen. And the accompanying photograph by Chuck Wood was just as good.

M. J. Parish III
De Funiak Springs, Florida

George Byram's account of the 656th R. C. T. ranks with *Brave New World* and *1984*, not only in its spellbinding plot


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but in its high readability and thought-provoking plausibility. I have often wondered what would happen if, through some quirk of fate or nature, I were to find myself in San Antonio, Texas, on 23 February, 1836, with a few .50-caliber machine guns, grenades, mortars and B.A.R.s. Would those brave Texans have held the Alamo for 12 days, or would the Alamo have fallen on the first charge? I wonder. . . .

Pablo Rodriguez
United States Coast Guard Academy
New London, Connecticut

### *LETTER* WRITERS

Kenneth Tynan's *Open Letter to an American Liberal* (March) is the most important thing PLAYBOY has ever published. Many of your readers will disagree with it, but let them ask themselves if they have not been brainwashed by the American mass media. The outside world looks on with horror at what the U. S. is doing in Vietnam.

Eric Bentley
New York, New York

Tynan's *Open Letter* is absolutely smashing. One's old brain gets numbed from reading about the war—the Good Guys in the liberal weeklies, the daily dispatches in the newspapers. One almost feels past being stimulated on the subject. But Tynan's piece was brilliant, fresh and really said something. Besides, it adds to our knowledge: For me, at least, it was the first coherent account of the Stockholm War Crimes Tribunal that I have read in the U. S. press.

The only thing I did not agree with was his estimate of the possible effect of the English government disassociating itself from U. S. foreign policy. Tynan seems to say that protest in England is meaningless. On the contrary, such an action could have tremendous effect. English PLAYBOY subscribers: Help! Away from the Bunnies for the nonce and forward to Downing Street.

Jessica Mitford
Oakland, California

*Britisher Mitford is the best-selling authority on the American way of death, civilian style.*

Tynan's charge of our moral and political default in relationship to America's aggressive war in Vietnam is unassailable. But now, thanks to the indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock, all of us, no matter what our age, sex or where we live, can, if our consciences are moved, publicly meet and sign, as did Dr. Spock, "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority." (For relevant information, your readers can write to the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman Street, New York, New York, or 833 Haight Street, San Francisco, California.) I was particularly pleased by Tynan's reference to Mahatma Gandhi. Only through the understanding and application of nonviolent thought and action will we transform our world of archaic and aching barbarism into a place of human decency.

Joan Baez
Carmel Valley, California

Kenneth Tynan's March outburst was ridiculous. I myself do not agree with the Administration's Vietnamese policy, but his article was too much. First, I feel it was patently biased and, as such, served no useful purpose. It is a disservice even to those who oppose the war. War critics read it and—if they are gullible enough—believe it and feel smug. But if they see the flaws in Tynan's arguments, it makes them wonder if other arguments against the war are also flawed. And to one who backs the war, it is just so much garbled nonsense from those dirty Commies. Such journalism only serves to move the two camps farther apart and make intelligent dialog more difficult.

Martin E. Hellman
Stanford, California

What the United States needs desperately at this moment in history is advice from someone like Tynan. The English are so obviously in charge of their own affairs that we could do nought but profit from the wisdom and guidance of English literary critics.

John Hartmann
Roanoke, Virginia

I started to read Tynan's *Open Letter to an American Liberal* but by the second page, I was sick. Let Tynan go to Vietnam, as I did, let him *see* the starving children who have to hunt through garbage piles to find something that looks edible. As for the "Super Green Beret"—we have none. But we do have plenty of plain, ordinary Americans who are fighting to let that little starving child have a better place to live. These same people are donating their nickels and dimes for orphanages for that kid to live in and food for that kid to eat.

Nathan Oxhandler
Medina, Washington

### EDUCATIONAL ESPIONAGE

Frank Donner's March PLAYBOY article, *Spies on Campus*, does not exaggerate the extent and dangers of FBI and CIA interference on campuses. There is also another kind of danger, growing from the stupidity of the snoopers. Being what they are, they imagine that earnest citizens, ingenuous students and honest professors operate in the same context of secret conspiracy and subversion. Relying on dossiers and computers, they cannot recognize forthright political action. Thus, their "intelligence" on campus

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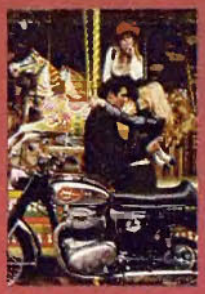

# MOVE...into the BOLD WORLD of BSA

Ferrari 250 LM
Courtesy
Hollywood
Sports Cars

dissent is similar to CIA "intelligence" on Vietnam—and equally misleading. The Government doesn't get the facts (assuming that it wants them), there is no communication, and the republic is torn to pieces. Most of us dissenters have been trying to save our country, and these fools are destroying it.

Paul Goodman
New York, New York

*As most everyone knows, Goodman is the author of "Growing Up Absurd"—among other books—and is an outspoken and influential critic of the American social scene.*

I read *Spies on Campus* thoroughly and fully support everything Donner said. It is a superb analytic and descriptive piece.

Charles Frantz, Executive Secretary
American Anthropological Association
Washington, D. C.

The gentlemen who work for the FBI and the CIA do so at what a PLAYBOY staff member would probably consider a small salary. They do so because of an old-fashioned thing known as dedication to their country. They are required to pass extensive tests that determine their mental stability, loyalty and character. I doubt that PLAYBOY has any such requirements for employees or for the writers who take editorial pot shots at these dedicated men.

Thomas A. Hulsey
Houston, Texas

**KING CHARLES**

May I say a very sincere thanks to the PLAYBOY staff and most of all to the very dedicated readers who elected me to the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame (PLAYBOY, February). Other than being quite honored by this great tribute, I also hope sincerely that my election to the Jazz Hall of Fame will serve as an inspiration to some of the great and deserving young talent that is coming forth today.

Ray Charles
Los Angeles, California

**FUNNY *WORLD***

May the naked nates of Nefertiti (or Nofke Titi, her illegitimate *soror*) be reflected in the shimmering light of a Lithuanian laser in honor of Willie Feinberg's March PLAYBOY entry, *Willie's World*. Funny cat! I admiringly place a silver salver of diced anti-Semites at his Dr. Scholl's–treated feet.

Sol Weinstein
Levittown, Pennsylvania

*Creator of Secret Agent Oy Oy Seven and master of reserved understatement, Weinstein recently added "You Only Live Until You Die" to his trench-coat-and-chicken-soup tales of international intrigue.*


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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

We had a visit the other day from a friend just back from a consulting job for a computer company that's working on the development of translating machines. This man isn't an electronics wizard, he's a professional, multilingual translator, who not only has done simultaneous translating for various Government agencies but enjoys a degree of distinction among the literati and *cognoscenti* as a sensitive translator of poetry. He said he had mixed feelings about his consulting stint—as though he had been hired to help dig his own occupational grave. But, he said, he felt pretty safe for the nonce, because the almost-human translating machines were really pretty badly hung up with puns, heteronyms (words spelled alike but different in sound and meaning), homonyms (words that mean different things but are pronounced alike) and those words that have different meanings when differently accented in speech, as, for example, the word "perfect," which, when stressed on the first syllable, is an adjective and, when stressed on the second syllable, is a verb.

After saying farewell to our friend, we thought with some sadness about dejobbed translators and with dubious forebodings about automation in general and whether some music might not be lost in a literally exact electronic translation of a lyric poem—or a Cole Porter lyric. Then we had an idea: To compose the following scenario, contrived to contravene creeping automation in our friend's profession and maybe to louse up and render neurotic the electronic monster that threatens him.

To consummate his desire to perfect his skill, the violinist practiced 12 hours per day, then gave a consummate performance that the critics proclaimed perfect. Please note for the record that he was able to record an entire sonata on the very first try without missing a note, thus proving he could produce a recording that would be valuable produce for record stores and garnering applause for his conduct from the man whose job it was to conduct the orchestra. In the framework of world events, this may loom as a minute accomplishment, but a minute of thought will show that in its own way, this accomplishment looms large. After all, the real feat of recording a whole reel perfectly—all 1000 feet of it—compares favorably with the production, by a man seated at a loom, of a 1000-foot perfect carpet. The bare facts bear this out. There was no brake upon his talent, nor did he break pace or tempo. He knew he was good, but this new feat provided objective confirmation that he'd attained his objective. Even the most cantankerous critic could not object to the object lesson presented by the present case in point; i.e., the master reel of tape that proved this Polish virtuoso was master of his instrument as well as a man of polish who could make tears well from the eyes of his hearers. Well, he was given the reel as a present by the president of the record company, the answer to whose pleas for perfection was so prompt. Nobody had to prompt our friend the violinist: He had heard the pleas and was out to please (when he wasn't out to lunch) and he did. Concerted efforts produced a concert of true excellence. In truth, this Pole could have won a popularity poll (though not a pole vault), if he'd been willing to commercialize his talents, and could have put a lot of money in the vault, willing it to his heir, a tone-deaf and humdrum lad who couldn't hum a simple air or drum a simple rhythm. But that's something else again. (Not Else, however, the Pole's Finnish wife: their marriage was destined to finish in divorce.)

A paroled former convict, who was the former of a music-appreciation club, was here after he went to hear the virtuoso play and commented on the musician's modesty. Even this cynical convict could not convict the man of insufferable pride. "The music hit me like a club," said the founder of the music club; "I found it moved me to tears. When I realized what was happening, I said to myself, 'That tears it.' He really made me lower my guard."

In the interest of veracity, however, he did not lower his guard at all. As it turned out, it was the turn of his turnkey to take a break at that time, and he was on the fourth story of the jail, the top floor, holding forth on the art of top-spinning, but that's another story, albeit a topping one—one of two yarns, in fact, that he liked to spin; but this second one is too long to tell, since it takes more than a second.

At any rate, the reformed, club-forming former convict subsequently inherited a fortune, went straight and true blue, once he was out of financial straits, and bought a mansion (overlooking the Straits of Gibraltar) complete with swimming pool, from which he emerged one day blue with cold, blew out his breath and conceived this idea: to get several people together to pool their resources and put on a music fair, with refreshments that would bid fair to be the finest fare ever served, and to pay a fee and plane fare for the virtuoso to appear as guest of honor. As it happened, he threatened the musician with harm if he did not accept, which was not an act of honor. "I admit that was dirty pool," he said.

It was more than that, for the virtuoso got the cops after him; and though the papers said, "EX-CON COPS PLEA," his Honor the judge, taken aback by this last act in the drama, poked the man back in the pokey.

He asked for a pardon, but the judge said no. Now, he doesn't know which end is up. But it's not up to him to unravel the knot. If you long for this long tale to tail off, your wish is granted. The end.

Anyone interested in joining the losing Battle Against Automation can take it from here at express-train speed, for the English language abounds in delightful puns, heteronyms and homonyms that might have been devilishly invented for the express purpose of confounding translating machines. In fact, from it you can compound the perfect compound for compounding the machines' confusion—consummately.

•

*The Harvard Crimson* reports that the Harvard-Radcliffe Sexual Freedom League

disbanded somewhat prematurely after 15 eager males—and no girls—showed up for the first meeting. The organizer of the group, a Harvard sophomore, noted with some regret, "That's just not the type of sexual freedom I had in mind."

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Incidental Maritime Intelligence: In England, it is unlawful to sell a second-hand anchor to anyone under 16 years of age before eight A.M.

•

Aspiring artists who want to put their all into their work should look into Figure Class I offered by the Tucson, Arizona, Art Center. According to the brochure, the class is "a studio course working directly from the human figure. . . . Instruction on an individual basis according to proficiency of the individual. Anyone wishing to take advantage of the model without instruction may do so."

•

For the status-conscious adman who has everything but an office with a view, a Chicago mail-order firm offers a window-framed, window-sized photograph of Madison Avenue, as it would be seen from inside a high-rise office building.

•

A funeral home in the nation's capital boasted, via an advertisement in *The Washington Daily News*, that it "has been recommended many times by those we've served."

•

A boost in morale is in store for the wards of the late Father Flanagan's famous rehabilitation center, if we can judge from the bumper sticker a friend observed on a New York car: HELP SEND A GIRL TO BOYS TOWN.

•

While a packed house watched *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Young Dillinger* in a Des Moines movie theater, bandits held up the box office and absconded with $500.

•

*La Dolce Vita:* Swensen's ice cream shop in Monterey, California, ran an ad in the *Herald* that unabashedly declared: "52 fantastic flavors to choose from. Everyone made with loving care right on the premises."

•

*They Said It, We Didn't, Department:* The *Chicago Sun-Times'* Sunday women's tabloid supplement, called "Feminine Angle," boasts a recently added column called "All About Dogs."

•

Kinky sign of the times chalked on a wall at 49th Street and Ninth Avenue in New York: DIAL-A-BEATING 441-1212.

•

We'd be the last to hint that Art Kunkin, editor of the underground *Los Angeles Free Press*—a paper that vehemently opposes the establishment—is


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wavering in his struggle; but we must report that he now makes his employees punch a time clock.

•

Travelers, beware: The Municipal Code of Colombo, Ceylon, decrees that "No person shall willfully molest, obstruct, interfere with or disobey the legitimate order of any attendant, watcher or custodian of any public latrine, whilst in the execution of his duties."

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The corporate credibility gap has been widened by the little-known fact that the Chicago office of the Otis Elevator Company is located in a one-story building.

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A recent issue of *Roads and Streets* featured a full-page ad arrestingly headed "JACKSON PRESENTS—THE 'GANGBANG' ATTACHMENT." Further reading, disappointingly, revealed that it's a road-surfacing-machine attachment designed to mix soil and asphalt in one operation.

•

Fictional sleuth Sherlock Holmes still receives mail from all parts of the world addressed to 221B Baker Street, reports the London *Times*. Of the various countries clamoring for his keen eye and brilliant powers of deduction, Poland is in the vanguard—with 97 letters sent to date. Perhaps they want him to track down the blackguard who started the Polish-joke craze?

•

Our Killjoy of the Month Award goes to California's San Jose Airport, which threatened to revoke Holiday Airlines' landing permit unless it abandoned plans to use topless cocktail waitresses on its flights from San Jose and Oakland to Lake Tahoe. Airline manager Harry Ogden complained, "I don't know why they got so upset. The girls wouldn't have gone topless until we were airborne."

## BOOKS

Lawrence Durrell writes novels the way many tourists recount their travels—passing around snapshots, holding up souvenirs, describing quaint places and eccentric people. In *Tunc* (Dutton), a novel written in a style Proust might have adopted to parody the dictionary, Durrell moves from Athenian brothels to villas overlooking the Bosporus to Victorian castles in the English countryside, taking pains never to let an ordinary thought, likely event or lifelike character cross his hero's path. On the surface, the novel centers on the adventures of Felix Charlock, a "thinking weed," inventor of an ultimate computer, former lover of the world's most beautiful movie star and husband of the world's wealthiest woman. Not content to let well-off

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enough alone. Charlock undertakes a kind of regurgitation of things past. The second deck in this house of cards is a kind of Faust-Meets-the-Delphic-Oracle study of the relationship of freedom, memory and culture, with the hero becoming a kind of Charlock Holmesian metaphysical detective, asking whodunit of the universe. Durrell is a superb writer of offbeat bits of business (a mock oration atop the Acropolis, a falcon hunt in Turkey) and, like all his novels, this one is chock full of comic incidents, weird characters and aberrant insights. Yet in the end, he is the victim of his own ambitions. After teetering between profundity and absurdity, his plot takes a lurch into silliness. His insights trip over themselves, his style stutters, his language slops over the edges, his world-weary aphorisms become word weary and his merely eccentric characters all begin to look alike. His women, in particular, are not bewitching enigmas but bewildering fantasies, staring into fireplaces to indicate their tormented passions; and his love scenes, in their clinical mysticism, are a kind of *Kama Suture*. For all his talent, Durrell is essentially a Victorian traveler, displaying exotic stickers on an empty suitcase.

•

Roy Cohn, that testy little son of a judge, was a celebrated tracker and bushbeater for Senator Joe McCarthy during the great and awful Red hunt of the 1950s. Cohn, whose name mostly escapes the headline writers nowadays except when courts become interested in his business promotions, has set out to re-create his hours of glory in ***McCarthy*** (New American Library). Synopsis: McCarthy (John Wayne?) rides into Washington, where he passes up the fancy foreign dishes in favor of American cheeseburgers, and discovers Communist subversion; men high in Government (a running gag line), evil, or duped, or both, try to shush him; he presses on through the rockets' red glare with Roy Cohn buckled to his side; America's enemies (they're *everywhere*, I tell you, Maude) conspire devilishly against him; they finally maneuver the Senate into condemning him; as the sun slowly sets over Capitol Hill, the boy from Wisconsin, battered in spirit and body, turns in despair to the bourbon bottle and soon departs this ungrateful world. The End (muffled drums). Cohn concedes that the Senator frequently considered accuracy and fairness less useful than exaggeration and recklessness. Of course, the Democratic Party wasn't *really* guilty of "20 years of treason," but, Cohn explains, "McCarthy did not intend the statement to be accepted at face value." *Now* he tells us! This tricky-Dick style eventually leads Cohn to an awesome *non sequitur* of a conclusion: Since McCarthy's death, Cuba has gone Red, the Chinese have the H-bomb

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and there is a war in Vietnam. Doesn't all this vindicate the Senator? he asks. Joe would have liked that one.

•

***The Disney Version*** (Simon & Schuster) is a decidedly unauthorized "analytic" biography of Walt Disney. Not only was author Richard Schickel denied cooperation by the Disney people, he was even denied scene stills from Disney pictures. He has responded by being graphic in his criticism. The book skims the surface of Disney's life, concentrates on the works and on what the man represented: "the entrepreneurial spirit triumphant." Schickel links him, as an inventor, with Ford and Edison and, more to the point, with the founders of the *Reader's Digest* and Hallmark greeting cards. Disney's genius was not for "artistic expression" but for the "exploration of technological innovation." What motivated Disney, says Schickel, was a "lifelong rage to order, control and keep clean any environment he inhabited." Hence, the capstone of his career was Disneyland. When it comes to Disney's cinematic creations, film critic Schickel is at his most incisive. "They were often crassly commercial, sickeningly sentimental, crudely comic," he writes. But contrary to the accepted image, his films had "a fairly high quotient of violence" and a "strong, though displaced, sexual element," and he details instances of Disney's anal humor. About the individual *oeuvres*, Schickel offers some surprisingly appreciative re-reviews of the early *Mickey Mouse* cartoons, *Snow White* and *Dumbo*. The author only occasionally goes outside the public record when he deals with Disney himself, but his few glimpses of the man are so flavorful (Disney was not able to draw Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck and couldn't even accurately reproduce his trademark signature; after viewing the centaur sequence in *Fantasia*, he exclaimed, "This'll *make* Beethoven!") that one wishes the doors of the Magic Kingdom had not been shut on Schickel.

•

Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre have panned their camera eyes from the panoramic convulsions of a great city (*Is Paris Burning?*) to the close-up fate of a great bullfighter. Their provocative title, ***Or I'll Dress You in Mourning*** (Simon & Schuster), comes from a promise Manuel Benitez made to his sister the day of his first important bullfight: "Don't cry, Angelita. Tonight, I'll buy you a house, or I'll dress you in mourning." Benitez, who became El Cordobés, a supreme matador and the idol of the Spanish people, symbolizes what has happened to Spain in the past 30 years. On May 20, 1964, El Cordobés made his debut in Madrid, fighting a particularly dangerous bull in the rain before a packed house and with two thirds of his countrymen watching on television. Using that fight as the set piece, the authors cut back and forth—to the birth of the Spanish Civil War, which was also Manuel Benitez' birth, to the agonies of his Andalusian homeland, to the suffering of post-War Spain, to the Spain of today, in transition. There are superb portraits of *banderilleros*, of matadors' agents, of picadors, even of the men who supply the horses used by the picadors. Nor is the bull himself slighted; the life of one Impulsivo is traced from his birth on a breeding ranch to the moment of truth in the ring. Collins and Lapierre use varied techniques—the popular moment-by-moment ticking off of events, the quick shifts from character to character watching the same scene, the straight interview. Some parts of the story are overdramatized, and the personality of El Cordobés himself is curiously bloodless for a man who is constantly spilling his blood in the *corrida*. But he emerges as a formidable figure, nonetheless. "There was no pattern and little elegance in what he did," write the authors. "He broke the rules and laughed at the traditions. But he gave the crowd something it valued more than beauty—emotion." As much might be said of *Or I'll Dress You in Mourning*.

•

William Saroyan, with his special way of rediscovering the truthful in the obvious, has commented on the difference between the sometime writer and the *writing* writer. The writing writer lives for and on words; he browses in truth and beauty and fun and glory as they are sweetly nibbled clean in expression; he is committed metabolically to his vocation. R. V. Cassill is a writing writer. He has written stories, poems, essays, reviews, polemics, paperback originals, dramas, melodramas, superdramas, romances. And now, in ***La Vie Passionnée of Rodney Buckthorne*** (Bernard Geis), he has written a work of not black but deep-purple humor. R. Buckthorne, defrocked professor and aging artiste, discovers that his gift for love can be translated commercially into a gift for selling spaghetti on television. The mouth that has slurped up so many girls can thrill the multitudes who like pasta and make them buy. As in the wittiest of wit, there is a foundation of sadness. We believe that Humbert Humbert is an idealistic lover, and that's why he brutalizes Dolores Haze; we believe that Rodney Buckthorne cares about truth and beauty, and that's why he sells himself body and soul to creeps and morons and the conniving and the connived. The book is touching about age and touching about youth, filled with insight about art and universities and Manhattan and meatballs, in search of a religion of the World and Love. And it is also disabused of illusion. "Here and now," says Cassill, "takes meaning from there and then"—a firm insight about the nature of artists and all passionate men. His sexy old Buckthorne is sad,

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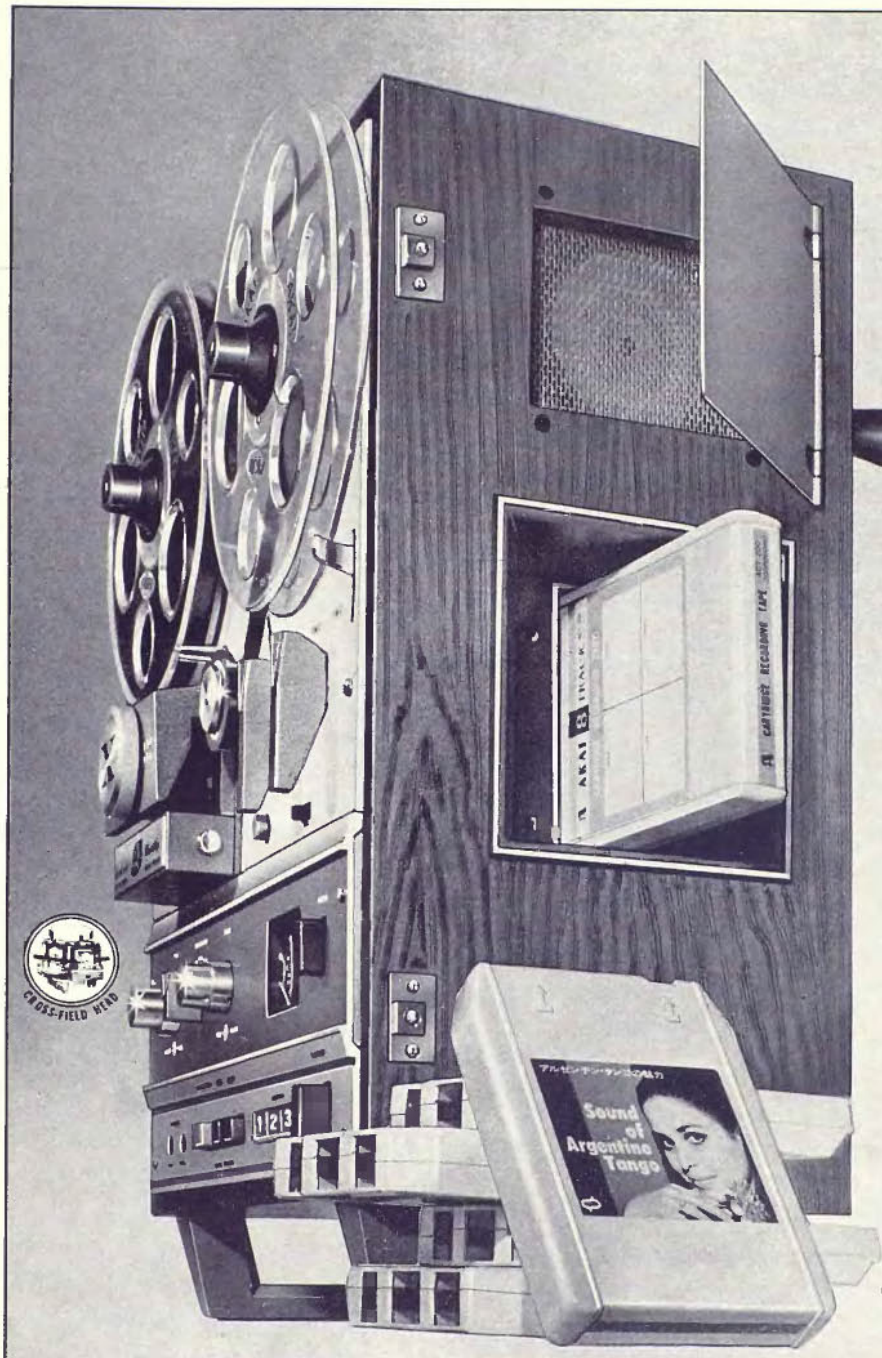
funny, graceful, gray and pink. He is in love with women, therefore loved by them. He has a store of despairing eroticism and a son in a cub-scout uniform who comes to rescue him from spaghetti and soft arms; and his life is both complete and, like Gulley Jimson's, goes on going on in the imagination of the reader. Cassill subtitles his book "A Tale of the Great American's Last Rally and Curious Death." For "Death," one might read "Rebirth."

•

White-faced New England towns, with their trim churches and neatly finished Colonial façades, as any fan of Grace Metalious knows, are really caldrons of sexual high-jinkery. John Updike's new novel deals with the permutations and combinations of ten ***Couples*** (Knopf) in a country town on the Massachusetts South Shore rapidly being encroached upon by Boston's spreading suburbia. These couples have problems with their kids and with their jobs, but mostly they're involved in an inexorable march toward the bedroom, often swapping mates en route. The prize stud of the set, Piet Hanema, an earthy Dutch contractor who speaks for some reason like a Protestant seminarian, enjoys his extramarital sprees in this "post-pill paradise" until he gets caught by a long-limbed pregnant lass appropriately named Foxy. Piet, the stolid embodiment of the masculine principle, and Foxy, a murky representative of the inscrutable female spirit, play many games but seem to have little fun in the course of intercourse. Like most of their fellow characters, they exist merely as symbols of varying states of moral decay. Updike still has a fine eye, but his ear seems to have turned to tin—some of the dialog has to be reread three times to be disbelieved—and his sense of structure completely deserts him this time out. Usually a flashy writer, Updike is entitled to his dud. But it is not easy to forgive him when he commits this cardinal literary sin: He makes sex seem boring, even in merrie old New England.

•

In ***Supernation at Peace and War*** (Atlantic–Little, Brown), Dan Wakefield, a journalist who makes that profession much more than a craft, here undertakes to "assess not what we are doing about our problems as a nation, but what our problems are doing to us." The result of more than four months of traveling through America, Wakefield's assessment is wide-ranging and unfailingly perceptive as it reduces the abstractions of the basic divisions in this country into specific human beings. He guides us among draft exiles in Canada, white cops cruising through a black ghetto in Detroit, American Indians lost in limbo, insular middle-class professionals, black nationalists and a Negro head of an antipoverty project who supports the war

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in Vietnam. There are brief interviews with our implacable Secretary of State and with a Hubert Humphrey who reveals more doubts in a quick exchange with Wakefield than in all his public statements. Wakefield's composite portrait of America is drawn with irony and compassion, and the latter is integral to Wakefield the man. He attempts an objective style, but his own sense of himself as a divided American punctures the pose and gives a unifying quality to his book. In one instance, however, Wakefield's compassion is absent, as he describes Norman Mailer making a speech two nights before the peace movement's march on the Pentagon in Washington last October. The Mailer in this vignette is a rowdy buffoon—a fundamental misapprehension by Wakefield, as Mailer makes clear in ***The Armies of the Night*** (New American Library). It is a stunning achievement, quite possibly Mailer's best single piece of writing. On one level, the book is an account of the days immediately preceding the march on the Pentagon, the march itself and Mailer's own participation in it, which earned him a night in jail. But it is much more. Mailer rigorously, yet humorously, analyzes himself, past and present, as he goes through an experience that is to be one of the most self-revealing of his life. And since Mailer is a man of unusual intelligence and imagination, this self-analysis is both absorbing and enlightening. As corollary themes, there are Mailer's accurate observations of those involved with him in this unpredictable journey, from Robert Lowell and Dwight Macdonald to members of the other America—the soldiers, the marshals, the prison guards. In addition, there are provocative passages in which Mailer reflects on the role of obscenity-as-a-way-to-stay-sane in America, on the possible future of the dissident young and on the reasons why we all may be on the eve of Armageddon. The book triumphs in several ways—as a self-portrait, as social analysis and as further proof that a brilliant novelist can illuminate history better than the best of journalists and professional historians.

•

In ***The Return of the Vanishing American*** (Stein & Day), literary critic Leslie A. Fiedler stalks his mythic way uptrail toward a hippie haunting ground: The Indian, or red male, he contends, is America's symbol of the eros of Eden. Fiedler charges that American writers have gone through great contortions and inversions to avoid facing this fact; yet the Indian has steadfastly refused to disappear from the literary scene—although woodenized and relegated to second billing in badly written Westerns. But now that American society is in the process of being transformed from a whiskey culture to a drug culture, it seems that we are finally

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ready to smoke the psychedelic pipe of peace and confront that peculiarly American American: the Indian, and his world. Thus a new genre of Western has emerged, epitomized by Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, in which "the old, old fable of the White outcast and the noble Red Man joined together against home and mother, against the female world of civilization . . . the dream once dreamed in the woods" can be redreamed—and redeemed—on pot and acid. The Indian, then, is not only the symbol of the West (or the farthest range of experience) but also provides a ticket for the trip to the newest frontiers. "It is easy to forget," concludes the always provocative Fiedler, "but essential to remember, that the shadowy creatures living scarcely imaginable lives in the forest of Virginia once seemed as threatening to all that good Europeans believed as the acidhead or the borderline schizophrenic on the Lower East Side now seems to all that good Americans have to believe in its place."

•

Opening a novel by John Kenneth Galbraith induces a feeling akin to that which might be experienced by a high school senior meeting his favorite social-science teacher in the local bawdyhouse. The teacher's explanation that he is just taking a look around is not likely to be credited by the senior, but that is more or less what Galbraith is doing in ***The Triumph*** (Houghton Mifflin). Such is the intelligence and wit of our wide-ranging ex-ambassador (as evidenced elsewhere in this issue by this month's *Playboy Interview*) that he has managed to write an entertaining tale without paying even token regard to the mores of fiction. It is, as he suggests, a "non-novel novel." His style is aphoristic, his characters are vague composites of Washington officialdom and his story would be quite unbelievable except for the lamentable fact that it is a parody of recent U. S. foreign policy. Puerto Santos is a hypothetical land somewhere in Central or South America, and the political crisis the author describes is by now so familiar that it takes on the lilt of a tragic folk ballad. A seedy dictator in the Trujillo style is booted out by revolutionaries and a decent leader is installed. U. S. capital is needed to make any regime, good or bad, work in Puerto Santos, but Grant Worthing Campbell, U. S. Assistant Secretary of State, is not about to recommend a loan to a country that might have "an opening to the left." As one character puts it: "Nothing in our government counts so badly . . . as misjudging someone who turns out to be a Communist. The retribution is unmerciful. Fear of being wrong immobilizes both thought and action. I sometimes think the Communists worked it out themselves—first to wash the brain and then to freeze it." Some of the author's involutions become a little wearisome; but without revealing anything vital, we can say that it all leads to a climax that is startling and funny and instructive—and largely makes up for the artistic flaws committed by this distinguished non-novelist novelist.

## MOVIES

The mischief afoot in ***No Way to Treat a Lady*** is multiple murder improbably combined with Jewish-wry humor and incurable ham. Rod Steiger supplies the latter as he squeezes mordant fun from the fate of five women, each strangled and left sprawled upon a toilet with crimson lip prints daubed on her forehead. Rod dons a series of disguises from crime to crime, impersonating an Irish priest, a German plumber, a homosexual wig salesman and a transvestite hooker, along the way (and how *else* would murder be done by a theatrical impresario whose mother, a late great star, unhinged her darling with a mother's kisses?). In sum, *Lady* is an outrageous mishmash of sex, suspense, Momism, ethnic humor and boy-meets-girl waggery. Lee Remick, the girl giddily awaiting her turn as victim, passes the time in kookie tête-à-têtes with George Segal, as a beleaguered Jewish detective who has mother hang-ups of his own. Eileen Heckart plays George's momma more or less as a Hadassah lady with her Irish up. This is the sort of sloppy but enjoyable movie that boasts the virtue of being totally unexpected.

•

***A Dandy in Aspic,*** adapted from Derek Marlowe's deft thriller, dashes once again our wistful hope that someone, someday, will make another movie about a spy who deems his chosen profession both exciting and worth while. This time the secret agent is Laurence Harvey, as a languid cynic who just wants out. Since Harvey portrays a double agent aching to get home to Mother Russia, the plot develops plenty of linear thrust when his British bosses send him abroad to do in an elusive assassin who turns out to be none other than himself. The tracking of his own spoor, while a venomous English colleague (Tom Courtenay) sniffs along the same trail, inevitably produces eruptions of up-tight melodrama, along with occasional confusion as to who's who and what's what among several overlapped identities. As producer-director Anthony Mann moves his characters in and out of some very disreputable-looking sectors of London and West Berlin, the air of mounting crisis seldom threatens to infect any real live people. Part of the problem could be that Harvey's tart Dandy is, as one of his detractors puts it, "absolutely sexless." Opposite him, Mia Farrow is boyishly bobbed and wan as a Twiggy-style girl photographer who


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appears urgently in need of bed rest and, unfortunately, gets it. Their scenes together are an ill omen (but not, we trust, an irreversible trend) for the future of sex in cinema—all skin and bones and lukewarm blood of no particular gender.

•

It's no accident that in several respects, the heroine of ***Up the Junction*** seems an absolute ninny. A wealthy bird from London's Chelsea section, she moves across the Thames to discover "real life" in sooty, woebegone Battersea, play-acting poverty with the thoughtless naïveté of one for whom slums are a choice, not a birthright. Yet autobiographical truth fortifies *Junction*, which is based on a first novel by Nell Dunn (author of *Poor Cow*), herself a young lady of means who went to search for meaning in Battersea; and the infuriating heroine is feelingly and fetchingly played by Suzy Kendall. Fortunately, director Peter (*The Penthouse*) Collinson injects clamorous vitality into familiar material. He never patronizes his working-class types; their resilience, their breezy vulgarity and carry-on spirit against a blitzkrieg of unpromising odds capture his eye, whether in a dismal candy factory, where Suzy befriends a pair of magnificently common tarts (Adrienne Posta and Maureen Lipman), or in noisy corner pubs, where young and old wage slaves end the daily grind in a blur of utterly convincing revelry. The locals treat the posh-talking Chelsea girl in their midst as an agreeable crank. Only the sensitive have-not (very well played by Dennis Waterman) who shares her bed ultimately puts her down hard for refusing to see that what these people want most is the bountiful world of Aston Martins, celebrity parties and Kensington *discothèques* that she despises—for reasons that remain obscure. But never mind why or whither. In *Up the Junction*'s flavorful, unsentimental slice of life, the milieu is the message.

•

Because ***Custer of the West*** was filmed in the Cinerama process, there are a number of obligatory wide-scream scenes: two miners tied to a horseless wagon on a perilous mountain road, a cavalryman whooshed along a watery log chute, a runaway trainload of pioneers pursued by savage Sioux warriors. Otherwise, *Custer* fritters away a good deal of screen time trying to be intelligent as well as spectacular—like a big blonde showgirl who wants to be appreciated for her mind. General George Armstrong Custer, stolidly portrayed by Robert Shaw (Shaw's wife, Mary Ure, plays the missus), is a fanatic disciplinarian, humorless, teetotaling, unquestioningly firm in commitment to his country, right or wrong. Though the nation's Indian policy appears to be distressingly genocidal, Custer follows orders, earning quite a reputation as a killer of people whose




Many people confuse the inexpensive Volkswagen Karmann Ghia with an expensive sports car.
We want to take this opportunity to thank the Ghia studios of Turin, Italy for contributing to the confusion.

plight he understands all too well in private. *Custer*'s red men are victims caught in the inexorable forward sweep of American history, elbowed out of their very existence by gold seekers and railroad tycoons. The difficulty is that a story line adapted to the guilty consciences of the 1960s leaves director Robert Siodmak without a hero—since a modern audience is likely to be loath to cheer a narrow, glory-seeking jingoist. This kind of movie was simpler and more exciting in the old whoop-'n'-holler days, when the redskins were just out for scalps instead of social justice.

•

Given a more straightforward treatment, ***Petulia*** would be twice as interesting as the mannered movie that director Richard Lester has wrought from a novel by John Haase. Stylistically, Lester continues to lark about, abusing the freedom of form that helped him apotheosize the Beatles and cinematize *The Knack*. By now, his cinematographic self-consciousness begins to resemble fetishism. Zoom shots are zoom shots, OK, and clever cutting is clever, sure; but the time comes when a viewer is quite ready to follow a reasonably provocative set of characters through their story without turning visual handsprings. Curiosity is aroused when a flip young married (Julie Christie), attending a charity ball in San Francisco, introduces herself to a divorced physician (George C. Scott) with an enticing opener: "I've been married six months and I've never had an affair." During their subsequent relationship, a subtle transference occurs. The staid doctor learns from Petulia that life needn't be a humdrum habit, while she —a ballooning mother-to-be at last—returns to her duty with the spoiled little rich brute (Richard Chamberlain) whose occasional fits of violence have nearly killed her. *Petulia*, beneath its optical razzmatazz, is a serious comedy about two people who use each other to resolve the crises in their separate lives. Though everything they do seems whimsical and tentative until the movie is nearly over, Scott stiffens his role with a potent sense of truth. Julie looks grand as ever but isn't so comfortable in Katharine Hepburn's old shoes: You won't believe for a minute that she's the kind of madcap who shows up at a man's bachelor pad with a stolen tuba.

•

Erotic one-upmanship is played with elegance and wit in ***"Benjamin" / The Diary of an Innocent Young Boy***, a minor triumph of style that may well be intended as France's answer to *Tom Jones*. The eras are approximately the same, but the *Jones* boy's unbuttoned cronies inhabit a world far removed from that of 18th Century France, where gallants and their well-glazed ladies looked upon sex as they did upon *haute cuisine*, as something to be

properly savored only by connoisseurs. "We don't like plain persons," purrs Michele Morgan, welcoming into her country château an unschooled nephew, Benjamin, whose virginity becomes the plum sought by upstairs maids, scullery girls and a horde of hard-breathing noblewomen. In the title role, young Pierre Clementi conveys an almost girlish innocence combined with the urgent curiosity and callowness that lie just this side of manhood. If Benjamin is sent down for his bath, he finds three little maids vying to climb in with him, petticoats and all. If he goes walking, a lickerish lady invites him to explore other parts of the forest. The question of how, when, where and with whom he will finally learn what every young blade must know provides the plot for a silken comedy of manners directed by Michel Deville with a precision and grace appropriate to a fencing match. The fair Benjamin is at last paired off with a calculating and delectable virgin (Catherine Deneuve) who really adores a libertine count but wants to deny him the pleasure of being her first. Ghislain Cloquet's exquisite color photography makes all of these cruel and beautiful people seem creatures from a canvas by Fragonard, effortlessly gliding from their embattled boudoirs to picnics in the lush greensward.

•

Having a wonderful time at ***The Party*** will be easier if you can persuade yourself, despite accumulating evidence to the contrary, that Peter Sellers is the funniest man alive. It would also help if you could share the conviction of producer-director Blake Edwards that the way to revive Golden Age screen comedy is to throw more, more and more mechanical sight gags into the loosest possible format. With little dialog and less plot, *The Party* simply invites Sellers—as an inept Indian movie actor who has just ruined some expensive takes of *Gunga Din*—to disrupt a large Hollywood party, which he slowly reduces to rubble. The formula (hopeless little Everyman *vs.* Establishment Snobs) has worked wonders for every comedian from Stan Laurel to Jacques Tati. But behind Sellers' nut-brown make-up, behind his meticulously lilting accent and simpleton's mask, there is really nobody at home. Oddly enough, most of the labored jokes here have to do with running water—unrelieved bladders, overflowing toilets, a pool and mansion inundated with foamy suds, finally a scrub-in for a psychedelically decorated baby elephant. Claudine Longet (Mrs. Andy Williams) plays a pretty French girl who stops by to sing and has to stay around until her gown dries. She even manages to look half amused, and that's making the best of a night like this.

•

***Hour of the Wolf*** will predictably be overpraised as a masterpiece by those who consider Sweden's Ingmar Bergman

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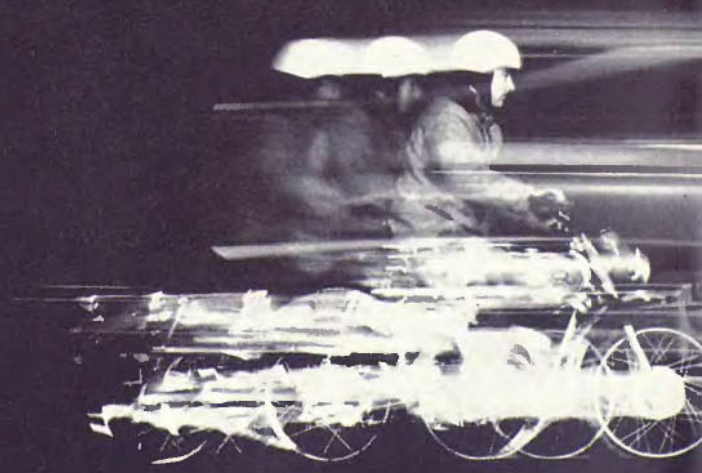

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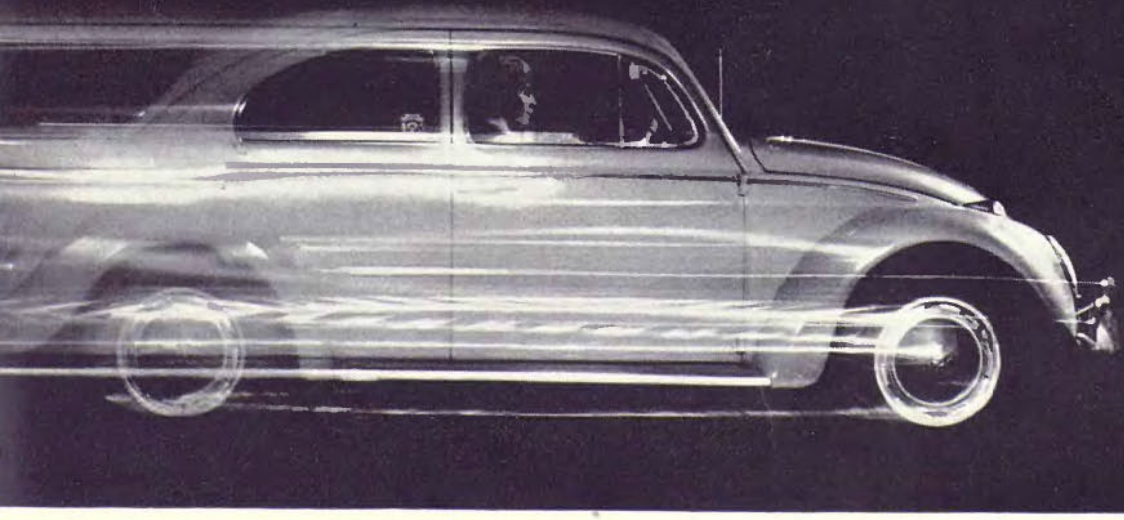

incapable of anything less. This arbitrary and constrained tragedy is anything but a masterpiece, but it is a work of troubled genius that serious Bergman watchers should enjoy puzzling out. Bergman himself links the film's title to "the hour when most people die, when sleep is deepest, when nightmares are most palpable." His hero (perennial Bergman star Max Von Sydow) is a painter who has long since vanished without a trace from a bleak island refuge. Only the artist's diaries and his pregnant wife (Liv Ullmann) are left behind to tell how the end came. Looking backward, we see the painter despairing over "the utter unimportance of art in the world of men." Afraid of the dark, he stays up all night each night to ward off the awful embodiments of those demons that possess him, even to sketch them when he can. Homosexuality, Mortality, Celebrity and Lust appear in one form or another, like figures from an old morality play. The artist brutally slays a strange, seductive boy whom he encounters on the beach, later keeps a bizarre rendezvous with his beautiful former mistress (Ingrid Thulin), who lies naked in a nearby castle, while the laughing host and house guests assemble to watch. These are compelling images, shadowed with an intensely personal pessimism—and, perhaps, overshadowed by just a touch of self-indulgence.

•

A girl dying of a nameless disease and striving to live life to the hilt while she can keeps a card file of eligible bachelors. Each candidate for her favors must move into her Manhattan apartment for a month—no more, no less—and fill up a diary to remember her by. That's the premise of ***Sweet November,*** a bittersweet romantic tearjerker contrived to make a month seem much longer than usual. Sandy Dennis superstars as the poor-thing heroine opposite Anthony Newley, as a busy young British box manufacturer who is supposedly enraptured by a girl who cheats on her driver's test and celebrates Thanksgiving vegetarian-style with a turkey fashioned out of strawberry Jell-O. *November* itself is the sort of strawberry Jell-O turkey that used to glop up the pages of ladies' magazines. Only a knife-clean performance by Newley cuts through the movie's attempts to squeeze warmth and wit from a couple of bleeding hearts. The saddest thing is Sandy—who continues her brave but seemingly futile battle to utter one complete sentence ere she suffers an emotional collapse.

•

Producer-director Stanley Kubrick's long-anticipated ***2001: A Space Odyssey*** is proof that man can, indeed, risk falling victim to his own technology and emerge unscathed. Unlike his *Dr. Strangelove,* this prescient movie produces few violent pro-or-con political responses, but for more than two hours in wrap-around Cinerama, *Odyssey* parades futuristic hardware across the starry black heavens without once permitting the truly astonishing technical feats to distract rapt attention. All the fabricated space wheels, moon ships and interplanetary vehicles on display are superb designs, yet Kubrick never once falls into the space-time trap of allowing spectacular special effects to outshine the drama of events. Even for confirmed sci-fi-ophobes there are rewards emphatically worth waiting for, and one is the enthralling climax—a truly mind-blowing sequence in which astronaut Keir Dullea aims his space pod toward the hovering planet Jupiter and suddenly finds himself hurtled to a cosmic human experience. Though his discoveries are philosophically ambiguous, they are optically so awesome that an audience may be glad enough to leave the mysteries of extraterrestrial life for another day. Clues that we earthlings are far from alone in the universe give impetus to a challenging plot devised by Kubrick with his distinguished co-author, Arthur C. Clarke, the scientist who is also one of science fiction's reigning wizards (and a frequent PLAYBOY contributor). Dullea and Gary Lockwood, as second-in-command aboard the Discovery I spacecraft, are the only important human characters in the film; it is they who must match wits with their crewmate, an all-powerful, supposedly infallible talking computer—easily the biggest breakthrough in man-made bad guys since Frankenstein's monster, and a great deal more horribly sophisticated. The computer's name is Hal 9000 (Hal for short), a treacherous other-directed embodiment of uptight electronics who turns out to be a surprisingly effective villain as the story unfolds in front of Hal's malevolent, impersonal eye. At times, it may seem that this deepthink adventure-drama pauses to flaunt its painstaking research or its sci fi spoofery mined with sly pokes at Pan-Am space liners, orbiting Hiltons and Howard Johnson's Earthlight Room aloft. But for the most part, the pace is as breath-taking as the evocation of deep space, and of man's dehumanization by his own hand. One typical, startling Kubrick touch is that Strauss waltzes flood the sound track as if to waft nostalgia for the good old days into the cool, silent void. Despite the fact that the underlying mood is contemplative, philosophical, metaphysical, *Odyssey* offers a stimulating trip; just sit back and defy the laws of gravity with your sensory apparatus on Go and your mind wide open to the stunning import of this extraordinary film.

## RECORDINGS

The flawless artistry of Carmen McRae becomes more apparent with each new recording for Atlantic, a label that has finally captured her soaring talent. ***Portrait of Carmen*** finds the vocalist with big-band backing and a quartet of top-flight arrangers. The tunes—from the opening *I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco* through

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the closing *Wonder Why*—are almost always attractively off the beaten track. Miss McRae's voice is supercharged with emotion and that intangible quality that separates the greats from the also-rans.

•

***Here's to You*** (Warner Bros.) is a welcome offering from writer-singer-actor Hamilton Camp, who delivers his articulate, neo-folk-rock ballads in a pleasingly homespun voice; he gets plenty of assistance, though, from a tight back-up group that includes Van Dyke Parks and Bud Shank—whose flute shows the way on such items as the title tune, *Seven Circles* and the almost-psychedelic *Lonely Place*.

•

Among soul singers, none had a greater gift for interpreting a song than did Otis Redding. ***The Dock of the Bay*** (Volt) is a fine memorial to the late singer; the outstanding tracks—in addition to the title ballad, which is destined to become a pop classic—are the Indian-flavored *Let Me Come on Home*, the explosive *Open the Door* and the tender *I Love You More than Words Can Say*.

•

The Don Ellis Orchestra continues its wonders to perform. ***Electric Bath*** (Columbia) is replete with wild time signatures, offbeat harmonies, far-out instrumentation, electronic legerdemain and a successful synthesis of various jazz forms. There are no sacred cows in Ellis' corral as the trumpeter-leader gives new meaning to the term "big band" and makes the other outsized aggregations around today sound like Harry Horlick and the A & P Gypsies.

•

James Brown continues to search for the perfect groove—and on ***I Can't Stand Myself When You Touch Me*** (King), he comes close. Highlights include the two-part title opus and the two parts of *Get It Together* (on which Brown gives off-the-cuff directions to his sidemen); a pair of tough organ instrumentals, *The Soul of J. B.* and *Funky Soul #1*; and *There Was a Time*, a nostalgic review of dance steps past and present.

•

The soul guitar of Phil Upchurch featured on ***Feeling Blue*** (Milestone) is something else. Upchurch, long a standout in Chicago rock combos, is due for national recognition, to judge by his efforts here. Phil divides his time between an orchestra charted and led by Ed Bland and a *simpatico* quintet costarring the estimable pianist Wynton Kelly. The basic Upchurch approach is blue at the roots, but he can still score points on the likes of *Up, Up and Away*, *Corcovado* and *Tangerine*.

•

Never let it be said that The Four Freshmen don't know a good thing when they hear it. ***A Today Kind of Thing*** (Liberty) carries that longtime-favorite


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foursome into contemporary waters and it's smooth sailing all the way. Among the "now" numbers: *The 59th Street Bridge Song, Happy Together, She's Leaving Home* and *Michelle*. Welcome aboard the good ship Top Pops, mates. The Anita Kerr Singers have always been on top of the current scene. ***All You Need Is Love*** (Warner Bros.) exemplifies the nifty Nashville-bred group's full-bodied approach to musical matters of the moment. Tunes of the *Natural Woman* and *Look of Love* ilk abound on this recording that dramatically demonstrates that a modern singing aggregation can be tuneful and intelligible at the same time.

•

***I'm in Love*** (Atlantic) is a striking success for Wilson Pickett, who seems to grow stronger with each outing. While this set includes plenty of hard-driving rhythm songs, the outstanding performances are the ballads—*I've Come a Long Way, Jealous Love*, the title item and Sam Cooke's *Bring It on Home to Me*, which gets an awesomely soulful reading from the wicked Pickett.

•

Of all the jazz organists extant, Shirley Scott comes closest to transforming that unwieldy instrument into a proper vehicle for the idiom. On ***Soul Duo*** (Impulse!), Miss Scott teams up with trumpet titan Clark Terry to make that point in resounding fashion. Terry's clarion horn felicitously complements Shirley's organ-izing and a rhythm section made up of Mickey Roker, George Duvivier and Bob Cranshaw keeps things moving. The numbers are originals in the main and the album, *in toto*, is splendidly successful.

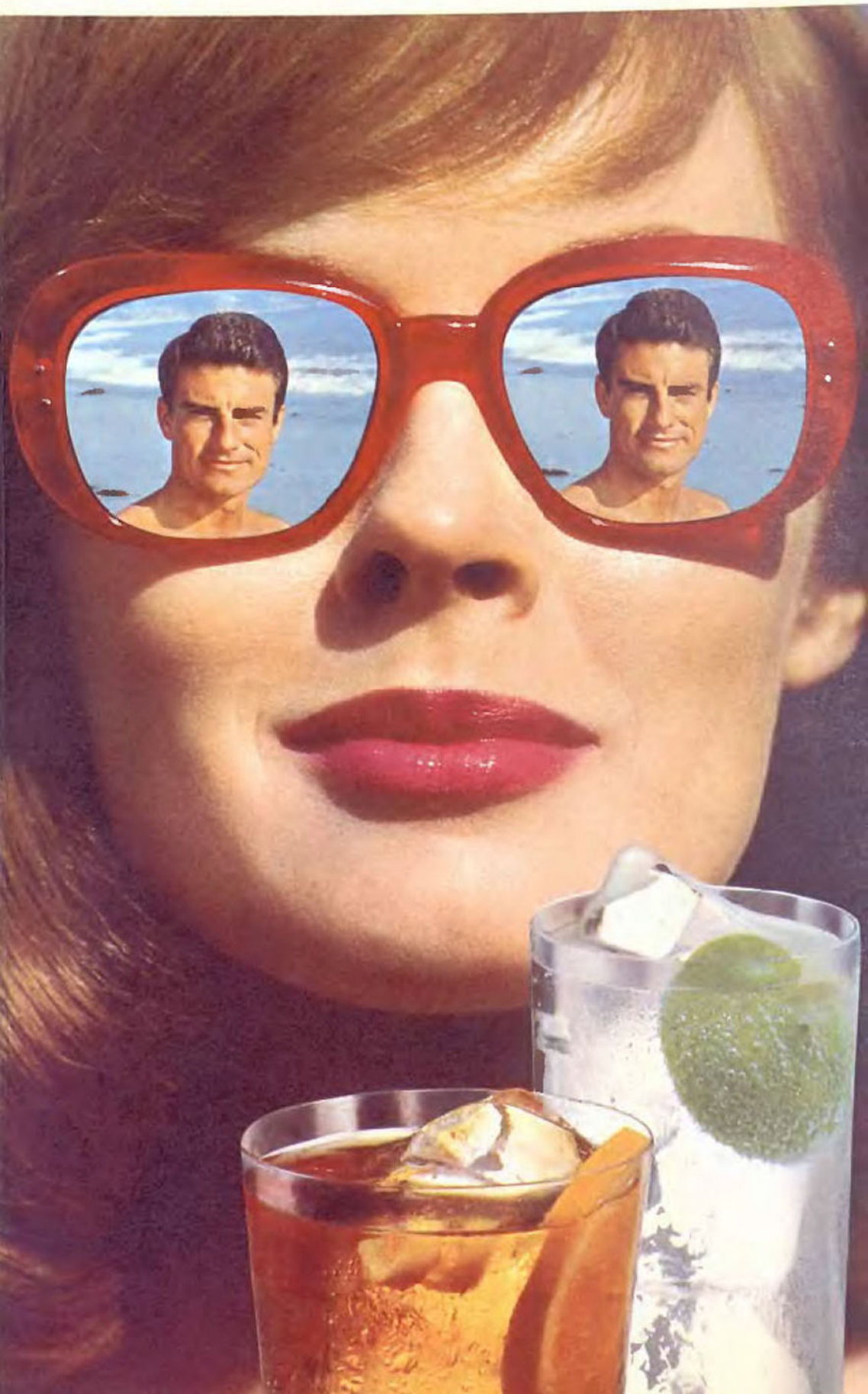
•

Atlantic's four-volume ***History of Rhythm & Blues*** is really a history of the Atlantic sound, up to 1960, and most of the selections were apparently chosen because they were hits, rather than for artistic merit; yet, despite its limitations, the series should please anyone who grew up listening to The Coasters, The Drifters, The Clovers, etc. The best volume is the first one (1947–1952), which includes such vintage sides as The Ravens' *Ol' Man River*, The Orioles' *It's Too Soon to Know* and Leadbelly's *Goodnight Irene*.

•

Softly pervasive is the sound that emanates from vibist Mike Mainieri's quartet on ***Insight*** (Solid State). The subtly imaginative interplay between Mainieri and his supporting cast, guitarist Joe Beck (whose work is a decided plus), drummer Don McDonald and bassist Lyn Christie, calls for alert listening, but it's well worth it. The session is made

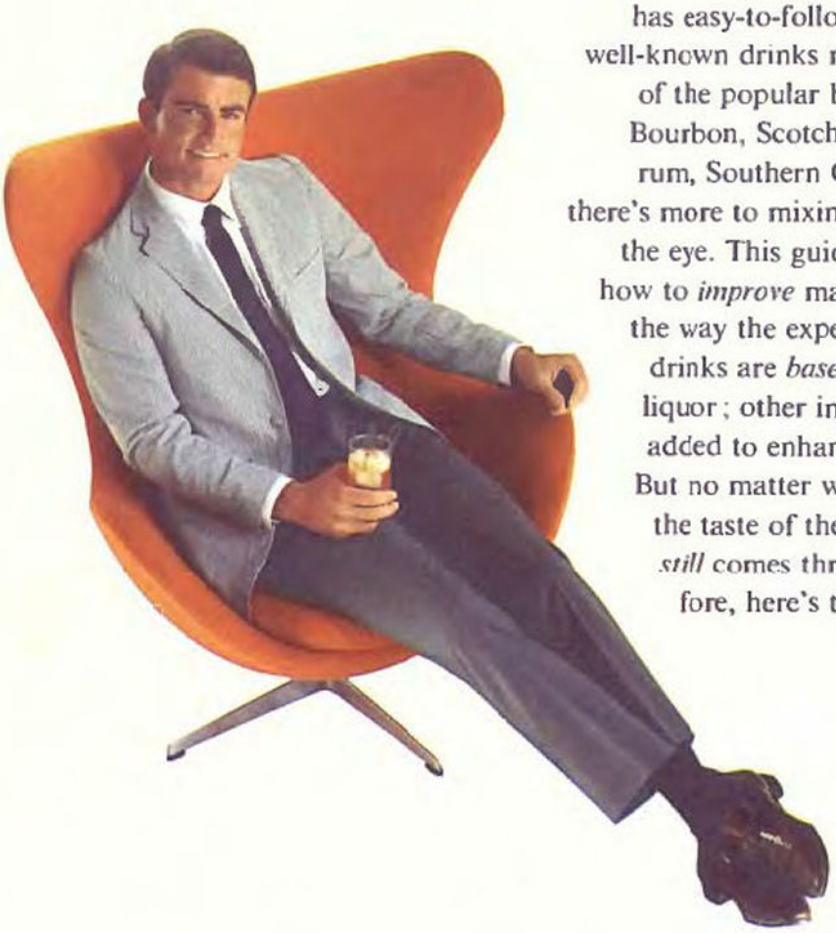
# GIRL WATCHERS'
# DRINK GUIDE



# *the art of mixing*
## from an expert's point of view

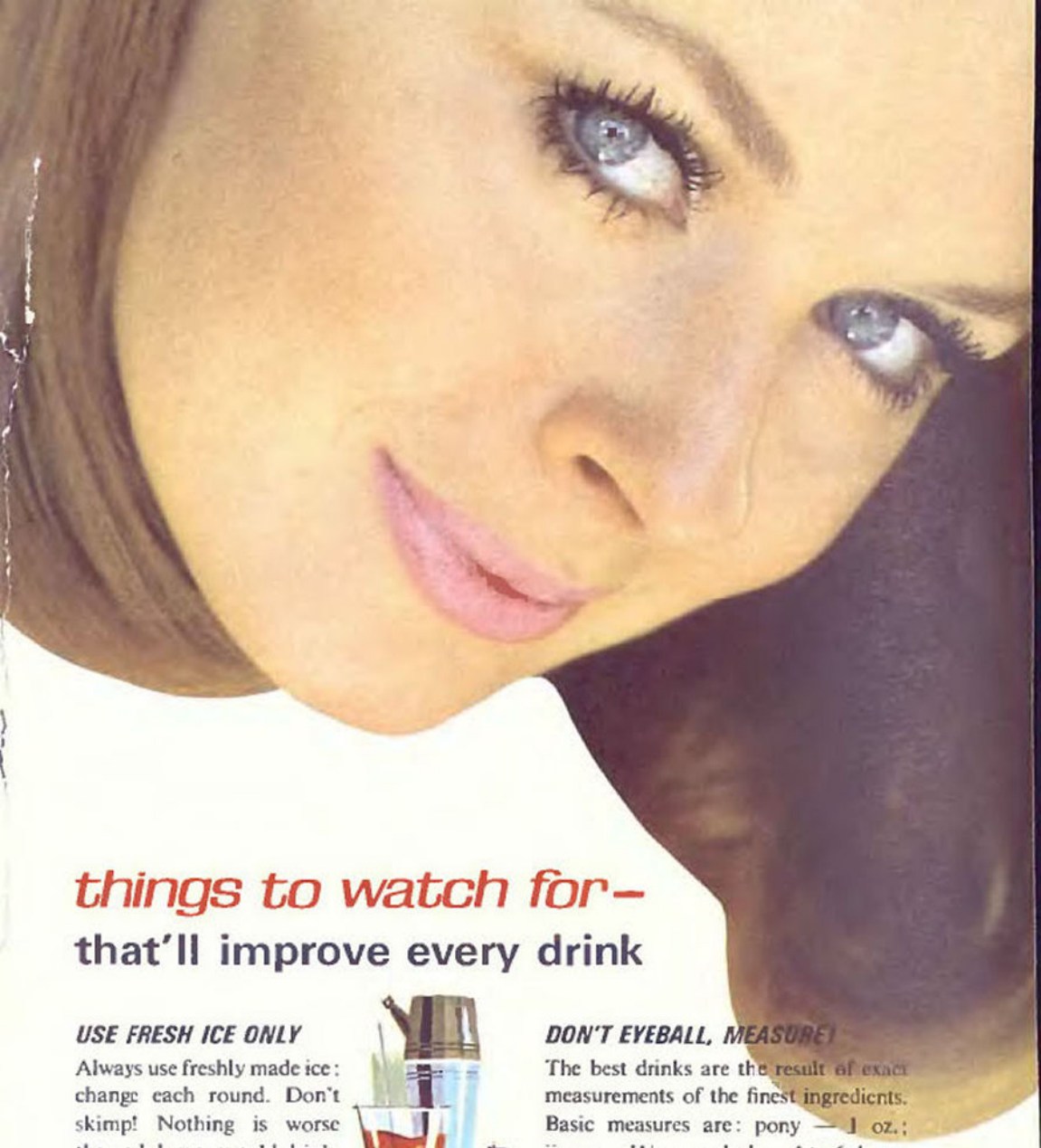
***. . . an inside view of what top bartenders do!***

The hobby of girl-watching is best pursued with an expertly mixed drink in hand. This recipe guide will make your observations — and your home bartending — far more pleasant. It shows you how to mix luscious tall coolers and smooth cocktails . . . the way they make them at famous hotels and restaurants. It has easy-to-follow recipes for well-known drinks made with all of the popular basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, vodka, gin, rum, Southern Comfort. But there's more to mixing than meets the eye. This guide shows you how to *improve* many drinks — the way the experts do. Most drinks are *based* on a single liquor; other ingredients are added to enhance that base. But no matter what you add, the taste of the basic liquor *still* comes through. Therefore, here's the secret . . .



### *The basic secret of the experts*

You can improve many drinks simply by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe — to one with a more satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of ordinary liquor as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, Sours, etc. The same switch improves the taste of tall drinks like the Collins and Tonic, too. The difference, of course, is in the unique flavor of Southern Comfort. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. Mix one of these drinks the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. Compare them. The improvement is remarkable. But to *understand why* this is true, make the taste test in this guide.



# *things to watch for–*
## that'll improve every drink

***USE FRESH ICE ONLY***

Always use freshly made ice: change each round. Don't skimp! Nothing is worse than a lukewarm cold drink.

***COOL ALL THE WAY***

Pre-chill glasses by filling with cracked or shaved ice. Let stand; dump ice. Add drink and serve. To frost, put wet glasses in freezer.

***DON'T EYEBALL, MEASURE!***

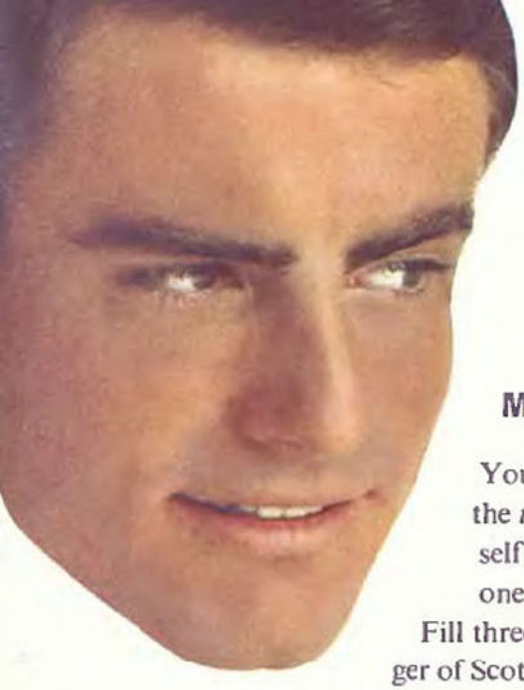
The best drinks are the result of exact measurements of the finest ingredients. Basic measures are: pony — 1 oz.; jigger — 1½ ozs.; dash — 4 to 6 drops.

***SHAKE OR STIR?***

In general, *stir* drinks made with *clear* liquors. *Shake* those with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice. For a "frothy collar," add a tablespoon egg white before shaking.

### What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's *used* just like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort *tastes* much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle. And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, a certain talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to create a superb, unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. Thus Southern Comfort was born! Its formula is still a family secret—its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try it on-the-rocks... then you'll understand *why it improves* most mixed drinks, too.



# LEARN HOW TO IMPROVE MOST DRINKS

## Make this simple "on-the-rocks" test

Your choice of a *basic* liquor greatly influences the *taste* of any drink you mix. Prove it to yourself with this simple test . . . and you'll know one of the real secrets of making better drinks. Fill three short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, a jigger of gin into another, a jigger of Southern Comfort into the third. Then . . .


First — sip the whiskey, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different basic liquor — one that actually tastes *good* with *nothing* added. No wonder so many experts use it instead of the conventional whiskey called for in many recipes . . . this "switch" improves most drinks tremendously.

Incidentally, on-the-rocks is among the most popular ways to drink all liquors today. Southern Comfort is at its best this way (add a twist of lemon peel). It's one liquor that *actually* tastes *delicious*, right out of the bottle . . . has a *goodness* unmatched by any other liquor.

But the amazing thing about Southern Comfort is its mixing ability. It improves not only drinks traditionally made with whiskey, but even tall coolers usually using gin, vodka, etc. This guide shows you how to mix many drinks *both* ways. Select one. Compare both recipes. See how Southern Comfort gives the same drink a far better taste.

***First, try the best – and easiest – of all Collinses***

# Comfort* Collins

***Cool companion of champion girl-gazers at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach***

Try it. See how a simple switch in basic liquors makes this the best-tasting, easiest-to-mix Collins by far.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • juice ¼ lime • 7-UP

*Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in a tall glass. Add ice cubes and fill with 7-UP. It's delicious!*

*Southern Comfort®

# Comfort* 'n Tonic

***Tall, smooth showtime favorite at***
***The Desert Inn and Country Club, Las Vegas***

When the chips are down, you'll find this to be the smoothest, best-tasting tonic drink of them all.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice, rind ¼ lime (optional) • Quinine water (tonic)

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass; add rind. Pour in Southern Comfort; fill with tonic and stir.*

*Southern Comfort®

*Play it cool with great summer drinks like these!*

### GIN 'N TONIC

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger gin • Quinine water (tonic)

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin; fill with tonic and stir.*

### TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin • sparkling water

*Use tall glass; dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.*

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.

### RUM 'N COLA

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger light rum • cola

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add rind and rum. Fill with cola and stir.*

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S. C. is to cola.

### LEMON COOLER

*As served at El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

*Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in a tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon and stir.*

### PLANTER'S PUNCH

Juice of ½ lemon • juice of ½ orange
4 dashes Curacao • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Jamaica rum

*Shake; pour into tall glass filled with cracked ice; stir. Decorate with fruit; add straws.*

### WHISKEY SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry.*

*Here's how they make the Sour smoother at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston*

## Comfort* Sour

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. The switch in basic liquor makes this the smoothest, most delicious sour you've ever tasted.*

*Perfect measurements for swinging favorites!*

### BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce

*Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice until chilled, and strain into 6-oz. glass.*

### MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) white Cuervo tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec • 1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

*Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.*

### SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

*Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.*

A new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

### GIN RICKEY

1 jigger gin • juice, rind ½ lime • sparkling water

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind, gin; fill with sparkling water; stir.*

To really "rev up" a rickey, use Southern Comfort instead of gin.

### MANHATTAN



Jigger Bourbon or rye • ½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

*Stir with cracked ice and strain; add cherry.*

Dry Manhattan: Use dry vermouth and a twist of lemon peel. Rob Roy (Scotch Manhattan): 1½ oz. Scotch, ¾ oz. sweet vermouth, bitters; mix as above. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

*Improved recipe used at The Mayflower's Town & Country Room, Washington, D.C.*

## Comfort* Manhattan

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add cherry. The delicious taste of Southern Comfort gives this drink a remarkably smoother flavor.*

# Comfort* Julep

***Eyed with pleasure when they gather at the Brown Hotel, Louisville***

Here are the perfect measurements for the perfected julep, as mixed in the city where juleps were born.
4 sprigs mint • dash water • 2 oz. Southern Comfort

*Use a tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack with cracked ice; pour in S.C. and stir until frosted.*

Bourbon julep: Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint. Bourbon replaces S. C.

**Southern Comfort®*

# Honolulu Cooler

***Bikini-watchers' delight at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu***

Watch this exotic drink become your great summer love! It's the most refreshing cooler under the sun.

Juice ½ lime • 1½ oz. Southern Comfort • pineapple juice

*Pack tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice and Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice; stir.*

*Southern Comfort®

*Easily mixed drinks for guys and their dolls . . .*

### DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka • 1 part dry vermouth

*Stir with cracked ice; strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.*

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth; serve with pearl onion.

### SCARLETT O'HARA

*This famous drink's as intriguing as its namesake.*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • juice ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

*Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.*

### COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

*A favorite at the Hotels Ambassador, Chicago*

Dash Angostura bitters • ½ oz. sparkling water
½ tspn. sugar (optional) • 1 jigger Southern Comfort

*Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, S.C. Top with twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry.*

Regular Old-Fashioned: Stir 1 tspn. sugar with water and bitters, and replace Southern Comfort with Bourbon or rye.

### DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon • 1 tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

*Shake with cracked ice until the shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.*

To give your Daiquiri a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.

### GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.*

### ALEXANDER

½ oz. fresh cream
¾ oz. creme de cacao
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

*Shake with cracked ice and strain.*

### GRASSHOPPER

¾ oz. fresh cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe

*Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender; strain into glass.*

*That's all, men . . . now watch yourself become the best mixer in your crowd!*

# GIRL WATCHERS'
# DRINK GUIDE


*Special Offer!*

***Save! NEW line of Southern Comfort***

## Steamboat Glasses

*New straight-side shape with broad gold lip, like the latest expensive glasses. Blue and gold decor.*

**A. HIGHBALL GLASS**
Generous size for serving highballs and other tall favorites.
**Set of 8 glasses (12-oz. size) $3.95**

**B. DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED**
All-purpose glass for highballs, on-the-rocks, even coolers.
**Set of 8 glasses (14-oz. size) $3.95**

**C. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS**
On-the-rocks, mists, "short" highballs.
**Set of 8 glasses (8-oz. size) PLUS matching 2-oz. Master Measure glass (9 glasses) $3.95**

**D. ON-THE-ROCKS STEM GLASS**
Popular new shape for on-the-rocks and "short" drinks.
**Set of 6 glasses (7-oz. size) $3.95**

**E. MASTER MEASURE GLASS**
Versatile single glass enables you to pour all the correct measures. Marked for ½ oz.; ¾ oz. (½ jigger); 1½ oz. (jigger); 2 oz.
**sold alone 50¢**

**F. "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS**
Color-mated to glasses, napkins say "Smooth Sailing."
**Five packages of 40 each $1.00**

**G. TALL COOLER GLASS**
New tall, slender shape for serving Collinses and coolers.
**Set of 8 glasses (12½-oz. size) $3.95**

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up of originals, standards, classical and semiclassical, all given the distinctive Mainieri mark.

•

Bobbie Gentry shows, on ***The Delta Sweete*** (Capitol), that *Ode to Billie Joe* isn't the only gem in her song bag. Although she does a creditable job on such familiar refrains as *Big Boss Man*, *Tobacco Road* and *Parchman Farm*, the set's best moments are to be found in her own compositions, the humorous *Okolona River Bottom Band*, the low-keyed *Jessye 'Lisabeth* and *Courtyard*, a bittersweet romantic number.

•

A generous serving of rococo elegance and vivacity is to be found in the six-record set of ***Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 82–92*** (Victor), performed by an ensemble of nimble Italian instrumentalists under the direction of Denis Vaughan. Though these works are still mostly off the beaten track, they belong to Haydn's vintage years and are plentifully endowed with his inventive wit and beguiling melodies. Vaughan's mentor was the great Haydnite Sir Thomas Beecham; and in these zesty, silken readings, he shows himself eminently capable of following in the late baronet's footsteps. A bonus attraction is the courtly *Sinfonia Concertante in B-flat*, recorded here for the first time exactly as Haydn wrote it.

•

A brace of lyrical tenor men fill ***Love Calls*** (Victor) with lush and lovely sounds. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis shares the tenor chores with Ellington stalwart Paul Gonsalves. The tone poems include *When Sunny Gets Blue*, *Time After Time*, *Don't Blame Me* and *We'll Be Together Again*, and the performances are exemplary. A tasteful rhythm section provides an unobtrusive backdrop as the soloists show that two horns are better than one.

## THEATER

The ability to evoke honest laughter and then to twist it into absolute terror is a rare gift; and for that accomplishment alone, new playwright Israel Horovitz must be applauded. But in his one-act play, ***The Indian Wants the Bronx,*** the 28-year-old Horovitz has something else going for him: an ear for the beat (and the offbeat) of today, of young people and their jargon. His two street kids (Matthew Cowles and Al Pacino—the latter giving a marvelously eerie performance) loll about a New York street corner, jibe and jab, each trying to one-up the other, a game easily won by the tougher, more resilient Pacino. The object of their mutual attention and aggression is an East Indian, lost on his first day in New York, unable to speak a word of English and trusting blindly that

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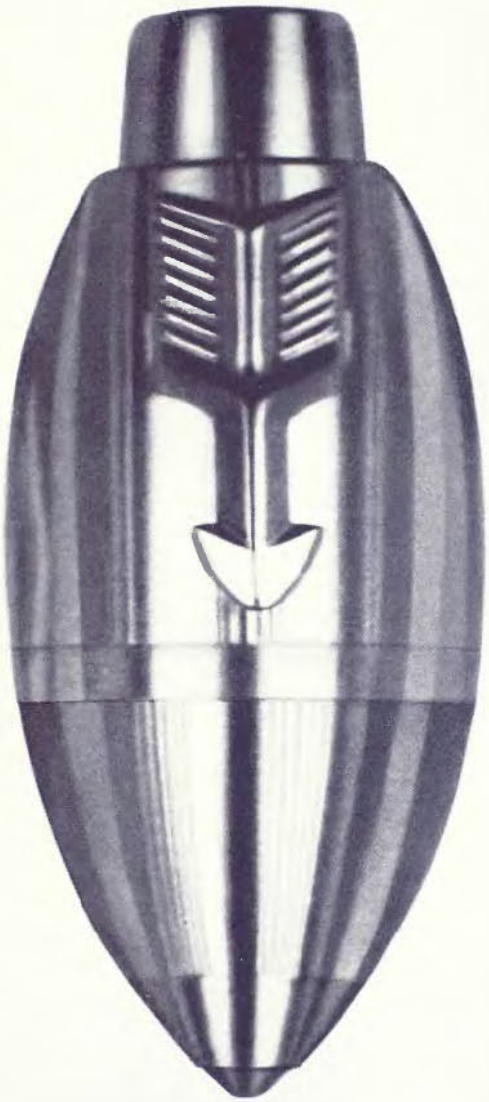
the card he holds with his son's address in the Bronx on it will be his ticket to safety. To the two boys, he is at first a figure of fun, then an object of derision, then almost accidentally a cause for violence. The play is slightly padded; but throughout, the patois is perfect, the humor sharp, the menace truly threatening. On the other hand, the author's curtain raiser, ***It's Called the Sugar Plum,*** is a contrived little bill filler about an oddly matched pair of collegians. *He* has just run over and killed her fiancé. *She* comes to his apartment to accuse him, stays to fall for him, lingers to reveal their mutual callousness. It is not nearly as effective as *The Indian*, but it is spiced with hilarious Horovitz touches. The boy is putting himself through college by working at his uncle's meat market. "I load meat," he says humbly. "I *adore* meat," gushes the girl. It is, you might say, love at first meat. At the Astor Place, 434 Lafayette Street.

•

A bad play by Tennessee Williams is still a bad play, even though the author tends to flop with flying colors. Typically full of ripe high humor and a kind of lurid poetry, ***The Seven Descents of Myrtle*** borrows its colors from the battered show trunk Williams has dug into at intervals ever since *A Streetcar Named Desire*. The setting is at best familiar, at worst a monument of self-parody—a decaying Southern manse on the eve of a disastrous flood that threatens to bury everyone and everything under "ten foot a watah" by this time tomorrow. The trio challenged to sink or swim consists of a dying, tubercular weakling named Lot (Brian Bedford), who still bleaches his hair the way his late momma taught him; Lot's hot-blooded stepbrother, Chicken (Harry Guardino), who hopes to inherit whatever is left of the house; and Lot's wife, Myrtle (Estelle Parsons, the shrill Blanche of *Bonnie and Clyde*). Just married on a TV wedding show in Memphis, Myrtle is a worn-out stripper yearning for a change of luck; Estelle's warm recital of her woes adds another memorable comic portrait to the Williams gallery of tarnished damsels in distress. As Myrtle ascends and descends the stairs, slowly drawn from her dying husband's side by the brutish, phallic strength of the male animal snuffling in the kitchen below, the play begins to sound less and less amusing. Yet it isn't easy to stay serious for long about *Myrtle*'s somewhat naïve assertion that the kingdom of earth will ultimately be inherited by heterosexual male and female dullards who can set off nightly fireworks abed. A couple of decades ago, Elia Kazan might have made us believe it, but director Jose Quintero lets the sexual tension go a little slack. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th Street.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.

# "How I slimmed down to almost nothing."



"How I felt before"

Nobody loves a fat pen.

"Look at the knockwurst," people said.

"Is it a pen or a balloon?"

"Watch out for Tubby. He'll rip the pocket right off your shirt."

That's all I ever heard, day and night.

"Fat pen." "Fat pen." "Fat pen."

I wept bitter ink. After all, I'm sensitive. I'm a writer, you know.

Besides, I wasn't just fat. I was fat for a reason: beneath that lumpy exterior bulged an enormous ink cartridge, that wrote more than any other pen's.

Yes, I was fat. But I also wrote longer than any other ballpoint pen. A lot longer. More than a mile longer.

I felt all mixed up. Proud and ashamed at the same time.

Writing longer meant everything to me. I would never give it up. Never.

But how I envied my pen pals. Those slim, trim jobs. So chic. So elegant.

Short on ink, maybe. But long on looks.

So I went right to the top.

"Oh powerful Parker engineers," I pleaded. "Oh skillful Parker designers. Do something. Help me get into shape. Deliver me in a trimmed-down case.

"I don't care what the cost or how sharp the pain. I'll do anything. But touch not a drop of my ink supply."

Well. All the words in my big, fat ink cartridge can't describe the torture.

The pushing, the pulling, the tightening!

The stretching, the pummeling, the strain!

It took forever, but they performed a miracle.

A skintight sheath!

No. Even better. *Five* skintight sheaths.

A $6 brushed stainless steel job. A $15 12k gold-filled number. A $17.50 sterling silver version. A $25 14k gold-filled dream. And a dazzling vermeil outfit at $32.50.

I can't believe it's the same me. With exactly the same ink refill.

But it *is*. At last, I'm the pen you love to touch.

Long on ink *and* long on looks.

It's changed my whole life. People want me near them. I feel needed.

I'm writing things I could never write. I'm going places I've never been and doing things I've never done.

I'm one of the beautiful pens.

I even have a jet-set name: the Parker International Classic Ball Pen.

Not bad for a fat little pen from Janesville, Wisconsin.

"Look at me now"

**The Parker International**
**Classic Ball Pen**

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After four years of marriage, my husband is begging me to participate with him in a wife-swapping group. I am totally unwilling, because I strongly believe that we should have sex only with each other. He says he enjoys our sex life together but would like to have a little variety. Am I being selfish and old-fashioned in not wanting to go along with this?—Mrs. C. S., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

*No.*

I'm taking off for a six-week swing through Europe, and my pad is already filled with travel brochures. In looking through them, I've stumbled on several terms that I'm not familiar with. What do "Demi-Pension," "Modified American Plan" and "Garni" mean?—V. L., Des Moines, Iowa.

*"Demi-Pension" and "Modified American Plan" mean the same thing: The hotel's accommodations include a Continental breakfast (beverage plus rolls, butter and jam) and either lunch or dinner as part of the price of the room. "Garni," when appended to the name of a hotel, means that the establishment does not have a restaurant or a dining room. We hope you read Len Deighton's "Playboy's Guide to a Continental Holiday" in last month's issue for a more enjoyable holiday.*

A 19-year-old freshman I am dating has given me a question that I am unable to answer: "What do you call the anatomical juxtaposition of two *orbicularis oris* muscles in the state of contraction?" My ignorance has put me in a tough spot with this gal and I really want to know. —J. P., Kent, Ohio.

*The answer is "kissing."*

What's the best way to spike a watermelon?—K. J., Davenport, Iowa.

*Holding the melon lengthwise, cut off the top. Remove all the meat, then purée enough of it after discarding the seeds to make one cup of liquid. Add to the purée 1 cup orange juice, ¼ cup rum, ⅓ cup sugar, and mix until the sugar has been dissolved. Cube the rest of the meat, or "ball" it with a rounded potato cutter. Finally, put the meat back into the shell, pour the juice over it and chill for at least an hour before serving.*

Recently, I found myself on the brink of an affair with an exciting and attractive girl, but I hesitated until the opportunity passed, because I was afraid that a romantic commitment might end with my getting badly burned. I told myself she was a little too kookie for me, that she might start to nag me and that she was so delightful that somebody was bound to take her away from me after I got involved with her. I've always believed in prudence, but I'm beginning to suspect that my prudence in this case did me more harm than good. Your opinion, please.—P. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

*What you describe sounds more like paralysis than prudence. Bertrand Russell said, "Of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps most fatal to true happiness." But don't waste time brooding over the lost opportunity; just try to be a little more adventurous in the future.*

On a trip to Chicago, I purchased several original landscape paintings at a store dealing in imported artwork. Since then, I have been told by an authority of sorts that while my canvases were original (and good, he thought), they were probably painted on a production-line basis, with possibly as many as 50 artists contributing to the work. Is this possible? I'm not concerned about being duped, because the paintings were inexpensive. Besides, I enjoy them. I'm just curious as to what I have.—R. M., St. Louis, Missouri.

*What you have are probably products of one of many studios in France and Italy that employ a number of painters to create cityscapes, seascapes, landscapes, etc., all working in one style. These are all bona fide "originals," technically, and are purchased in quantity by large-volume art or department stores. They do not have any great potential monetary value in the art world, nor do they pretend to; but they are usually pleasing and satisfying to the buyer.*

As one who does not believe in making big decisions without knowing all the facts, I have offered to sleep with my fiancé before our marriage. Unlike most men, he refuses my advances "out of respect" for me. I feel, however, that this may not be the real reason. Perhaps he is sexually inadequate and will fail to satisfy me after we're married. What can I do?—Miss H. B., Wilmington, Delaware.

*Your clinical insistence on "all the facts" does not seem to include much in the way of warmth, love or understanding. If you come on as demanding with your boyfriend as you do in your letter, his "respect" may be based largely on fear. On the assumption, however, that you project more warmth in person than in writing, and really care for the guy, we'd say persist in your advances, both as a means of getting yourself off the*

*pedestal on which he has placed you and to show him that he can be more sexually adept than he may imagine. You've either got to help him overcome the problem before marriage or begin looking elsewhere for someone who fits your rigid definition of a man.*

Not long ago, while visiting The Playboy Club in St. Louis, I had the pleasure of drinking a "Señor Playboy" cocktail that was made with tequila. Can you supply me with the recipe?—M. C., Peoria, Illinois.

*A pleasure. Combine one ounce tequila with one and a half ounces each of brandy, Cointreau, lemon juice and grenadine. Mix in a blender with shaved ice and strain into a mug. Garnish with a lime slice and add a tall straw for ladies. Sip and smile.*

A friend and I are turning to you to settle an argument. He says that a man who has been castrated is no longer capable of achieving an erection or an orgasm. I say that some castrated men can do both, although they cannot impregnate a woman, of course. Which of us is correct?—M. A., Syracuse, New York.

*You are.*

A few years ago, a friend told me to save all the one-dollar silver certificates I could find. Now I have several hundred and I'd like to sell them. What should I do?—C. M., Chicago, Illinois.

*First, treat your friend to dinner. Then your best bet would be to take the certificates to a coin dealer, who might give you $1.50–$1.75 for each one-dollar certificate (not Federal Reserve Notes, of course). If you go in person to the U.S. Assay offices in either New York or San Francisco, you can get a 100-troy-ounce silver bar, if available, for each $129 in silver certificates. The bar makes an impressive paperweight, and at current prices (which have been fluctuating wildly) is worth around $240. In amounts less than $129, all you can get is silver dust—.77 troy ounce for each one-dollar certificate. Whatever you do, act quickly, because the Treasury won't redeem the bills after June 24, though they'll always be good as currency.*

Considerable trouble has developed in my girl's family; as a result, she depends on me for a lot of emotional support. Coupled with this, the past few times we went to bed together, she told me there was no need for me to take contraceptive precautions because of the time of the month. She said she enjoys it more without the intervening "third party." I readily consented and only later began to worry. It occurs to me that she might unconsciously want to get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pregnant, just to get away from her problems at home. We have considered marriage, of course, and have concluded that we are too young. Do you think I'm making too much of a little thing?—R. M., Bristol, Connecticut.

*You don't have to make much of this particular little thing, because it may soon begin to grow all by itself. The best defense against an unconscious desire for pregnancy on her part is a heightened consciousness on your part. If the "intervening third party" is really a problem, we suggest you and your girl visit a gynecologist who can recommend other means of birth control.*

A Negro I know claims that soul music is of Afro-American origin and was born in the days of slavery; therefore, soul music is part of the black heritage and can only be copied, never created, by whites. I feel that soul is both universal and individual; everyone has a soul, but no one can copy anyone else's. To be sure, the black American has different experiences from the white American and can express sentiments unfamiliar to the white—but it works the other way round, too. What's your opinion?—P. W., Detroit, Michigan.

*You and your friend are using soul to mean two different things. You're talking about the intangible, individual, vital principle in any work of art expressive of strong feelings. But "soul" as a special term in popular music is, indeed, of black origin, expressing uniquely Afro-American feelings. There are white performers who have become successful by imitating the black style; and to the degree that their music is imitative, it is lacking in soul in either sense. There are also black performers with no more than a thimbleful of soul who are billed as soul singers, and there are white musicians who have plenty of their own personal kind of soul. Any serious performer tries to have soul in the general sense, but when your black friend tells you that soul means something special to him, he's telling it like it is.*

Though warm, sweet and highly affectionate, my girl refuses to give in to me totally until we are married—which won't be for another year. So we are at a standoff, and the unhappy result is that I've been seeing a couple of local girls for sexual release. I don't know how much longer I can live with the guilt this produces in me. I am tempted to tell my girl about it in the hope that she will understand my needs in a new light and perhaps yield herself to me. What do you think?—E. F., Sacramento, California.

*We think you feel guilty because you're violating your own moral code. We also think it would be emotional blackmail to use your guilt as a bludgeon to persuade your girl to violate her code. Because the attitudes that put you both at sexual cross-purposes are so deep-seated, we suggest you go together to a marriage counselor for some pertinent premarital advice.*

I have just acquired a 1955 Alfa Romeo with wire wheels. Friends have told me that for best performance and even wear on the tires, I should have the wheels "tuned" occasionally. What's the best way to go about this?—D. H., Granada Hills, California.

*Any good sports-car or motorcycle mechanic can tune your wire wheels (tighten all spokes to the same tension) by striking each one and listening to the sound. Tuned correctly, all spokes will ping to approximately the same pitch. While your wheels are being worked on, also have them "trued up" (making the rim concentric to the wheel) and balanced.*

A very attractive girl whom I've been dating for about two months has thrown me into something of a dilemma. We've made love twice, but now she won't go to bed with me unless I promise to date her exclusively and not to have sex with anyone else. She's not interested in marriage but says that as long as our relationship lasts, she wants to feel secure and not have her pride hurt by my going to bed with other girls. If I make this promise, I intend to keep it; but I feel that we're both grownups and should be free to act spontaneously without being bound by teenage-type "going-steady" commitments. Do you think my girl is being unreasonable, or do you think I should accept the relationship on her terms?—D. S., Memphis, Tennessee.

*You're being a bit idealistic in thinking that the average man and woman can relate to each other intimately without any sort of commitment at all. The proposed agreement could be an enriching experience for both of you and is worth a try, provided there's a clear mutual understanding that there are no additional strings attached and that either partner may end the relationship at any time.*

---

*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.*

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### UNORTHODOX SEX PATTERNS

Two phenomena apparent in *The Playboy Forum* strike me particularly. First, a large number of women not only read but also seem to be quite involved in what is normally regarded as a men's magazine. Second, a large amount of sexual disturbance has been revealed and discussed. It is a very good thing that this is being brought into the open, since it is the first step toward improving the situation. However, some readers seem to think that the only thing needed for a better society is acceptance of unusual sex patterns. In reality, our long-term aim should be the development of healthier sexuality. Improved family environment and better education for adulthood could reduce the number of obviously rather unhappy people who have had to find abnormal sex solutions.

Gordon Rattray Taylor
Bath, England

*Gordon Rattray Taylor is a British commentator on social trends and problems. He has written eight books, including "Conditions of Happiness," "Sex in History" and "The Biological Time Bomb" (to be published in America this fall).*

I heartily endorse PLAYBOY's efforts to direct light into some of the dark corners of human experience. Much behavior that for years has been labeled abnormal by the standards of our society is certainly not abnormal. But in airing various views and experiences concerning such things as permitting one's wife to be a prostitute, permissive extramarital relationships, homosexuality and other deviations from the more common heterosexual practices, the *Forum* may be overemphasizing this aspect of human experience, I feel, while the more common human values are slighted by default. Such discussions should not lose sight of the fact that the goal (indeed, the need) of the majority of the adult population is to engage in rewarding and stimulating work and to achieve a happy, lasting marriage with a loving spouse.

Some of the *Forum* letter writers, in describing their deviant behavior, end up presenting a series of rationalizations to justify what are probably unhappy lives. While not condemning these people or their actions, we should realize that such behavior is not likely to produce a strong, integrated personality. Deviant acts usually are attempts to resolve deep-seated conflicts outside the framework of the more accepted practices. Over the years, this kind of behavior is usually, though not always, self-destructive to a degree, because it fails to resolve the conflicts that are the source of the unhappiness. Eventually, the people who try deviant approaches discover that they aren't solving the problem. Hopefully, they find better solutions, sometimes with the help of psychotherapy.

My only desire is that *Forum* readers, while judging how the experiences of other people apply to their own lives and personalities, don't lightly dismiss the traditional and the largely time-proven goals and aspirations of society merely because these orthodox values sometimes have limitations and sometimes are abused.

J. Alan Cook, M. D.
San Francisco, California

I, too, was revolted by the letter from the Detroit housewife who engages in extramarital relations not only for pleasure but for money (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1967). As a Christian, I found the letter disgusting, for not only do I detest the woman's actions but I also abhor her temerity and audacity in speaking so naturally about them, as if they were everyday, normal activities.

However, I found equally revolting the fact that so many people were so quick to judge her. After all, if she finds happiness in this kind of life, it is only her and her husband's business. Who is to say she is wrong? Ronald Weston (*The Playboy Forum*, January) answered these critics perfectly when he quoted Jesus Christ: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

James Hill
Evanston, Illinois

Although it may shock some people to find extramarital sex included on a list of desirable sexual freedoms, it seems to have been a worthwhile experience for some *Forum* readers. Either they found their lives enriched by their actions or they learned that seeking variety in sex didn't do them any good. In either case, they exercised the human right of acquiring one's own values through one's own experience by trial and error. Too many people fail to make their own decisions about values because they lack the

courage to experiment. Instead, they seek refuge in the moral laws laid down for them by the church, by society and by the Government. It is only the courageous people who go voluntarily through heavens and hells of their own making who eventually find themselves.

Alice Flling-Walsh
Miami, Florida

### THE OTHER WOMAN SPEAKS

After reading letters in *The Playboy Forum* from the injured wives of America, I thought you might be interested in a reply from "the other woman."

You wives should be grateful to the other women. We make your husbands easier to live with, because we are all the things you feel you no longer need be—patient, understanding, loyal, devoted, affectionate, available and grateful. Meanwhile, you enjoy the vacations, the country-club membership, the bridge club, the consumer goodies, the car, the bank balance and the home on the right street. You also have the fringe benefit of the legal right to bulldoze your husband—to push himself beyond his physical, mental, financial and emotional capabilities—in order to maintain your position in the eyes of your friends.

There are few broken marriages that weren't badly dented long before the other woman entered the scene.

In most cases, we other women are self-supporting, thereby eliminating the nagging need to keep up with the Joneses. Your husband is with us because he wants to be, *not* because there will be unbridled hell to pay if he isn't. I cannot go to him; he must come to me. I don't have to prove anything; he likes me for what I am. I needn't try to trap him into marriage; he's not available. I'll wager my Brillo pad against your streamlined dishwasher that I know more about what makes him tick than you do. If you let up the pressure on him a little, you'll have the pleasure of his company for a far greater number of years with me than without me.

(Name withheld by request)
Muscatine, Iowa

### DIFFICULTIES OF DIVORCE

I have read the recent letters in *The Playboy Forum* concerning the difficulties people have obtaining divorces, a fact that is said to be responsible for emotional suffering, adultery and high court costs. People are clamoring for a change in divorce laws, because they have forgotten that in joining in matrimony, they promised to remain together for better or for worse. It was shortsighted of them to think that they wouldn't have to live up to their promise. I find it hard to sympathize with their desire to break that promise now that "worse" has come about.

If we are going to have easy divorce laws, the marriage ceremony should be

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### BRUCE EXONERATED

NEW YORK—*The appellate term of the New York Supreme Court has, in effect, reversed, by a two-to-one vote, the only obscenity conviction still standing against Lenny Bruce. The late night-club satirist, famous for his attacks on racial prejudice, war and organized religion, had been convicted in 1964 by a court that found no "redeeming social importance" in his work. The appeal was carried forward by night-club owner Howard Solomon, who had been convicted with Bruce. This reversal makes the statistics on Lenny read: total number of obscenity arrests, seven; total number of convictions, two; total number of convictions upheld by higher courts, zero. His enemies, however, can feel that they won the war, even if Lenny won all the battles: He went bankrupt fighting his court cases and filed pauper's papers in Los Angeles shortly before his death on August 3, 1966.*

### FILM-FESTIVAL FIRSTS FOR *FOLLIES*

FLORENCE, ITALY—*"Titicut Follies" was awarded two first prizes—the critics' prize and the sociological-category prize—at the Florence Festival of the Peoples. The film is currently under a ban in Massachusetts (see "The Playboy Forum," March and April), because its depiction of life at Bridgewater State Mental Hospital for the Criminally Insane was ruled an invasion of privacy by a Massachusetts court. Competition at the festival drew 281 films on social problems from 37 countries.*

### SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

CHICAGO—*In a highly unusual divorce case, Cook County Judge Herbert Friedlund has ordered the wife to pay temporary alimony to the husband. The woman in the case, a professor at De Paul University, sought a divorce, charging her husband with physical cruelty and drunkenness; the husband filed a countersuit, charging mental cruelty. The hearing revealed that she has supported him since they came to this country in 1953 and that she has a yearly salary of $15,000. The judge thereupon ruled that since the turnabout relationship had existed for 15 years, the wife should pay the alimony—$150 per month.*

### MARRIAGE: A SOCIAL PROBLEM

*Divorce in the U. S. is not as serious a problem as the fact that too many Americans are getting married for the wrong reasons, several social scientists suggest. Dr. Garlfred Broderick of Pennsylvania State University says we suffer from an all-but-universal compulsion to wed: 95 percent of Americans between 35 and 45 have married. Professor William L. O'Neill of the University of Wisconsin says divorce is not a rising problem (the U. S. rate peaked 22 years ago and has since declined) but a safety valve for "oppressive domesticity." And, according to Dr. Alfred A. Messer of Emory University, many people are being pressured into domesticity: He states that, in one large city, one third of the brides were pregnant at the time of marriage. Parents, he adds, increasingly tend to divorce after the children are grown. Dr. Alfred Auerback of the University of California says teenage weddings, half of them due to pregnancy, constitute "over 40 percent of our marriages" and the majority break up. Many observers agree that American wedlock woes would be eased by later marriage, more sex education, liberalized abortion laws, and easily available contraceptives for the unmarried regardless of age.*

### SEX FREQUENCY AND MONGOLISM

NEW YORK—*According to* Medical World News, *"The birth of Mongoloids might be prevented by this simple prescription for parents: sexual intercourse, indulge often and regularly." The theory, put forth by Cornell University Medical School geneticist Dr. James German, is based on the observation that many Mongoloid babies are born to mothers over 35 whose marriages have endured an average of 13 years—women who, according to Kinsey's statistics, are having intercourse only about half as often as younger or newly married females. Dr. German points out that in cases of infrequent intercourse, the human egg, after discharge from the ovarian follicle, can begin to deteriorate genetically before a sperm reaches and fertilizes it. Dr. German acknowledges that further research is needed to confirm or refute this hypothesis.*

### DEATH OF RELIGION?

NEW YORK—*Institutional religion is rapidly diminishing as an attraction for modern man and by the 21st Century will exist only among small enclaves of die-hard believers, declared Peter Berger, a sociologist of religion. Dr. Berger noted in a speech reported in* The New York Times *that, for an increasing number of persons, a secularized industrial culture offers a more appealing approach to life than does religion. Churches, he says, are becoming more secularized themselves, in order to attract followers. However, this is turning out to be a self-liquidating process, in which religion loses its distinctiveness and has little to offer that can't be found in secular society. Berger thinks Protestantism is farthest*

*advanced along the road to dissolution, as indicated by its theories of secular Christianity and its death-of-God theologies.*

### DRUGS IN AMERICA

The Washington Post *states that one out of every two adult Americans has taken a psychotropic drug—a drug that produces changes in mood or in behavior, such as energizers and tranquilizers—and one out of four Americans has taken such a drug during the past year. Psychiatrist Dr. Jerome Levine, in charge of an extensive study currently being conducted, suggests that this picture need not be regarded as dismaying. "Is it better," he asks, "for a person to suffer than to accept the relief a drug can bring? Is it better for a man not to take a pill if it can prevent his beating his kids or escaping into drink or developing a psychosomatic illness?" Prejudice against drugs is part of our puritan ethic, adds fellow researcher Dr. Mitchell Balter; some Americans feel so guilty about the subject that they refuse to take drugs even when their doctors strongly recommend them, and many do not use up the entire prescription. Apparently, much of this guilt is projected outward against a handy scapegoat—the hippies—one of whom told a* Post *reporter: "The people out there dose themselves morning till night with vitamins, aspirins, caffeine, nicotine, diet pills, tranquilizers, cocktails and sleeping tablets. Then they get worked up because we smoke a little pot."*

### HUMANITY *VS.* AUTHORITY

*Dr. Benjamin Spock started working for peace long before he became involved in the antiwar movement, according to Dr. Jeanne Block, Mrs. Norma Haan and Dr. M. Brewster Smith, three University of California psychologists. Spock's famous "Baby and Child Care" planted the seeds of the present "hang-loose" generation by calling for an end to blind obedience from children and insisting that parents give reasons for their demands. "The emergence of a dedicated, spontaneous generation concerned with humanitarian values," they say, "is a triumph of Spockian philosophy."*

*Others have taken less pleasure in noting the connection between pediatrician Spock and pacifist Spock. In New York, the Reverend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale expressed negative thinking about Spock's "permissive" child theories and called for a return to "tough, constructive and firm" authority, warning that a "long hot summer" is ahead that "could rock this country to its foundation," while Attorney General Ramsey Clark, speaking in Houston, lashed out at "permissive" child rearing, without mentioning Spock by name.*

### HOMOSEXUALS AND THE DRAFT

LOS ANGELES—*The Defense Department has discreetly instructed induction centers to accept homosexuals for military service—if they are not the "obvious" type—claims the Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces. The Committee asserts that it can document cases of confessed homosexuals being accepted, even though official Pentagon policy automatically disqualifies any person who declares that he has ever had or now has "homosexual tendencies." The Committee demands that if homosexuals are to be drafted, it should be done in accordance with uniform national standards rather than under secret edicts and varying judgments of local induction-center personnel.*

### LESBIANISM AND PURITANISM

NEW YORK—*Nine psychiatrists, led by Dr. Harvey E. Kaye of New York Medical College, have published the results of a long investigation into the family patterns of a group of female homosexuals. These patterns were compared with those of a matching group of heterosexual women. Results indicated that the fathers of the homosexual women tended to have a puritanical outlook on life and to be unusually possessive. As children, 70 percent of the homosexual women had been punished by their parents for sexplay with boys, while only 17 percent of the heterosexual women had been similarly punished.*

### ABORTION-LAW REFORMS

*The legislatures of Georgia and Maryland have passed liberalized abortion statutes; at this writing, both bills are awaiting gubernatorial action and both are expected to become law. The legislation is similar to laws previously enacted in Colorado, North Carolina and California: Both the Georgia and the Maryland laws would permit abortion to protect the mental or physical health of the mother, to prevent the birth of a defective infant and to terminate pregnancies resulting from rape. The Georgia law contains stringent requirements for eligibility: The woman must be a state resident and the abortion must be approved by three physicians and the medical staff of an accredited hospital. In Maryland, the only requirement is that the abortion be approved by a hospital board, making this law the most liberal in the nation.*

*A California legislative study has shown that 254 abortions were performed during the first two months the state's new abortion law was in effect—most of them to save the mental health of the mother. Only four were performed on out-of-state residents, though the law's opponents had warned that the state would become an "abortion mill."*

modernized by omitting the "or for worse" phrase. This, at least, would be realistic. But if we wait long enough, there will be no need to change the ceremony, because the institution of marriage will become defunct. That is the direction in which society is heading—toward nonresponsibility, noninvolvement and noncommitment.

Allan Nadir
Los Angeles, California

*We wouldn't mind seeing the marriage ceremony "realistically" modernized, but we don't agree that the "for better or for worse" phrase necessarily means a bad marriage should not be dissolved. A more humane and sensible interpretation of the phrase would be that the parties agree to cope with the problems that inevitably arise in marriage and to make the adjustments required as long as the relationship is a source of mutual fulfillment and growth.*

*Nor do we agree that divorce will lead to either the end of marriage or, by implication, the downfall of society. Divorce doesn't threaten good marriages; it puts an end to bad ones. This, it seems to us, should make marriage a less fearsome, more attractive prospect. In general, we think a society in which people have the freedom to determine the course of their lives has a more promising future than one in which unhappy couples are permanently bound together against their will. Only where liberty of choice exists is there true responsibility, involvement and commitment.*

### FRENCHMAN'S VERDICT

After a visit to your country, I am convinced that *The Playboy Philosophy* does not exaggerate the influence of Puritanism in America. In no place in Europe have I encountered so many homosexuals and so many young men oriented toward violence and war as in America; yet these same individuals are afraid of normal, healthy sex.

Arnaud Leven
Paris, France

### PLAYBOY AS ETHNOLOGIST

PLAYBOY's efforts to make sense out of, and inject sense into, American mores received an accolade from Claude Lévi-Strauss, France's—and possibly the world's—leading ethnologist. Lévi-Strauss, whose books on human customs and characteristics have made such an impact that they have raised him above Sartre on France's intellectual totem pole, holds that modern societies should be studied as are primitive and remote peoples. In *The New York Times Magazine*, he is quoted as saying that this is exactly what PLAYBOY is doing:

> When I read American magazines like PLAYBOY and others, which I do with a great deal of care, curiosity and pleasure, I have the impression

of witnessing a sort of ethnological understanding of a society by its own members, who are examining customs that are strange and distant, not because they are thousands of miles away but because they are the object of a strong prohibition on the part of the society that creates the distances.

Though Western-type societies blot out primitive cultures, Lévi-Strauss says that our societies are so huge that they contain outlandish elements. The zealots who call down divine wrath on Hefner, the people who say a doll with genitals break-um big taboo, the movie censors and the book burners, the anti-pot crusaders and all the other tribes of marching morons whose existence in a 20th Century culture seems so absurd are clearly vestigial primitives maintaining their folkways among us.

Arthur Seldon
Chicago, Illinois

### SEX ENTRAPMENT

I live in the state of Washington and occasionally go to Seattle on business. While there, I sometimes avail myself of the superb services of the play-for-pay girls of that city. You can imagine my horror when I read in a local newspaper a United Press account of the latest project of the Seattle vice squad:

> With her low-cut blouse, black-net stockings, black boots and coat, the woman who sauntered aimlessly into Seattle's International District late Thursday night didn't seem out of place.
>
> A man approached her and, after a few minutes of talking, the pair entered a nearby hotel.
>
> Inside, she identified herself as a Seattle police officer and placed the man under arrest. Vice-squad detectives led the man away and the woman returned to the street.
>
> Within one and a half hours, with the aid of another policewoman using the same guise, six men were arrested, ranging in age from 20 to 32. . . .

Only the spider in its web waiting for the passing fly is a fit comparison for these policewomen. Is there anything so low that vice squads won't stoop to it?

(Name and address withheld by request)

### LANCASHIRE LAMENT

I am greatly impressed with PLAYBOY's courage in publishing letters from people who are condemned as criminals and perverts by our society. I can personally sympathize with these letter writers. I am what men call a "plain" girl—taller than most females, very thin and forced to wear glasses. As the result of many painful experiences, I gradually withdrew from contact with "normal" people (who can be extraordinarily cruel) and came to associate only with a few girls who were, like me, shy and unsocial. In time, these friendships became something more; rumors spread throughout my school and I was dismissed by the administration, which informed my parents that I was a danger to the other students and should receive treatment for my condition. I am now seeing a psychiatrist, who is supposed to cure me; am I expected to become like the "normal" people whose rejection of me drove me to what they call perversion?

PLAYBOY reveals that not all people are full of hatred and cruelty. This gives me hope that someday society may become more tolerant and more humane. Whatever your critics say, I think PLAYBOY is accomplishing something of genuine value.

(Name withheld by request)
Lancashire, England

### DEATH FOR HOMOSEXUALS

I am writing in reply to the letter "Homosexual Marriage" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). The letter writer states: "Unable to have a sanctified marriage contract, we feel that we will be married in the eyes of God, for we love each other as much as any heterosexual couple." It would be a shame to let this man go through life believing this. Here is what God says about homosexuality in the Bible (*Leviticus* 20:13): "If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: They shall surely be put to death; their blood shall be upon them."

Anita K. Adkisson
Anaheim, California

*A quote from the Bible may settle everything for you. We have a quote from H. L. Mencken that doesn't settle anything but is worth thinking about: "Religion is the greatest fomenter of hatred that the world has ever seen."*

### THE STATE AND THE BEDROOM

The sentencing of Everett Klippert (*The Playboy Forum*, February) to indefinite detention—virtually a life sentence—for "gross indecency" (the commission of homosexual acts in private with consenting adults), a sentence that was upheld by Canada's Supreme Court, has an ironic side to it. Klippert was originally sentenced by one of Canada's more enlightened jurists, Judge J. H. Sissons, who thereby hoped to test, before the Supreme Court, the section of the Canadian Criminal Code that allows preventive detention for a homosexual who "is likely to commit a further sexual offense." Judge Sissons hoped the Court would set a precedent by throwing the Klippert case out. He was probably as surprised as anyone when the conviction was upheld.

Klippert still has hope. In December 1967, Canada's Justice Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, proposed changes in the

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Criminal Code that would legalize homosexual acts in private between consenting adults. His changes would also make buggery (currently punishable by 14 years in jail) legal for consenting persons 21 or older and for husband and wife. Trudeau's wise and just proposals may have a rough battle in Parliament. Whether or not the measures are adopted, Trudeau should earn the respect of all Canadians as the man who summed up his case with: "There is no place for the state in the bedrooms of the nation."

John G. Kastner
Milton, Ontario

*Trudeau certainly has earned the respect of Canadians: Since suggesting the amendments to the Criminal Code, he has been designated as successor to Prime Minister Lester Pearson. In a* New York Times *biography, the former justice minister was said to have an interest in skiing, skindiving and driving a powder-blue Mercedes sports car, in addition to an enlightened approach to "such politically delicate subjects as the abolition of capital punishment, the liberalization of divorce and abortion laws and the tolerance of some homosexual acts." The* Times *continued: "He is not always amused at the teasing he gets over his 'playboy' clothes . . . and the fact that at 46 he remains a bachelor with a taste for beautiful blondes."*

### MASSACHUSETTS MOVIE BAN

I read with interest the March *Playboy Forum* letter concerning the banning of *Titicut Follies*. I have not had the opportunity to see this documentary; however, after nearly five decades of association with mental hospitals in five states, I can well imagine the content. It would tell a story Hollywood wouldn't know how to duplicate.

I certainly hope this film will be released to the public.

John G. Freeman, M. D.
Auburn, California

### BALTIMORE BLUENOSES

The following article from the Baltimore *Sun* gives a very revealing insight into the personalities of those who comprise our local book-burning *Bund*:

> The Baltimore County Citizens Committee for Decency met for lunch yesterday to discuss obscenity and pornography, view several Scandinavian "girlie" magazines and wonder how they could arrange to see lewd films coming before the state movie censor board. . . .
>
> "I think the Supreme Court is setting the tempo," declared one member. . . . "Without the 1954 (school desegregation) decision, we wouldn't have a civil rights movement," he said. . . .
>
> Shortly before the end of the meeting . . . an assistant state's attorney for Baltimore city took from his briefcase and passed around the table copies of three imported "semi-nude" magazines that recently have been OKed for sale in Baltimore by Federal courts. . . .
>
> A member of the Maryland censor board commented:
>
> "Next to some of the films we see, these magazines are almost Sunday-school material."
>
> "When do you show these movies?" asked another member. Several other Decency Committee members also wanted to know when they could attend censor-board screenings of questionable films.

What a lovely picture of these people leafing through nudie magazines and plotting to witness obscene movies—in total and childlike innocence of their own subconscious motivations.

Wayne E. Page
Baltimore, Maryland

### NATURAL SELECTION

The Citizens for Decent Literature, the postal authorities, the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, the Society for the Prevention of the Sale of Little Brother Dolls and similar cretinous aggregations should be made aware of the ingenious device that makes all their efforts in our behalf unnecessary. This device is the human hand, which, at the volition of its owner, will dispose of any publication containing offensive matter. It will also withhold the price of admission from a movie that its owner does not want to see. It will remove, by merely turning a dial, any obscenities from one's TV set or radio. It will, as a last resort, cover the eyes or ears of any person beset by outrageous sights or sounds.

Ann Calhoun
Los Angeles, California

### INNOCENT V. D. VICTIMS

In the December *Playboy Forum*, you quoted William F. Schwartz, educational consultant to the venereal-disease branch of the U. S. Public Health Service, as saying, "Literally thousands of cases are contracted in ways that are morally, legally and socially acceptable."

I was under the impression that one contracted venereal disease only through sexual intercourse and that the possibility of contracting V. D. through other means was a myth.

David Lemire
Linfield College
McMinnville, Oregon

*The majority of cases of venereal disease in the U. S. are, indeed, contracted through sexual intercourse, but this is by no means the only method of spreading such disease (nor, we might add, is sexual intercourse always "morally, legally and socially" unacceptable). The "literally thousands of cases" referred to by Mr. Schwartz are those spread by married individuals to each other—when one of the spouses may have picked up the disease outside the marriage bed—those in which an infant contracts it in the uterus of an infected mother and those in which an individual contracts it through other, nonsexual means. Mr. Schwartz explains:*

> *Many cases of syphilis are transmitted nonsexually in the United States. There was a time when the modes were many, including vaccinating needles, transfusion apparatus, tattooing needles, wet nursing, barbering, etc. Today, however, aside from congenital syphilis, the principal nonsexual modes—assuming that sexual means coincidental with coitus—are kissing, petting and familial fondling. Relatively fewer cases of gonorrhea are spread nonsexually—although some cases are transmitted from women to very young girls in the same household via towels and other bathroom objects.*
>
> *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.*

*Adding up all the possibilities, Dr. Charles C. Dennie estimates in his book "A History of Syphilis" that "at least 40 percent of those afflicted with syphilis acquire it innocently."*

*Mr. Schwartz concludes:*

> *We have had everything we need to eradicate syphilis for 20 years now. Everything, that is, except general agreement with the simple sentiment that "syphilis is a disease, not a dirty word." We can still eradicate the disease by the early 1970s, not by any complicated scientific breakthrough but by a simple change of attitude.*

### PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

Your reply to the December 1967 *Playboy Forum* letter about venereal-disease prevention—that "ignorance, prudery and shame" are the chief allies of V. D. in this country—reminded me of the following incident.

While living one summer with my fiancé, I contracted an ailment that turned out to be a common bladder infection, often experienced by women not used to frequent sexual intercourse. I

*(continued on page 158)*

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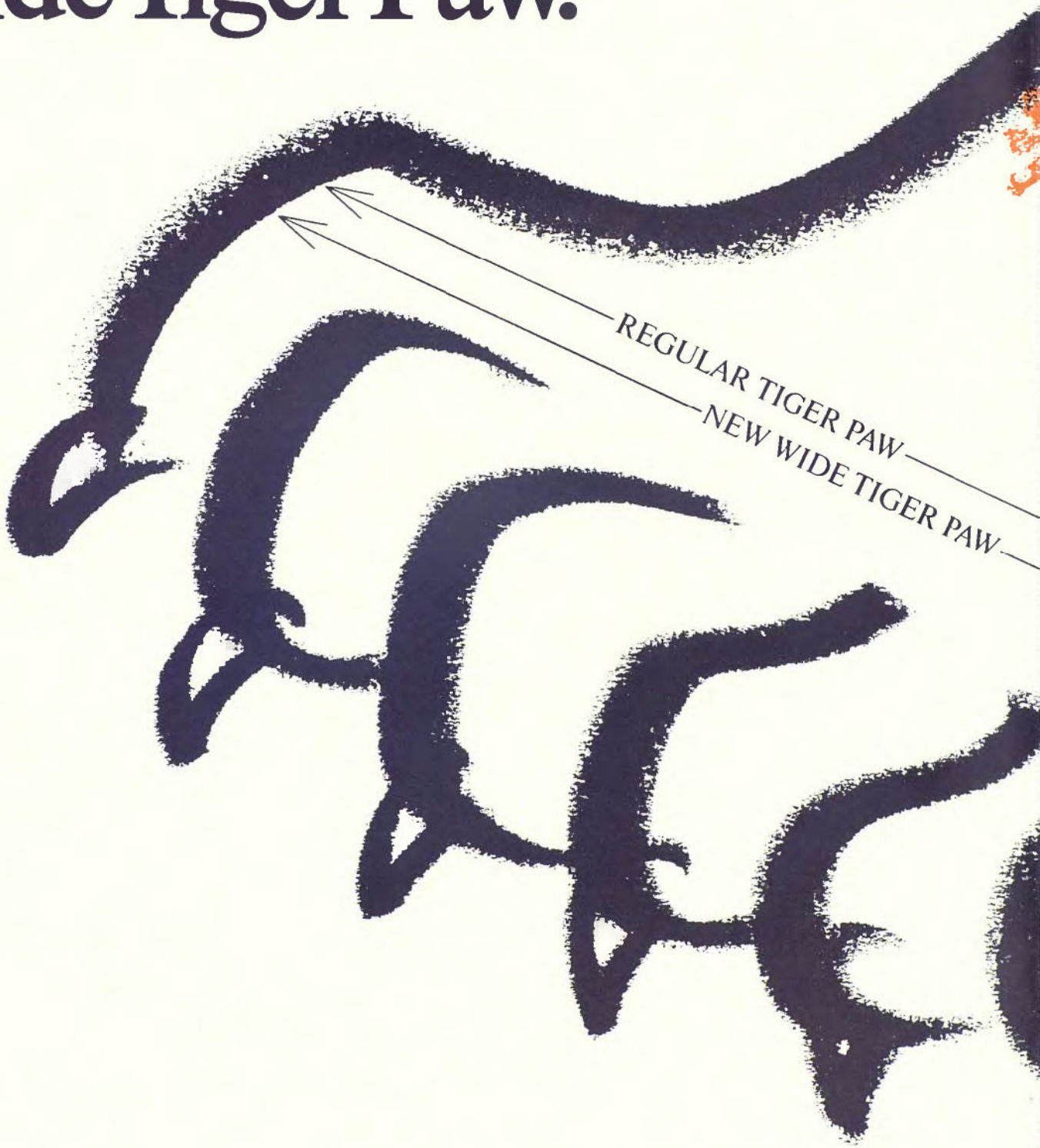


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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

## *a candid conversation with the protean economist, best-selling author, trenchant social critic, advisor to president kennedy and former ambassador to india*

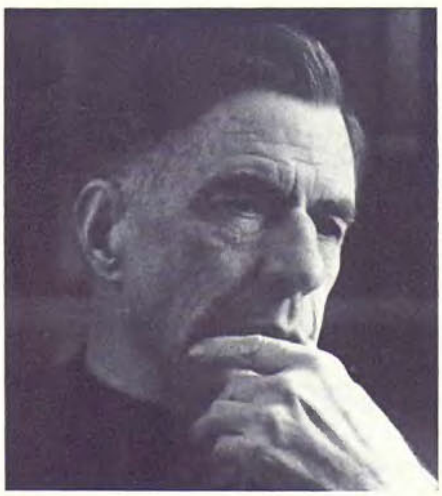
*In an age of specialists, John Kenneth Galbraith defies categorization. As an economist and social theorist, he has been immensely influential in shaping the thinking of the current generation of Americans. As a witty and incisive writer, he has transformed the arcane and near-incomprehensible subject of economics into best sellers. As an on-and-off public official, he has advised Presidents from Franklin Roosevelt to Lyndon Johnson. As U. S. Ambassador to India, he turned a relatively minor diplomatic mission into an important and exciting office, bringing a new awareness of American purpose to millions of Asians. And as a Harvard professor, Galbraith belies the stereotyped image of the retiring, ivory-tower academician. His home in Cambridge is a focal point for the jet set; he walks towering and self-assured in the world of powerful men and beautiful women; no first-rate party (such as Truman Capote's* bal masqué *a year or so ago) is complete without him; and he winters each year in the poshest of Swiss resort areas. By inclination, and by virtue of his position as head of the liberal Americans for Democratic Action (which he helped found), he is intimately involved in the decidedly unprofessorial infighting of practical politics. And in the past few years, he has emerged as one of the most energetic, prolific, articulate and responsible critics of American policy in Vietnam (as evidenced by his forceful article "Resolving Our Vietnam Predicament," which appeared in these pages in December). Late last year, Galbraith finished "The New Industrial State," a best-selling view of American business that—like its precursor, "The Affluent Society"—is probably one of the most important books of its decade. In mid-April, he followed this with his first novel, "The Triumph," also destined for the best-seller lists. In fact, before this interview appears, Galbraith may find himself one of the few authors ever to occupy both the fiction and the nonfiction best-seller lists simultaneously.*

*Not surprisingly, he describes himself as a writer, but he became one indirectly and relatively late in life. Galbraith, who will be 60 in October, was born in a small and rigidly Calvinist immigrant community in Ontario, on the northern shore of Lake Erie. (He has parlayed his boyhood into a book, "The Scotch," a haunting memoir that was published in 1964.) Galbraith's father was a teacher turned farmer and—like his son—a man larger than life. Galbraith himself is six feet, eight inches tall and likes to observe that he has lived all his years in the comforting belief that everyone around him is abnormally short. Considering his farm background, it was natural that young Ken (he dislikes the name John, which honors an uncle with whom he never got along) gravitated to Ontario College of Agriculture, at that time a part of the University of Toronto. He was graduated in 1931. A fascination with economics—a subject of growing importance during the bleak years of the Depression—then drew him to the University of California, whence he emerged with a Ph. D. in agricultural economics in 1934. After a summer job in the Federal Government, Galbraith took a post at Harvard University as an instructor and tutor. Shortly afterward, he became an American citizen.*

*About the same time Galbraith arrived at Harvard, another economist, in another Cambridge, published a book of truly vast consequence. The economist was John Maynard Keynes, and the book was Keynes' difficult "General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money," a work as important—and almost as influential—as Karl Marx' "Das Kapital." In one seminal tour de force, Keynes rewrote the role of government in a national economy, showing that in economic affairs, the best government is certainly not the least government and laying the foundation for what is now called the "new economics." While Galbraith was tutoring at Harvard's Winthrop House—and avidly deciphering Keynes' cryptic prose—he became a close friend of Joseph Kennedy, Jr., eldest of the Kennedy brothers, then a Harvard sophomore and later killed in World War Two. Here Galbraith also met young Jack Kennedy, still at prep school but shortly to arrive at Winthrop House himself. And at Harvard, Galbraith met and married Catherine Atwater, a vivacious and charming Smith College valedictorian who had come to Radcliffe for graduate study.*

*In 1939, Galbraith took a post at Princeton, but his work there was interrupted by several War-related Government jobs. In 1941, largely as the*

*"My abiding criticism of President Johnson is that he identified himself with a foreign policy—and with the exponents of a foreign policy, notably Secretary Rusk—at the moment it became obsolete."*



*"I have little confidence in our capacity to reform South Vietnam. The Saigon government has a commitment to the* status quo*—except that there seems to be a general interest in increasing the graft."*

*"There has always been a James Bond mystique within the CIA: the notion of a highly organized, masculine adventurer who can bring off fabulous coups. These people must be watched 24 hours a day."*

*result of a treatise Galbraith had written on the subject of price controls, F.D.R. appointed him* de facto *head of the Office of Price Administration. At the age of 33, he was, in effect, personally responsible for fixing the price of virtually every item sold in the United States. Unhappily, Galbraith's original ideas on the subject —the reason he'd been given the job in the first place—proved totally unworkable. Undaunted, he set up a different price-control apparatus, one that did work—and ran a staff that grew from a dozen to 16,000. With the vantage of hindsight, observers agree that the procedures Galbraith set up in his improvised operation were wise ones; the same rules were trotted out again when price controls became necessary during the Korean War. But in the hectic early years of World War Two, the job was thankless, frustrating and criticized from every quarter. Galbraith was quizzed regularly by Congressional investigators, most of whom felt his price-fixing rules were too complex. Through all this, Galbraith at least retained his sense of humor: He once toyed with the wryly simplifying alternative of setting a flat price of five dollars for every item sold. But by 1943, the job had drained even Galbraith's near-limitless energies. He left the OPA (amid variously motivated applause from all sides), made a perfunctory effort to join the Army (he was rejected because of his height) and wound up on the staff of* Fortune, *where he learned the craft of writing. At War's end, he returned to Government, to assess the value of U.S. strategic bombing attacks on Germany (the conclusion: ineffective), and then to help out briefly in the economic rehabilitation of the occupied countries. After this and another brief stint at* Fortune, *he returned to Harvard as a professor, where he has remained, between leaves of absence, since 1949.*

*Only after he settled at Harvard did Galbraith begin to write in earnest. Barricading himself for three or four hours each day, he has turned out a vast flow of typewritten words. He began to keep track of all his published works only in 1959. Even before that, he had written such popular and important books as "The Affluent Society," "The Great Crash, 1929," "Economics and the Art of Controversy" and "American Capitalism" —as well as a number of major campaign speeches for his friend Adlai Stevenson. Since 1959, his secretary reports, Galbraith has produced 8 nonfiction works (ranging from economic theory to social satire), a novel (he's now polishing another), 32 magazine articles, 54 book reviews, 35 letters to the editor, 8 introductions to others' books, numerous lectures, and major speeches for Lyndon Johnson and Edward, Robert and John F. Kennedy.*

*Galbraith was one of J.F.K.'s earliest supporters, much to the chagrin of liberal friends, such as Eleanor Roosevelt, who, before Kennedy won the nomination, were staunch Stevenson backers. He was a part of the Kennedy troupe at the 1960 Democratic Convention (where his towering height made him invaluable as a floor manager) and campaigned extensively for Kennedy in the months that followed. He also wrote occasional speeches on economics for the young candidate, though he confesses he never quite succeeded in capturing the Kennedy style. (A notable exception was a Galbraith line in Kennedy's inaugural address: "Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.") For his efforts on the new President's behalf, Galbraith was rewarded with the Indian ambassadorship, which took him to New Delhi from 1961 to 1963. While he was a relative stranger to the wiles of diplomacy, his wit and intelligence served him well; President Kennedy subsequently observed that "Galbraith was my best ambassadorial appointment." During his two and a half years in India, he also wrote four books.*

*Since his return to the U.S. in 1963, Galbraith has been closely—though unofficially—associated with liberal politics and American foreign policy. His novel "The Triumph" is a fictional skewering of State Department paralysis. His role as head of A.D.A. has made him a particularly audible source of liberal opinion and antiwar criticism, and he has gracefully assumed the mantle—as* Time *put it in a cover story on him last February—of an "all-purpose critic."*

*To learn more about the versatile and controversial economist,* PLAYBOY *sent Senior Editor Michael Laurence, the author of several* PLAYBOY *articles on the economics of personal investment, to interview Galbraith at the gingerbread chalet he rents each winter in Gstaad, Switzerland. Laurence reports: "The interview took place over seven consecutive evenings. Galbraith would write every morning. In the afternoons, he and his wife would go skiing. Then he would take a nap, and after that we would talk for an hour or two before dinner. His chalet is built into a hillside; and during the interview, Galbraith sat next to a huge picture window overlooking the Bernese Oberland. It was one of the most beautiful vistas in the world: huge, snowy peaks and pine trees in the sunset. Galbraith usually wore a turtleneck sweater and baggy salt-and-pepper trousers. While he talked, he would slouch in his leather easy chair, pulling his knees up toward his chest and looking—from the side—like a giant letter N."*

*Shortly after Galbraith had returned to the U.S. and the bulk of this interview was on press, L.B.J. dropped out of the Presidential race and events in Vietnam tentatively moved toward reduced hostilities. Taking liberties with deadlines for this introduction, we asked Galbraith —then campaigning for Eugene McCarthy in California—how he felt his interview had been affected. Galbraith's recorded telephonic reply:*

*"Most of this interview was conducted in January. In March came all sorts of political events. I was able to amend it to the extent of introducing Robert Kennedy into the Presidential campaign. The reader will have to drop Lyndon Johnson out for himself. He will also have to decide to what extent the Vietnam policy I have criticized has been officially repudiated. I venture to hope that it has and that Secretary Rusk, Professor Walt Rostow and Mr. William Bundy—the architects of the policy that produced the President's decision not to run—will take note of the warm approval the President's withdrawal produced and seek a share of it.*

*"As to who will be the Democratic candidate, Senator McCarthy or Senator Kennedy, I do not know. I do guess that Richard Nixon, unluckier than ever and at this point the only surviving defender of the Vietnam war in the Presidential race, will be the Republican loser. It is said that he erased his loser image in the New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries, but it might be suggested that he did so in elections in which he had no competition."*

*In our own estimation, the prescience and insight revealed in Galbraith's interview become even more impressive in the light of the unanticipated events that ensued after its completion. Galbraith's foregoing pronouncements about Nixon seem especially appropriate, since we had begun the interview by asking him about the plight and prospects of the G.O.P.*

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**PLAYBOY:** In moments of candor, even Republicans will admit that the performance of their party in the area that really counts—winning elections—has been less than ideal. Do you think the Republican Party is destined to a permanent minority position?

**GALBRAITH:** No, I certainly don't. I think the Republicans have been more fortunate in recent years than the Democrats.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, economics has been the bane of the Republicans, just as war has been the bane of the Democrats. The Democrats won elections for years by tying the Depression to the tail of Herbert Hoover and to the Republicans. I have little doubt that the Republicans are now going to try to win elections for quite a few years by tying war to the Democrats. The Democrats were in power in World War One; they were in power in World War Two; they were in power in the Korean War and they are in power now. Until Vietnam, there was justification for the Democratic case—they could say they weren't really responsible for the particular wars. They were only in a custodial position and

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their policy had nothing to do with precipitating those conflicts. But now, with Vietnam, the Republicans have a very good case. And the Democrats will suffer for that for a long while. In 1953 and 1954, President Eisenhower, who was then a good deal less militant than he has become on the matter of Vietnam, was strongly pressed by Secretary Dulles to commit American troops to Vietnam, but Eisenhower very stoutly refused. This was a wisdom that subsequent Democratic Administrations didn't show. I have very little doubt that in one way or the other, the Republicans—inept as they are—will make capital of this. If they run Richard Nixon, of course, they are going to be handicapped, because Nixon was one of the people urging Eisenhower to send troops to Vietnam in 1954. On the issue of the war, Nixon thinks he can beat the Democrats not by taking a wiser position but by extending their errors.

**PLAYBOY:** Some cynics have said that the Republicans in the past few elections have revealed a death wish. Every four years they have a fine chance of taking the Presidency and then they pick a candidate who can't possibly win. Is this a valid observation?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, this is undoubtedly a Republican talent—but not exclusively. For example, the Democrats in my own state, Massachusetts, almost always come up with the candidate best calculated to lose. I remember once rehashing the 1960 election with President Kennedy. I suggested that he was the only Democrat who could have won and Nixon the only Republican who could have lost. And I think President Kennedy rather agreed with that assessment. In 1964, there is no question that the Republicans unerringly picked Barry Goldwater, who was the weakest candidate they could have found, a man with an almost eccentric innocence about the great issues of our time. He was laboring until very late in the campaign, for example, under the assumption that old-age pensions are unpopular with old people. I don't have any gift of foresight, but I think there is considerable likelihood of the Republicans' going back to Dick Nixon this autumn; and, with the possible exception of Ronald Reagan, it would be hard to imagine anyone who would be weaker than Nixon. When the Republicans picked him in 1948, Thomas E. Dewey was a one-time loser; but Nixon hasn't won an election on his own account since he defeated Helen Gahagan Douglas for the United States Senate. That was in 1951.

**PLAYBOY:** Who do you think would be the strongest Republican candidate?

**GALBRAITH:** Rockefeller. There's no question about that. Rockefeller would be very strong and I think possibly even unbeatable.

**PLAYBOY:** In a contest between Johnson and Rockefeller, who would have your vote?

**GALBRAITH:** I couldn't answer that right at the moment, but my party regularity is not such that I would be obliged to vote Democratic. To be sure, I would vote only with great regret for somebody other than a Democrat. I have never voted for anybody but a Democrat in a Presidential election and I've very rarely voted for anybody but a Democrat for other offices. But last year, I publicly supported the present Attorney General of Massachusetts, Elliot Richardson, who was a Republican, because he was the better man. And many years ago, when I was living in New York, I supported Jacob Javits, when he first ran for the House of Representatives. In fact, I made a sacrifice greater than that. After I left the city, Javits got my apartment. It was in his district and apartments were very scarce at that time.

Getting back to your question, much would depend on Rockefeller's position on the war. This would be the attitude of a great many liberals. Rockefeller went underground on this issue about three years ago. When he went underground, he was quite a hawk. He was arguing for increased national defense expenditures and he was greatly committed to a bomb-shelter program. I remember seeing Prime Minister Nehru once, after he had a conference with Governor Rockefeller. The Prime Minister said, "Mr. Ambassador, your governor"—he referred to him as *my* governor—"your governor seemed to be enormously involved with bomb shelters. He did nothing but lecture me on bomb shelters. He even gave me a pamphlet on bomb shelters." That was Rockefeller before he became silent on international affairs. If he were to surface as a hawk, I certainly wouldn't vote for him. But if he were to surface with a sensible, conciliatory policy on Vietnam and on other foreign-policy issues, well, I'd have to think about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the war might provoke a left-wing third-party movement in the United States?

**GALBRAITH:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** If not on the left, do you see any prospect of a right-wing third-party movement sparked by George Wallace?

**GALBRAITH:** No. The two-party tradition in the United States is very strong. People think of themselves almost from birth as Republicans or Democrats and then differentiate themselves as liberal Republicans or conservative Democrats, or vice versa. This raises a very large moral barrier against third-party movements. Also, the legal barriers are great. To get a third party on the ballot in all the 50 states, or in anything approaching that number, is quite difficult. Things are loaded in favor of the two-party system.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you share the view of those who feel that the effectiveness of the electoral process is threatened by the emergence of movie-star politicians—those candidates who have a previous reputation established in the mass media?

**GALBRAITH:** Such as Ronald Reagan?

**PLAYBOY:** Or Senator George Murphy, or Shirley Temple Black, or Congressman Robert Mathias, Olympic gold medalist.

**GALBRAITH:** No. I don't think so. I think some popular identification of this sort is politically valuable and always has been. I just mentioned Helen Douglas, who was certainly widely known as an actress; but she didn't survive against a relatively unknown Congressman named Nixon. And there is nothing about the showing that Ronald Reagan is making around the country that would indicate his stardom is propelling him into the Presidency. Shirley Temple probably got more votes than if she had been plain Mrs. Black, with no previous fame, but not enough to get her into Congress. So, no, I wouldn't think there is anything more involved here than what everybody knows: that a measure of public notoriety is valuable in politics.

**PLAYBOY:** Lack of public notoriety seems to be one of the problems facing Senator Eugene McCarthy. Do you think his candidacy—or Robert Kennedy's—will strengthen the Democratic Party, even assuming defeat at the convention?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, there are elements of cliché here. Almost every day somebody comes to see me, to tell me that if there is any opposition to President Johnson within the Democratic Party, this will so split the party that it will improve the chances of the Republicans. Actually, the Democratic Party, in this sense, doesn't exist. The Democratic Party is not a cohesive entity that can be split. It exists, at any given time, as a vast multiplicity of factions. You can't split something that is congenitally fragmented. Are John Stennis and James Eastland united with, say, Wayne Morse? If Gene McCarthy or Bob Kennedy, reflecting as they do an enormous nationwide dissatisfaction with the foreign policy of the Administration, focus that dissatisfaction by running—among other things—as peace candidates, all they do is give expression to a split that exists anyway. Many regular members of the Democratic Party, people who are stringing along with the Administration, aren't happy about its foreign policy. I've been around the country a good deal in the past year, and I can say that the difference between people who have been leaning to McCarthy and Kennedy and the great number of the people who are stringing along with the President is *not* over the war. Both groups oppose the war. The difference is between those who think the war is such a transcendent issue that they will support whoever is opposed to it and those who are going along with the Administration in spite of the war.

**PLAYBOY:** The war aside, do you think

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Senator McCarthy is qualified for the Presidency?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, there's no question about that. He's a highly intelligent and thoughtful man, and in many ways he's been an exemplary Senator.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet in the view of the Americans for Democratic Action, which you head, his record has been less than perfect, hasn't it?

**GALBRAITH:** Not over the years. People who say this are citing some votes of the Senator during the past session, and some of the issues were quite minor. We score people by their votes, you know; and since McCarthy has been in the Senate, he has been something over 90 percent right by our count.

**PLAYBOY:** McCarthy has generated great enthusiasm among critics of the Vietnam war. An earlier Senator McCarthy also took advantage of the emotional climate of war to appeal to millions of Americans. In this case, followers of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy seemed to reason that since Communists were killing our boys in Korea, we had a moral duty to ferret them out on the home front. Do you think recent events—the indictments of William Sloane Coffin and Dr. Benjamin Spock, and General Hershey's repeated attempts to use the draft to curb dissent—indicate the possibility of a McCarthyite resurgence today?

**GALBRAITH:** No, I don't. Most people felt the Korean War—unhappy an episode though it was—was necessary. It was a very unpopular war, widely regarded as necessary and widely regarded as having been provoked by the international Communist conspiracy. So, a very small minority of people who had at one time or another—innocently or otherwise—been associated with communism were extremely vulnerable. But they were a small minority, and those who *continued* to criticize the war were an even smaller and more defenseless minority. McCarthyism was directed at this tiny group.

Perhaps for this reason, the critics of the Vietnam war have shown a heroism complex. They feel that they are being peculiarly brave in criticizing the Administration. Well, that's nonsense. There is no bravery involved in identifying yourself with millions of other people. To be specific, as a critic of the Vietnam conflict, there is no community in the United States into which I cannot go and be sure of a sizable and friendly audience. Last spring, I spoke at the most stouthearted military institution in the United States, Texas A&M College, where I had a huge turnout. I hadn't gone down there to talk about the Vietnam conflict, but I had a very friendly reception from people who wanted me to know they agreed with my views on Vietnam. That required no heroism. On the other hand, it requires considerable heroism for Secretary Rusk to go to Harvard to make a speech. There is no university community into which the Secretary of State can go without encountering hostility.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, don't you think the draft resisters, as well as Coffin and Spock, who face a possibility of conviction and imprisonment, must be credited with a certain amount of heroism?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes. And I'm puzzled why the Administration felt obliged to challenge them. That was the other point I was going to make. Who has suffered on the draft issue? Whose reputation has suffered? Has it been the people who are resisting the draft—or has it been General Hershey? Obviously, Hershey has suffered. Hershey has been, in a way, a tragic figure. Here is an amiable old man—I worked with him years ago—who has been an unspectacular but quite decent administrator. He becomes overenthusiastic on this one issue and he is now an embarrassment to all concerned. If the Administration could find any graceful way of detaching itself from General Hershey, I think it would.

**PLAYBOY:** You once wrote: "We may lay it down as a law that without public criticism, all governments would look much better and be much worse." Considering its salubrious aspect, what major criticism would you have of President Johnson?

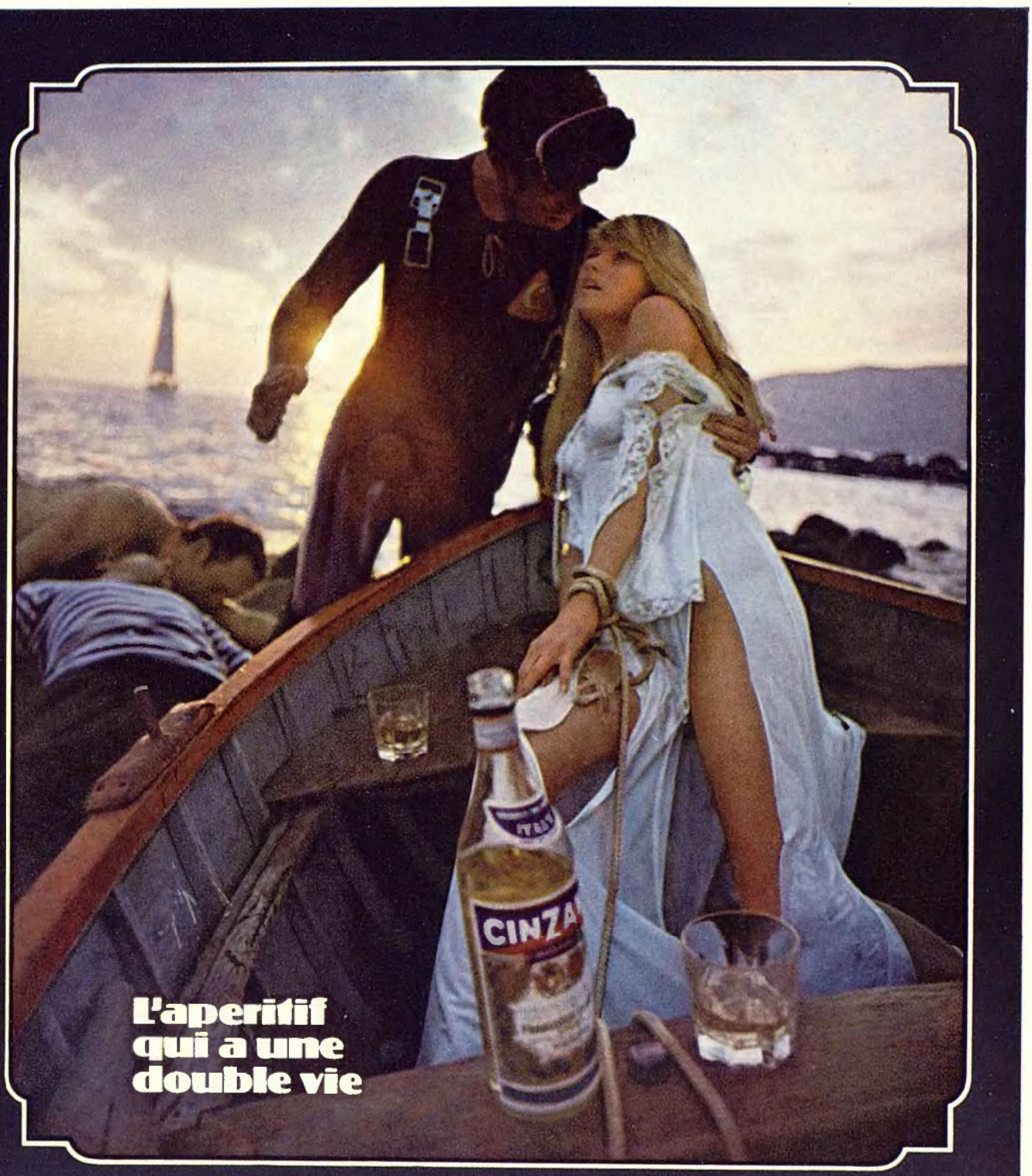
**GALBRAITH:** My abiding criticism of President Johnson is that he identified himself with a foreign policy—and with the exponents of a foreign policy, notably Secretary Rusk—just at the moment that it became obsolete. Consider the errors in our foreign policy in the past 20 years. First, it relied excessively on the mystique of military power. Second, it had the vision of a unified, international Communist conspiracy, just at the time the Communist world was breaking up and giving way to the stronger force of nationalism. Third, it was rigidly and narrowly anti-Communist. Far too many issues were decided in accordance with whether they seemed to advance or impede the Cold War with what was called the Sino-Soviet bloc. And fourth, it terribly exaggerated the possible American role in bringing about desirable social change in other countries. All of these things were the mistakes of the generation of people who dominated foreign policy in the 20 years following the breakup of the Grand Alliance. And all these mistakes came to a focus in Vietnam. We found ourselves involved with nationalism, not international communism. We exaggerated what military weapons could accomplish; we found we could not reform Vietnamese society. Yet this was the effort with which President Johnson identified himself. I remember—I don't think I'm violating any confidence here or being unduly vain in recalling it—I remember a conversation I had with President Johnson shortly after the death of President Kennedy. We were ranging over the problems to be faced. I told him that I thought there were no problems on the domestic front that wouldn't yield readily to the kind of social action that was already in process. But I said that if the old generation was able to reassert itself in our foreign policy, there could be nothing but disaster. I had in mind the pressures that had previously been placed upon us to intervene in Laos and the relentless pressures that were then upon us to escalate our intervention in Vietnam. And suggestions kept coming up for military intervention in other parts of the world as well.

**PLAYBOY:** But President Johnson inherited Kennedy's State Department. Rusk was a Kennedy appointee, and there haven't been many high-level changes in the State Department since Kennedy staffed it. How would you account for these old pressures reasserting themselves under the Johnson Administration?

**GALBRAITH:** As both Theodore Sorensen's and Arthur Schlesinger's books make clear, the great struggle in the Kennedy Administration was not between Republicans and Democrats and it was not between the Executive and the Legislature. It was between the White House and the senior foreign-policy establishment—particularly between the White House and the State Department. The instinct of the older, permanent employees in, say, the Department of Agriculture or the Department of the Interior, is generally progressive. These bureaus can get set in their ways, but they respond to leadership. The instinct of the State Department, however, was overwhelmingly to the older-generation attitudes, to John Foster Dulles' view of the world. They saw the problem of foreign policy simplistically, as a conflict between communism and the free world. Everything was forced into that dichotomy. This was a continuing point of conflict all through the Kennedy Administration. It came up with those who wanted—as I said—to send troops to Indochina. General Taylor and Walt Rostow came back from Vietnam in 1961 with a proposal to put a division of combat troops in there. Kennedy said no. The conflict came up with all the negotiations we were involved in in Europe. It came up with those who didn't want to make any concessions that might lead, for example, to the test ban. And it came up in Latin America. The point is that in each of these cases, Kennedy had to reject powerful and well-entrenched attitudes within the State Department itself; and for the most part, he succeeded. President Johnson has not succeeded.

My second criticism of President Johnson would be briefer: He is a very shrewd tactician but a poor strategist. He is good at handling today's and tomorrow's business but poor at defining objectives and moving consciously and deliberately toward those objectives.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you elaborate?

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**GALBRAITH:** Vietnam provides many examples. Last autumn, the President brought General Westmoreland and Ambassador Bunker back to sell the country and the Congress on the notion that we were winning in Vietnam. It was quite a successful tactic. Even the polls showed improvement. But as part of a longer-run strategy of promoting confidence in our foreign policy, given the fact that we weren't winning, it was a terrible mistake. The Tet offensive came along and disposed of the victory.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't much of President Johnson's style, as well as his attitude toward the issues, forged in the New Deal?

**GALBRAITH:** No question about that. And it was very much my own case.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think, in Johnson's case, that some of his ideas and approaches are obsolete?

**GALBRAITH:** That's a somewhat harsh statement. I would be rather cautious before agreeing. I might be indicting myself, too. On some matters about which I have been very much concerned —the problem of our environment, the protection of roadsides, the preservation of some of the natural charm of the American community—President Johnson has been very much in the vanguard, and so has Mrs. Johnson. Or they were, until this miserable war intervened. On the other hand, I think the President is probably open to a measure of criticism for his last State of the Union message, a criticism that was leveled at him quite generally: his excessive preoccupation with increasing national prosperity as the sole test of social performance. I'm not saying that increasing prosperity isn't important, but it's clear that this is not a remedy for the distress in our cities. And it's clear that the problem of the cities grows from a very bad sense of priorities on the part of the Federal Government.

**PLAYBOY:** Some critics have said that Kennedy planted and all Johnson has done is harvest. Do you think Johnson's reputation for success in obtaining progressive social legislation is deserved?

**GALBRAITH:** President Kennedy certainly put quite a good deal of legislation on the table. But I never doubted that President Johnson was a better manager of Congress than President Kennedy. President Kennedy saw the Congress as a coequal branch of the Government, in strict constitutional terms. President Johnson sees it as a challenge, as something to be managed. This has achieved results.

**PLAYBOY:** Nonetheless, do you regard Kennedy as a great President?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes. At least I regard him as having been a very great man. He was subject, of course, to the limitations of three brief years. Most of the people who made a mark in the Presidency, from Washington on, had eight years. Roosevelt had more than 12.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think was President Kennedy's most important achievement in domestic affairs?

**GALBRAITH:** The one that he's commonly credited with: the final development of modern economic policy. It was under the Kennedy Administration that we finally got away from the clichés of the balanced budget and came to see the Federal Government as an affirmative instrument for maintaining the level of employment. This has become an accepted fact. But I would add that in a more general sense, Kennedy brought an air of excitement to Washington that, in turn, drew an extraordinarily talented group of people there from all over the country, lifting very markedly the tone and quality of the Federal Executive. On reflection, I might even say that this intangible achievement was his monument. There are also some other Kennedy accomplishments that even the historians tend to overlook. For example, the farm problem disappeared under Kennedy. He appointed a very talented man as Secretary of Agriculture and gave him a free hand. Secretary Freeman, in turn, had a great capacity for dealing with Congress. Until the Kennedy Administration, everybody assumed that the farm-policy problem was chronic and insoluble. Now, of course, we haven't heard much about it for years. It's curious how little we miss the problems that we cease to hear about.

**PLAYBOY:** The mood of excitement you say Kennedy brought to Washington seems to have disappeared. Do you think this is because Kennedy himself is no longer on the scene?

**GALBRAITH:** No. I think the war is the cause. Had it not been for the war, the sense of excitement generated by the legislative measures that President Johnson put through in 1964 and 1965 would have continued. I was very closely associated with the poverty program in its early years, first in the drafting of the legislation and then on the advisory committee that was established to oversee it. There was a great sense of excitement in the Office of Economic Opportunity in those early years under President Johnson. It began to dissipate when it became common knowledge that there wasn't going to be any important increase in appropriations. Instead of an all-out war on poverty, it became clear that the program's claim on the budget was wholly subordinate to military requirements. People began to drift away, first a few at a time and then in large numbers. One always has to keep in mind—and this also is something that is not very well understood—that liberals in the United States are summer soldiers. They go to Washington when the going is good, when there's an Administration they like, when there's a feeling of excitement. But when the excitement diminishes, they go back to the universities, or to journalism, or to the law. On

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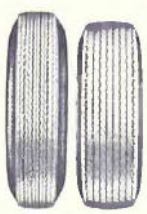

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the whole, conservatives are more stable. One sees this particularly in the State Department. The liberals come in for short periods of time—as I did—but the stuffier men have much greater stability.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you say was Kennedy's greatest accomplishment in foreign affairs?

**GALBRAITH:** The nuclear test ban.

**PLAYBOY:** Not his handling of the Cuban crisis?

**GALBRAITH:** No. That required sensible restraint. The wild men had to be kept down. But that was no great test of capacity. And the Soviets were quite cooperative, after all. I think the test ban was Kennedy's greatest achievement. And again, it's an indication of how little we miss problems that are no longer with us. Up until the negotiation of the test-ban agreement, there was scarcely a week, and often not a day, when there wasn't a story in *The New York Times* about fallout levels, about strontium 90 in our milk, about radiation poisoning the atmosphere. Now I suppose one could go through the *Times* index for the past year and find only a handful of such entries, mostly concerning the Chinese explosions. This oppressive problem has almost disappeared from our consciousness. When I went to India, I found that one of the subjects that came up most frequently in conversation was what right the Americans and the Russians have to poison the atmosphere that all the world must use. The alarm in the nonscientific community was very much greater than it was in the United States. Once I took Jerome Wiesner, then the President's Scientific Advisor, out to India for the specific purpose of putting the thing in perspective. He held what must have been one of the longest press conferences in history, answering in meticulous detail all the questions of the Indian newspapermen about what the actual dangers from fallout were. He didn't minimize the dangers, of course; he was one of the architects of the test ban. But he managed to persuade the Indians that they weren't in imminent danger of destruction from radioactive air.

**PLAYBOY:** About your association with India, *Newsweek* once wrote: "As U. S. Ambassador from 1961 to 1963, Galbraith allegedly conducted himself in a manner befitting a rajah, dealt too directly with Prime Minister Nehru, dashed off a volume of hot-lined cables that kept international wires smoking, and often disregarded diplomatic protocol to take problems directly to friend and boss John F. Kennedy." Would you plead guilty?

**GALBRAITH:** No, I wouldn't. I might take up the indictment step by step. I'm quite certain that my behavior was *not* parallel with that of the rajahs. The rajahs are now a rather depressed and saddened caste in India, whereas I tried to conduct myself with slightly more style. I certainly dealt directly with Prime Minister Nehru. He was, in addition to being prime minister, a personal friend of some years standing. He was also the foreign minister, the person with whom I had to work. About hot-lined cables, I often found that a sharply worded communication to the State Department produced more results than the passive-voiced, soft and enfeebled prose that is customary in diplomacy. And I always maintained the fiction that I had a very close association with President Kennedy. This was extremely valuable in getting action out of the State Department. It gave me a measure of leverage. But if anybody in the State Department had ever stopped to ponder the matter, they would have known that I wasn't really close to Kennedy at all. If the President had more than one official communication every six months from his ambassador in India, he would quickly have tired of such pestering and told me to deal with the Secretary of State. So I carefully rationed my communications with the President, as any experienced bureaucrat—which I am—knows he must do.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you accumulated quite a sheaf of correspondence with Kennedy, didn't you?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, unofficially. When I went to India, President Kennedy said one day, in a joking way, "Why don't you drop me a letter every once in a while and tell me what you do?" He said, "I've always been a bit uncertain, ever since my father was an ambassador, just what the job entails." Since I had for years been in a degree of communication with the President, every fortnight or so I'd send him a letter—a personal letter rather than an official communiqué—describing what was happening. I described the more interesting or amusing or embarrassing experiences of being an ambassador, sometimes commenting on matters in the U. S., and giving a great deal of attention to the thing that worried me tremendously at that time: our deepening involvement in Indochina. Someday I'm going to publish these letters. The time is now approaching when I think I can do so without seeming to be engaged in any undue exploitation of my position in India or my past association with the President.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you resign from your ambassadorial post?

**GALBRAITH:** President Kennedy asked me to go there initially for two years, in the hope that this would give some impression of the aims and goals of the Kennedy Administration to the people in that part of the world. Then we'd extended it, after the Chinese attack on India; this was a period of uncertainty, so I stayed on. When calm returned after the war, I came home. I certainly didn't consider myself a professional diplomat—a point of view that was shared in some degree by the State Department. I had *The New Industrial State* hanging over my head and I was very anxious to finish it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you find you could live comfortably on an ambassadorial salary?

**GALBRAITH:** Handsomely. Over the years, the financial difficulties of ambassadors have been somewhat exaggerated. I'm not speaking of Paris or London, but there's no doubt that my financial situation in New Delhi was infinitely easier than that of my Harvard colleagues who went to Washington. I had a salary of some $27,000 a year; transportation was paid for me and my family; there was a house, a staff, an automobile and an educational allowance for my children; and a very substantial entertainment allowance, certainly sufficient for the entertainment we did. We could have done less without any damage to the United States. But every time I returned to Washington, my friends looked at me in the gloomiest fashion and asked: "Ken, are you going broke out there?" My answer always was: "Don't talk to me, talk to Archibald Cox or Arthur Schlesinger or Abe Chayes, the other Harvard people who came to Washington. They're the ones who are in danger of going broke."

**PLAYBOY:** The comment has been made—most recently, in an amiable way, by David Halberstam in an article about you in *Harper's*—that the Kennedy people were disturbed at the ease with which you made the transition from J. F. K. to Johnson after the President was assassinated. Is this so?

**GALBRAITH:** I've been asked about this before. Actually, I was the source of the remark myself, because I kept very careful notes about that whole weekend. Right after the assassination, President Johnson asked me to help with the message that he was about to give to Congress. He had just taken over and had no available staff. Also, as the new President, he was under terrible pressure. So he asked Ted Sorensen and me to give him a hand. We did. And I must say, in the jarring disorientation of that weekend, I found it therapeutic to have something to do. I reported, in the diary that I kept over that weekend, that I'd heard someone remark: "Well, that was certainly a rapid change in Ken," or something to that effect. Subsequently, I loaned the diary to William Manchester, who was writing *The Death of a President*. I asked him to check back on any use he made of it. But in the great confusion that surrounded publication of his book, as he later explained to me, he was unable to do so. So some of the material he published caused me a degree of embarrassment. The comment was a frivolous one that I certainly would never have published myself. But I don't think many people took it seriously. I never did. As a matter of fact, I doubt that

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over the weekend I did any more to ease the transition than, say, Robert Kennedy himself.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you otherwise involved in the controversy over Manchester's book?

**GALBRAITH:** No. I had earlier looked over, for Senator Robert Kennedy and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, a couple of the other Kennedy books, which made some small use of private papers: a book by Pierre Salinger and a book by the former Undersecretary of the Navy, Paul Fay. But I don't think I qualified myself as a particularly meticulous reviewer. At any rate, I had no role in the Manchester book, though I did come to Mrs. Kennedy's defense when I thought she was somewhat unfairly accused of censorship.

**PLAYBOY:** You once observed that censorship reflects "the deep conviction of people who do not read concerning the persuasive power of books on those who do." Do you think any form of censorship is justified in the U. S. today?

**GALBRAITH:** I oppose all censorship. I am, of course, especially suspicious of censorship having to do with public affairs. I know from my own experience as a public official, particularly during the years when I was running price controls, that every time I made a mistake, I immediately yearned for secrecy. No doubt there are some things that have to be kept secret, in the operation of the Government, but this is better done by instilling confidence in public employees than by censorship.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of books and their effect on others, we recently saw you quoted as saying that the writings of the late Ian Fleming had an important influence on American foreign policy. Were you speaking facetiously?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, in a way, but there has always been a Bond mystique within the CIA: the notion of the highly organized, highly masculine adventurer who can bring off perfectly fabulous coups. These people must be watched 24 hours a day. Indeed, if at all possible, they shouldn't be hired. It's undoubtedly unfair, though, to attribute their inclinations to too many James Bond novels. It's perhaps more plausible to say that Fleming modeled some of Bond's more outrageous operations on the things these self-styled superagents imagine—in their wilder fantasies—that they're accomplishing.

**PLAYBOY:** Your new novel, *The Triumph*, skewered the State Department mercilessly, but it was surprisingly benign toward the CIA. Does this reflect your own views?

**GALBRAITH:** One must bear in mind that my novel concerns a small South American country with an unattractive climate and a poor *ambiance*. It's less attractive to the Bond type than, say, Laos or South Vietnam, or some of the other exotic parts of the world. And since *The Triumph* aims in all particulars to be true fiction, it was natural that I should play down the role of the CIA. I *did* point to one feature of the CIA, however: its ability, when asked to estimate the outcome of a particular suggestion, to get on both sides of the question and then cloak its ambiguities in secrecy. But I must say one other thing: The CIA, on the whole, has had an unfair billing. There have been some impossible people working for it; but in the main, it has been composed of careful, diligent, hard-working men. My own experience with the CIA is that, given strong leadership, it is responsive, loyal and responsible.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the charges we sometimes hear—of CIA subversion, fomenting revolutions, sabotage, even assassination? Do these things go on?

**GALBRAITH:** They never went on within my area of responsibility. My feeling is that the CIA has been in some degree a scapegoat for weak ambassadors. A lot of ambassadors who have the orthodox and old-fashioned view of their trade like not to know that there are any intelligence activities going on in their country. When something goes wrong, they can say: "Oh, that's the Agency boys, messing things up as usual." They use the CIA as an excuse for their own indifference. But any Chief of Mission who wants to take full responsibility for what is going on in his area can do so. It would be a good practice, in general, when things go wrong, to blame the ambassador more frequently and less frequently to blame the CIA. The ambassador has all the authority he needs—if he chooses to exercise it.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were Secretary of State, what would you do to rid the Department of the *rigor mortis* that you depicted in *The Triumph*?

**GALBRAITH:** This is a long story. To begin with, it would be very useful to lower the retirement age. In general, a livelier, more eclectic and more knowledgeable group of people has come into the State Department since World War Two. The Pethwicks [Pethwick is a fossilized State Department obstructionist in Galbraith's novel] of the State Department are the people from good families who were looking for a gentlemanly career in government and set great store in having the *manners* of diplomacy. But they never armed themselves to understand the political problems of their task. They tend to regard all popular movements as Communist inspired. And they have the disposition to believe that people should accept any right-wing government, however despotic or noxious it may be. While there are young fogies in the State Department, there's a much larger number of old fogies. We would all profit from their retirement. But the State Department also suffers from the myth of American omnipotence. We have too many people assuming responsibility for too many things. If one imagines, for instance, that somehow or other the


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United States can affect all developments in Burma, then one is going to have a large number of Burmese specialists. But if one assumes that our relationship to Burma is marginal, that we can have only a very modest role there, then we're going to have only one man part time on Burma. I'm using Burma as an improbable example here; but during the years when we exaggerated our capacity to guide political and social change, we naturally expanded the number of State Department personnel. The result is a very slow and tedious process of decision-making, leading to the *rigor mortis* you mentioned. We're not going to fire those people; this is something that as a plain political matter never happens. If, implausibly, I were Secretary of State, I would divide the State Department into two parts. I would isolate in one part all the intelligence activities and all of the scholarly pursuits of the Department. The other part would be a relatively simple field staff drawing on the expertise of that large, scholarly apparatus. I'd hope that the field staff could then be accommodated to a more limited view of American foreign policy.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the U. S. should have any role as what is commonly called a world policeman?

**GALBRAITH:** I've never been guilty of using the phrase "world policeman." To think that it is our function to preserve world law and order, or to prevent communism around the world, is fantastic. There's a certain range of matters—economic support, educational assistance, a back of the hand to dictators—where we can exercise a beneficial role. No question about that. But to the total role that is implied in the notion of being a world policeman, to assume we can put down disorders, stop revolutions, arrest communism wherever it breaks out, is exactly the frame of mind that got us into the current tragedy in Southeast Asia.

**PLAYBOY:** President Kennedy visited Southeast Asia in 1951. According to Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days*, Kennedy was very much aware of the extent to which French policy had alienated the Vietnamese nationalists. Schlesinger observed that Kennedy was "always concerned not to enlarge our commitment to such an extent as to change the character of the war." If Kennedy had lived, do you think the situation in Vietnam would be substantially different than it is?

**GALBRAITH:** There are always some questions in an interview that one should be reluctant to answer. That shows a decent reserve. I think possibly this is one of them. In discussing this whole difficult problem, it's obvious that I'm in substantial disagreement with the President and with the Secretary of State. But I've also tried to be fair. I think it's somewhat unfair, for anyone who was not privy to President Kennedy's thoughts, to compare what he thinks Kennedy would have done with what President Johnson has, in fact, done. It's unfair to measure President Johnson's record against the assumed record of a man who is now dead. Professor Schlesinger was closer to President Kennedy than I was in these matters, and so was Robert Kennedy. It's quite possible that they could speak with more authority. I've been asked this question many times and I've always been reluctant to answer. I remain reluctant.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have an answer that satisfies you personally, even if you're unwilling to state it?

**GALBRAITH:** No, I honestly don't have an answer. It seems just idle speculation. There are so many objective grounds for being critical of the President and the Secretary of State. There's the overwhelming fact that a large part of our reason for being in Vietnam is that we are now concerned with saving reputations. Military reputations, diplomatic reputations, the reputation of the Administration—all these have become committed in this enterprise. We're not trying to save the Vietnamese; we're trying to save Americans. There are so many honest grounds for criticizing the Administration, on evidence that is available to everybody, that I am very reluctant to resort to anything subjective. Perhaps, if one had a weak case, one might be struggling for some such support as this. But when one has an overpoweringly strong case, one doesn't need it.

**PLAYBOY:** You've made that case ever more vocally in recent months. What was your role in the A. D. A.'s rejection of Johnson and its endorsement of Senator McCarthy?

**GALBRAITH:** I'm chairman, and I tried to be reasonably impartial as regards the conflicting points of view within the A. D. A. This extends from John Roche, who was one of my predecessors as chairman and who is now intellectual-in-residence in the Johnson Administration and a firm supporter of the President, all the way to Al Lowenstein, who is a vice-chairman of A. D. A. and has been one of the most effective organizers of the opposition to President Johnson.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you support the A. D. A. endorsement of McCarthy?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes. You support the man you think is right.

**PLAYBOY:** And you continued your support after Kennedy entered the race?

**GALBRAITH:** Oh, yes. But I am far less interested in the choice between McCarthy and Kennedy than in having a strong alternative contender for the nomination. I would be eminently happy with either as a candidate.

**PLAYBOY:** What practical contribution can the A. D. A. make to the Democratic Party in an election year? Is it confined to attempts to influence the Democratic platform, or does it go beyond this?

**GALBRAITH:** Far beyond. The A. D. A. is the holding company for the liberals who are closely associated with the political process—the liberals who run for office, who speak and are heard and who have been the hard fiber of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Virtually all the liberals who came to Washington in the Kennedy Administration came in from the A. D. A.: Schlesinger; James Loeb, Jr., who was ambassador to Peru and later in Africa; and Hubert Humphrey, who was one of my predecessors as chairman. The A. D. A. has provided the liberal muscle of the Democratic Party.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of your A. D. A. colleagues have run for public office. Have you ever considered this yourself?

**GALBRAITH:** No, not very seriously. I toyed with the idea a couple of years ago, when a number of Massachusetts Democrats raised the possibility of my running for governor. I hasten to say it was something less than a mass movement. And since I live a good part of the year in Vermont, some of my friends up there once urged me to run for the Senate. On both of these occasions, I allowed myself to reflect on the idea and then I discarded it. First, because of the usual uncertainty of all sensible people as to whether they would stir the enthusiasm of the voters to the extent that, in the secrecy of their souls, they are likely to imagine. The other reason is that politics is a full-time activity; I have always sought an existence where I could do several things that interest me and, in particular, where I could protect a goodly amount of my time for writing.

**PLAYBOY:** Your past and present successes as a writer must have rewarded you handsomely. Aren't you well on your way to becoming a millionaire?

**GALBRAITH:** I wouldn't think so. The income tax provides good protection against that disaster for anyone who receives his income—as I do—in current form. But that's not very important, because all my life I've had enough income. The difference between too little and enough is much greater than the difference between enough and more than enough. The added advantage of having more than enough is relatively marginal. I'm quite happy as a professor.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any intention of leaving Harvard?

**GALBRAITH:** No. I've had the usual suggestions from time to time. Mostly, however, these have been offers of administrative positions, to head academic institutions. I'm not engulfed with them, because I think people rightly guess that I'm not a natural-born administrator. And I've always turned them down, because I consider teaching the price I have to pay for the freedom to write—the time to write and the research support one gets in an academic community. I've never had even the slightest intention of losing that freedom by becoming a bad administrator.

**PLAYBOY:** While you play down your

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own role as a Presidential advisor, there's no doubt that intellectuals like yourself *do* have the chance to counsel the President officially. To what extent can such advisors really influence Government policy?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, I'm quite impressed by a comment President Truman once made about Bernard Baruch. Truman said, approximately: "I've never been quite certain why Mr. Baruch describes himself as an advisor to Presidents. That isn't a very important job. All Presidents have a lot more advice than they're able to use." But there's another side to your question: the pivotal role in the United States of the person with some knowledge of a particular subject and, even more specifically, the person with some capacity for social innovation. This ability, to figure out how social change can be engineered, is very rare—the capacity to decide how prices are to be regulated in wartime, the capacity to design a new system of social insurance, to figure out how Medicare should be set up to do the most good, or to puzzle out what can be done about the tedious state of American television. In the United States, the business community, the trade unions and even the unattached community of lawyers, writers, and so on, is not socially innovative. The capacity to innovate is confined largely to the scientific and educational communities and to the Federal bureaucracy.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet the scientific and educational communities seem singularly alienated from the political process today. How do you explain this?

**GALBRAITH:** This group is currently frustrated because it is *not* enjoying its customary power. In recent years, when the scientists and the liberal academic community have pretty well agreed on a proposition, there's been a very strong tendency for the Government to go along. But the scientific and educational estate today is overwhelmingly opposed to the Vietnam war. There's been some disposition to question this in Washington, but the polls all show it. One cannot live in the educational community and be in any doubt about the size of the opposition. Yet the Administration and the military have—at least until now—shown a high level of indifference to these attitudes. So the alienation you mentioned is the result, on this issue, anyway, of not having the accustomed influence.

**PLAYBOY:** Then from whom does the President seek advice? Does he look to what you've somewhat facetiously called the American establishment?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, the establishment doesn't really give advice; it usually just confirms the *status quo*. The establishment is the group of people whose ideas, at any given time, are eminently respectable. In language I have otherwise used, they are the people who can be counted on to articulate the conventional wisdom of the moment. When appointed to high office—either by Republicans or, more significantly, by Democrats—they confer an aura of stability and respectability on the community. The establishment, for instance, can be relied on to support the Administration's policies in Vietnam long after sensible men have condemned these policies. Meaningful advice, of course, will come from the socially innovative community that I mentioned, from men like Wilbur Cohen, who is now Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and was Assistant Secretary for many years. Wilbur was the man who invented, in a way—or who at least developed—most of the ideas associated with Medicare. He combined that with the political skill that enabled him to get it through Congress. When the history of this period is written, if it's written with any accuracy, Wilbur Cohen will be credited with a lot more power to change things than, say, John J. McCloy. McCloy was former Assistant Secretary of War, former head of the World Bank, former American High Commissioner in Germany, major archon on the Council on Foreign Relations and a member of the Warren Commission. He has shown great distinction in making the case for the *status quo*. A few years ago, he was undeniably chairman of the establishment. But even in this role, he wasn't as significant a figure as Cohen, who is associated with change.

**PLAYBOY:** McCloy is getting on in years. Who would you put at the head of the American establishment today? McGeorge Bundy?

**GALBRAITH:** A good choice. Mac Bundy is certainly the most prominent contender. However, he is not a completely reliable establishment figure. He has all the qualifications: as head of the Ford Foundation, former Harvard dean, former National Security Advisor to the President, member of a family that has had a very distinguished record of public service. His father, as you know, was the great lieutenant of Henry Stimson, Hoover's Secretary of State. And when he watches himself, Mac shows a certain capacity for the reputable platitudes. But then every once in a while he comes up with an idea of disturbing originality, or he endorses ideas that the community at large is not quite ready to accept, or he stops too long on the wrong policy. This is a mistake. A good establishment man never makes mistakes. Bundy got well out in front on the whole issue of public television. And on Vietnam, he has lagged badly. So he is regarded with some slight trepidation by the true establishment figures.

**PLAYBOY:** If Bundy is disqualified, then who really heads the establishment?

**GALBRAITH:** Some people believe that I am studying up hard for the job. I imagine that a lot of this interview will have a very statesmanlike sound.

**PLAYBOY:** You apparently believe the establishment's influence is minor. But among those who *are* influential, do you think that power corrupts?

**GALBRAITH:** By no means. I think power has a very different effect on different people. For instance, I wouldn't think for a moment that power corrupted President Kennedy. I think he carried it with a great deal of pleasure and a good deal of grace. My impression is that most people react rather responsibly to power; it often brings out a side to their character, a depth of concern, that they hadn't previously displayed. The second part of Lord Acton's famous dictum, that absolute power corrupts absolutely, may be true. But that the mere possession of power corrupts, I think, is only infrequently the case.

**PLAYBOY:** There's also the power that accrues to the economist. Keynes once suggested that we're all "the slaves of some defunct economist." As an economist, do you think our everyday lives are profoundly influenced by economic theory?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, something broader than economic theory. There is no question that our lives and our thinking are profoundly influenced by organized social theory. To take one example: People who believe that they have an original commitment to free enterprise and to individualism are almost invariably citing, at second or third remove, the ideas of Jeremy Bentham or Herbert Spencer, in many cases without ever having heard of those two distinguished gentlemen. It's also true that the ideas of economists have become part of the blood stream of our life. Things that we take as original truth are, in fact, the formulations of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Alfred Marshall.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think your own works would fit in here?

**GALBRAITH:** I've never been disposed to sacrifice truth to modesty. I think that there are certain ideas from my own books that slightly modify the way people think about economic life.

**PLAYBOY:** For instance?

**GALBRAITH:** At the end of World War Two, partly as a reaction to the restrictions and controls of the War, partly as a defensive mechanism against another resurgence of New Deal regulation—which was very much feared by business—we had a great revival of the liturgy of free enterprise. People read F. A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* and similar rescripts against the state. It became a part of popular thinking that there was a conflict between individual liberty and the function of the state, that the state was a menace to liberty. The result was that people thought they were defending freedom when they kept down taxes and when they limited government spending. Well, I set out quite deliberately, in *The Affluent Society*, to do what I could to

*(continued on page 138)*


# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

The kind that won't stay put. He's a young executive moving up and moving fast. And he takes off often in pursuit of pleasure as well as business—making beautiful connections along the way. Fact: PLAYBOY *leads* all monthly magazines in reaching men 18 to 49 who took eight or more air trips within the past year, better than twice the national average. If you want to fly them your way, sell them their way—in PLAYBOY. It soars above the ordinary. (Source: *1967 B.R.I.*)

**New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo**

*fiction* By HERBERT GOLD *he met her at an acid-rock ball and she grokked him, this ultracool miss loaded with experience and bereft of emotion*

"WOULD YOU HAVE DINNER with me one night this week?" he asked the girl at a pause in the foaming, churning breakers of sound. It rose, it rose again, it fell, it rose, and then there was a pause.

"No," she answered, smiling sweetly.

"But I thought—you seem—that look on your face——" She had a way of fixing her eyes against his as they danced. She had a way of moving against the way he moved.

"Sure I grok you," she said.

Slightly comforted and emboldened, he nevertheless gave up and thought he might as well be a scientist about it. "What did I do wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. The amplified sitar, the electric violin, the wired harpsichord and the pile-driving rhythm instruments were being launched once more to another victory against the stoned and the stunned. There was a willingness to be overcome.

"You have a friend?"

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE ISOM

"Nothing special," she said. "I came here with a group—all friends."

"Then why not?"

She stood a little sideways, gazing at him with her clear sweet hilarious smile, as the acid-rock music of the Salvation Auditorium in San Francisco crested once again. He liked her eyes—smile wrinkles at the corners of the eyes of a girl who couldn't have been more than 22. He liked the healthy slim California look: silk blouse, checked Carnaby pants, slouching healthy spine—a gutsy challenging teasing funny chick. Good style.

"Then why not?" he asked again.

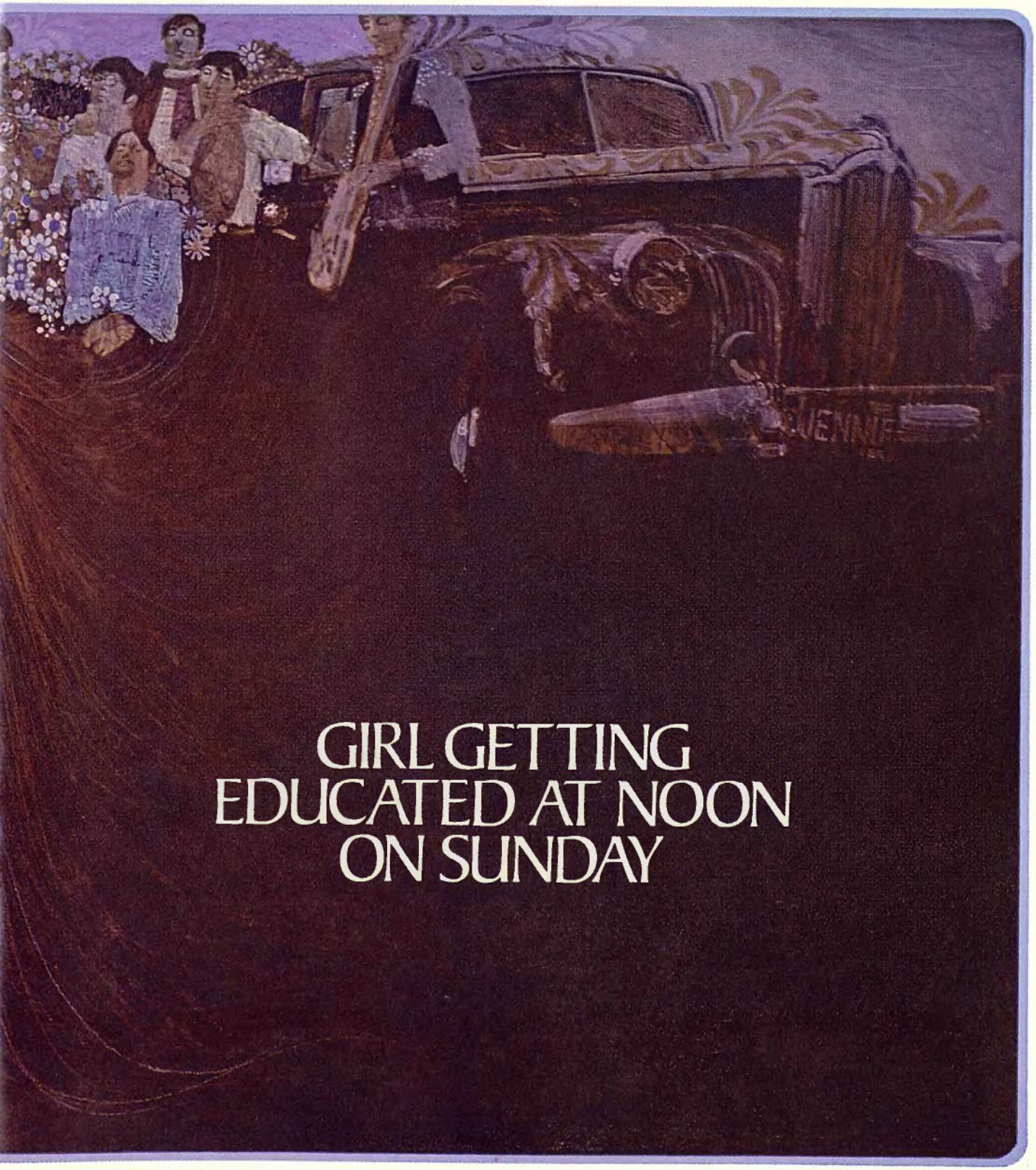
"I don't make dates. *Plots*, no. I don't make that scene," she said.

He frowned. "What a drag."

"But I'll go home with you now," she said, without changing the expression but leaning now from right to left instead of from left to right. "Cuba, *si*—plans, no."

He had her by the elbow and was pushing through the crowd toward the door. He was thinking: We both must smell of smoke. He was thinking: But no beer, that was another generation. He was thinking: Oh, man, let's get out of here, and lucky the car is parked nearby, before she changes her mind. *Tu penses, donc tu n'es pas*—think a little less, please. This is the time to shut it off.

The Anonymous Artists of America, a strong acid-rock group, was pouring its ardent heart and amplified soul into a song called *When I Was Worried*:



# GIRL GETTING EDUCATED AT NOON ON SUNDAY

*When I was worried*
*You made the stars turn pink*
*When I was worried*
*You taught me not to think*
*You said you'd make me feel real fine*
*Just sign here on the dotted line*
*And then you made me love you,*
*Dr. Swain.*

Or maybe the song was called *Dr. Swain*. The dance at the Salvation Auditorium south of Mission Street in San Francisco had not yet come to the scheduled feature attraction: silent Zen contemplation of stones, pennies and corncobs by everyone seated in a circle. However, in the meantime, while waiting to draw up legs in the mandala posture, there was pop and op body painting, there were strobe lights changing everyone into stop-action dancers, there was the band, there was the drip, bubble and bounce light show, there were two projectors doing bits of film, there were Hell's Angels and Berkeley students, there were free apples, free licorice, there were posters and petitions to sign and costumes and the dreamy joy making of people in every known variety of high. Including horniness. The previous number had been introduced by the bushy-bearded leader of the band as "an oldie but a goodie, a dusty diamond, a pearl of some kind of price. . . . Some a you folks out there might remember gettin' pregnant to this song, 'way back in nineteen and sixty-four." The way his beard grew, it looked as if he were walking upside down. He was wearing ecstatic dress—swirls, spangles, silks. The crowd included everything, even clean-shaven gawkers. Including Jim Curtis, just looking around tonight and just finding this girl, this lovely sweet funny girl whose name he didn't even know yet. He would get her outside before he would ask her to repeat her name. He hadn't been able to hear it over the Anonymous Artists of America. It would be better, perhaps, to ask it when they were already on their way.

"I only," she was saying. "I only," she was explaining. "I only," she murmured sweetly at him, "go with people I grok by accident. Dating is a drag."

"Yeah, sure," he said, thinking this was a time to emphasize the areas of agreement.

"Sometimes it means you're lonely. Sometimes it means you're going home with Dr. Swain, say, or nobody else, and that's *something* else. But I'd rather make it by myself than play that girlie-girl-girl game, the cop-out sex game, you know?"

"Sure, yeah," he said, being on the safe side. He would disagree later. Now was still the time to be agreeable, even a little more. "Jeez, they're a good band," he said.

"They're coming up strong. Write their own songs, communal 'em together, too."

"Who's Dr. Swain?"

She gave him her first puzzled and disappointed look. It crossed her charmed, pleased, healthy, sinewy face like a cloud; it made her body bend another way, backward and looking, as if she were wearing bifocal granny glasses, octagonally dubious. What had he done wrong? How had he let her down? "You don't know who Dr. Swain is?" she asked.

He walked on without answering. He would not compound his sin. He would wait and see if maybe Dr. Swain came to mind. As a matter of fact, he knew lots of doctors—surgeons, internists, Ph.D.s in various fields, particularly the Romance area—and he himself was a professor of French at San Francisco State; but how could a chap know everybody, such as Dr. Swain? It's a big country—the scene is big. She seemed to forgive and forget his failure; for, a moment later, emerging from the convolutions of fret, he found her still by his side.

Out through the crowd; out into the crowd waiting on the sidewalk, the kids without the $2.50 to get past the guards, the white cops brooding, the kids selling revolutionary buttons (YELLOW POWER, SUPPORT VIET ROCK, MARCEL PROUST IS A YENTA), the musicians from the next group, the Santa Fe Weed, unloading their cargo of horns, strings and fuse boxes from their paisley-painted hearse, the astonished winos, relics of pre-mind-expansion, stunned in the doorways, an urban-renewal expert with a clipboard, counting the traffic, the Negro cops watching, the idlers noticing, the pile-up of cycles and Vespas and Hondas, the sports cars slowing down, the teeny-boppers giggling in duos, hoping to be invited in. Air, blessed sea-drift air of San Francisco. Jim took a deep breath. A noise of revving entered with the air, but it was oxygen, all the same. The lungs can take vibration. The girl—*his* girl—was smiling at a spade cat in spats, opera slippers and a long white double-breasted parking-attendant coat with the words RENT-A-TRIP stenciled in psychedelic-ecstatic script above the pocket. Jim's lungs could not take this vibration.

Uncool was his spirit.

An effort. Wars are won by the steady. A moral equivalent of war must be fought by new forms of steady.

Uncool to cool, *over*, he thought.

Abruptly, Jim Curtis had one of those ideas that provide a turning point of sorts—for an evening or for a life, depending on the energy of the decision and the richness of deposit it leaves after combustion. He swung round on the crowded sidewalk, a sidewalk like a Turkish bazaar, and, half facing her, put his arm about the girl whom he was escorting to his apartment and, instead of asking her name, he took her chin in his hand, pressed it upward gently and kissed her; and then, not dislodging his mouth, he slipped around and they slipped together and kissed deeply there amid the murky crowd. Someone nearby was saying mumble-mumble-mumble. Jim did not care to listen. He was kissing. When they separated, the girl said, "It does good to kiss someone now and then."

"Yes, it does good," he said.

"I didn't expect that," she said.

"Neither did I."

She smiled sweetly. "You probably didn't hear my name," she said. "Sue Cody."

"I'll tell you my name, too," he said, and told her. She moved her lips, as if she had trouble remembering names, though she could always recall the face of the man who had kissed her. She looked as if she had not very often been kissed; felt, squeezed, taken home, rumpled, jumped on, yes, but not, like this, just kissed on the street by a man delighted with silk blouse, narrow pants, graceful dancer's slouch, well-articulated spine. However the clothes clung to her, he realized that he had thought until kissing her that she was a slender, willowy colt of a girl. Well, she was a slender and willowy colt, but she was also opulent. And smart. And funny. (You can tell all that from a kiss? he asked himself.) And crazy. (From a kiss? You can tell? Jim?)

"Mumble-mumble-mumble," she said, and smiled radiantly. "And just think of Buffalo Bill; that way, you can remember my name," she said.

"Wha'?"

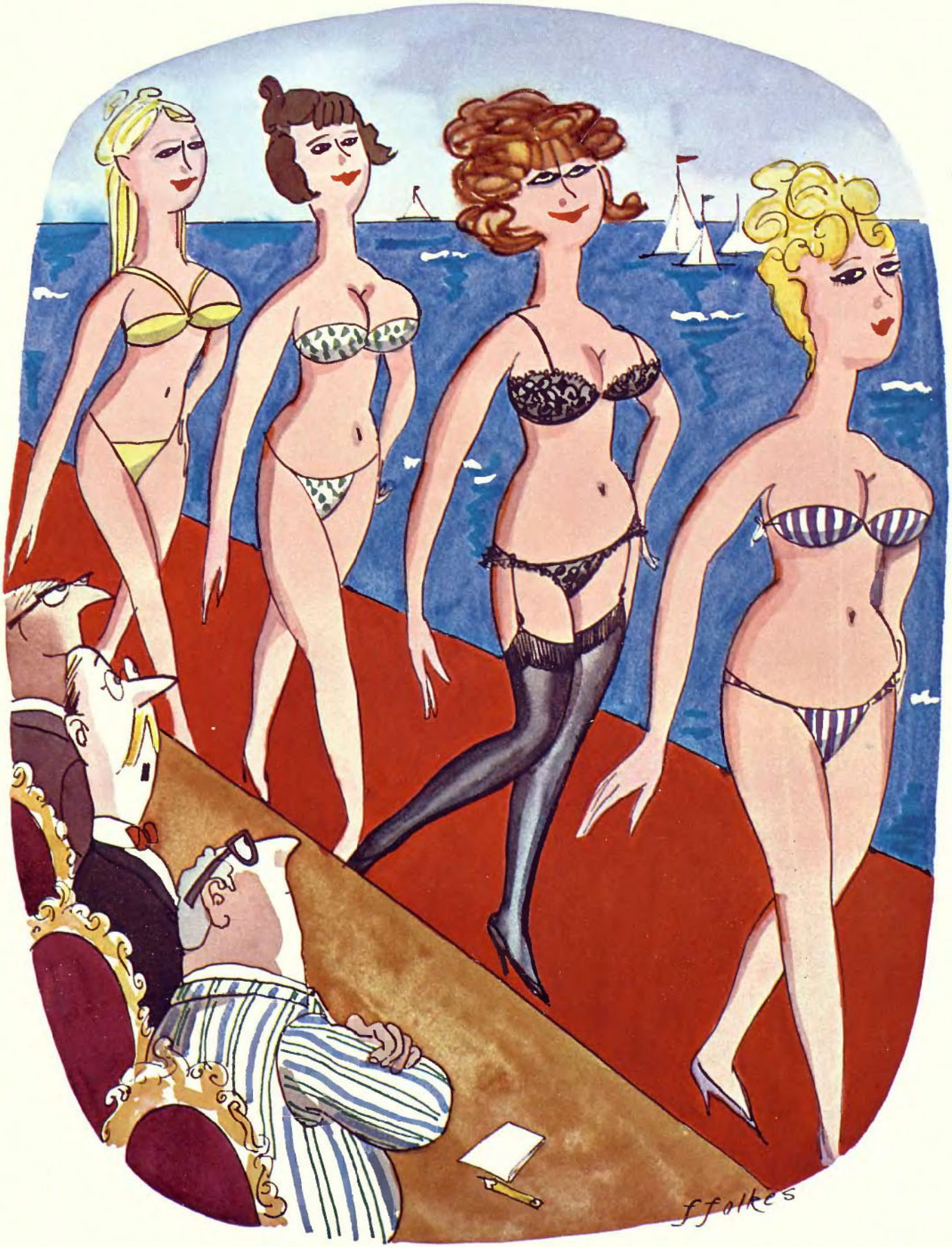
"Think about it, Fred. It'll come to you."

"You're tough, aren't you?"

For answer she said nothing. She slid over toward him as close as she could. She took hold of his arm. She was humming *When I Was Worried*. Well, that's a hard tune to keep. She was clever, she had music in her, probably mathematics, too; or she had heard it a lot. And *tough*, to her age, he recalled, it means boss, it means very fine.

It was one of those easy drives home, knowing that the mystery is to be unraveled and no fright in it. Pleasure, not pride; pleasure, not anxious lust; joy in the certain slide of present and coming events. There was a nimbus of fog about the street lamps. A few deep baying notes reverberated from the Golden Gate—freighters, fog. Tonight Jim liked himself. This was a surprising pleasure, too.

It does good to kiss a girl, he thought. And a strong acid-rock moll is used to going home with strange men, perhaps, but not so used to being kissed impulsively first on the wide space of sidewalk




*"Er, could I see a copy of the rules, please?"*

in front of the Salvationist Building. Oh, Sue Cody, I like you, he thought. She was making Jim like himself. That's a nice way to begin a friendship and end an evening.

It sort of occurred to him that like maybe they would just go up to his place and scramble some eggs in wine and talk and drink a bit of wine or smoke a bit of pot (he kept it with his collection of Rimbaud, Verlaine, René Char, Henri Michaux and St. John Perse). Just that. Maybe no more. A girl who took to a kiss so sweetly might understand. It was a way to dissolve nervousness: Go slow. Sure, she would understand; but then, it was not necessary to go slow, she had understood so well already, he had understood her so well, it was not necessary to understand, he was not nervous—not, not, not nervous—well, not very nervous. Instead of 10 percent delight and 90 percent nervousness, which was the usual proportion on first meetings, it was only 10 percent nervousness and 83 percent delight. The minority seven percent was divided among curiosity (five percent), residual panic (one percent) and fatherly concern, hypoglycemia, itchy nose and effort to recall cleanliness of undershorts (trace factors).

"Let's kiss again. I grok that," she was saying.

"Can't. Driving."

"Mind if I——"

"Go right ahead. I'll keep my eye glued to the road and my mighty hands on the wheel. My iron will enables me to respond without moving."

He paused at the intersection. Her breath was upon his cheek and her merry eyes were examining his jaw line. In the throbbing neon of a corner bar (DAS GUPTA SUTRA, did it say? Could it say that? Could a bar get away with an Indian raga neon sign?), she was acquainting herself with his profile ("Jim Curtis, not Fred," she was saying), and then she was tenderly pressing her lips to his cheek, she was leaning over the gearshift, her hands were exploring, her. . . .

"Wait!" he said.

She pouted.

"My iron will," he said, "even with all my steel on the side of the National Safety Council, we are about to become a mere statistic in the annals of sober driving, if you keep that up."

"You don't love me," she said.

"I want to stay alive in order to get you home and jump on your bones," he said.

This sentimental comment seemed to console her.

"What's my name?" she asked. "Quick!"

"Suecody-as-in-Buffalo-Bill."

"Right. Very good. I don't have a phone, it's a drag. But we're here, aren't we, 'cause you stopped the wheels, and that's what counts."

"We're here," he said, meaning they were there. The top of Twin Peaks, where he lived, lay shrouded in wisps of fog, thick rolling stretches and then layers of clear mountain air. They were washed in the damp ocean currents slowly drifting through the Golden Gate on a mild October evening. Smoke and noise and confusion were being rinsed away; hair would smell good; he took his time leading her up the walk to the harebrained wooden steps. It was a house broken up into apartments—a dental student, a secretary who voted to the right but bounced on her bed with hippies, the shrewd old lady who owned the building. Jim's apartment was the best one, the one with a fireplace and a view of the cool city. Hang up the painted bodies, he wanted to tell her (Sue Cody, he would remember the name); hang up the rock bands and the strobe lights, hang up the Goodwill Industries clothes, hang up the hang-ups, we're home.

"We're home," he said.

"I grok it here," she answered.

"You're not here yet."

"Close enough. I grok it."

He switched on lights and lit the fireplace. He burned real oak logs, not pressed sawdust. He was pleased that she could see his books and papers on his desk. He was hoping she couldn't hear the rhythmic sound of the right-wing hippie upstairs. He had met her in such a frivolous way, he wanted her to think him serious. If he had met her at school—a graduate student, a secretary—he would have hoped for the good luck to impress her as frivolous. "Play against my type, whatever it is," he said.

"What?"

"I'm mumbling to myself. I live alone and get to talking to myself."

"Well, you're not alone now, are you? Let's kiss again."

Hand on tight pants and nothing beneath them. Hand on silken blouse. Gentle mouth and hard right hand. Gentle left hand rubbing and hard mouth. "Oh, good, good," he said.

She broke away, laughing. "Do you know what you're doing?" she asked.

"Trust me."

"But I could feel your heart pounding."

"That's all right, trust me."

"Gee, Jim. Jim, that's a, you're a. I mean a funny person. Again!"

And they kissed and he made a sweet slip-slip-slipping sound as he pulled the blouse out. He tugged, it caught, it gave, she greedily explored him. "Would you believe I never kissed like this before?" she asked.

"Don't say would-you-believe," he said.

"I never did. More, more," she said.

Later, he thought, he would try to figure her out. Now was not the time for that. She was shameless without clothes on. He switched off the light and she stood at the window, looking out at the dim and deserted street. No one could see in, but still, how did she know that? She stood naked in the window, musing over the bushes gently swaying in the wind and fog, while he fled to the bathroom. He spent a few minutes there.

She called to him: "What's that noise upstairs?"

"Thump-thump?" he asked.

"Right."

"Never mind," he said.

"Groovy," she said. "You hear me? I like your house."

He waited before returning. He wanted a space of silence. Let her look out the window; let her absorb the quiet of Twin Peaks and being with this man, Jim Curtis, who he was. He wanted to be easy with her, all organs easy and relaxed, ready to play. When he returned, she was still naked in the window, in the light of the street, bathed in a bluish suffusion that seemed to come from within her flesh rather than from the fog-diffused glow.

"You look blue," he said.

"It's from inside. You've heard about bions? My bions are glowing."

"It's the light off the street."

"You don't know what bions are, friend, and that's why I dare to say it. Dirty, dirty, *dirty* talk, in a way. It means I like you." She said *like* instead of *grok*.

"Bions?" he asked.

"Let's now," she said, suddenly hoarse, tugging at him. "Oh, you're sweet and I like you."

"Sue."

Returning to himself by her side, Jim wondered if it would be all right to ask her for a *date* in, say, five minutes. To meet again in this bed in five minutes. Or would that be uncool? Or should he go all the way and propose meeting also tomorrow, no matter what she felt like tomorrow? Dare he make a plan with her? Dare he ask her to make a plan?

Here he was, her body opened to him, joyful to him, and he could do anything with it, with her—perhaps—but tomorrow was the great question, and tomorrow and tomorrow, where she said she lived only by impulse and happenstance.

"Would you?" he asked.

"Would I what?" she said.

"Never mind. Later."

"Do you like music, maybe?" she suggested. One toe moved as if to prod him off the bed toward his rig.

"Yes, sure."

"You got any raga-rock? The Four Tops' freak-out of *Reach Out I'll Be There*? Any folk backlash soul? *The Ballad of the Green Bra*?"

"Uh," he said, "the Jean-Paul Kreder Ensemble doing *Chants de la*

*(concluded on page 90)*

a sunny selection of avant-garb for the with-it beachnik

# SHORE THINGS

**attire By ROBERT L. GREEN** FROM MALIBU TO MARBLEHEAD, fashion-right mermen are taking to the shore togged in the wildest swimgear to date. (The water sprites seen on these pages are Hollywood Deb Stars Suzie Kaye, Barbara Moore and Marianne Gordon.) To ensure that you'll be heading down to the sea in style, look for trunks in quick-dry fabrics; many of this year's selections are cut shorter and slimmer, to give the wearer maximum exposure to the sun and minimum resistance when

Underwater mirror on pool's wall doubles viewer's pleasure by reflecting aquanout's shapely swimmate; chap chooses Italian stretch Lycra trunks, by Ken Scott, $30. Strand man getting soft support from Barbara Moore and Marianne Gordon digs stretch nylon trunks, by Elegantissimo, $9.50.

swimming or water-skiing. For late-afternoon lounging, you'll want to switch to a pair of cotton linen-weave beach pants (floral prints for older flower children are in full bloom) and, depending on the temperature, don a beach top that's stylishly independent. The canned co-ordinate look has gone out with the tide. Choose from luxurious supershirts, Far East–influenced short caftans

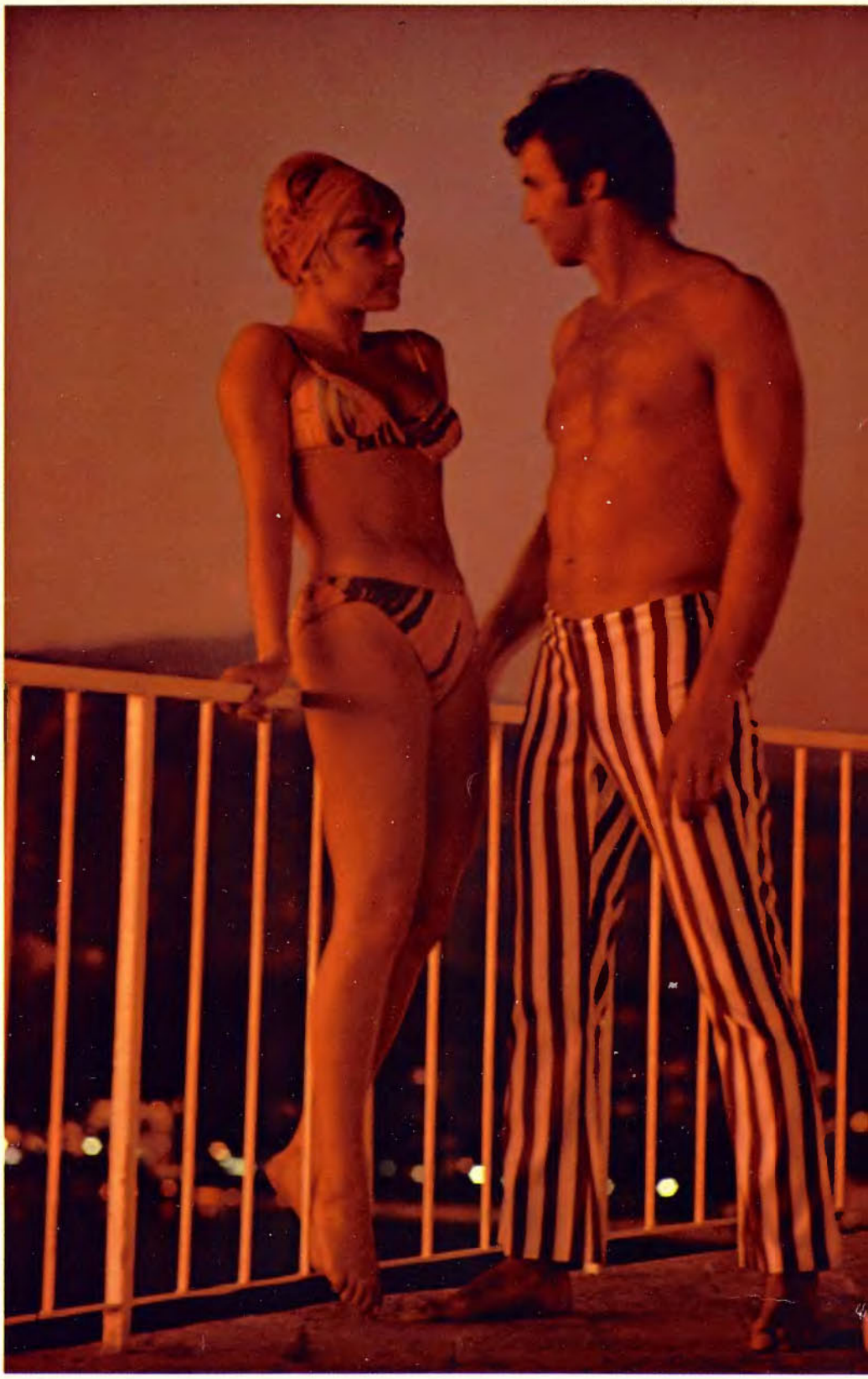
A brightly plumaged Barbara nestles near our on-the-rocks bird watcher, who favors an Italian cotton pullover with contrasting neckband, $22.50, warn over lightweight abstract floral-patterned linen-weave beach slacks, $35, both by Bill Blass for PBM. Polished poolside player and an enticing Marianne prepare to tackle a rum punch for two; he creates his own style splash while staying dry in a super-

heavy cotton terry dot-to-stripe reversible robe thot feotures a full notched collar, matching patterned belt and roomy patch pockets, by Bill Blass for PBM, $125. Out for an afternoon swim, our fall guy happily heads seaword with surf sprite Suzie Kaye, our third Hollywood Deb Star, while sporting leopard-print stretch nylon square-cut swim trunks with drawstring waist, by Sun-Dek of California, $6. It's the Moore the merrier as enterprising lad invites Barbaro under his beach brolly for a water-side sun break; he keeps his cool in a pair of stretch nylon twill squore-cut swim trunks with stitched front creases ond drawstring woist, by McGregor, $6. Stropping lad gets helping hand from oble assistant Morianne as he prepores to ride an oqua-chute while wearing a sporty one-piece stretch nylon tank suit that comes with white web belt, by Puritan, $11.

and colorful Italian cotton pullovers with high, contrasting neckbands. (Long sleeves, incidentally, are unanimously favored over short ones.) A thick cotton terry robe that reverses to a different pattern also will come in handy. This summer's seaside scene will be alive with bright colors, bold designs and exciting new swim duds. So dive right into the fashion swim of things.

Top, left to right: Exotically attired in Far East–influenced garb, man checks out a polychromatic pretty Polly and an even prettier Suzie while wearing a close-fitting Italian floral-print Orlon batiste short caftan with deep side vents, by Ken Scott, $70. Marianne maintains close relationship with a strong silent type who's styled up his swimwear wardrobe with a pair of Indian cotton jute swim shorts that

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



feature deep front pockets, stitched front creases, D-ring closure waistband and full cotton print lining, by Sandcomber, $7. It's smooth sailing for our shipshape skipper and his able-bodied crew of one—Marianne; he's decked out in a cotton poplin supershirt that features full-cut sleeves, removable ruffle jabot and ruffle cuffs, by Michael Webb for Carlyle, $10, worn over full-lined ripple rayon and acetate cuffless slacks with Western-type pockets, by Paul Ressler, $14. Above left: It's "Me Tarzan, you Jane" time as Suzie makes the surf scene with swinger sporting cotton loincloth trunks in an abstract floral pattern, by Sun-Dek of California, $7. Après-sea, Suzie plays a balcony scene with leading man who's donned dramatically striped cotton beach pants with drawstring waist, flared leg bottoms and back patch pocket, by Paul Ressler, $7.

## GIRL GETTING EDUCATED *(continued from page 84)*

*Renaissance*? There's *Perdre le Sens Devant Vous*, there's. . . ."

Silence. "Well, any Beatle record is OK. *Rubber Soul*."

There would always be the danger with this girl of her taking over. That was the second danger. The first was that she would just disappear into thin unamplified raga-rock in the distant air. Danger made Jim's nose itch. He was looking for danger. The moral equivalent of war was suddenly this gear-laden, eyes-aslant, body-greedy young lady. He wanted to open her up to the world beyond tripping and Motown records: to Jim Curtis.

He was not sure he could manage. To persuade her that she needed him, but for what? To learn French? What else did he know that she didn't know?

Maybe he could just give up. Senator Everett Dirksen, he thought, plays it cool. . . . Well, he would follow his nose, and where his nose led him—ah, that was nice.

She was sighing. "Nice, nice," she was saying, "oh, yes."

He forgot all his ideas and plans. She was delicious.

• • •

An hour later, she sat up suddenly and pulled the sheet over them both. "You don't have to take me home," she said, "if you don't mind my spending the night here."

"*Mind?*" he said incredulously.

"Well, some men, they like to be alone afterward. I don't know, I met a boy one time he had to change the sheets and all. You never know when you'll find a freaky kind. He had all sorts of ideas he wanted to try out, but afterward—clean sheets, no me. I didn't grok that."

"Sh."

"Another one, he wanted a full meal sent up by the Chinese Chinkaroony Kitchen. Wow. Not a snack—*food* food. And then he had a frozen pizza, it was more like a waffle with cheese. I'm used to a guy he wants his morning gruel before he goes out into the rice fields, but—— And then the *real* freak, he——"

"Never mind, I don't want to hear," he said.

"Yeah, I suppose," she said into the dark. "Maybe you're sleepy. Am I losing my mystery, talking so much?"

He laughed and rolled over upon her and kissed her cheek, licked her cheeks, kissed and butted her gently, and she giggled and sang, " 'When I was worried, You taught me not to think,' " and pretty soon they must have both been asleep, because he heard a dawn bird twittering. The fog lay heavy outside. They had never drawn the curtains. He should get up or the sun would wake them. He would get up soon. He would get up right away to draw the curtains. He was sleeping.

Hours later, when she saw his eyes open, one at a time, it turned out that she had been waiting for his two eyes so she could say, "You know what? You taught me to sleep with a man, to *sleep*. I was comfortable. I was lying there in the crook of your elbow— —"

She had been lying there, warm and obedient, asleep, yes, from when he almost got up to pull the curtains.

"It's not bad," he said, "to do that."

"No," she said submissively, "it's not bad to do that, either."

She didn't make dates, but she would stay home with him now. She didn't make plans, but she would search in his eyes with the love-me look, the I-love-you look, eyes glowing and sweet, tender for real, feeling for real, desire for real, all there for him now. No, she would tell him nothing much about who she was. ("Well, you know. . . ." she said.) No, she would make no promises for the future. "It's so beautiful right now, let's not think ahead, let me now, let me do that now, let me, oh, let me sweet——"

*It's not so bad to do that.*

It was nearly noon.

What if she was right and he was wrong? What if her way, no plans, was the right way, and his way, think ahead, think about protecting her, think about the future, was the wrong way? He had taught her to kiss, true; he had taught her to sleep sweetly, tightly rolled against him, all right, yes; but what if she could teach him about snatching joy on the run? He would be grateful. He caressed her body, thinking this over. He rubbed her tummy. She was saying shyly, "Can we kiss again?"

She tasted good. Her skin shone with good health. "Wild rice, no sugar, but honey, no candy, fruits but not too much, whole-grain cereals, good things like that, what's grown in the area—corn——"

"It's a good thing, that's all. It's not the macrobiotic eating."

She giggled.

"Now should we get up?"

"If," she said, sighing, "you want to."

It was that reluctant sighing remark that led him into his false step. It was his own fault, but it was her sigh that led him. Was she tired? Was she disappointed? "Was I . . . ?" he asked. "Was it . . . ?"

She smiled with that bright alertness he recalled from the stranger he had met less than a day earlier. "Well," she said, "I've known boys who came more often than you,"—she marshaled her ideas briskly—"but I don't know, it's nice with you."

"You're the second best in that department I've ever known," he said maliciously, furiously. "You're the third or fourth prettiest girl I've ever met, and in the sack, you know, making it, you're fairly close to the top—maybe even second, as I said. Or third, anyway. You like that? You like that, kid?"

"Oh," she said.

"Use a little imagination. Look: Other person here! Me human being! Me no Tarzan—me sentient critter! Me jealous, me proud, me——"

She stroked him gently. "You nice boy," she said. "Look, all I meant was—oh, I hate to go out on a limb about anything—*I like you.*"

He looked at her straight in the eyes, as he had done only a few hours ago, already it seemed an age ago, finding each other in the crowd on the dance floor. Yet what did he know about her? What else did he know about her, Buffalo Bill Sue Cody whatever-her-name? "I like you very much," he said.

"I like you very much," she repeated in a tone like his.

And they both laughed together.

"It sounds like hypnotism," she said, "we say it so often, but it feels good. Oh, it do."

"It isn't necessary to tell the whole truth," he said. "Let me explain this situation to you—this sort of situation. You can express the good part, that's enough."

She looked hurt. "But weren't you asking me? I did say something wrong, Dr. Swain?"

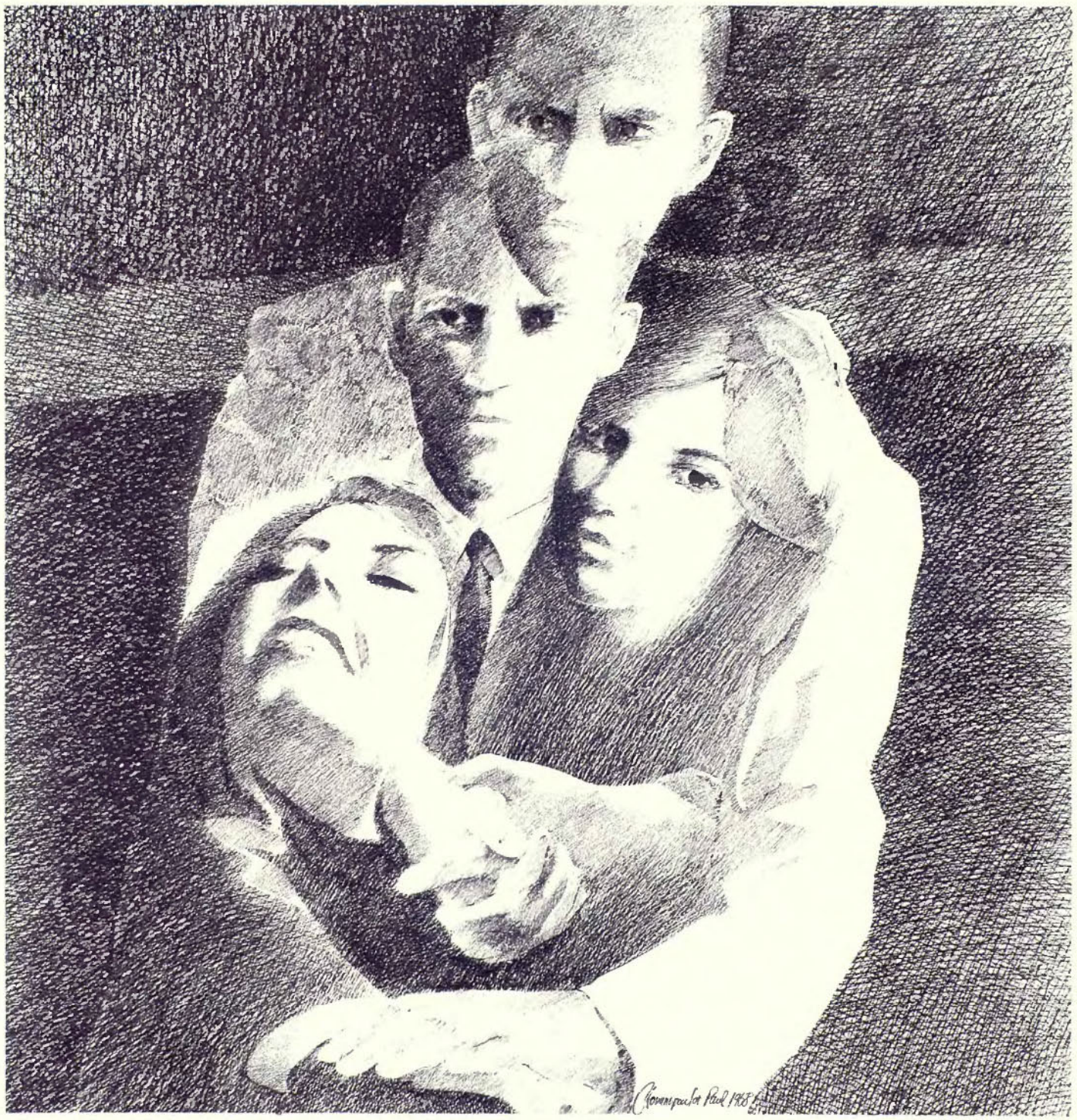
She poked him. She wanted him to giggle along with her.

He swung his legs down to the floor. He sat, slightly slumped, on the edge of the bed. She stroked his spine, thinking about the massage, about yoga, about sport, about all the things that told her that his posture spelled discouragement in a questioning curve of spine. He was sulking. He was disappointed. He was wondering what had got him into this. He was jealous. He was thinking about a future of deception. He was going to ask her to be kind. He was about to ask her to be loyal and faithful. He was about to try to make her forget everything but him. He was making trouble for himself. He was making trouble for her.

She was following his eyes avidly. She was ready for the new stage. She was obedient to him, as she had been obedient to her Negro, her Mexican, her hip nonpainters and media-mix experts. She was a sweet girl. She grokked him for more than the moment.

And so she could learn to be miserable; that is, to fall in love. The afternoon sun lay aslant on their still, willing bodies.

# GHOST



*the big car, the big office, the big house in connecticut; they all could be his for a small sacrifice—as small as the minuscule bit of grit you can't get out of your eye*

*fiction* By HOKE NORRIS I'M FRIGHTENED. I'm living with a ghost. He is what I once was. I am what he once was. We are ghosts of each other.

I pause in the elevator and let it close on my floor. I will ride up and then down. I need a moment in which to ponder and adapt. For only just now do I recognize the voice that I have been hearing. It is the voice of the ghost. It speaks to me from a point about a foot above my head.

The elevator sways slightly and sighs. The doors open and close as if by instinct. Pretty girls and middle-aged men abandon me. With the descent, the floor falling away beneath my feet, I feel a faint nausea as viscera rise in my body and my ears pop and ache. I touch the number of my floor again. The cold dry light *(continued on page 102)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GIOVANOPOULOS

# The LOVERS

fourteen views
of that three-letter sport
that makes the world
go round

By John Dempsey

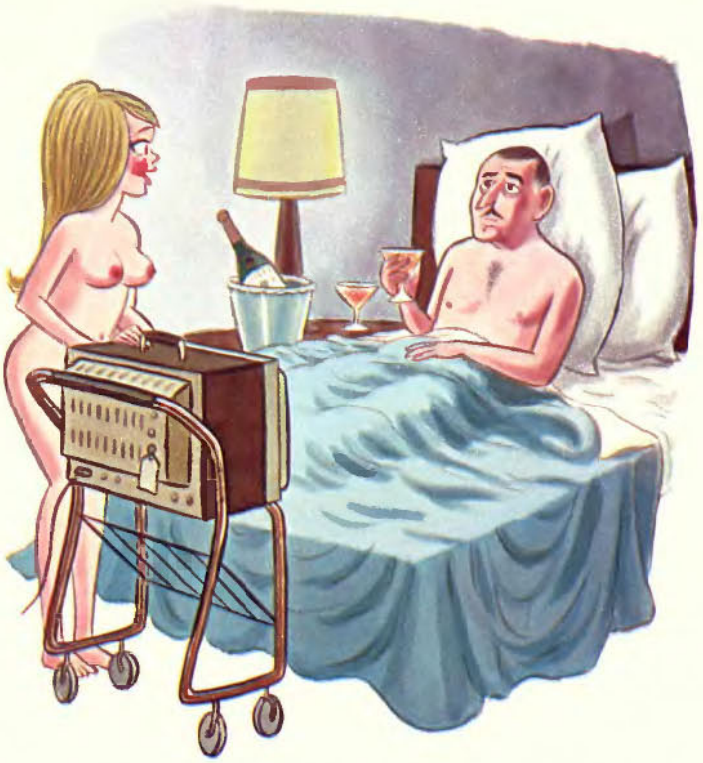
*"Darling, would you mind calling your dog?"*

*"Have you noticed my complexion is clearing up?"*

*"Did ya? Huh? Did ya?"*

*"I dig you as much as—as my wheels!"*

*"I—I guess I had too much to drink tonight."*



*"Want to watch an Elvis Presley movie?"*

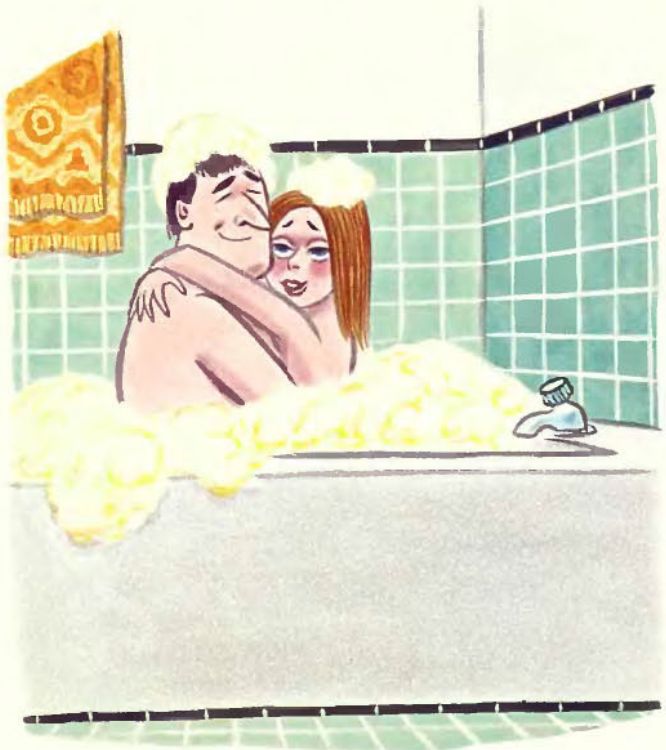
*"On the other hand, I don't see it outside the realm of possibility that if Nixon is nominated, he'll pick Ronald Reagan for his running mate."*

*"Oh, Daphne—take me."*

*"All right, then—we'll do it your way."*

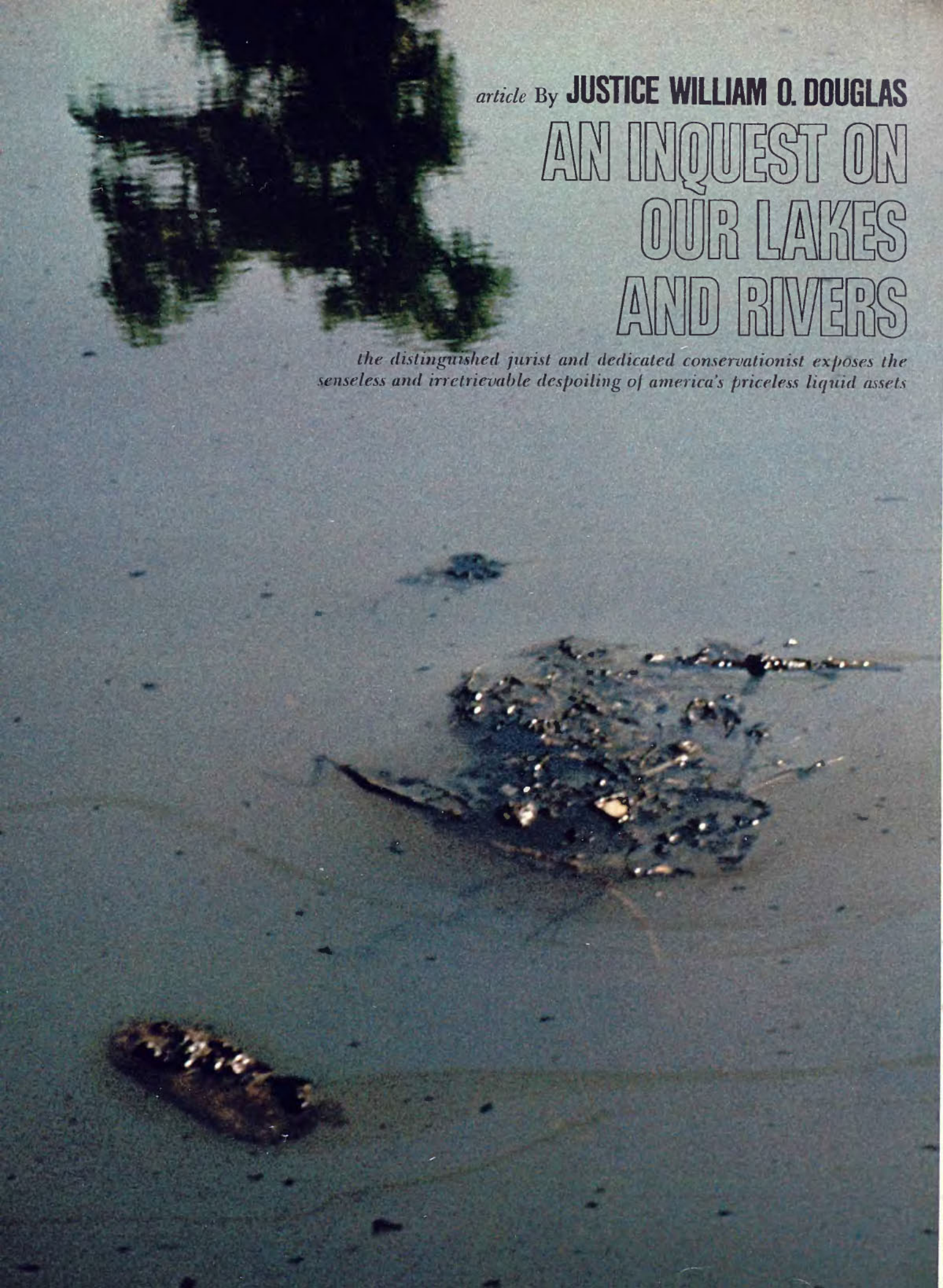
*"And then there was David. His hang-up was. . . ."*

*"Love is wonderful. But it's much more meaningful, more rewarding, more beautiful with sex!"*



*"It doesn't seem dirty to me anymore."*

*"Try and relax."*



*article* By **JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS**

# AN INQUEST ON OUR LAKES AND RIVERS

*the distinguished jurist and dedicated conservationist exposes the senseless and irretrievable despoiling of america's priceless liquid assets*

"IT'S TOO THICK TO DRINK and too thin to plow." The speaker was a tall, lean middle-aged man long identified with the University of Pennsylvania's crews who raced on the Schuylkill river in sculls. That day the water of the Schuylkill did, indeed, look like the viscous liquids of a cesspool as we peered at it from a Philadelphia bridge.

But the Schuylkill is pure, compared with some of our other waterways. Recently I revisited Houston, Texas, and the Buffalo Bayou, as fascinating a waterway as God ever made, which skirts the San Jacinto Battleground, famous in Texas history. Once it sparkled with myriads of life. The alligator was there and many species of fish. Birds without number frequented it, including great white pelicans and the water turkey that swims under water in pursuit of fish and has so little oil on its wings and body that it must spend long hours each day on the sunny side of a tree, drying its feathers. Then men dug out Buffalo Bayou, making it wider than a football field, deep enough for ocean liners and 50 miles long. As a result, Houston today is the nation's third largest port, supporting the largest industrial complex in the Southwest. But Buffalo Bayou today is a stinking open sewer and a disgrace to any area. It carries to the Gulf the sewage of about 2,000,000 people and 200 industries. One need not be an expert to detect both its chemical and its fecal odor. Buffalo Bayou is now a dead river, supporting only the gar, a symbol of ugliness. A red-brown scum covers the surface and occasionally streaks of white detergent foam. Fascinating Buffalo Bayou is now a smelly corpse.

Almost every community faces a substantial pollution problem. Rock Creek, once a sparkling stream fed by a spring in Maryland, was for years one of Washington, D. C.'s main attractions. Today it is a serious health hazard. It receives discharges from District sewers that are combined to carry both storm waters and sewage at times of heavy

rain; people use it as a dump; the zoo puts its wastes into Rock Creek. The famous creek that Teddy Roosevelt tried to preserve is so heavy with silt from upstream construction projects that an old water wheel that once ran a gristmill will not work. And one who talks to the experts in the nation's capital learns that it will take until 2000 A.D. to convert Rock Creek into sanitary swimming holes for children.

The entire Potomac is so heavily polluted that it taxes the ingenuity of public-health experts to make the water both safe to drink and palatable. Every city in the several states the Potomac drains has a sewage-disposal plant, but the population explosion has made most of those plants inadequate to handle the supply. The Army Corps of Engineers, instead of coming up with an over-all sewage-disposal system that would clean up the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay as well, proposes a huge dam at Seneca that would destroy 80 miles of the river, produce a fluctuating water level that would expose long, ugly banks of mud and that would, the engineers say, provide a head of water adequate to flush the Potomac of sewage —at least in the environs of Washington.

Lake Erie, the fourth largest of the Great Lakes, is almost a dead lake. In addition to sewage from many cities, it receives over a ton of chemicals a minute from plants in four states. Beaches along the lake shore have had to be closed. Boating has dropped off because of the filth that accumulates on the hulls. Sport fishing has declined. Commercial fishing is only a small fraction of what it was. Pickerel and cisco disappeared and trash fish took their place. Large areas of the lake were found to have zero oxygen; plant life and fish life disappeared and the anaerobic, or nonoxygen, species of aquatic life (such as worms) took over. "What should be taking place over eons of time," one Public Health Service officer said, "is now vastly speeded up"—due to the pollutants. This expert says that Lake Erie is very sick and will have a convalescence running into many years.

Lake Michigan is sick, according to Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall; and unless corrective steps are taken, it, too, will be dead. Michigan is, indeed, in a more precarious position than Erie; for while the latter is the beneficiary of a cleansing flow from Superior and Huron, Lake Michigan is isolated.

Some parts of the Ohio river have zero oxygen and not even the hardy trash fish can live there. At a zero oxygen level, a river becomes septic. A healthy river, the experts say, must have five parts of oxygen per million parts of water. When it has two parts per million, it has "the minimum quality which can be tolerated" for fish life.

The pollution of the Willamette river in Oregon is one of the nation's most notorious examples. I believe it was in 1946 that Stanley Jewett of the Fish and Wildlife Service and I took fresh, healthy rainbow trout and put them in a steel-mesh cage and lowered them at the mouth of the Willamette. We estimated that the oxygen content of the water at that point was probably 0 mg. The fish were, indeed, fairly inert within five minutes. The river has not improved since that time. As a matter of fact, its summer flow marks such a low concentration of dissolved oxygen that a salmon probably could never get through alive, whether it was going upstream or coming down. While there is very little upstream migration at that time, there is considerable downstream migration. Fish need a dissolved oxygen concentration of 5 mg. per liter to survive, and the Willamette studies indicate that the level in its lower reaches drops to somewhere between 0 mg. and 2 mg.

The problem of the Willamette is largely created by seven pulp mills. With two exceptions, these mills use a sulphite pulping process, rather than cooking chemicals by condensing and burning wastes as do plants with more modern processes. About 70 percent of the damaging pollutants in the Willamette comes from the pulp mills, and the pulp mills have pretty well controlled the state politics of Oregon when it comes to pollution control.

The St. Lawrence Seaway, which connects Duluth, Minnesota, with the ocean, is hailed as a great achievement. But there is already alarm over the pollution taking place (a) by vessels emptying their bilges in the Great Lakes, (b) by garbage disposal and (c) by the dumping of raw sewage.

The Merrimack in Massachusetts, to whose pollution Thoreau objected in 1839, has been getting progressively worse. It has turned a filthy brown and emits bubbles that carry nauseating gases.

In the lower Mississippi, millions of fish turn belly up and die. Near St. Louis, chicken feathers and viscera pile so high they stop a motorboat. In portions of the Hudson, only scavenger eels live.

The Presumpscot river near Portland, Maine, gives off malodorous hydrogen sulphide from paper-pulp sludge that has accumulated over the decades.

Beautiful Lake Tahoe—the sapphire that lies partly in Nevada and partly in California—seems doomed. I recently flew over it in a small plane; and the brown streaks of sewage had already possessed nearly half of the lake. The gambling casinos on the lake's edge attract tens of thousands, and it is largely their sewage that is doing the damage. Two hundred thousand gallons of sewage a day enters Lake Tahoe.

Progress seemed under way when a Federal abatement order in 1966 caused California and Nevada to sign an interstate agreement that would, among other things, export the sewage by pipeline out of the Tahoe drainage basin by 1970. But in 1967, Governor Reagan upset the settlement by turning over the problem "for study" during the next 18 months to two California and three Nevada counties.

The powerful forces that may turn the tide are the citizens' groups that are rallying public opinion. The case is, in a way, easy to plead, for the impending demise of Tahoe can be seen from almost any height.

The same story could be told about some stream or about some lake in every state of the Union, except possibly Alaska, where the total population is still only about 250,000. But where people pile up and industry takes hold, the problem of pollution multiplies.

A typical city of 100,000 produces every day of the year one ton of detergents, 17 tons of organic suspended solids, 16 tons of organic dissolved solids, 8 tons of inorganic dissolved solids and 60 cubic feet of grime.

While most cities have sewage-disposal plants, many communities do not; and the use of septic tanks and cesspools in congested areas has raised profound problems that affect the quality of the underground percolating waters. Indeed, the earth of an entire area may become so polluted that the natural processes of drainage purification and bacterial action are so overtaxed they are ineffective. Where the surface supply is also in jeopardy, the problem of a safe water supply then becomes almost insoluble. Some parts of the country, notably Suffolk County, New York, have approached this critical condition.

Of the cities and towns that have sewage-disposal plants, it is estimated that about 18 percent still discharge untreated waste into the country's waterways.

Some progress is being made. A compact of the six New England States plus New York has put all their waterways into various classes. Class A is uniformly excellent water. Class B is suitable for swimming, for fishing, for irrigation and for drinking after it is treated. Class C is suitable for boating, for fish life, for irrigation and for some industrial uses, while the other classes are largely available only for industrial uses. It is to the lower categories that the Merrimack, which I have already mentioned, has been relegated.

The Congress has been busy, and recent acts under the title of Federal Water Pollution Control have put into motion important machinery. Each state was given until June 30, 1967, to adopt water-quality criteria applicable "to interstate waters or portions thereof" within the state, and to submit a plan for the

*(continued on page 177)*

# PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS

Portable Executive Telephone housed in leather case features self-contained antenna, high-power output, quick-recharging power pack and a discreet light and buzzer to signal incoming calls, by Portatronic Systems, $2160 or by lease.

Motor-operated Hubbard/Baader planetarium demonstrates all earth-sun-moon relationships, including solar and lunar eclipses; projects the stars, constellations and planets on ceiling or wall, by Hubbard Scientific, $295.

Corner, the latest stock-market game, comes with electrically operated computer that adjusts prices of stocks and commodities in unpredictable manner; first player to corner the bond market wins, by The Barrett Game Group, $155 including walnut-veneer carrying case.


Napoleon Six-Pounder handmade cannon of solid brass fires with black powder and fuse; wheels are eight inches high, from Toys for Men, $500.

Chroma color TV with 23-diagonal-inch screen in walnut cabinet, by Andrea Radio, $815 with chrome base or $765 without.

Portable Radarange oven operates on microwave energy, can cut cooking time by as much as 75 percent, by Amana, $475.

CinemaSound Model 850 multimedia projector integrates slides, movie films and sound, includes three-speed tape recorder, by Creatron Services, $545.

Seven-foot Amphicat with 16-hp air-cooled engine takes to dunes or marshes with equal ease; top speed with two passengers and gear is 37 mph, by Mobility Unlimited, under $1500.


Caslon digital calendar clock with brushed-aluminum case, from Scarabaeus, $50.

Stainless-steel fireplace and stack plus grate, by Sovereign Industries, $245 with mounting.

Pair of transistorized recorder/playback units for "talking letters," by SCM, $69.95 a pair.

Model TP-719 solid-state portable tape recorder in attaché case works on dry cells, A.C./D.C. or car battery, by AIWA, $139.95.

"The Pipe" made of heat-resistant pyrolytic graphite, available in assorted shapes and colors, by Venturi, $15 each.

Grommes Model 503 70-watt solid-state AM/FM stereo receiver, by Precision Electronics, $349.95, atop walnut cabinet housing four 15-inch woofers, midrange and two tweeters, by Jensen, $895.

Toccia table lamp of hand-blown Venetian glass, black enamel and chrome is designed by Castiglioni, from Atelier International, about $280.

Audio-electronic Sonuswitch turns lights, radio, etc., on or off by clap or whistle command, by Singer Products, $29.95.

Video-tape-recorder system includes Model 1000 electric-eye camera with 25mm f/1.4 lens, $295; aluminum no-tip tripod, $89.95; transistorized 12-inch receiver-monitor, $195; and Tele-Tape video tape recorder, $995; all from APECO.

Portable electric train includes 1/160-scale-model locomotives and cars, from Aurora Plastics, $40; shown in leather case, by Karl Seeger, $185.

Weekender travel clock/AM/FM radio with A.C. adapter, by RCA, $45.

SR-603 AM/FM stereo tuner and amplifier in oiled-walnut cabinet has input jacks for speakers, turntable and tape deck, $259.95 for tuner; $59.95 each for SR-1021K two-way air-suspension speakers; all by Standard Radio.

VIP Electronic Desk houses TV set that can be used as remote-control monitor, AM/FM radio, tape recorder, clock, plus other built-ins, by Interstate Industries, $1295.

Six long-necked brandy glasses from Italy stored in "shipping crate" cabinet, from Rigaud, $31.50.

Large-faced sports watch with chain-link and leather band, by John Weitz for Destino, $35.

Le Corbusier–designed chaise longue with matte-enamel base, polished-chrome frame and smooth-leather covering, from Atelier International, about $1100.

Model SX 824 professional tape recorder housed in walnut-grain Formica cabinet features computerized controls, $2415; wide-band studio monitoring amplifier, $199; both by Crown International.

# GHOST *(continued from page 91)*

comes on. It is activated by the heat of the body. What if the tip of my forefinger had been cold? But the light did come on.

So now: The ghost accepted, there is a certain confusion of terms that I must resolve. Think: When I say *I, me* and *myself*, I refer to the present occupant of the body that bears my name. This occupant is now the real *me*, or so I prefer to believe. Yet it was not always the tenant therein. Once it dwelt without, and then *it* was the ghost. When now I say *ghost*, I refer to the *former* occupant of that body. This one now dwells without. At some time in the past, these two ghosts—beings, essences—exchanged roles; one moved in, the other moved out. How or when that bartering, that eviction and occupation, occurred, or why, I do not know. But (the doors of the elevator opening on my floor) I am grateful for it. If I am to succeed in life, as I must (down the corridor, turn left, unlock office), the present tenancy must be permanent; the present occupant must predominate.

For the present ghost, the entity now without, is the maker of mischief, the giver of evil counsel, as he was when he was the entity within. The present tenant is the gentler, the placater, the voice that warns against the act of rashness and peril. When *he* was the ghost, dwelling outside, he saved me from many a catastrophe. "Watch it, boy; cool it," he used to say, from that point above my head. "Remember which side of the bread the butter's on, what hand feeds you, where your hay comes from." He knows all the fat, dumb, happy admonitions. "You want to get ahead, don't you?" he'd say. "Wouldn't you like to be the big chief someday?" The present big chief would be unwittingly, stupidly planning to destroy us all. I would almost say, "It stinks; it'll be a disaster." Almost. Not quite. "Is it any skin off your nose?" my former ghost would say. "Even if you're right, you're wrong. You're never right with the big chiefs of the world." And so I would say to the chief, "I like it." I would say, "You've done it again, chief." And somehow, by subtly altering his concept, turning it upside down, inside out, diluting it with just the degree of mediocrity that it required, I'd pull the thing through and the chief would say, "Well, you were right. I did it again." I would feel my lips stirring, my tongue trembling, my throat marshaling its tissue. "You idiot, if you had any brains, you'd be dangerous. . . ." I'd almost say the thing. Almost. Not quite. "Watch it; cool it," the old ghost would say. "Remember, the one and only transgression in your world is to be right when the boss is wrong. That is the one unforgivable tribal sin." "Yes, chief, you did it again. . . ." Sincere, rather sad smile, ineffable, really, near tears, hands clasped across his desk (the thing too big for either of us to voice). How many catastrophes did that former ghost of mine spare me? I'll never know.

But now. Now. I sit at my large desk in my pleasant office and sweat in air conditioning. Somehow, the present situation of my two persons—conformer within, rebel without—is the more perilous. I am naked, exposed, abandoned, an infant upon the Spartan hillside. The ghost is the cold and the wind that would prove me a softling, unfit for life. "Tell him it stinks; tell him, you coward." Just so my present ghost taunts me. Just so he counsels disaster. Someday—this is my real fear—he will stuff the suicidal words into my mouth. Tongue and throat will actually speak them, as once they heeded the cautious warnings. Then, oblivion for me; an acid laugh, no doubt, for the ghost.

I groan and say aloud, "What if I should ever call them by their nicknames?" I refer to the nicknames for the chief and his wife, nicknames suggested, of course—nay, urged—by that rebel ghost of mine. The chief is Laughing Boy; his wife, Minnehaha. With splendid reason. They laugh. They are laughers. They laugh and laugh and laugh. "Mr. Cranebottom ha-ha-ha meet Mr. ha-ha-ha Llewellyn." "Nice weather ha-ha-ha we're ha-ha-ha having, isn't it?" "How ha-ha-ha are you ha-ha-ha fixed lunchwise?" Their laughter explodes, it detonates, it rattles and clanks and datters through all the offices and corridors, through all our lives, through all time and space. I have seen Laughing Boy laughingly receive a summons from the IRS and then burst into tears, still laughing. I have seen Minnehaha laughingly announce that she had just smashed one of the company cars and then (in her turn) collapse in tears, still laughing. One pities them and escapes to an unlaughing bar. Why do they laugh? I do not know. Were they both laughers from birth? Was that inane bray what brought them together? Or did one learn laughter from the other? Unfortunately, I am not privy to their early lives, though I know they both came from Scranton, Pennsylvania. But I can guess: Minnehaha is the original of the laughers; Laughing Boy, her pupil. Minnehaha is the daughter of the owner. Laughing Boy is not only his son-in-law, he is also his president of the firm. In the good old American tradition, Laughing Boy worked hard, saved his pennies and married the boss' daughter. In the beginning, as a tactic of courtship, he joined in her laughter. In the end, it overwhelmed him. The guess is so good that one can state it as a fact.

Buzzer. A rattler rattling. Warning. About to strike. I leap. "How ha-ha-ha are you ha-ha-ha fixed lunchwise?"

"Free. Absolutely."

"You slob," says the ghost.

"My wife ha-ha-ha and her sister ha-ha-ha are joining us. . . ."

"Imagine what the sister looks like," the ghost says. "Imagine, if you dare."

I call my Marie, who can never help me with my career but whom I vastly love. I can't meet her at Sardi's for lunch. So very sorry.

"You know what they want, don't you?" the ghost says. "They want to marry her off on you, that's what they want."

"But," I say to Marie, "a large matter has come up. I promise, yes, we'll have dinner together."

"No you won't. Guess who you will have dinner with," the ghost says.

It'll cost the chief $10 in tips just to get us to our table at The Four Seasons and it'll cost him $120 to get us away from it, except that it doesn't *really* cost him a dime. During lunch, he'll say to me, "What're we going to do about that Simpkins account?" and I'll say, "It does need a little refurbishing, doesn't it?" And that'll be the end of the Simpkins account; but it's now a business luncheon and so expense-account and tax-deductible, and it'll not cost anybody anything at all except the stockholders and the taxpayers, and who cares about them? "I do," says the ghost. "Quiet; down, boy," I say, and the chief (ha-ha-ha) introduces the sister.

The ghost names her instantly: "Smiley." She smiles with big teeth. She looks like a horse coming down the homestretch, in last place. She is not a large matter. She is a small matter. She is bony and angled, and below her short skirt she looks like two shillelaghs. "So they've given up in Scranton," says the ghost, "and they've brought her to the big town to find a husband. Guess who's to be the husband." But she is another daughter of the owner, the second and only other, and Laughing Boy won't last forever, if I'm lucky. I join the throng.

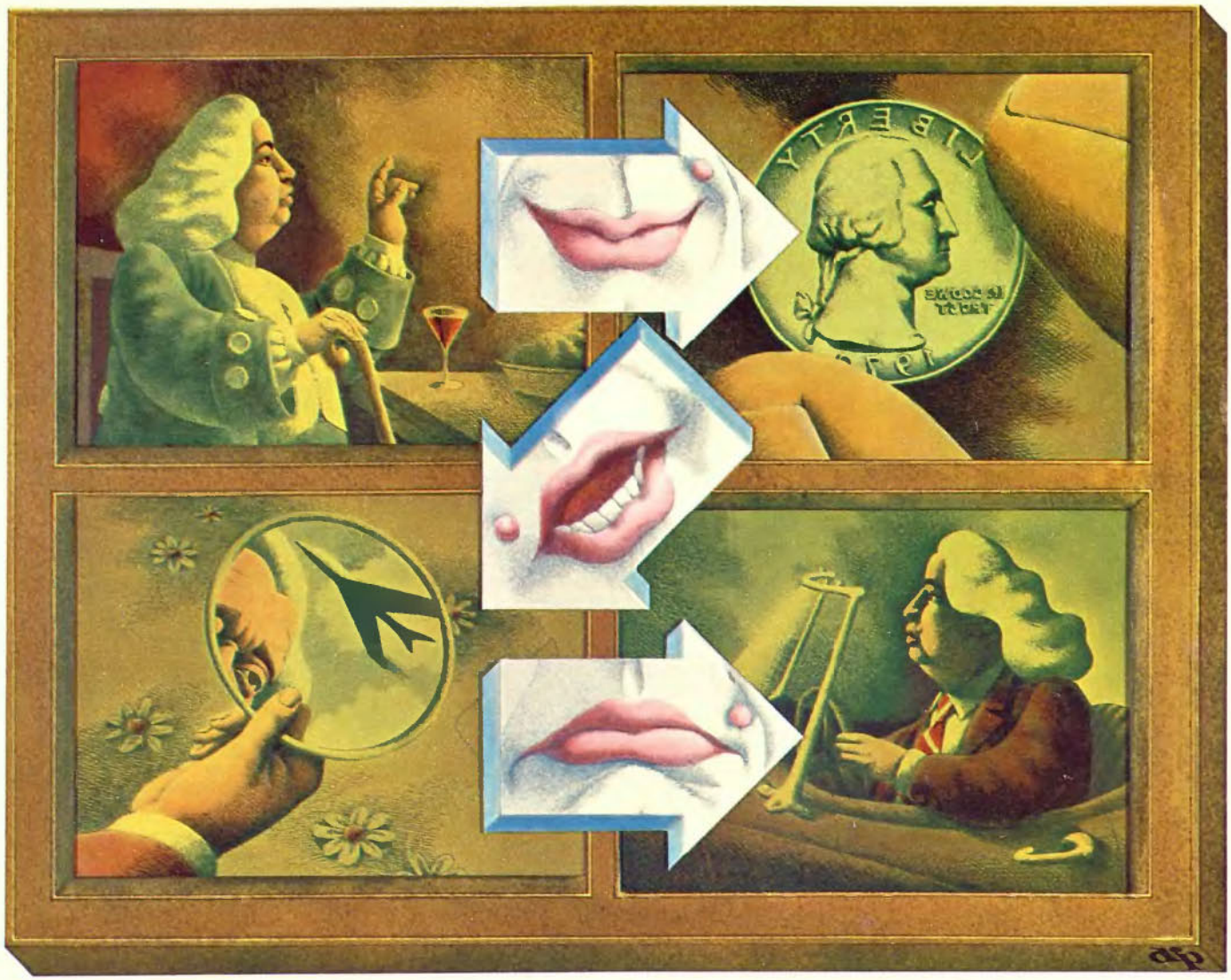
Palms placated. Table. "What'll we ha-ha-ha do about the Simpkins account . . . ?" We perform the rite, the first of the rites, for there are now others. Getting acquainted. We chat, with much smiling and laughter. Laughing Boy sprays gin on the white linen and Minnehaha's laughter bubbles and gurgles through the foam and fruit of a whiskey sour, and Smiley bares her molars at the lettuce, and at me, and is about to devour us both.

What can I do about Marie?

"Ah, yes, Marie," says my ghost upon his perch. "Remember sweet Marie of the downy evenings and the warm soft nights. Remember her, you fool and knave."

Silently I say "Shut up," and the ghost laughs. "Smiley is all hard bones and dry

*(continued on page 190)*




# THE MAN FROM NOT-YET

*fiction*

BY JOHN SLADEK

*wherein the most enlightened man in the age of enlightenment—having consented to visit the 20th century—sees for himself that it just doesn't work*

To Jeremy Botford, Esq.

Dear Jerry, Aug. 10, 1772

It was with mixt feelings that I returned to London after all these years. The city is more splendid and horrid than ever; it is a sort of great Press, into which every kind of person has been tumbled, without the least regard for whether or not he is choaked with the stench of his neighbours.

For my part, the only retreat offering succour from the noxious Crowd's putrefaction is the coffee house. Of course I refer to Crutchwood's in Clovebelly Lane, which you may fondly remember. It still affords an entertaining company, and I was surprized to remark several of our old number about the fire yet. Augustus Strathnaver has grown quite stout and dropsical, but his Wit is lean and ready as ever. Dick Blackadder is still soliciting subscriptions for his translations of Ovid: He is still soliciting in vain and he is still of good chear about *(continued on page 185)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DON PUNCHATZ

# BODY AND SKÖL

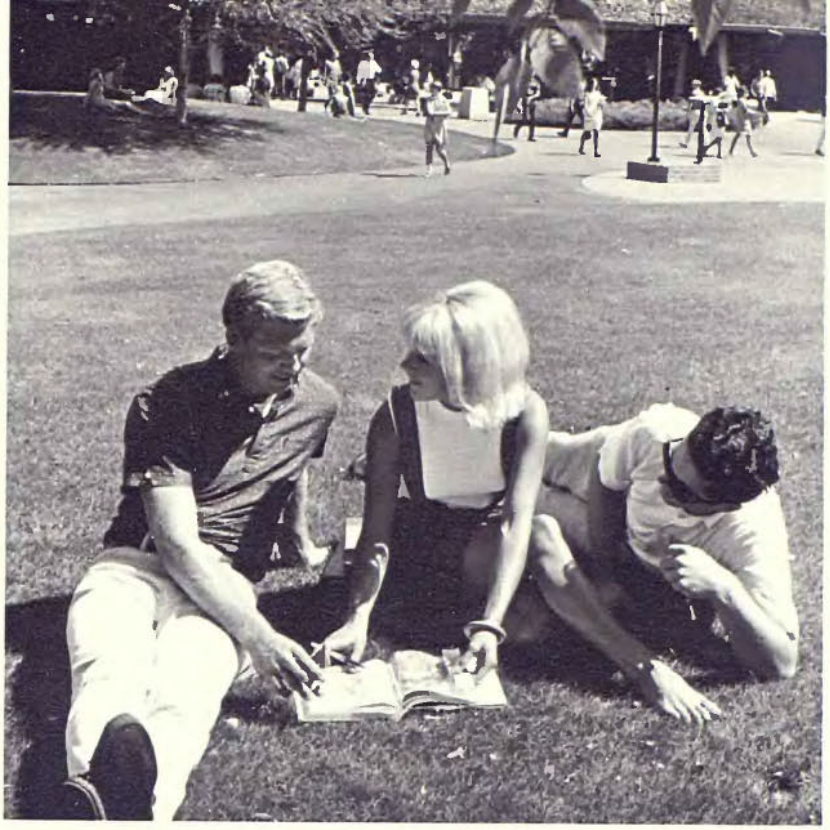
*our sun- and fun-loving*

*scandinavian import has become one of California's most attractive exterior decorations*

Never are Britt Fredriksen's Nordic origins more apparent than on her occasional near-nude ramps in the privacy of an isolated glen in the environs of her Palo Alto cottage. "Back home, such a thing is as natural as going to the beach," Miss June says. "Here, though, I go only at sunrise, when nobody else is up. But the forest itself and the air are just like home." Later in the morning, Britt seems more the American coed as she researches in the stacks of the Foothill College library.

AS SOON AS YOU ENTER June Playmate Britt Fredriksen's snug Palo Alto digs—a rented bungalow whose broad windows and hillside placement allow a glimpse of the southern tip of San Francisco Bay—you know that you're in the home of a special sort of California coed. Britt's concentrating on courses in English and interior decorating in her first year at Foothill College in nearby Los Altos Hills, while acquiring on-the-job training in a Palo Alto decorator's studio. As a result, English textbooks as well as outsized art books and swatches of material are piled casually both in the sunny living room and in the comfy bedroom. A delightful naturalness characterizes Miss June's furnishings and helps pinpoint Norway as her country of origin: Wood, leather and woven fabrics predominate to create a motif that's more Nordic rustic than Scandinavian modern. "My home town—near Trondheim, about two thirds of the way down the coast—is bigger than a village," bright-blonde Britt says, "but it's isolated enough to have a country feeling. I'm sure I'd never be comfortable with anything made of plastic." The fresh fruits and vegetables in wooden bowls and the rows of colorful jars of preserves on the window sills in the kitchen are additional reminders of Miss June's rural memories.

But Britt's had a fun-filled, varied introduction to New World pleasures and pursuits as well. Less than two years ago, she left her home-town high school teaching job for the trip to the States for which two summer jaunts to England had prepared her. "I wasn't sure what I was going to do in America," says Britt. "I worked first at a Nordic-style restaurant on a lake in Minnesota. That's where I heard about PLAYBOY. Almost before I



Britt's eagerness for both new friends and new skills is particularly suited to the learning-and-leisure atmosphere at Faathill. Here, she and a friend sun themselves at the school's an-campus swimming pool and then join another student for an open-air skull session. "It's mare a group thing than school was back home," says Miss June, who was a high school instructar befare her Stateside migration. "And that's great. I'm learning at least as much English from all my friends as from books."

knew it," she continues, in a still-musically lilted accent, "I was wearing your marvelous Bunny costume at the Playboy Club in St. Louis." A Bunny hop from the St. Louis to the San Francisco Club quickly followed. "When I heard in St. Louis that there was an opening here, I took one look at a map of your country," Britt explains, "and decided that I'd be more at home in San Francisco, with its ocean and Bay, than I was in the Midwest—even though St. Louis was fun. Like just about everyone in Scandinavia, I've been in love with water sports since I was a child. Now I've added water-skiing and body surfing to the swimming and diving I did back home."

Soon pert Britt had decided that her Stateside sojourn was going to be more than a mere visit and that it was time to become fluent in her adopted country's tongue. She began taking English courses at Foothill and discovered a strong interest in interior decorating. Bunnydom's at-least-temporary loss became academe's gain. "I hated to give up Bunnying," Britt says, "but the demands of school and a hobby that soon was becoming a—how do you say it? a burning interest, simply didn't leave enough time." Enough time, that is, for studies and the outdoor activities that our June miss loves as much as do any of her stay-at-home Nordic sisters featured in this issue's *The Girls of Scandinavia*. Beach activities through the long northern-California summer are supplemented by more than a few hours of tennis each week, as well as long exploratory drives away from urbia in a much-pampered 1957 Porsche. Winters find Britt jetting to Aspen for long skiing weekends, with at least a day given over to a cross-country trek on skis or snowshoes. "On the Aspen trips, and right here, too," Britt says of her new Western-style life, "I'm surrounded by welcome reminders of home. Any typical Scandinavian girl—which I think I am—who's thinking about coming to America should head straight out West. It's the part of the country best suited to our love for the outdoor life." Britt obviously has come to stay.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Her taste for the classic shows up in all Miss June's possessions, from her vintage Porsche to the warmly natural furnishings of her digs. "About twice a year the gears go crazy," says Britt of her car, "and I have to keep patching a hole in the top, but it's the one big thing I own and I can't imagine what the weekends would be like without it." The guitar is a new element in our June Playmate's paraphernalia, while her wood-and-leather shoes are a distinctive reminder of home.


PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS JUNE


At an amusement park in Santa Cruz, Britt practices two basic skills of her adopted land—pitching baseballs and defensive driving—before an all-American midnight snack of hamburgers and French fries at a drive-in restaurant. In such settings, Miss June's blonde good looks and genuine enthusiasm make her appear very much a Californian.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During a wild party at a friend's country estate, the attractive city girl strolled outdoors for some air. Happening onto a grassy field, she lay down to watch the stars.

She was almost asleep when a cow, searching for clover, carefully stepped over her. Groggily, she raised her head and said: "One at a time, boys, one at a time."

After checking into the large motel complex, the self-styled evangelist read in his room for several hours, then sauntered over to the bar, where he struck up a conversation with the pretty hat-check girl. After she had finished working, they shared a few drinks and then retired to his room. But when the evangelist began removing her blouse, she seemed to have second thoughts. "Are you sure this is all right?" she asked. "I mean, you're a holy man."

"My dear," he replied, "it is written in the Bible."

She took him at his word, and the two spent a very pleasant night together. The next morning, however, as the girl was preparing to leave, she said: "You know, I don't remember the part of the Bible you mentioned last night. Could you show it to me?"

In response, the evangelist took the Gideon Bible from the night stand, opened the cover and pointed to the flyleaf, on which someone had inscribed: "The hat-check girl screws."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *grimace* as a World War One pilot with one wing shot away.

Cheer up," the exec advised his recently divorced colleague, "there are plenty of other fish in the sea."

"Maybe so," replied his despondent friend, "but the last one took all my bait."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *transistor* as a girl who used to be your brother.

Late Friday afternoon, a college senior dropped by the campus drugstore and purchased three dozen prophylactics. On Monday morning, he returned to the drugstore and in a loud voice complained, "Last Friday, I came in here and ordered three dozen prophylactics, and you only gave me twenty-four."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the pharmacist. "I do hope we didn't spoil your weekend."

When the gorgeous young girl walked into the psychiatrist's office, she was immediately led to his couch. Without saying a word, he undressed her and made love to her. Finally he stood up, adjusted his tie and said, "Well, that takes care of *my* problem—now what's yours?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *race riot* as a din of inequity.

The two executives had never golfed together before and the first man up took out a new ball, placed it on the tee and proceeded to slice it into the woods to the right of the fairway. Unable to find it in the thick underbrush, he put another new ball on the edge of the fairway and this time he drove it over a fence. Putting a third new ball in position, he then proceeded to hit it into the middle of the lake.

As he was preparing to shoot yet another new golf ball from the edge of the lake, the second executive said to their caddie, "I don't understand why a guy who loses so many continues to shoot a brand-new ball every time."

The caddie shook his head, saying, "Maybe he's never had any used ones."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *calculated risk* as a computer date with a girl who doesn't take the pill.

His family wasn't too pleased about our engagement," sighed the party girl to her roommate. "In fact, his wife was furious."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *trade relations* as what incestuous couples do at a wife-swapping party.

Then there was the unfortunate voyeur who was apprehended at the peek of his career.

At her wit's end, the young wife finally took pen in hand and wrote to a lovelorn columnist:

"I'm afraid I married a sex maniac. My husband never leaves me alone—he makes love to me all night long, while I'm in the shower, while I'm cooking breakfast, while I'm making the beds and even while I'm trying to clean the house. Can you tell me what to do?

Sign me,
Worn-out

P. S. Please excuse the jerky handwriting."

*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.*

*"Impregnable, yes. But do they have any fun?"*

*how to solve the now-that-the-drinking's-over-what-do-we-do-about-dinner dilemma*

*food and drink* **By THOMAS MARIO**

# FARE PLAY FOR COCKTAIL PARTIES

COCKTAILING, of course, has long since outgrown the axiom that two peanuts make a party. True, the taste of a handful of potato chips may survive one or two deep sips of a double Scotch, but an appetite of any sizable dimensions won't be assuaged by going the onion-dip route. Substantial dishes such as casseroles of chicken

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA

and sausage, bowls of herbed rice, and Swedish sweet-and-sour brown beans with apple are much more closely attuned to contemporary cocktailing, which almost always finds the festivities extending beyond a reasonable dinner hour. The host who can astutely combine food and drink and thereby solve his guests' ever-present what-to-do-about-dinner dilemma is a thoughtful host, indeed. And thus is born the cocktail dinner, which stands between the tidbittery of olives wrapped with bacon and the full-fledged dinner, but closer to the latter in its ability to satisfy the inner man. Properly carried out, it provides all the glamor of a dinner without its elaborate layout. Even with the really massive cocktail party, where one has to break out the movable coat racks and folding chairs, a single hot dish such as a sumptuous chowder or a hot curry, served toward the end of the festivities, makes people feel that the affair's been something special.

The cocktail dinner nicely avoids the abrupt transition that occurs when the host has to shepherd his flock away from the bar and toward the dinner table. If you've got a blissful 11-to-1 martini in tow, why shouldn't you at the same time help

yourself to a plate of Italian cold cuts and a fettuccini salad with parmesan dressing? Or you may be sampling your first frozen daiquiri when the soy-flavored beef on a skewer is carried to the buffet table. It happens to be the kind of Oriental beef dish that not only goes with a frozen daiquiri, as red wine goes with a saddle of venison, but continues to please the palate just as serenely during the second and third rounds of frozen daiquiris. There are Frenchmen who have always argued passionately that champagne may be sipped with any food at any time except between the hours of four A.M. and eight A.M., that bothersome interval between the night before and the next day. Similarly, it's time for Americans to put their own drinks down long enough to say that a Sazerac or a bourbon mist is just as gratifying before the dinner as it is later with the veal goulash, with the charcoal-broiled shell steak or with the platter of assorted cheeses and crackers.

At a full-course sit-down dinner, the number of guests you can invite is necessarily limited to the circumference of your dining table divided by the diameter of each guest at hip level. At a cocktail dinner, each man or woman needs only a chair and lap space—an immense boon to hosts planning boat parties or studio parties where space is limited, as well as to hosts planning poolside or patio parties where space *isn't* as limited but where guests like to sprawl on outdoor chaise longues or on mother earth itself rather than around a more formal table. When you break the news of your party to the invitees, be sure they understand clearly that they're coming to a fete where thirst and hunger will both be assuaged. Since food is being served, you naturally shouldn't draw the line for winding up the party at any particular time.

Let your food be ample, your menu brief. Instead of caravans of rich canapés with more garnishes than you can shake a swizzle stick at, the food appetizers should take the form of only a few cold and hot hors d'oeuvres of unrivaled delectability. They should make their bow with the second round of drinks and should continue to be offered up to the arrival of the principal offerings. Frequently, a fine hors d'oeuvre will carry its own built-in halo, such as fresh Beluga caviar with buttered fresh toast or with blini and sour cream. Again, it may be one that bears your own touch of kitchen genius, such as dilled shrimp with a chutney-flavored dressing. Among the best of the hot lures is a bubbling Welsh rabbit or a Swiss-cheese fondue with chunks of French bread to be speared with fondue forks at a small party or with disposable bamboo skewers at a large conclave. One of the best fondue variations: Mix a small amount of provolone cheese for its smoky flavor along with the regular Swiss gruyère cheese.

The main dish of a cocktail dinner may be hot or cold or a seasonable combination of the two. Cold glazed ham with hot Swedish brown beans and apple is a blissful partnership; a hot veal goulash may be served with hot buttered noodles or with the cold noodles in a fettuccini salad. The dessert, especially in the warm months, should be the noncooked type, such as a fresh-fruit compote with kirsch or strawberries Romanoff, supplemented with a tray of assorted small specialties from the best pastry shop in town.

Hosts should face the fact that at cocktail time the most important things aren't necessarily cocktails. They may be highballs or, more likely these days, on-the-rocks drinks of any variety. In sultry weather, they may be rickeys or cobblers or other iced potables on the dry rather than the dulcet side. If you've a conventional drink for which you've won plaudits or a new drink you'd like to introduce, a good technique is to prepare beforehand an outsize pitcherful or an extra-large shakerful. After shaking or stirring briskly, remove the ice. It may be necessary to make two batches to fill the container. Store it in the freezer, temporarily, until the crowd arrives. Then place the pitcher or shaker on top of a deep bed of ice in a champagne bucket. The presentation is worth its weight in Baccarat. The more gleaming the pitcher and glassware and the shinier the champagne bucket, the more receptive everyone will be to the single potable, old or new. You should keep available in the background the usual whiskeys and spirits for the diehards—if, indeed, there are any—who may insist on their habitual firewater. Hosts who confidently offer one main dish at a cocktail dinner shouldn't hesitate to offer one main drink, perfectly served.

One of the curious aspects of the familiar cocktail party is its noise level. It invariably starts low and then rises in a zooming curve until it reaches about 85 decibels, at which point most conversation becomes generally unintelligible. At a cocktail dinner, the host alone calls the tune, raising or lowering the volume almost at will. Let him lead his guests to a platter of seafood or a block of *pâté de foie gras* and sound will miraculously descend to an easy conversational tone. Later it will again rise. Let him bring on the hot lobster cutlets with a sauce *diavolo* and you'll hear a pin drop. After the main course is over and the small *babas au rhum* have disappeared and the hot coffee has been poured, it will again rise slightly and then stay on the mellow plane of friends quietly enjoying their brandy snifters and their liqueur frappés. Wise men planning a cocktail dinner should consult the following trail blazers.

### DILLED SHRIMPS, CHUTNEY DRESSING
*(Serves eight)*

3 lbs. raw shrimps in shell or 1½ lbs. cooked shrimps, shelled and deveined
2 cups water
½ cup cider vinegar
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons dill weed
1 teaspoon salt
1 large sliced onion
1½ cups mayonnaise
⅓ cup chutney, finely chopped
¼ cup heavy sweet cream

If shrimps are raw, boil 3 to 5 minutes; shell and devein. Bring water, vinegar, sugar, dill weed, salt and onion to a boil. Pour over shrimps. Marinate in refrigerator overnight. Drain. Combine mayonnaise, chutney and cream, mixing well. Use chutney dressing as a dip for shrimps.

### VEAL GOULASH
*(Serves eight)*

3-lb. boneless shoulder of veal, ¾-in. cubes
¼ cup salad oil
½ cup finely minced onion
½ cup finely minced celery
2 teaspoons paprika
¼ cup flour
4 packets instant bouillon
Salt, pepper
2 2-oz. jars roasted pimiento strips, minced extremely fine
2 large canned tomatoes, minced extremely fine
1 cup grated raw potato, grated just before going into pot

Heat salad oil in deep saucepan or stewpot. Add veal, onion and celery. Mix very well. Sauté, stirring frequently, until meat loses pink color. Stir in paprika and flour, mixing very well. Add 1 quart water, instant bouillon, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper. Add pimientos and tomatoes. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer, covered, 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Add potato. Simmer until veal is very tender, about 20 to 30 minutes longer. Correct seasoning. Goulash is best if stored one or two days in refrigerator before serving. Serve with rice, with hot buttered noodles or with fettuccini salad below.

### FETTUCCINI SALAD
*(Serves eight)*

1 lb. fine-size egg noodles
¼ cup olive oil
1 cup thinly sliced red radishes
1 small green pepper
½ medium-size cucumber
4 scallions
6 tablespoons parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons red or white wine vinegar
½ cup light cream
Salt, pepper

*(concluded on page 212)*


# SECOND GENESIS

***with the master key of dna in hand, science now stands at the threshold of that secret portal beyond which waits the creation of life itself and an authentic race of supermen***

*article* By **MAX GUNTHER** "THE LOGICAL CLIMAX of evolution can be said to have occurred," said the man in the white coat, "when, as is now imminent, a sentient species deliberately and directly assumes control of its own evolution."

The man was Dr. John Heller, director of the New England Institute for Medical Research. He paced his office, paused to rap a pointer on the green chalkboard where he had drawn a diagram of a chromosome, stepped back from the board and folded his arms. "Yes," he said, gazing at the diagram, "imminent." Ten years ago, such a statement might *(continued on page 148)*

ILLUSTRATION BY THE PITT GROUP

# ГГГ

ILLUSTRATION BY SHELLY CANTON

# gamma gamma gamma

*they were all brothers—except for the pint-sized peacenik who substituted black humor for the red, white and blue*

*fiction* By RICHARD DUGGIN APPARENTLY there would be a party after all. It was already four days late and couldn't be called an initiation party, since all the pledges were now brothers. But that was really nobody's fault, unless it was Pomaczchek's. He had been a bit anxious, spending too many hours fussing in the attic over his 20-gallon barrel of home beer, until the fumes and fermentation got too much for his stomach to accept passively. Even then, it was simply a matter of poor judgment that everyone attributed to his lightheaded state. If he hadn't grabbed the edges of the barrel to steady himself or had turned his head away, they wouldn't have had to empty the whole mess out and start over again.

At any rate, there was going to be a party that night.

Yates sat in his unmade bed, his back nestled in a pillow against the headboard, and picked at the big toenail of his right foot. He had half given himself, for the moment, to Lady Macbeth, who lay open in his lap telling her husband to go screw his courage, she would get Duncan's officers so drunk with wine and wassail that they would leave Duncan, their memories and their reason unguarded—easy marks for a guilt complex. He read it again. It came out the same, so he committed his attention to the toenail, which had begun to tear too close to the quick.

Reimers was watching from his desk in the corner of the room. He grimaced.

"For crying out loud, hey. What's the matter with you?" he said finally. "Why do you leave your socks on the floor?"

"Because I've taken them off," Yates replied and freed the jagged crescent of nail from his toe. He inspected it and then began to peel the layers apart with his thumbnails.

"What if someone were to come into the room now and see you doing that? What would they think, for crying out loud?" Reimers said.

"They'd think I'd taken my socks off," Yates said, wiggling the toe to determine if it felt any lighter now.

"Well, use the wastebasket for that when you're done playing. I don't want to step on those damn things in the middle of the night." Reimers turned back to his work, meticulously entering tiny numbers into tiny green crosshatches on yellow paper.

Yates grinned. He liked Reimers, because Reimers was easy to get along with. Yates didn't have to worry about upsetting him, since Reimers was always upset anyway—he was fat, with little porcine eyes set deep in fleshy wallows, and he had high blood pressure, and it really didn't matter, because Yates didn't especially care to have him for a friend. Which was one of the things he liked about Reimers. Yates found it easier than rooming with someone he might care for.

Reimers was a good roommate. He was a business major and, what was even worse, he was a business major by his own choice. But that wasn't why Yates liked him, especially. He liked him because he had an irritating mania for cleanliness. Reimers would have replaced a desk blotter if a drop of ink had stained it. Yates enjoyed living comfortably, which meant that if anything of his in the room could be found in its logical place, it was because the law of probability had completed a revolution and the three monkeys at their typewriters had punched out another of Shakespeare's plays. It was a pleasant existence and it upset Reimers, so they got along together. They had known each other for four days.

• • •

It was a three-letter fraternity. Really, only one Greek letter repeated three times; but spelled out, it was three letters, and when spoken aloud, it sounded more like the stammering of an idiot than the name of a brotherhood: Gamma

Gamma Gamma. Yates had heard the place mentioned only once or twice in connection with rush week, before he joined. He did recall that toward the end of his first semester, while he was still grappling with the slippery new concepts introduced in a survey course in physical science (Galileo to Fermi) and a course in world civilization (Babylonia to the Bomb), he had found the cryptic name scratched with a pen into the writing arm of a seat in class. At the time, it brought to mind the picture of a thunderstruck scientist, eyes popping, his left hand clutching his throat, his right hand pointing to a distant mushroom cloud: "Gamma, Gamma, Gamma-aahh!"

"It's a crummy house," Pribyl had stated flatly. Pribyl roomed with Yates in the dormitory. "They're on social probation for having girls in after hours and they're always in trouble for one crazy thing or another. Besides, the house is loaded with veterans, and you know what a house like that is like."

"Well, yes, of course," Yates had said, wondering.

One year out of high school, Yates was finally in college on what money and confidence he and his father had been able to pool, and he was intent on applying himself. He had considered carefully the orderly path of textbooks ahead of him and he had decided to avoid the stigma a narrow-minded approach to education might leave on him. It wasn't worth the risk, since it could lead only to knowledge or money. There had to be a wider path; he wanted to learn, too.

It was Publicover who showed him the way. One afternoon during rush week, Yates had been sitting alone at a table in the student-union cafeteria, reviewing for his next class, when a tall, lanky man with swollen eyes and a shiny face suddenly set a cup of coffee down before him. The shiny face was smiling a yellow smile.

"How are you, Yates?" He pulled out the chair next to Yates and sat down. "Good to see you're hitting the ol' books. That's the only way to get through this place without Uncle getting you."

Then Yates recognized Publicover. He hadn't seen Publicover in two years, since high school, when Publicover had come home from Vietnam stoop-shouldered with the weight of brass on his chest. They had held a special school assembly to present Publicover with the diploma he would have earned if he hadn't dropped out of school two years before he was drafted. That was the first time Yates had ever laid eyes on him, because he was just 12 and in grade school when Publicover had quit high school at 20. It was also the last time he had laid eyes on Publicover until that moment.

Publicover extended a hand and slapped Yates on the shoulder with the other, in the traditional greeting of old friends. "By God, Yates, long time, long time."

And then, after his cup of coffee and a quick trip through old times that neither had shared with the other, Publicover had solved Yates' dilemma.

"Look, Yates, I've got to run. But why don't you come over to the house for dinner tomorrow night?" he said, fishing a piece of folded paper from his shirt pocket and handing it to Yates with the flourish of a salesman offering his business card.

"Yeah, thanks, Harry. Love to," Yates said.

"Great seeing you again," Publicover said, rising and slapping Yates on the shoulder once more.

"Great me you, Harry."

Yates watched him set off across the cafeteria, weaving between tables, and stop four tables away, where a lone student sat myopically scanning a textbook. "Butts! How are you? Good to see you're hitting the ol' books."

When Yates opened the piece of paper, he found the rough handwritten invitation to dine with the 20 brothers of Gamma Gamma Gamma, and there was Publicover's signature at the bottom as president. His old home-town buddy!

• • •

Yates went to dinner anyway.

He shared it with 20 brothers and 30 other freshmen, seated at five long tables in the dining room of an old frame house. Pribyl had been right about the house being loaded with veterans. Its roster could have doubled as the roll for the local V. F. W. But, regardless of the impression he felt he wouldn't make, Yates knew the meal would be better than the fatty offerings of pork, canned peas and mashed potatoes that were common to the freshman dining hall. Food was always better at fraternities; they had the money to spend on it. T-bone steaks, artichokes, wild rice. Yates had abstained from breakfast and lunch to make room for seconds. They served gristly beef, canned peas and mashed potatoes, and Yates ate voraciously.

There were four other freshmen at the head table with him, and five brothers: Clarence Maurino, Larry Cross, Phil Pomaczchek, Harry Publicover and Kessler. Except for Kessler, all the brothers were veterans.

Kessler was a short, emaciated man with awesomely waxen skin and a wandering left eye. He sat at the end of the table, eating sporadically, listening thoughtfully and belching in basso as contrapuntal remark on the tales his brothers swapped about fraternity life. When the brothers had ultimately talked out Gamma Gamma Gamma's history as a brotherhood of white Christian men, one of the freshmen, between his requests for another slice of bread and someone to pass the butter, inquired if any of the veterans had seen combat. Kessler's digestive commentary picked up tempo.

Yates quickly discovered that the fraternity had an impressive complement of heroes.

There was Larry Cross, civil-engineering major, house maintenance manager. He was the only holdover from the Korean War. He had decided late on a college education and was somewhat of an oddity; for in addition to being the oldest among the brothers, he was the only veteran underwriting his own college expenses. The GI Bill had forsaken him the year before and he was paying for his own senior year, save for the small sum that still came to him for being disabled. He betrayed with only a slight stiffness of gait that all was not right with his left leg. As ranking corporal in the motor pool, he had been Colonel Dunbier's driver following the Inchon landings. The two hit it off well, until they had a falling out over a land mine on a battered Korean road. A liberation party of the disinterred R. O. K. underground had wrestled the jeep off Cross' leg and collected the unconscious colonel from under a nearby tree. When the two were reunited in a field hospital, Dunbier, being a religious man but also a nice guy, had personally pinned the Purple Heart on Cross and ordered his expatriated left leg packed in ice and flown back to the United States, where it was buried in the Cross family plot in Temple, New Hampshire, next to the grave of his mother.

And Clarence Maurino, physical-education major, right guard on the university football team, had been a corporal in the Marines and had also received the Purple Heart—at Tayninh, when he pounced on a fumbled grenade in his trench and threw it up over the edge in time to kill three charging Cong and sever a blood vessel in his own shoulder with shrapnel.

Phil Pomaczchek, chemistry major and house social director, had been a seaman first in the Navy and had been busted for operating a still on board the destroyer Pierpont. Officially he was busted for operating the still, but unofficially for maloperating it, because it exploded during the shelling of Binh Dinh and sent the chief radio operator and a gunnery officer to sick bay with wounds from flying glass. It couldn't be overlooked, as it endangered the efficiency rating of the ship in combat. Pomaczchek was given the attic of the fraternity house to carry on peacetime operations for probation parties and similar emergencies.

The biggest hero, though, was Harry Publicover, Yates' buddy. As a fraternity president, Publicover was a good sergeant. By his own admission, he ran a spirited,

*(continued on page 202)*

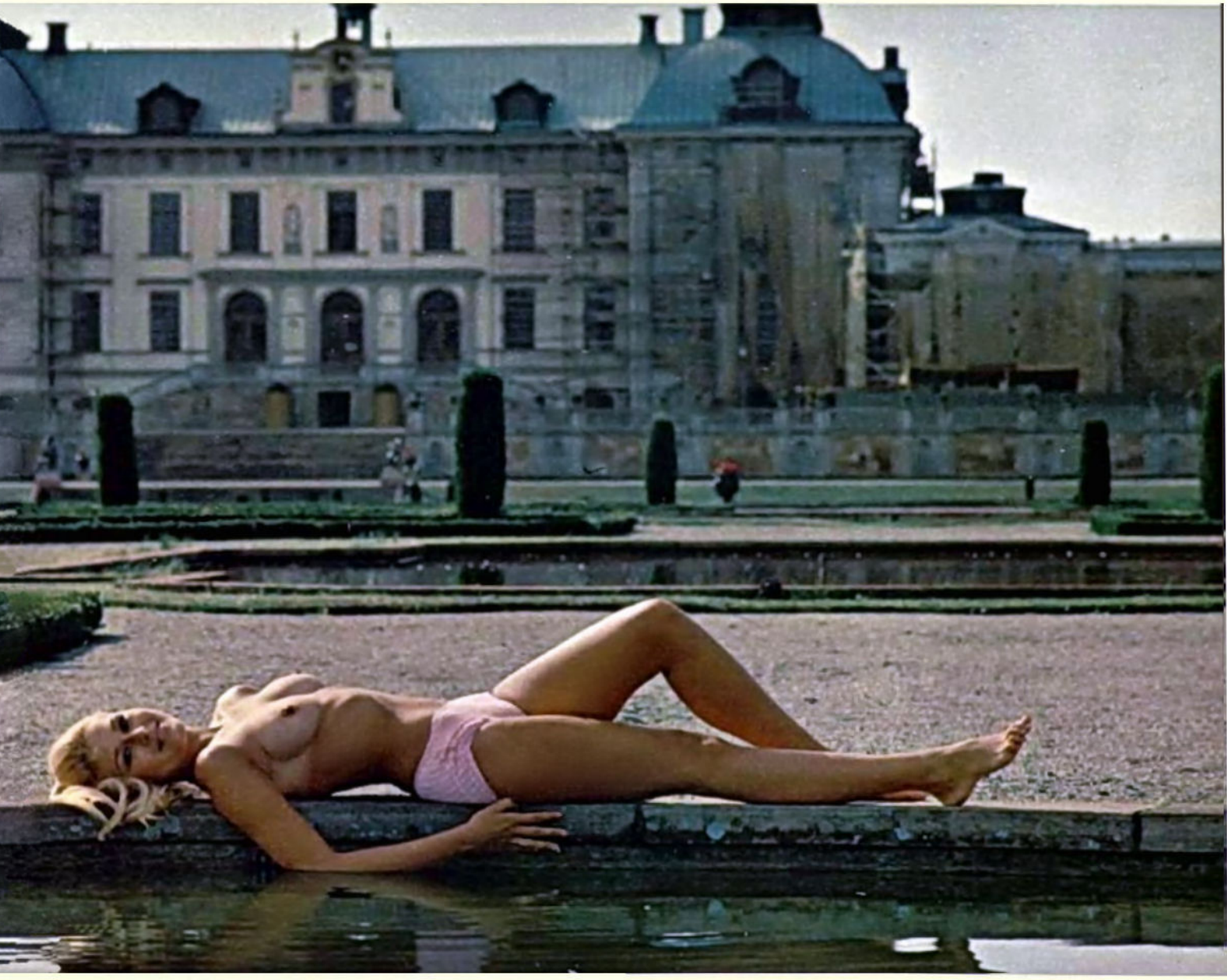

*"Why waste time on mouthwash? Nobody wants to kiss anymore!"*

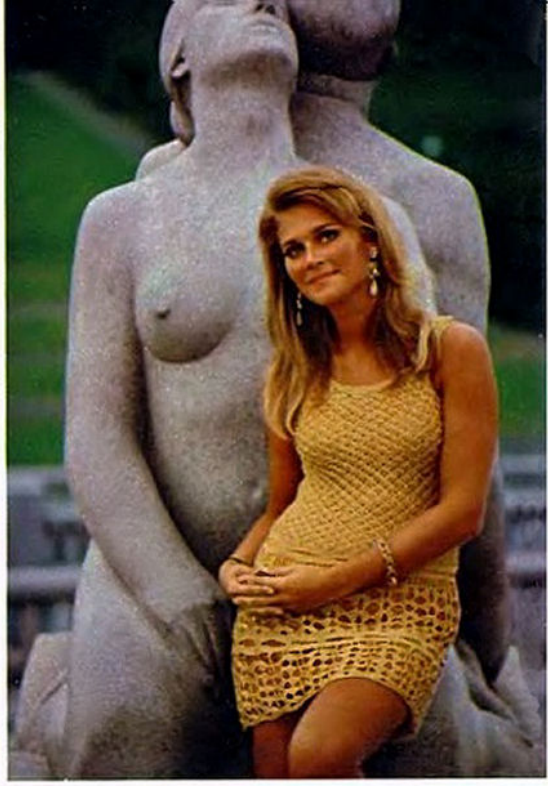
Dockside in a Danish fishing village, Ulla Danielsen displays the bright good looks she hopes will make her a top model. Rita Nielsen (tap right) divides her time between a Copenhagen ad agency and nearby riding trails. Ingrid Svedin's regal charms were photographed at Stockholm's Drottninghalm Castle, Swedish royalty's summer digs.

# the girls of SCANDINAVIA

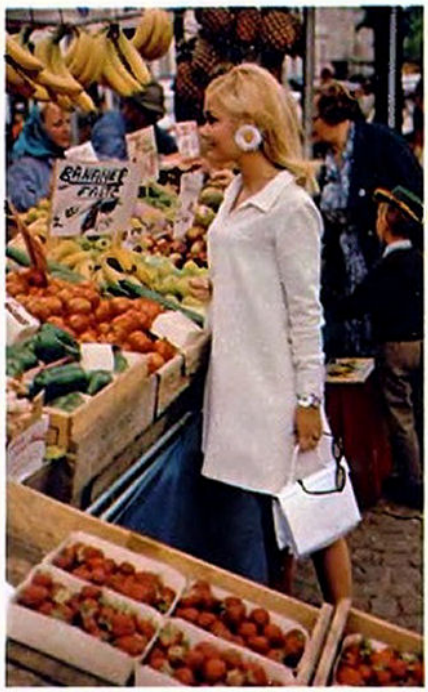
**a pictorial panegyric to the free-spirited sun goddesses of nordic lands**

THE SWEDISH *flicka*, the Finnish *tyttö*, the Danish *pige* and the Norwegian *pike* have won reputations as being among the most desirable women on earth—for their incandescent sensuality, their feline grace and their all-embracing sexual independence. But can they be more than image? Hans Christian Andersen put it succinctly in one wry reference to his tales: "It is all," he wrote, "perfectly true." Despite cultural, economic and—to a lesser degree—ethnic differences among the four countries, the girls of Scandinavia remain the female embodiment of spiritual freedom and a compelling zest for life. The climate of their subcontinent can be harsh and forbidding; and, in this century at least, the region has been occasionally visited by the harsher realities of war. But through it all, the Scandinavian girl has never lost her warmth—or her femininity. The wellsprings of her unique spirit and the subtle variations it adopts in each of the four Scandinavian countries are well worth examining. For an in-depth guide to the Nordic girls' urban environs—replete with tips on customs, foods, hotels and hangouts—the reader contemplating a Scandinavian trip need look no farther than last month's *Playboy's Guide to a Continental Holiday*, by our well-traveled Travel Editor, Len Deighton, who covered both Stockholm and Copenhagen, as well as the highlights of the Swedish and Danish hinterlands. *(text continued on page 134)*





Kaija Schroderus manages a half-smile as she braves the chilly lake waters that end a Finnish sauna. Kaija, who studies fashion design in her native Helsinki, was once among the many Scandinavian girls at the Sorbonne. Oslo physiotherapist Barbara Hansstein provides a pleasant contrast in body styles with one of the monumental Gustav Vigelond sculptures that fill her city's Frogner Park. Sweden's loss will be the Canary Islands' gain if model Elisabeth Örtenheim, above, realizes her ambition of starting a sailing school at Las Palmas.

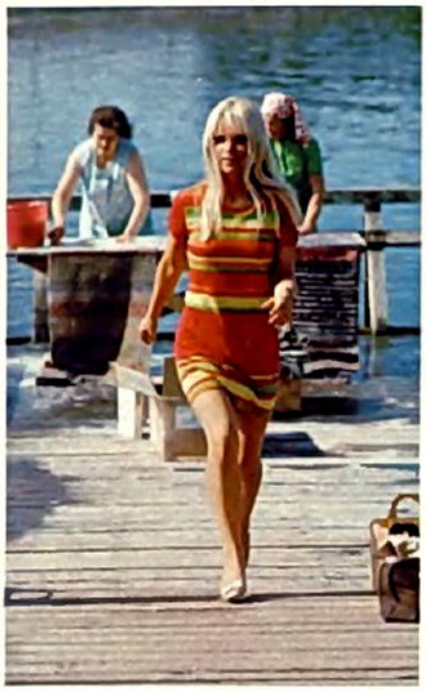


A Copenhagen fresh-fruit market is all the more ottractive when secretaries such as Hannie Wiberg explore it during their lunch hours. The beauty among the reeds is Elizabeth Sundin, a Stockholm student busy exploring a corner of the Djurgården, a pork-covered island in a city of islands. Museums, amusement parks and restaurants fill parts of the park, but it's obviously big enough for privacy, too. Elizabeth studied in London for a time and—when she's not studying, dancing or tinkering with her sports car—dreams of further travels.

Relaxing on a quiet dock is hardly a typical activity for Helène Falk: She spent most of her girlhood afternoons in Goteborg, Sweden, on the golf course, which her father manages, and in school added swimming and fencing to her swinging game on the links. Dancing, friendly people and warm weather constitute her trio of favorite things, and she'd love to find all as a stewardess on a Scandinavia-to-California run. Flower-framed Finnish delight Pirkko Patonen, a farmer's daughter, currently works as a men's hairdresser in Helsinki.

The dark-haired beauty often found adding Persian flourishes to the up-to-date dances in Copenhagen's Tattersall *discothèque* is Denise Lee Dann, shown here at the night spot's turntable. Denise learned Persia's language as well as its dances in the years her family spent there. She has appeared in two Danish films, but her abiding interest lies in painting. SAS stewardess Agnete Ostergaard typifies the carrier's most noticeable attraction for the Scandinavian traveler. Sun-bathing *au naturel* in her inflated boat is Danish damsel Maj Brit Månsson.

A colorful pinwheel tree in a Helsinki market attracts secretary Mervi Koskinen's attention during a lunch-hour shopping expedition. Like many of her Nordic sisters, Mervi designs most of her own clothes. Marie Liljedahl, top right, is just 18 but has danced with the Swedish Royal Opera ballet for a third of those years. Fashion modeling, parts in musical revues and one Greek film credit have also gone into the building of her promising theatrical career. Making a striking picture herself, above, is Finnish painter and nature lover Lotta Kallas.



A dock near Helsinki, where the city's housewives traditionally launder their rugs, is one of the out-of-the-way spots Mervi Nevakari always tries to include in her rounds as a tourist guide. Off duty, she enjoys Gulf of Finland water-skiing in the summertime, slalom-skiing in the winter—and the Rolling Stones year round. In the fishing boat-crowded harbor of Praestø, south of Copenhagen, hairdresser and jazz ballerina Jeannette Christiansen models the sort of bright slicker Danish girls prefer for boating and strolling the waterfront.

Half-Chinese doll Mei Mei Eskelund was born in Kunming, where her Danish author-father found more than literary treasure. The family has returned to Denmark, and her mother has become a writer, too—specializing in cookbooks—but Mei Mei herself is still looking for a career. All-Danish beauty Birgitte Heiberg, captured here at a rifle stand during a tour of the Amalienborg Palace in Copenhagen, is well established as a photographer's model and neophyte actress. Sculpting, swimming and horseback riding occupy many of her free hours.

Contrasting stretches of Sweden's southwestern shore line comprise the principal playgrounds of pig-tailed Ulla Petersson and pants-suited Agnetha Mattsson, two smashing Swedish blondes. Ulla dreams of traveling to Stockholm or the Continent to become a model, and stylish Agnetha—a lover of "nice clothes, cars, men who are easy to talk to and the midnight sun"—is completing fashion-design studies. On a precipitous flume in a fjord on the Norwegian coast, Bjorg Ring displays the statuesque beauty that has earned her top modeling honors.

Stockholm's Sparrbåge sisters, sibling models in the model society, double any photographer's pleasure. Yvonne and longer-haired Kitty both hope to move from modeling to stage careers. Here they row to one of their city's numerous island parks and proceed to take advantage of the site's privacy. Denmark's Vibeke Bolt, bottom left, favors sports cars and discos after her banker's hours. Aliisa Porras spends nine to five fielding viewers' complaints phoned into Finland's Helsinki-based TV network and then usually relaxes at an isolated stretch of coast.

Secretary Lena Cederham surveys her native Stockholm from a midtown pedestal, certainly an inappropriate symbol for a typically emancipated Scandinavian woman. Lena had a part in the latest Matt Helm film but declines to categorize herself as an actress; uppermost in her plans now is an attempt to break into the New York modeling game this fall. Beside a ship's clock that strikes nautical bells instead of hours, striking Copenhagen belle Kirsten Stronde epitomizes the natural, sensitive beauty of the girls of Scandinavia.

in the first of his monthly travel features for PLAYBOY.

The bachelor who has some weeks to devote to his Scandinavian holiday might choose Finland as an appropriate commencement address. To most Americans, no Scandinavian girl is less known than the Finnish *tyttö* (pronounced *teu*-ta). Above a somewhat fatalistic spirit—which may derive from Finland's austere topography, its isolation and its involvement in numerous wars with Russia—she exhibits a temperament that ranges from ice-blue introspection in the winter months to exuberant gaiety in the bright Finnish summer. Day after day during that sybaritic season, the Finnish miss parties till dawn, yet shows up fresh and rested for her job—whether as a shop-girl in a Helsinki *boutique*, a designer for Arabia, Finland's famed china-and-porcelain concern, or a bit-part actress for her country's TV network. She has a strong affinity for the foreign male, in part, she says, because native swains are apt to tipple to a point where they're more somnolent than amorous, but mostly because females outnumber males in Finland 13 to 10. Still, she must be approached with finesse. Her morality is based on a simple creed: respect for herself. Accordingly, she chooses her partners with some care. She wants each amatory experience to be both precious and memorable, even if—as can often happen in a brief encounter with a visiting stranger—the affair generates more heat than warmth.

The Finnish woman was the first in Europe to attain full political status, having won the franchise in 1906. Since this achievement of equality, she has entered the man's world of business, finance and politics and, more often than not, continues her own career after marriage. In keeping with the spirit of independent accomplishment such life styles generate, she makes up her own mind about sex. Often she will regard a man with a look of frank appraisal that is refreshing in its straightforwardness.

The typical *tyttö* thrives on Spartan virtues. She tends to eschew some of the more cloying comforts of the Western world for the more rigorous life of the great outdoors. Her physical and emotional involvement with nature springs from the very roots of her being and may account for her Finnish streak of *sisu*—a sinewy toughness of spirit that rejects defeat. The Finnish girl proudly proclaims, "I want to be alive—to try everything." With such a female, the resourceful male visitor will have little difficulty making contact. The duration of the liaison will then depend on his own skills. Wealth, fame and male authority mean little to her. Charm, passion and virility mean a great deal.

Among the more prestigious meeting places in Finland's capital city of Helsinki—reached via Copenhagen on an open-end round-trip ticket from New York in the regular season for $665—is the Espilä. The dance floor is ample, the floorshow artfully libidinous, and the management has thoughtfully installed telephones at each table for instant communication with promising prospects elsewhere in the room. Having selected a date, our man might escort her to the oddly named, Oriental-flavored Rivoli Restaurant, where the *pièce de résistance* is a very un-Oriental plateful of Russian caviar, washed down with a chilled glass of *Koskenkorva*, the vodkalike national drink. An agreeable after-hours rendezvous is the elegant M-Club, a cavernous night spot eminently suitable for close dancing and a toast of *Jaloviina*, a flavorsome local brandy. The bar on the top floor of the cosmopolitan Vaakuna Hotel—a good place to stay, incidentally—affords a panoramic view of the city and its illustrious modern architecture.

Around midnight, the ideal Finnish night on the town will move to a private home with a party in progress. If the place boasts a sauna, it's likely that at some point in the early morning, this will become the focal point for a coed romp. In any case, the morning after any Finnish revel should certainly include the ubiquitous bath's recuperative ritual—a body-refreshing rite of near-religious proportions. Not surprisingly, a chance meeting—in a sauna or elsewhere—will occasionally flare into a romance of more than passing interest. In such circumstances, the starkly beautiful, lake-dappled Finnish countryside offers a plenitude of opportunities for sharing joy in quiet solitude.

Refugees from the cosmopolitan din may find peace on one of the many rocky islands that make up the *Saaristo* (archipelago), only a short ride by white-bowed excursion boat from Helsinki. Or they may choose to motor into the green heart of Finland, past steel-blue lakes and forests of slender birch trees, for a lavish crayfish feast. During the summer, no visit to Finland is complete without a private-plane excursion to the magnificent expanses of northern Lapland, where the midnight sun shows ceaselessly for 45 days. Here, as nowhere else, the foreign visitor might glimpse the Finnish girl's total involvement with her primitive land, an assertion of her earthiness and her fascination with the ebb and flow of nature itself.

• • •

The Swedish girl, living in Scandinavia's most highly industrialized nation, is more in tune with the complexities of urban life. This doesn't mean she's unaware of her radiant sensuality. Social welfare in Scandinavia may well constitute what its people call "the middle way" between capitalism and communism; but the *flicka* is still an extremist—a creature capable of chilly dignity and fiery hedonism, of maddening reticence and blunt outspokenness. She, too, is greatly attracted to the foreign male, again in part because Swedish women outnumber men, but also because the hard-working Swedish male, in reality as well as in the films of Ingmar Bergman, has a penchant for analyzing life down to its stark, dry bones, in the process sometimes overlooking life's fleshly joys. "Swedish men do not deserve their women," an Italian professor, visiting the country, observed not long ago. He was understandably outraged after observing a line of beautiful Swedish girls sitting in a Stockholm night club, waiting in vain for some Swedish male to invite them to dance. Small wonder that the Swedish girl frequently seeks other sources of *divertissement*. As the professor's night-club experience confirms, the opportunities for establishing rapport are countless. A simple compliment can work near miracles in a country where even the best-looking girls are accustomed to being ignored; but a foreigner should avoid the glib panegyric that may be misinterpreted as a clumsy ploy. Sincerity is all-important to the Swedish girl. Having recognized this and having acted accordingly, our man will have his choice of a dazzlingly variegated roster of cultural, culinary and recreational establishments—described by Deighton last month—in which to embellish a friendship.

The Swedish girl is drawn toward Stockholm all the way from the green flatlands of southern Skåne to the mountain-spiked expanse of Lapland in the north. She may choose a glamorous career as a stewardess for the Scandinavian Airlines System—which draws its trim and perky personnel from Sweden, Denmark and Norway—or she may seek her fortune and fulfillment in the proliferating Swedish film and television industries or in the fertile field of Scandinavian furniture and fashion design.

In the summertime, an all-too-fleeting episode in the north, the Swedish girl's mood of wintry reflection gives way to overflowing effervescence. From mid-teens on, unmarried Swedish girls and boys are accustomed to getting away from it all, together, without fear of stigma or parental opprobrium. A summer excursion may be as simple as an overnight trip to the idyllic province of Dalarna, a three-hour drive from Stockholm; or it may involve a three-day boat trip through the Göta Canal, the meandering, lock-studded waterway that flows through meadows and yellow cornfields to the craggy inlets and jagged islets near Göteborg, on the western coast. Or a Swedish miss and her escort may venture into the brooding evergreen forests of the north.

*(continued on page 182)*


# HOW I BECAME A RENAISSANCE MAN IN MY SPARE TIME

*humor* By MARVIN KITMAN *a true-life adventure of the author's crash campaign to win funds and influence the beautiful people by mixing his media and expanding his consciousness without really trying*

A WOMAN in a tweed pants suit came up to me at a party recently and asked, "What do you do?" I told her that I spent all my time writing magazine articles. "Man," she said, "you're really in a bag."

"Sir?" I asked politely, as she started to edge away.

After the same embarrassing thing happened several times that night, I confided in a friend who seemed to understand the scene. "What's wrong with me?"

There are some things even a friend won't tell you. But apparently this wasn't one of them. He blurted it right out: "You're not what's happening today, baby."

"If you mean I have to start letting my hair grow," I said, "forget it. That's OK for you guys with straight hair, but I'd wind up looking like Shirley Temple."

"All the beautiful people today," he continued, telling it to me the way it is, "are mixing media. Andy Warhol is a painter who's making films. Tom Wolfe is a writer who draws. Robert Rauschenberg is a painter composing electronic music. George Plimpton is a quarterback who plays triangle with the New York Philharmonic. You've got to get yourself another bag." I laughed at him.

I've lived through fads before. I missed out on the excitement of the Beat Generation, for example, when my mother wouldn't let me go hitchhiking. I could sit this one out, too, until men who did one thing well came into fashion at cocktail parties again. But I read in the papers a few days later that what's happening in the arts today is the second Renaissance. The first Renaissance lasted over 200 years. I couldn't bear the thought of being a nobody at parties that long.

When I ran into my friend, the hippie, at another party the following weekend, I explained, "I want to be what's happening. How do I get with it, man?"

"Find your thing," he advised.

"My *what*?"

"Blow your mind," he said. "Try everything and see what turns you on." What gave me the courage to try to become a Renaissance man was a story in *Life* magazine about the discovery of the lost notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci. The master had set down his ideas and visions on the usual wide variety of subjects, including art, the flight of birds, weapons, obscure riddles and ball bearings. It reminded me of my own early notebooks.

Lost now since the 1930s and 1940s, the hard-covered "composition" notebooks from grammar school days at P. S. 186 in Brooklyn were filled with sketches of military inventions such as death rays. At ages 11 and 12, like Leonardo, I was very much interested in anatomy, setting down my unique ideas on the subject in a series of drawings of classmates Selma and Marilyn without their clothes on. My sketches of giant hamburgers and Coke bottles, drawn as the lunch hour approached, anticipated developments in art. While others wrote down lines from Robert Louis Stevenson to memorize for poetry-appreciation class, I saw beauty in things around me. I still remember the first stanza of one of the environmental poems in my notebook:

*Have you tried Wheaties?*
*They're whole wheat with all of the bran.*
*Won't you try Wheaties?*
*For wheat is the best food of man.*
*They're crispy and crunchy the whole year through.*
*Jack Armstrong never tires of them and neither will you.*
*So just buy Wheaties,*
*The best breakfast food in the land.*

In those days, my mind had no boundaries. The only problem now was picking out my thing.

I decided to try novel writing first. Every writer, I had been hearing for years, has at least one novel in him. Aware of my technical limitations—I had never written fiction before—I decided to study with the masters in my spare time. I sent in a coupon to enroll in the fiction *(continued on page 195)*

*"When you advertised for a girl Friday, Mr. Baxter, I didn't realize that included Saturday and Sunday."*

# once in auvergne

Ribald Classic
**a chanson of Guillaume de Poitiers, Duc d'Aquitaine**

In sun and saddle all day long,
To keep awake, I'll write a song.
I know some ladies in the wrong;
  I'll tell you which:
The ones who, when a man's in love,
  Act like a bitch.

A girl's worst sin, all men agree,
Is spurning noble knights (like me).
The second worst? To love for free
  Some priest or monk.
I'd push her near the boiling oil
  And—oops—kerplunk!

Once in Auvergne—that's over there—
I hired some holy rags to wear.
I met the wives of old Sir Square
  And old Sir Clodd.
Those lovelies smiled at me, "Hello!"
  Thanks be to God.

The first one eyed me where I stood.
"Hey, man, I grok that crazy hood!
It looks to me your background's good
  (And foreground, too).
We don't get many pilgrim types
  As cute as you."

I knew a trick: I wouldn't speak;
I'd make out like a voiceless freak.
And so I put my tongue in cheek
  And gargled so:
Like, "Bar-bar-uh" and "Bar-bar-eek"
  And "Bar-bar-oh."

Hermessa (that's her kookie name)
Said, "Look, he's just the type we came
To find as dummy for our game!
  The guy can't talk!
Let's take him home and try him on.
  He'll never squawk."

They sneaked me in a bedroom, where
I settled in a fireside chair.
I must say, it was cozy there—
  I mean the fire.
But it was really those two birds
  Made me perspire.

For dinner: breast of chicken (you
Perhaps are thinking four, or two?).
No maids or servant boys came through.
  Champagne on ice,
Good bread, a rich and piquant sauce
  With lots of spice.

Hermessa then said, "Agathy,
This kid is taking us, could be.
That twinkle in his eye—you see?
  I don't like that.
I know the way to make him talk.
  Get pussycat."

Get pussy-*what*? They got this thing,
Red, scabby, whiskered, glittering
With evil glare—about to spring,
  Claws long as that!
Well, my heart sank (and all the rest)
  In nothing flat.

But what came next I couldn't guess.
Ag said, "Dum-Dum, luv, undress."
I did, and they began to press
  This devil-cat
Against my back. I really got
  The worst of that.

"Pull pussy's tail," Hermessa said.
"Come on, ol' cat. Go get 'em, Red!
Let's see if he can yell instead
  Of keeping mum."
Scratched to hamburg, yet I lay
  Pretending dumb.

"Hermessa, luv," said Agathy,
"That's proof. So save a piece for me.
Let's have a bath together! Whee,
  For fun and games."
And so it started—eight whole days
  Of those two dames.

How many times, you'd like to know?
One hundred eighty-eight or so.
And then I fell to pieces. Whoa!
  I heard me crack:
It hurt from neck to—ouch, my legs
  And ouch, my back.

And now the chorus: Ouch, my legs
  And ouch, my back!

*—Retold by John Frederick Nims*

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 78)*

reverse that train of thought. My point—which was not an original one—was that you do not have liberty in the absence of law and order or in the absence of a good educational system, which liberates the mind; that there isn't much advantage in having freedom if you can't breathe the air; that there isn't much advantage in the liberty to go swimming if the water is lethal. In other words, liberty requires that there be a balance between public services and private services, between what is done collectively and what is done individually. Many of these observations now sound rather like clichés—but that's partly because they have become the conventional wisdom since I published the book.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you made any other significant contributions to the accepted sense of our time?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, there are some other things. But nobody should ever ask an author what his original contributions are, because this could precipitate quite a long lecture. I wrote a little book right after World War Two, called *A Theory of Price Control*, which I believe to be one of the most careful and original books ever written on the problem of the mobilized economy—the best interpretation of a wartime economy. I think this view was shared by other economists who read it. But the most singular aspect of that experience was that only three or four people ever read the book. It was at this point that I decided that in my future writing, I would seek to involve some part of the lay public. This way, my economic colleagues find themselves in the position of being asked by reporters and students, "Well, what do you think about Galbraith?" At this time, I discovered one other thing: There are very few ideas in economics that cannot be expressed in clear English. If you force yourself to state your ideas simply, you can be damn certain you'll think them out clearly in the process.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think your popularization of economics has made you less respected among your colleagues?

**GALBRAITH:** I've never thought for a moment that I had popularized economics. I've always rejected that suggestion. All I've done is sought to write economics, however difficult, in clear English.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, do you think your having written economics in clear English has lessened your stature among your colleagues?

**GALBRAITH:** Not with anybody whose opinion I would respect. Economics, like all sciences, has its crotchets, its petty jealousies and its minor feuds. I have no doubt that a certain number of people have said from time to time, "Galbraith is unfair by not making use of the normal tendencies to obscurity; he's as guilty as a doctor who writes prescriptions in clear English instead of illegible Latin." But these are the attitudes of inconsequential people, and I've always successfully ignored them.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of your other critics, particularly on the political right, have accused you of everything from indiscriminate iconoclasm to near treason. And a New Leftist, reviewing *The New Industrial State*, observed that you are actually a subtle and very powerful defender of the *status quo*. Do you think any of these charges has merit?

**GALBRAITH:** I'm not aware that I was ever quite dignified by a charge of near treason, but I have certainly been on the receiving end of a formidable range of criticism. In the case of *The New Industrial State*, there was nothing for which I was more braced, and nothing I more expected. As a matter of fact, I would have been disturbed, and deeply disappointed only if the book had been overlooked. As for the charge of being a defender of the *status quo*, I suspect in some large sense that it's true. I've always been a reformer. I've never had any instinct for revolution. There are countries where I think revolution is therapeutic, where there may be no alternative to revolution. But the history of the United States is mainly one of successful reform. This being so, I have an unabashed commitment to reform. If reform works, revolution becomes unnecessary. So the reformer *is* in some measure a defender of the *status quo*.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the fundamental premises of many defenders of the economic *status quo* is that the Government must balance its budget—just as a household does. But the new economics denies this. Would you explain why deficit spending on the part of the Government is less reprehensible than an individual spending more than he earns?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, that is a good question, because the oldest of economic errors is the assumption that a state must be in its fiscal arrangements exactly like a household. In fact, the state should be the reverse of a household. An individual or a family can go into debt in the short run, but there are definite limits to what it can spend beyond what it actually has. The state, by contrast, can easily increase the supply of available wealth by offsetting the vagaries of household spending. To be very specific about it: If individuals and corporations spend less and invest less than their income, then this means that the total income in the economy will fall. When total income—aggregate income—starts to fall, there is a recession, or a depression. The meaning of a recession or a depression is that the community is not producing everything it could. Now, if the state comes in and offsets the private reduction in expenditure, by compensating with its own expenditures and doing useful things—public works, schools, and so forth—this brings the economy back up closer to its potential. It increases the volume of wealth being produced. That's why I say that the state's fiscal operations ideally are the mirror image—or the offset—for the aggregate of what households do. One should never reason that what is right for a household, or what is right for a business enterprise, or what is right even for a city, is therefore the proper course of action for the national Government.

**PLAYBOY:** Columnist Henry Hazlitt recently wrote in *Newsweek* that any increases in productivity spurred by deficit spending are actually increases in paper dollars only. They don't add to the real value of our national wealth, he argued, because they produce a correspondingly lower purchasing power. What's your answer to that thinking?

**GALBRAITH:** Henry Hazlitt is an estimable man but a very poor guide to economics. If any country had attempted to follow Mr. Hazlitt's prescriptions over the past 30 years, that country would have been in a state of permanent depression. If one has idle capacity and idle manpower, which are the conditions under which you bring the remedies I mentioned into action, the effect of expanding demand is not to raise prices, though it may raise prices somewhat. The primary effect will be to increase the use of productive capacity and to increase the use of manpower. This is the very elementary point that Henry Hazlitt overlooks. He is, however, an excellent representative of a much earlier era of economics.

**PLAYBOY:** But the remedies you've just described apply to a situation of idle capacity. How does the new economics work when the economy is not in recession—when things are running close to capacity, as they are today?

**GALBRAITH:** It's good to keep this aspect in mind. In the past five or ten years, the past five years certainly, the other side of the problem has been presenting itself. For one reason or another, quite a few countries—most notably, the United Kingdom, but the U. S. also—have been spending beyond our current factory capacity and beyond our readily available labor supply. We have unemployment, but the unemployment involves people who are out of location, or have the wrong skills, or who are insufficiently educated for modern industrial tasks, or who are the subject of racial discrimination, or who are otherwise not readily employable. In this circumstance, there's no question that the remedies I described have to work the other way around. Just as one should be able to

*(continued on page 164)*


*"And all will be well at your next dinner party when you serve your guests on pewterware and silver from Ezra Hawkins, quality silversmiths for three generations!"*

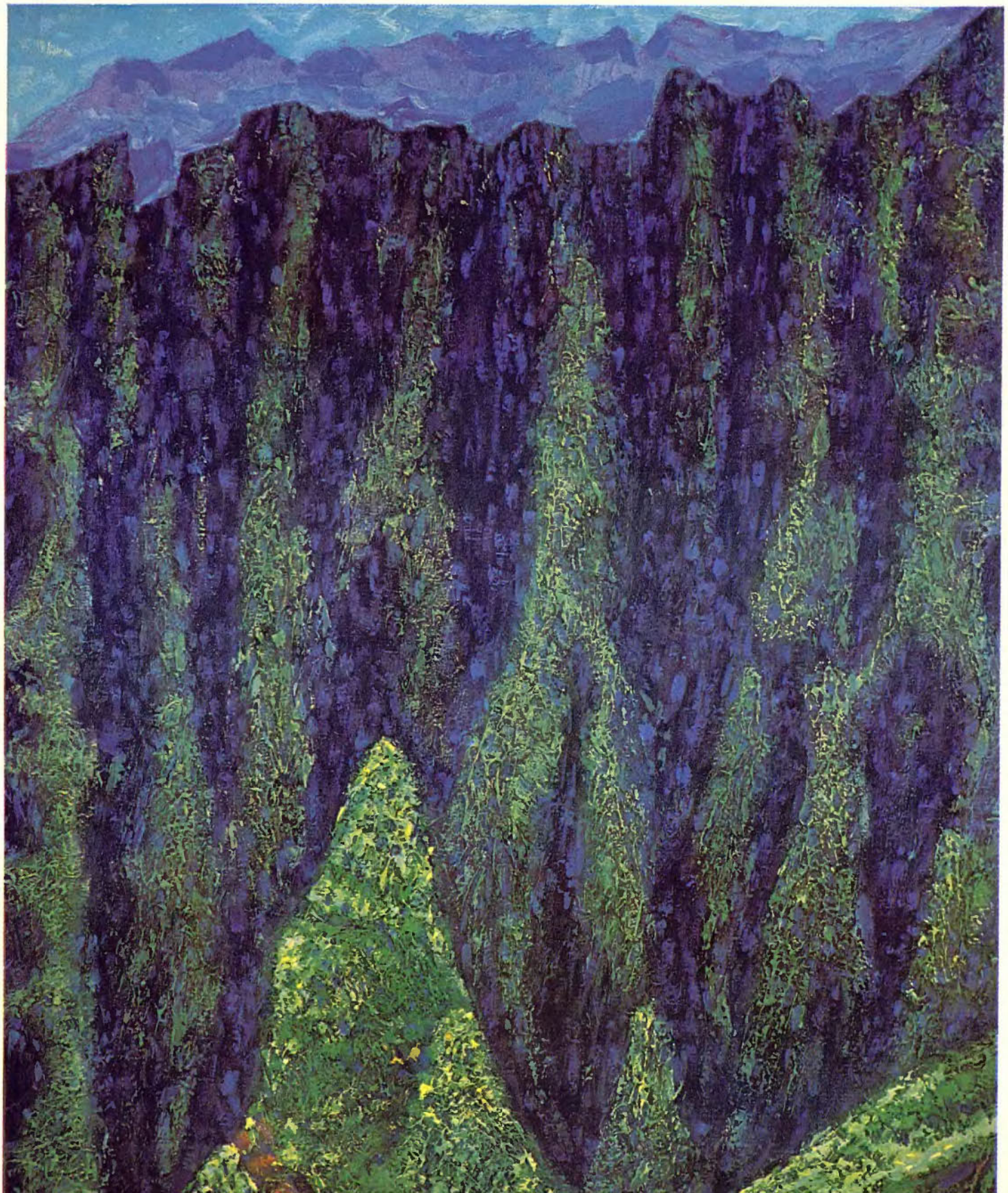
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE SUYEOKA

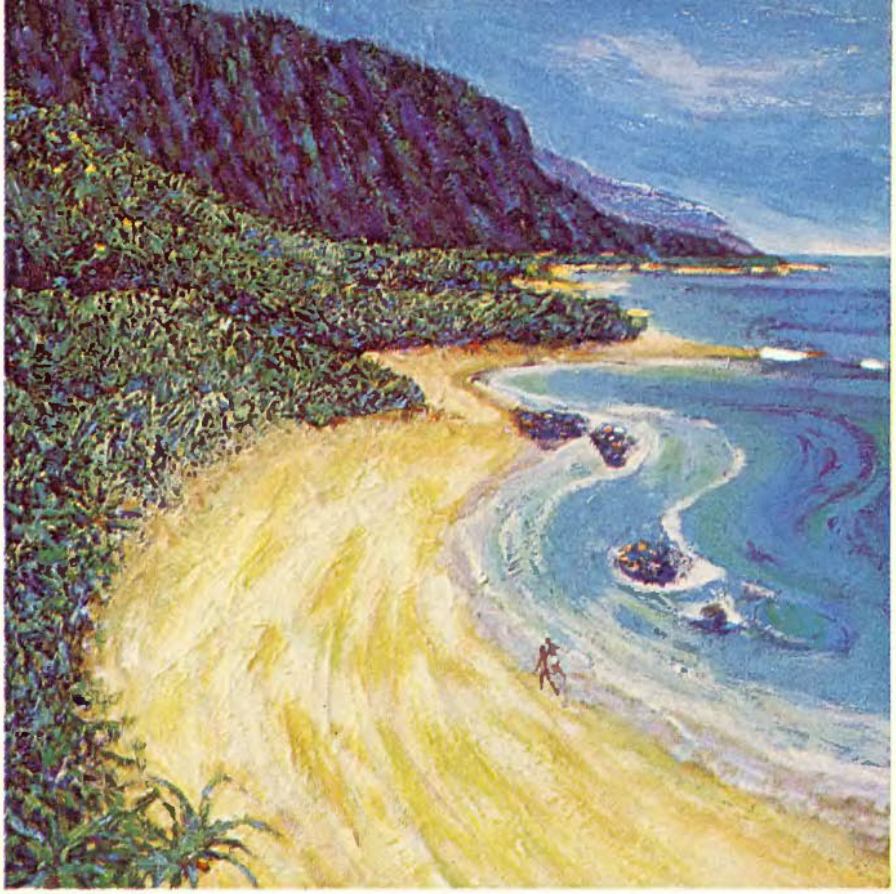
# HAWAIIAN AYE!

*travel* **By LEN DEIGHTON**

*there's more to our 50th state than honolulu, hulas and the ubiquitous lei—the unspoiled out islands*

THE CLOYING INSINCERITY of travel brochures in overromanticizing a land that needs no breathless clichés to espouse its merits has done terrible damage to the world's image of the Hawaiian Islands. The new arrival may be traumatized by having Honolulu served up as his first—and perhaps only—taste of Hawaii. Honolulu is a glittering neon and plastic town. Through it pass the busy transpacific air routes. Here's where the cruise ships dock and photographers snap bemused beleied tourists with hula-hip girls. Most





Justly famous Waikiki Beach on Oahu (top left) should be one of your first stops after arriving in Hawaii. Waikiki is where the girls are, and once you find a wahine to your liking, you'll probably want to head for a more remote strand, such as Lumahai Beach on Kauai (above). If you're searching for magnificence, don't pass up Hawaii Island's Halemaumau Crater (left), which is housed in a still-active volcano. Charter a private plane or a helicopter for a panoramic overview of the 50th state's eight-island ambiance, and then air-hop to Kona Village (below), an exclusive and secluded resort on the island of Hawaii. As a final high point, visit Kauai's Kalalau Lookout (opposite page), towering 4000 lushly forested feet above sea level, where you'll be able to tune in to Hawaii's spectacular serenity.

tourists see no more than this real-estate man's ferroconcrete dream; and yet beyond it lies a group of tropical islands with surf-roaring beaches, lush valleys, oft-fiery volcanoes, rain-forest villages and resorts as secluded as any in the Pacific.

The 50th state is made up of a score of islands and islets that begin with the island of Hawaii and stretch 1500 miles northwest. Hawaii's more remote isles will eventually play a part in its daily life; but at the moment, the state, for all practical purposes, consists of an eight-island cluster that spans 375 miles. Two can immediately be written off your itinerary: You can go to Niihau only if you are a friend of one of its 254 inhabitants or of the Robinson family who own it, and you can stay on Kahoolawe only if you are a U.S. military practice target. Two others are of somewhat limited interest: Lanai, which is more or less one large pineapple plantation, has one hotel; Molokai, famous for its leper colony, has two hotels and the Puu-O-Hoku Ranch, which charges $68 a day, meals included, and provides 14,000 acres of hunting ground for axis deer, wild boar, goat and game birds. Few package tours or individual tourists ever invade either Lanai or Molokai; the solitude seeker should remember, however, that even on the most densely populated islands, it's easy to find a beach, a valley or a forest all to yourself.

Which leaves the state's four main islands: Oahu (containing 80 percent of Hawaii's population), Hawaii, Kauai and Maui. Each has its own flavor and texture and it is impossible to say that one is "best" or "better" than another, or that one is more desirable than the next.

On my last visit, made at a time when the Hawaii Visitors Bureau was marking up new records on the tourism charts and visitors were sleeping in the lobbies of Honolulu hotels, it was possible to tour each of the four main islands on foot, by car (Hertz, Avis and other auto-rental firms are abundantly present), plane or helicopter and to cover mile after mile of pristine landscape, some of it as breath-taking as any I've seen. White sandy bays were lapped by long flat rollers from a sea that looked hand painted in an improbable shade of deep blue and aqua; valleys, canyons and plateaus that could be reached only on foot and innumerable unnamed waterfalls and rivers that pour into the Pacific across untrod beaches.

It is incredible that Hawaii seems so empty even at the height of the winter season, but it may be due to the fact that most of the visitors appear to be too old to venture very far from hotel lobby or tour bus. They arrive, many of them, as members of a package and it is as a package that these elderly cargoes move from island to island, aiming the Instamatic for a quick snapshot of something as pulse-pounding as a palm tree, taking a free hula lesson and a dollop of poi, then moving on.

It's unnecessary to join a tour to enjoy all that Hawaii has to offer, and it's a shame that the average tourist doesn't get the opportunity to encounter what is perhaps the state's most charming asset, the Hawaiians. There are pure Hawaiians, but not many, and there are part Hawaiians, which includes everyone else of Hawaiian birth, whether his ancestors were New Englanders or Japanese.

If you should want to rent a catamaran for interisland cruising or if you need the most up-to-date information on the newest hotels on the less-developed islands, get in touch with the Hawaii Visitors Bureau. They have offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, as well as throughout the islands.

United, Northwest and Pan Am all provide regular satisfactory air service from the West Coast. When you pay for your round trip from the mainland, buy an island-hopping ticket, which will enable you to visit all the main islands at a price far lower than individual trips would cost. Armed with this and, wherever possible, confirmed hotel reservations, you're ready to go.

## OAHU

The isles of the Hawaiian archipelago lie about 2100 miles from the continental U.S., stepping stones to Australia, the South Pacific and the Far East. Honolulu, on Oahu, is still the principal gateway from the United States (though there is now nonstop jet service from the West Coast to Hilo, on Hawaii) and I would recommend making your entrance there; it's a lively, sprawling and sometimes raunchy city and there's nothing remotely like it on the outer islands. If you're traveling alone and you want to remedy that situation, Honolulu is filled with remedies; migratory birds on college and work vacations flock there in droves in the summer, and the balconies of the luxury hotels along Waikiki Beach are festooned with bikinis drying in the sun.

Seen from the air at night, Honolulu, the state capital, spreads like a flow of illuminated lava, except that the flow starts at the bottom of the hills and creeps upward. Pearl Harbor is today a storied suburb of Honolulu.

Kalakaua Avenue is lined with high-rise hotels, night clubs, bars and restaurants. Between it and the beach is the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a pink gingerbread relic from an era when all tourists arrived by boat and the Pacific was still visible from the street.

Just now, everyone is arguing about the conservation of Honolulu's chief landmarks, especially Diamond Head; but since the mountain has long been hollowed out with man-made caverns for civil defense and the high-rises and split-levels are already slinking across the lower slopes, it seems to be an empty dispute. Every plane arrival brings a fresh consignment of real-estate developers who, cunningly disguised as human beings, scout the city for acreage on which to erect newer concrete Edens; alas, the voice of protest and reproach is carried away on the rustling breezes that accompany large transactions in folding money.

You can eat well in Honolulu (as, indeed, you can on all the main islands); if you're a devotee of Japanese food, you'll have to travel all the way to Tokyo before you find a restaurant that compares with Kyo-Ya. Reserve a *zashiki*, or private room, for your party and ask the owner, Madam Clara, to choose your menu, which is what Marlon Brando does when he eats there. There's gracious, attentive service by delightful Japanese girls. Allow a couple of hours for the banquet you'll get and make sure to ask Clara to start you off with her *chawan-mushi*, an unsweetened egg custard over a broth containing chicken and vegetables.

At the Tahitian Lanai on the grounds of the Waikikian Hotel, you might like to sample the *e'ia aota*, tuna marinated in lime juice and mixed with coconut. Elsewhere on the islands, you should watch for *lilikoi* chiffon pie, made from the juice of passion fruit; *saimin*, a clear soup with noodles; and *mahimahi*, a delicious fish, which you should make sure is fresh rather than frozen. If you like to experiment with national liquors, Hawaii's is high-octane okolehao—pungent and aromatically bitter—which is made from the root of the ti. The leaves of the ti are used as table mats and also for wrapping certain dishes in the luau. Of the three functions, it's not easy to say for which it is most suitable. You should attend at least one Hawaiian luau, but I'd suggest you save it until you reach the outer islands; Honolulu luaus, especially those organized by the hotels, usually include a bunch of half-naked men running around waving flaming torches and blowing conch shells, which is distracting if you're hungry.

If you stay overnight in Honolulu, stroll through the International Market Place, one of the city's busiest tourist landmarks, dominated by a huge old banyan tree in the branches of which is the world's smallest restaurant. (Hawaii is full of places that are the world's biggest, smallest, wettest, etc.) The Tree House holds only two and the door locks from the inside, a thoughtful touch, in view of the couch provided for seating, or whatever. In the Market Place itself, there is a large open area filled with gift shops, restaurants, bars, snack counters and a stage where nightly exhibitions of Polynesian dancing are held. You should go to Duke Kahanamoku's and listen to Don Ho if he's in town. There is plenty

# If you like the sun in your hair, go out and buy some.

We'd be the first to admit that the sun is a great hair lightener for men.

It's easy to use. Never looks fake.

But if you want your hair to look like you spent a month in the sun, you have to spend a month in the sun.

Now there's a man-made lightener you can shampoo in. Sudden Summer.*

It does what the sun does. Gives your hair a healthy brightness, and lightens it. Lightens it how much?

That's up to you. You can lighten all your hair, or just a few streaks.

How light you make it is up to you too. Leave Sudden Summer on 5 minutes, it lightens your hair like a weekend in the sun. 10 minutes, a week in the sun. 20 minutes, a month in the sun.

Sudden Summer won't look fake, either.

In fact, it'll look like you went out and used our hot competition.

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**A man's hair lightener from Clairol.**

of lively entertainment there and along Kalakaua Avenue; and if you go over to Queen's Surf, a giant show-and-supper center, you'll have a threefold choice of Polynesian jive dancing, Hawaiian cabaret and mainland-style rock groups.

Save the other things you want to see and do on Oahu—and these could include anything from a hike through the Koolau mountains to riding the big surf at Waimea Bay—until you return from the out islands. There'll be plenty of time on the way home to tour Pearl Harbor or even to take a boat out and watch the divers plunge for the coins flipped by tourists coming in on the liners. You'll notice that the old pros won't go after anything smaller than a quarter.

### HAWAII

By far the biggest of the Hawaiian archipelago and, relative to size, the least populated, Hawaii is perhaps the most intriguing island of them all. It has few beaches. Much of the coast line consists of sheer cliffs of multilayered lava. Its hotels are, with a few notable exceptions, useless; but never mind, it has Kilauea and Mauna Loa, Hawaii's two active volcanoes.

In 1960, the island grew by another 500 acres formed when lava broke out near the village of Kapoho, destroyed it and flowed to the sea. Nine and a half years earlier, a fissure opened in the southwest flank of Mauna Loa and in 23 days disgorged enough lava to pave a four-lane highway four and a half times around the globe. From the air, these newer flows look like gigantic blots of black ink spilled across the land, while the older ones, grown red and gray with age, are dotted with the hardy ohia, the lava tree, usually the first plant to take root in the inhospitable pumice.

There's a hotel on the rim of Kilauea—Volcano House—and it has the distinction of being one of the world's few hotels that use volcano steam in their steam rooms. If you want to see Kilauea, which is currently the most active, I'd recommend booking a room there so that you can watch the action at night, when it's even more dramatic. You can drive there directly from Hilo Airport in less than an hour. If you haven't seen an active volcano before, take my word and be prepared to spend an hour there.

For a complete guide to the other bizarre attractions of the Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, stop at the National Park Headquarters, where you can watch movies of a full-scale eruption and pick up maps and guides. If you return to Hilo (rather than follow the highway around the southern perimeter and north to the resort beaches of Kailua-Kona), go back via the Chain of Craters Road and take the little-used coast highway that runs across the lava plains, past the black sands of Kalapana and through what used to be Kapoho village, now nothing more than a level field of cinders. You can rejoin the main highway north of Pahoa, an old town whose false-fronted wooden buildings and uneven planked sidewalks suggest a frontier cattle town. A few doors along from the one-room office of the Bank of Hawaii—its only furniture, a high wooden desk and a wall calendar—is the town bakery, inscrutably identified by a sign that reads RESTAURANT; the proprietor turns out nifty doughnuts and Japanese pastries.

There are no hotels in Pahoa, and Duncan Hines might faint from shock if he passed this way; but if you're not too fussy about decor, you can get an appetizing meal of local food in one of the town's small and friendly cafés.

Getting back to Hilo, you should try to time it so that you don't spend the night there; though if you do stay on, give the Naniloa Hotel a miss—it's dull and impersonal and the management maintains the offensive and impractical policy of asking guests to pay in advance. For dining in town, go to Roy's Gourmet, a big bare—but friendly—barn of a place that's much to be preferred to the overpriced hotel restaurants. Before you leave Hilo, try to get up to Akaka Falls: It's an impressive sight and sound and is perhaps the most spectacular of all the accessible waterfalls on the islands, with a sheer drop of 420 feet.

On the opposite side of "Big Island" from Hilo is the Kailua-Kona coast; Kona is the island's main beach-resort and big-game-fishing area. Kona itself is a pleasant, languid town with one main street and one of the liveliest bars in the Pacific, Akamai Barnes. From Kona, you can either drive down the coast until you reach Ka Lae, the southernmost point of the United States, or, if you want to lose sight of a steering wheel for a few days, hop aboard a Royal Hawaiian Air Service Cessna and fly to Kona Village, a unique hotel made up of thatched huts grouped around a short stretch of beach. There is no road to Kona Village (though there are plans to build one in the near future). You land on the hotel's own airstrip and taxi right up to the reservation cottage. Service is relaxed and informal: American plan, which means that meals are included in the cottage rates.

Kona Village is built at the site of Kaupulehu, an old Hawaiian village that has long since been obliterated. One of the few remaining traces is the communal eating place, still littered with sea shells from the last meal consumed there. A few yards away, partially obscured by a big slab of lava, is the entrance to the burial caves. Nobody seems to know very much about these caves, even the guides from the hotel. There are skeletons inside, men lying on canoes, women and infants on planks and in rough coffins. Four of the men are bound and gagged. It's believed they were crew members of the Fair American, a ship that put into Kaupulehu in the 1790s. Their lanterns lie by their bones; one man has a pipe, another wears a gold watch around his neck, stopped at 10:45. An old bottle bears the raised lettering SARSAPARILLA, MYER BROS., BOSTON, MASS., which suggests that the men were New England whalers. It's not known why they were bound and gagged and there are the usual legends about white men abusing the islanders' hospitality and being put to death after an argument over a theft.

If the idea of crawling around with a flashlight in somebody's grave doesn't appeal to you, there's skindiving at Kona Village and the necessary equipment for shallow underwater exploration. They have luaus often, minimum of ceremony, maximum food satisfaction. Make sure to book well in advance; next to the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel at Kamuela—construction of this Xanadu cost $100,000 for each of 154 rooms—Kona Village is the most exclusive hotel on Hawaii.

### KAUAI

Kauai is the most westerly of the main islands and, so far, the least developed. It is perhaps the greenest of any Pacific island and probably prettiest in the state, which is why many tropical epics—among them *South Pacific*, *Sadie Thompson* and *Naked Paradise*—were filmed there.

Things grow on Kauai. There are miles of golden beach, glassy lagoons, deep, impenetrable valleys and wide brown rivers that flow from the mountains and into the sea. There's mile upon mile of sugar cane and pineapple, and Waimea Canyon, which is justly described as the Grand Canyon of the Pacific. Unless you hike, jeep in or take a helicopter (the best service is located just outside Lihue Airport), you won't see the finest scenery. The highway encircles most of the island; but up in the northwest corner, it stops suddenly, frustrated by Na Pali Cliffs, a tract of unnegotiable mountains and canyons. There's not a building of any sort in sight, nothing but sheer cliff and trackless forest and maybe a sparkle far below, where the sun suddenly hits the water.

"Down there," said my helicopter pilot, pointing to a vast, wooded section that ended at the sea's edge in a steep drop of several hundred feet, "down there lives our hermit, Dr. Wheatley, Ph.D. He's a philosopher. Nobody sees him but once a year. And over there is what we call the Valley of the Lost Tribe. Bunch of hippies moved in and settled

*"Tremendous technological advancement, these tranquilizer guns—eh, Covington?"*

down, but we soon ran 'em out. Beats me how the hell they ever got in."

There are wild goats and boar on Kauai and in one of the valleys, so the story goes, the remnants of a herd of 300 cattle brought over for grazing from the private island of Niihau. The cowboys tried to round them up after three weeks but succeeded in catching only two. There's also a rumor that the hippies planted a large crop of pot in their valley, but nobody's been in to check.

Kauai was the first Hawaiian island sighted and visited by Captain Cook. He landed at Waimea Bay, a spot that, except for the addition of a couple of modest houses and a neat patch of grass marked with the warnings NO VEHICLES NO ANIMALS NO GOLFERS PLEASE, can have changed very slightly. You'll pass that way if you take the road to Waimea Canyon.

Hanalei Bay, a wide, sweeping curve of palm-fringed beach, was the location for much of *South Pacific*. On the low slopes along its eastern curve and commanding a fabulous view of mountains and sea is Hanalei Plantation, a collection of large and expensively equipped cottages. If you want to base yourself in a hotel while you're on Kauai, this is the place; but my own preference in accommodation—at least for a handful of days—would be to rent a camper truck from Island Rentals, buy and cook my own food and park wherever the mood took me. If you have a comely companion who can also cook, so much the better.

In case anyone should think I am prejudiced against hotels, I am; there aren't many anywhere that manage to avoid giving the impression that all guests are a royal pain in the ass, although Hanalei Plantation (like its affiliate, Coco Palms, farther down the coast) is one of the rare and notable exceptions. Service there is of the highest; the staff make a real and successful effort to make you comfortable and welcome and the food is abundant and excellent. Mainland hotels could learn a lot about hotel management if they studied the Hanalei operation.

*"Caesar's orders are to surround the enemy and then sack them and pillage them to the conference table."*

## MAUI

There's still more scenic grandeur, as well as Haleakala, which is not just a mere extinct volcanic crater but the world's largest extinct volcanic crater. There are charming towns, too, with a taste of New England architecture, especially in Wailuku, the county seat. Hana, on the eastern tip of the island, is noted for a more universal style of construction: namely, its women, whose beauty is one of Maui's traditional and justified boasts. Drive there from Kahului; in the three hours you should allow for this 52-mile trip—the roads curve and twist, so forget about speed—you'll quickly understand, especially as you approach Waipio Bay, why this coast line was such a popular vacation resort with the Hawaiian royal families. Jungle, dense with guava and hau, choked with breadfruit, fern and rubber trees, slips by the windows; and if you'd like to ride in a real outrigger, leave the highway and drop down into Keanae or Wailua, where you might be able to persuade one of the local fishermen to take you out and then bring you in over the surf. Exciting.

Maui is the current focus of the tourist-industry boom. Land that sold for less than $10,000 a year ago fetches $100,000 today. The old whaling town of Lahaina is the proposed site of a $10,000,000, 400-room hotel. Some restaurant and bar proprietors in Lahaina are on 30-day leases and few tenants would be rash enough to spend money on capital improvements in times like these. In addition to the carloads of tourists who visit Lahaina from the big hotels along Kaanapali Beach to the north, the town has a small population of surfers and young mainlanders who get along with whatever work they can find but who seem perfectly content to live off the fertile land when work becomes scarce. At sunset, surfers ride in on the big swells that start outside the harbor and subside just inside the entrance, their black silhouettes edged with gold against a purple sea. One of them, a girl, paddles in and shakes the long blonde hair from her wet shoulders. She wears a very small black bikini and everything else is lithe and trim. She is very beautiful. A middle-aged couple watch her from behind as she walks along the jetty with the surfboard balanced on her head. The husband raises his camera and, in the deepening twilight, takes a flash photograph of the girl when she is almost out of sight. "Why'd you do that?" the wife asks. The husband starts walking back to the car. "Just wanted to use the last one on the roll," he says.

# The AMX.
# It takes more than money to get one.

If you can find an AMX, we'll sell you one.

But as this message goes to press, less than 2,000 AMX's have been produced.

And we, American Motors, will only make about 8,000 more this year.

You see the difficulty.

Even if you have the $3,245[1] necessary to buy an AMX, you may get a lot of exercise before you ever get close enough to pay for one.

Ah, but the thrill of being the first man in your state to own one will surely be surpassed by the thrill of being the first man in your state to drive one.

A two-seater, the AMX gives you the ease of maintenance associated with a family sedan, combined with the sheer fun and maneuverability of a foreign sports car.

In fact, its incredibly *un*complex design means that, once the optional 390 engine is broken in, you could roll right onto a race track and be ready to do about 130 mph.

In pure stock form—without special engine modifications.

Specially equipped AMX's with modified engines broke 106 USAC speed records.

And while there are cars on the road that are faster than the AMX, we hasten to add that beating other drivers isn't the AMX's main appeal.

It's the way the car reacts to you *as you drive*, not the usual dull split second later. You get out of lane, pass the car in front and get back in lane in one sure motion.

Because the AMX offers one of the fastest steering wheel ratios of any U.S.-built car, it turns, corners, follows your direction *simultaneously*.

Being a sports car, the AMX is sports-car sized.

So, while the inside isn't much of a place to hold meetings, it will hold a lot of other things.

The trunk is a lot bigger than you'd expect a sports car trunk to be. Because we didn't fill it with a big spare tire.

We gave you The Airless Spare.

When you need it, it "wwwhhhoooossshh!" inflates.

The Airless Spare is nice because it doesn't fill up your trunk with air that you don't need.

It's something every car should have.

But then, every car should have a lot of things.

Things like a short throw, all-syncromesh 4-on-the-floor, fiberglass belted wide-profile tires, shoulder harness seat belts, tachometer, aircraft-type instrument panel, energy-absorbing steering column, heavy-duty springs and shocks.

To mention only a few of the AMX's standard features.

Another un-standard standard feature is the production number that will be set in the AMX dash when you (if you find one) buy it.

AMX 00001 through AMX 10,000.

While this number may mean a lot to collectors in the years ahead, we do want to point out one thing.

All AMX's are made with the same attention and quality.

And while possessing a lower number may have a sentimental or prestige value, it does not in any way make one AMX better than another.

Just as possessing an AMX does not make one man better than another.

Just luckier.

## American Motors

Ambassador • Rebel • Rambler American • Javelin • And the new AMX

1. Based upon manufacturer's suggested retail price, federal taxes included. State and local taxes, destination charges, options, excluded.

## SECOND GENESIS *(continued from page 117)*

have been made by a mad doctor in a science-fiction movie. Five years ago, it was mumbled in a timid and indirect way by a few scientists who were known in academic circles and, with these words, became famous—for talking before thinking. Today, it is the kind of thing that almost any biologist, chemist, botanist or geneticist might be expected to say. It is said not only in the privacy of offices but before audiences at scientific conventions, in scholarly journals and in university classrooms. It is said directly, with no hedging, no "conceivably" or "it has been suggested." It is just said.

In the opinion of many scientists—not all, but an articulate many—the logical climax of evolution is here. Man, the sentient species of a small planet circling a small sun in a dim backwater of the galaxy, is about to undertake the breathtaking adventure of re-creating himself. By tinkering with the mechanisms of his heredity, he plans to improve on nature's designs. He believes he can learn to change any part of his body's engineering: his susceptibility to disease, his height and intelligence and beauty, the very span of his life. After two billion years of evolution by trial and error, we now stand at the beginning of humankind's next phase: the Second Genesis.

"How will you choose to intervene in the ancient designs of nature for man?" asked biophysicist Robert Sinsheimer last year in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. "Would you like to control the sex of your offspring? It will be as you wish. Would you like your son to be six feet tall? Seven feet? Eight feet? What troubles you? Allergy? Obesity? . . . These will be easily handled. . . . Even the timeless patterns of growth and maturity and aging will be subject to our design. We know of no intrinsic limits to the life span. How long would you like to live?"

Dr. Sinsheimer is not a man given to hyperbole. He is a professor at the California Institute of Technology, a scientist who commands world-wide respect for his work on the atomic structure of living cell components. The bulletin in which he wrote these words is a sober, rather ponderous journal of scholarship.

"Yes, certainly this kind of thing is hard to believe," says Professor Charles Price of the University of Pennsylvania. "All through history men have felt that 'life' was something only nature or God could tinker with. It was mysterious, undiscoverable. But now we're finding that it isn't: It's only chemistry. Extremely complex chemistry." Dr. Price, who was president of the American Chemical Society in 1965, raised smoke that year when he urged that the study of genetic processes—and specifically the attempt to create artificial life in the laboratory—be made a national crash program with the same priorities as NASA's man-on-the-moon project. "If we can take dead materials and make a living thing out of them," he says, "we'll have shown dramatically, once and for all, that life is not a mystical phenomenon beyond the reach of science. Can we do it? It may already have been done, depending on your definition of 'life.' It will soon be done unequivocally. I tell my students that I count on a fifty-fifty chance of seeing it in my lifetime [Dr. Price is 54] and that I'm sure they'll see it in their lifetime."

He pauses. "I got in trouble for saying this last year," he adds after a while, "but I'm prepared to go on saying it. The political, social, biological and economic consequences of such a breakthrough would dwarf those of either atomic energy or the space program."

The stuff behind all these grand, eloquent and destiny-shaking prophecies is a group of chemicals called nucleic acids, better known by their abbreviations: DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid—the master chemical) and RNA (ribonucleic acid—the subsidiary or message-carrying chemical). These chemicals exist in living

cells and they have captured the imaginations of biological scientists. The enormously long, coiled, springlike molecules of DNA seem to be the main pattern holders of heredity. Each such molecule is apparently built of thousands of subunits, lined up in precise order like numbers on a tape. The numbers seem to form a code of "words"; and the words, translated into action by complex chemical processes that aren't yet fully understood, tell each living cell what to be, how to grow, what substances to produce with what raw materials handled in what ways.

You began life as a single cell containing DNA contributed in equal proportions by your mother and your father. This tiny bit of nucleic acid (about six trillionths of a gram) told the cell that it was to multiply in such a way as to produce a human being. The DNA in an acorn tells it how to become an oak tree. Not only are nucleic acids apparently the repositories of genetic blueprints, they are also the basic organizers and controllers of all life processes, from the relatively simple metabolism of an amoeba to (most scientists presume) the last and most complex process yet to evolve: human intelligence. Nucleic-acid molecules give you and the amoeba and the oak tree that elusive quality called "life." They are the tiny but tangible foundations of the state of being alive.

In their tangibility lies their fascination. "The state of aliveness was once intangible," says biochemist Dr. Paul Saltman of the University of California at San Diego, "and an intangible thing or condition doesn't lend itself to scientific study. Now molecular biology has made the basic life process tangible. We can study it. If we can study it, we're arrogant or foolish enough to believe we can understand it eventually. And if we can understand it, we can tinker with it, control it, maybe produce it artificially. And if we can do these things—well, you see what the excitement is about."

The excitement of the 1960s is the culmination of a scientific detective story that goes back to the 19th Century. In 1866, the Austrian monk Gregor Mendel, studying hereditary patterns of pea plants in a monastery garden, set forth the idea that genetic information is carried from parent to offspring in discrete units, which were later called genes. Each gene carries a specific piece of information needed to build the offspring.

Researchers after Mendel determined that the genes somehow resided in and worked through the chromosomes, dark sausage-shaped bodies in the nuclei of cells. A chromosome was an actual, physical thing that could be seen under a microscope; but a gene was still only an abstract idea, a convenient word that could be used in predicting whether a baby would be blond or dark. Scientists could watch through microscopes while chromosomes (23 in each human sperm and egg) divided and recombined; but the precise mechanism by which the parents' genetic information was carried into the baby and translated into the proteins and other components of his living form was a total mystery. In fact, it was so much a mystery that many scientists thought life must be governed by laws all its own and couldn't profitably be studied in terms of physics and chemistry as we knew them.

A few years after Mendel published his historic theory, a German named Friedrich Miescher, while breaking plant and animal cells down to see what they were made of, found an unfamiliar substance in the cell nuclei. He called it nuclein. Chemists after him renamed it nucleic acid. Further studies of nucleic acid in the early 1900s enabled scientists to break it down more specifically. They added the prefixes ribo- and deoxyribo- to describe chemically the two varieties of nucleic acid. For a long time, nobody knew the purpose of these nucleic acids. Then, in the mid-Twenties, a chemist named Robert Feulgen showed that DNA is found almost exclusively inside the cell nucleus. A Belgian biochemist, Jean Brachet, further narrowed the inquiry when he discovered that DNA could be

found only in the chromosome. Other pieces of evidence followed one by one. In the 1940s, French and American scientists added an important new clue. They found that, in any given species of living thing, the amount of DNA in every cell is exactly the same—with one significant exception. Sperm and egg cells have precisely half the amount carried in other cells. When a sperm and an egg get together, they fuse into a single cell, add their half complements of DNA to make a full amount and thus start the life of a new man or mouse or bumblebee.

It now seemed likely that the nucleic acids were the physical embodiment of Mendel's abstract genes. The clincher came in 1944 from the Rockefeller Institute in New York. A scientific team changed the hereditary traits of bacteria by soaking them in a bath containing DNA from different bacteria. This famous experiment proved beyond much doubt that DNA is the basic repository of genetic blueprints.

In the two decades since then, the problem has been to find out exactly how the genetic mechanisms work. The problem looked so huge in the early 1950s that discouraged biologists were tempted to say it was virtually insoluble. One biologist at Princeton University, pondering the complexity of a human adult with roughly a trillion cells, concluded that the necessary blueprints would fill more books than were contained in his university's cavernous library. But breakthroughs came. Among the most important was the proposal in 1953 of a double-helical (picture two intertwined circular staircases) model of DNA's molecular structure by James D. Watson and Francis H. C. Crick. Watson, who was 25 at the time, has recently told the story of the discovery in *The Double Helix*, a uniquely bold, personal account of the ambition, comradeship and infighting among the modern breed of Nobel Prize seekers. With Crick and a third researcher, Watson got his Prize—the ultimate scientific honor—in 1962. The breakthroughs have in large part been due to the fact that biologists have been joined by reinforcements of men from other fields—atomic physicists, polymer chemists—all lured by the fascinating prospect of uncovering life's last secrets. New designations have been invented to indicate this crossbreeding of disciplines: biophysics, biochemistry, molecular biology. The search for answers is so single-minded that it cuts clear across not only scientific but also national boundaries. It isn't unusual at a biochemists' convention to find Americans, Germans, Russians and Red Chinese gathered around a table, stuttering excitedly in one another's languages as they try to pass information and theories back and forth.

How does DNA work? Trying to understand parts of the process one by one, scientists today routinely perform heredity-changing experiments like the original one in 1944. At the New England Institute, for instance, Dr. Heller is studying the action of nucleic acids in a certain type of fungus. The fungus normally grows white, but one mutant strain is pink. He and his colleagues carefully extract and purify nucleic acids from the cells of the pink strain. These nucleic acids contain faulty genetic instructions—in effect, a misprinted word or words somewhere in the code—that make the mutant strain's cells handle certain chemical processes in an erroneous way and so produce an abnormal color. With a miniature needle, under a microscope, the scientists inject a strong dose of this genetic material into the nucleus of a normal fungus cell. Then they put the cell in a bath of nutrients and let it go on with its business of living. It absorbs nutrients and processes them as its genetic instructions dictate. It turns pink. The faulty instructions have superseded the cell's original ones.

When the cell divides, the faulty instructions are passed on to its daughter cells. They, too, are pink. So are all their progeny after them. Eventually, a mature fungus plant is formed—a mutant, all of its cells are pink. When it reproduces by means of spores, the spores carry the faulty instructions with them. All the new young fungi are also pink. Thus, a full-scale permanent mutation has been caused artificially.

"But not wholly artificially," Dr. Heller points out. "We use DNA that was made by nature, not by us. The dream is to take DNA and doctor it deliberately so as to cause some specific, desired change in the genetic instructions. The ultimate dream is to do this with human DNA and change Homo sapiens into Homo superior. So far, we've taken only the first few steps on that long, long road."

Before genetic instructions can be changed deliberately and specifically, it will be necessary to know precisely what the DNA code says and how it is translated into living flesh. This is a complicated task. The basic building materials of all living things are proteins, and all proteins are made from combinations of 20 amino acids. There are literally hundreds of thousands of possible ways in which these amino-acid molecules can be arranged in space and hooked together so as to form a protein molecule. "The problem is twofold," says Roy Avery, of the American Chemical Society. "Number one: Find out how all the relevant proteins are built. Number two: Find out what words in the DNA code specify each protein and how the specifications are carried out."

But the job has been started. Dr. Marshall Nirenberg at the National Institutes of Health, Dr. H. Gobind Khorana of the University of Wisconsin and other researchers in Germany, Japan and Russia have now all but cracked the first stage of the code. They know what DNA code words seem to specify what amino acids—though there are still some puzzling ambiguities in the code that remain to be understood. Dr. Khorana's approach has been to make synthetic, highly simplified nucleic acids whose molecular subunits are arranged so as to spell the same word over and over again. These are, in effect, simple man-made genes. He puts such a word in a "cell-free protein synthesizing system"—essentially, a bath of amino acids, enzymes and other chemicals such as are found in the protein-making sites of a living cell. Guided by the nucleic-acid code word, the system manufactures a simple protein. Dr. Khorana then analyzes the protein to see which amino acid or acids are incorporated in it. He and others who are traveling this route find that, with some still-puzzling exceptions, a given code word always specifies the same amino acid. Other researchers using natural instead of synthetic nucleic acids corroborate the finding. One code word evidently means one amino acid throughout all of nature—in man, mouse, oak tree or amoeba (strong support for the theory that all life on earth is descended from common ancestors).

But there is more to life than merely manufacturing proteins. There are also complicated regulatory functions. Each creature has its characteristic shape, size, intelligence. How are these encoded in the genetic material? Granted that DNA and RNA can direct the making of protein, how do they know how much to make, at what times, in what parts of the body?

One man who is studying these questions is Professor Clement Markert, chairman of the biology department at Yale University. You began life, he points out, as a single cell. Contained in it were the complete plans for making you as you are today. That original cell divided geometrically into two, four, eight, until you were a small amorphous blob of cells, all precisely alike, all containing the same plans. But as you continued to develop, the cells began to take different chemical routes. By the time you were hauled yowling into the daylight, you contained many diverse kinds of cells: muscle, bone, liver, brain, etc.

Dr. Markert wants to know how this is regulated. At what point in fetal development does a hitherto "undifferentiated" cell decide that it is going to be a liver cell, and what makes it thenceforth ignore all the genetic instructions for making bone or brain or eye tissue?

Professor Markert says there is a mechanism for switching genes on and off at certain times in certain cells. The DNA in a liver cell seems to be the same as in every other cell in the same body; but in that particular cell, the genes for making


*"By the way, my offer is void where prohibited by law."*

and maintaining bones and eyes and everything else but the liver are apparently switched off. This can be illustrated with frog embryos. It's possible to separate dozens or theoretically thousands of cells from a single young embryo, put them in a nutrient bath and grow a tadpole from each of them—a process much like the common horticultural system of cloning, or asexually reproducing, plants. But if you try this trick with cells from a more fully developed embryo or an adult frog, the clones won't live—presumably because some of the cells' genes have by now been switched off and no single cell any longer has a complete set of usable frog plans.

Trying to figure out how such a chemical switching system might work, Professor Markert has whittled the problem to manageable size by concentrating on one simple enzyme made by all vertebrate cells. The enzyme, lactate dehydrogenase (needed for efficient use of oxygen), is made of two kinds of subunits that various cells put together in five different proportions. "The assumption is that two genes are needed to make this enzyme," says Dr. Markert. "In some cells, one gene is 'turned on' more than the other; in other cells, both genes are turned on equally. Is there a feedback system to tell the genes when they've made the right proportions and when they should turn on and off? Can they be artificially influenced to turn on and off at the wrong times? If we can answer these questions, we may have some valuable clues about the ways in which genes are regulated."

This is the kind of research that is going on right now. It is research that, to many scientists, heralds the coming of the Second Genesis.

"Some of the predictions you hear scientists make today may seem farfetched," says Dr. Charles Price. "In reality, they are no more so than were predictions about nuclear energy—which were laughed at in 1930." The predictions deal with the grand concept of genetic engineering.

For if scientists can understand how the genetic mechanism works, they can presumably learn to tune it or supercharge it or even rebuild it from scratch. If they can find what part of the code says "high intelligence," for example, they can conceivably rearrange the molecular structure or add new units so as to say "still higher intelligence." With this knowledge, they can cause deliberate mutations in the human species.

A mutation might be engineered in much the same way as it's engineered today in that pink fungus—perhaps through direct injections of nucleic acid into a man's or a woman's reproductive cells or into a single sperm or egg. The mutation would then start with the progeny. Or a mutation might be made to start in the adult himself, biochemist E. L. Tatum of Rockefeller Institute has suggested, by means of artificial viruses.

A virus is an odd small creature that may not, in fact, be a creature at all. It is simply a tiny package of nucleic acid in a protein shell. Drifting about in air or water, it neither grows nor ages, nor reproduces, nor does anything else lifelike. It comes to something like "life" when it breaks into a living cell of a man, an animal or a plant. Once inside the cell, it releases an enzyme that, in effect, partially blanks out the cell's own genetic instructions. Professor Sol Spiegelman of the University of Illinois, discoverer of this enzyme, calls it "replicase." The cell, flooded with replicase, thenceforth begins to process materials in accordance with the virus' genetic plans instead of its own. The cell obediently makes new viruses, which spread into other cells of the host and repeat the process.

This superimposing of wrong genetic instructions may damage the host—as in human viral diseases such as polio, pneumonia, influenza and perhaps some kinds of cancer. On the other hand, a viral infection can be benign. We may have hundreds of viruses in our cells that we don't know about, simply because the cells can manage to go on with their own genetic business while making viruses part time. It may be, in fact, that some desirable human mutations have been accidentally caused by viruses at various times in man's 2,000,000-year history. And it is conceivable that genetic scientists can learn to make viruses on order, so as to cause specific new mutations.

Professor Spiegelman has already made artificial viruses in his Illinois lab. He first accomplished the feat in 1965. He mixed up a chemical broth that, to a virus, would have resembled a fully stocked warehouse of building materials. Everything needed to build a virus was there—everything except a blueprint and a builder. Dr. Spiegelman supplied these by adding small amounts of replicase and natural virus RNA. Within an hour, new viruses were being manufactured in the broth. He extracted replicase and RNA from these new viruses, repeated the process and made still more viruses. Though he needed natural replicase and a "template" of natural RNA to start with, his product in all successive stages could properly be called artificial. Since he was working with RNA viruses, his work didn't excite much popular attention. In the human genetic machinery, the main pattern-carrying chemical is DNA, not RNA. Our cells use RNA in a secondary role. If you think of DNA as the master blueprint, locked in the cell nucleus as in a safe, then RNA works like a kind of copying device, carrying pieces of the pattern from the master blueprint to the cell regions where new structures are being built. If Professor Spiegelman had worked with DNA instead of with the secondary chemical, he might have become a scientific hero.

Biochemists Arthur Kornberg and Mehran Goulian of Stanford University and biophysicist Robert Sinsheimer have made and tested artificial copies of another kind of virus—one whose genetic material is DNA. They started with a template of natural DNA, using techniques similar to Spiegelman's. From then on, they were able to make successive generations of artificial viruses at will. The new viruses were "biologically active"—that is, they had the power to infect living cells and reproduce exactly as natural viruses do. The man-made viruses, in fact, were indistinguishable from natural ones. For the first time, man had made active DNA in a test tube. "If you want to call a virus a living thing," says Professor Charles Price in Pennsylvania, "then you can accurately say that man has now made a living thing."

The next step is to make living things that aren't exact copies of nature's designs. This will be done, presumably, by doctoring the template DNA before it's put into the laboratory broth. Eventually, it may be possible to design whole new creatures—or redesign parts of the human anatomy—by making synthetic DNA with deliberately engineered characteristics. This step has already been started by, among others, Dr. Khorana in Wisconsin.

It may be possible, some scientists think, to design a life-span-lengthening virus. Each species on earth has its characteristic span: A man is allotted some 70 years; a dog, up to 18; a sea turtle, 150. Yet nobody knows precisely why this should be. By continual replication of DNA molecules, life itself has existed on earth for some two billion years; and there seems to be no built-in reason why each individual creature should not live almost eternally through continual regeneration of its own cells. A DNA molecule doesn't "wear out" in the sense that a machine does. Why, then, do a man's cells regenerate less and less perfectly as he passes his 40th year? One possibility, suggests Professor Markert at Yale, is that replicaselike enzymes collect in the cells and interfere with the processing of genetic instructions. Another possibility is that the system for switching genes on and off breaks down—perhaps founders in its own complexity as too many switchings pile up. In either case, it's conceivable that a viral or direct chemical treatment can be devised for nullifying the effects of such cellular garbage.

Another possible cause of aging, some biophysicists think, is cosmic radiation. We're bombarded constantly by high-energy atomic particles from space. We don't feel them, but our DNA might. Each time such a particle hits a DNA molecule, part of the molecule may be chipped off or knocked awry. After 75

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years of living, the molecules in all our cells may have sustained so many such "aging hits" that they can't function properly anymore.

"If this is the case," says Dr. Heller, "it's conceivable we may be able to establish a kind of 'youth bank.' At the age of, say, 25, you'd report to the bank and have a patch of skin or a few other cells removed. We should be able, in time, to culture these cells and obtain a significant amount of 25-year-old DNA, and we should also learn how to get DNA back into your living cells. Your 'young' DNA would be stored and protected at, say, the temperature of liquid helium. Every few years, you'd report back to the bank and have your aging DNA diluted with young material. This could retard aging for a long time—perhaps forever."

A similar vision of the future is held by James Bonner, a molecular biologist at the California Institute of Technology. He is interested in the avenue of research being explored by Professor Markert—the mysterious switching on and switching off of genes in various cells. When the mystery is solved, he says, it may be feasible to grow new organs inside the body as replacements for damaged, diseased or aging ones. If you have heart disease, for instance, your body might be induced to grow a new heart next to the old one.

The genetic instructions for growing a heart were in your original cell at conception. As you developed into a small blob of protoplasm, the heart-growing instructions were switched on in some cell or group of cells inside the blob. Now that your heart is fully built and working, the instructions aren't needed and have been switched off. But the instructions, the blueprints, are still there, in your DNA. Can they be switched on again if you need a new heart? Men such as Markert and Bonner are now tracking down the answer.

Stanford University geneticist Joshua Lederberg is interested in the idea of clonal reproduction, as is now practiced with plants and frog embryos. Suppose there were a man such as Albert Einstein, a genetic accident of superior quality. It might be possible to create several thousand exact copies of such a man. A patch of his skin might be removed—100 cells, 1000. Each cell contains a precise duplicate of the DNA that was in his original single cell at conception; and, hence, each contains all the instructions needed to build a whole new Einstein. All the genes except those for making skin are switched off, but possibly a method will be discovered for switching them all back on. Then each cell will have all the relevant properties of a fertilized egg; and from each, in a carefully designed nutrient bath, a complete human being can be grown. The 1000 clones thus made would look and presumably think almost alike.

Procedures such as this will obviously give rise to thorny moral, social and religious problems. If the human life span is greatly lengthened, for example, it may be necessary to curtail new births sharply. If human cloning becomes possible, society will face the problem of deciding who may and may not reproduce himself. Many groups will undoubtedly object that any such tampering with natural processes is wrong on religious grounds. The Second Genesis will not come easily and may, in fact, be acutely painful.

"We're not yet at the point where we dare tamper directly with human genetics," says Dr. Heller, "and some scientists think it's useless right now to begin worrying about the potential problems involved. I strongly disagree. I don't think you should wait for a problem to clobber you before you begin worrying about it."

Many scientists share this view. "Back in 1910," says Dr. Saltman in California, "Einstein enunciated the relationship between energy and matter. Nobody marched in a picket line protesting or agreeing. Yet people should have been thinking about what protest signs they were to carry in 1945 when a mushroom cloud rose over Hiroshima. This time, I say let's show more foresight."

Other scientists are more worried yet. There is a small but vociferous group of men who fear that the world's enthusiasm over nucleic acids will run away with its good sense and that some premature and disastrous attempt may be made quite soon to tinker with humans. The leading spokesman of this group is Professor Barry Commoner, chairman of the botany department at Washington University. Professor Commoner is not convinced that DNA is the sole master chemical of heredity. He thinks that the genetic process may be much more complicated than is now supposed—that other chemicals may play a key role in genetics and may even partly control the molecular make-up of DNA itself. He points to the baffling ambiguities in the DNA amino-acid code, for example. "What worries me," he says, "is the almost religious acceptance of the dogma that DNA is the key to life. There aren't enough questioners around. This sort of blind faith, given its present impetus, could soon thrust us into futile

*"'Erosion of civilian authority' is a fine phrase, but I'm sure you wouldn't want anyone telling you how to run your business."*

and catastrophically dangerous attempts to alter human life. We'll be tinkering with a delicate mechanism when we don't know enough about it."

Professor Commoner is worried primarily about the scientific or medical consequences of a premature tinkering attempt. He foresees a possible situation in which scientists will believe they know enough about DNA to change its code in some specific way and produce a supposedly desirable new gene. The gene may not work as predicted and the result will be a human monster or a death. "Or the consequences would be more subtle," says Dr. Saltman. "Within the genetic machinery may be connections between one feature and another that we don't even suspect and, in trying to improve one feature, we may unknowingly do damage to another. For example, it would seem desirable to cure sickle-cell anemia, a hereditary disease that's apparently caused by a single misprint in the DNA code. But it turns out that, in the Mediterranean countries and Africa, people who have the disease are highly resistant to malaria. This is the kind of problem we may blunder into when we start tinkering."

But Dr. Saltman and others are also concerned about the moral implications of genetic tinkering. The most notorious recent attempt to influence human genetics occurred in Nazi Germany two and a half decades ago. The Nazis planned to breed an Aryan master race by direct governmental interference in the people's choice of mates. Jews were categorically excluded from the planned genetic pool and, to a lesser extent, so were Italians, Spaniards and other dark-skinned peoples. The idealized prototype was the blue-eyed, fair-skinned blond, and young men and women carrying these preferred genes were encouraged to procreate, with or without marriage. The plan was in full force for only six or seven years, not long enough to produce scientifically viable results; but it illustrated some of the worst moral, if not medical, dangers inherent in human genetic engineering.

"It showed," says Dr. Saltman, "that the question 'What are good genes?' is hard to answer. Who is to answer it? If the privilege is granted to me, I'll say *my* genes are the best and thereby, perhaps, exclude yours. In a free society, we assume that nobody has a right to pass laws about anybody else's genes."

Free-choice mating has served humanity well, though slowly. The breed has improved through natural selection, raising us from animal status to kings of the earth in perhaps 1,000,000 years. Genes producing such anomalies as Mongolism tend to get bred out of the genetic pool as soon as they appear, since people carrying these genes don't often find mates. "This is how things have been for millennia," says Professor Commoner. "Now along comes the discovery of DNA and, with it, a dream that could turn into a nightmare. A dream of hurrying up evolution—a dream of a quick fix."


*"And in any case, Cusack, why in heaven's name do you want to breed a race of husky spiders . . . ?!"*

The Nazi dream was a slow fix, since it would have taken many generations to breed the proposed master race through legislated mating. Other slow fixes have also been proposed from time to time and each has had its problems. The renowned American geneticist Hermann Joseph Muller, who died in 1967, spent much of his life trying to get people interested in a "eugenics bank" of frozen sperm taken from men having what Muller considered desirable qualities: cooperativeness, physical vigor, intelligence, empathy. Muller's proposal was to round up married women of similar qualities, have them inseminated from his eugenics bank and thus engineer a superior breed. The plan sounded just barely plausible on paper, but there was a practical problem: To most women and their husbands, nature's untidy method of procreation is more fun and more rewarding to the husband's ego.

Another slow fix has been proposed by Crick. The codiscoverer of the DNA structure starts with the premise that people with supposedly desirable qualities, such as intelligence and vigor, tend to rise to the top of the heap economically. Thus, says Crick, it might be possible to engineer a system of eugenics-by-economics under which it would be easier for the rich than for the poor to procreate. This could be done by taxing children. Commenting on this proposal, Dr. Commoner dryly remarks: "A man's cultural bias is inextricably interwoven with his views of what is and what isn't desirable in a human."

The nucleic acids, with their promise of a quick fix, make such moral and social problems even more acute. "I wonder about all kinds of odd things," says Dr. Heller. "Suppose we learn how to breed Homo superior instantly—not by slow changes over generations but maybe in a few years' series of treatments such as the polio shots of the late 1950s. Suppose we can even agree on what are and what aren't desirable genes. When Homo superior begins to strut about the earth, how will we poor old remnants of Homo sapiens feel? Will we be forced into ghettos? I want people to start worrying about this kind of problem *now*, while there's still time to think calmly and before irrevocable steps have been taken."

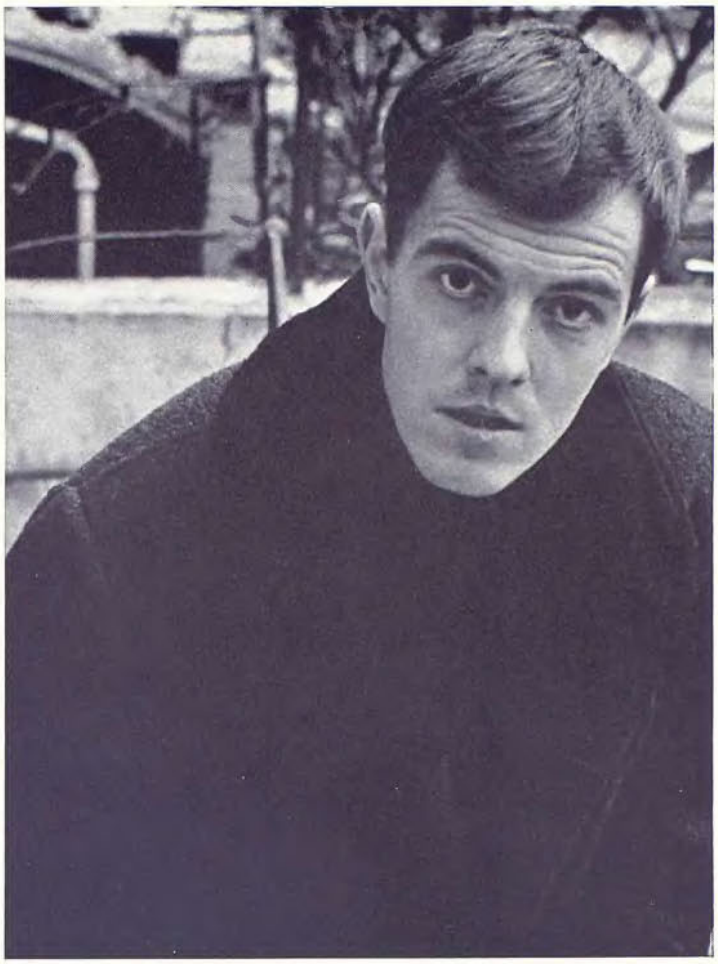
Now may already be a little too late. Some scientists believe the Second Genesis will rush at us quickly, as atomic energy did, instead of arriving in slow stages and giving us time to sort out our thoughts. Writing in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* last year, geneticist Lederberg discussed such possibilities as human cloning in matter-of-fact tones, obviously expecting little argument from his learned readers. "If I differ from the consensus of my colleagues," he said, "it may be only in suggesting a time scale of a few years rather than decades."


## BILL GRAHAM *sultan of psychedelia*

IN THE PAST TWO YEARS, a pair of parallel phenomena have bubbled up from the pop-cult underground into the mass media: the eye-boggling and oft-illegible art of psychedelic posters and an insistent brand of music known as acid rock. Both trends can be traced to a ramshackle section of San Francisco and to the superhip vision of Bill Graham, a bearishly saturnine chap who transformed a run-down, abandoned dance hall called the Fillmore Auditorium into a mind-bending total experience in sight and sound. A European refugee brought up in New York City, the 37-year-old entrepreneur became a citizen in 1949, fought in Korea, attended CCNY and ultimately landed in California, where his interest in theater led him to manage the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Needing to raise money for this beleaguered repertory group, Graham began looking for somewhere to hold a benefit—and found the Fillmore. He then turned his efforts to creating a "package of environment" predicated on the theory of "giving the public not what they want but what I think they should want." Nightly S. R. O. crowds of young groovers prove that his didactic approach to the eclectic really works. It consists of immersing the audience in blinding strobes, flashing amoebalike images, purple fluorescence, slides projected on three walls—and then nearly drowning it in hyper-amplified rock. Graham books bands "not because they've sold 8,000,000 records but because they're good," and his taste has been vindicated by the nationwide success of such turned-on Fillmore graduates as the Jefferson Airplane (a group he piloted as manager for a while), The Doors and Big Brother and the Holding Company. To advertise his happenings, he began circulating *art nouveau* posters free; the subsequent overwhelming demand rapidly became a $35,000-a-week business—and turned him into the underground-poster king. His latest enterprise—New York's Fillmore East—recently opened to glowing reviews, but he says that's the last. Right now, Graham looks fondly toward theatrical producing. Meantime, he's the behind-the-scenes guru to an entire generation.

## CHARLES BLUHDORN *merlin of the merger*

EMIGRATING FROM ENGLAND to America in 1942, Charles Bluhdorn, then 16, began his business career as a $15-a-week cotton-brokerage clerk. By 1950, having mastered the intricacies of the commodities market (while attending both City College and Columbia University), he struck out on his own and promptly picked up his first million—mostly by importing coffee from Brazil. At 41, he is the kingpin of multitentacled Gulf & Western Industries—whose sales this year will come close to one and a quarter billion dollars—having parlayed his savvy into an empire of corporate conglomerates. How? Sample: Just 12 years ago, the Vienna-born merger magnate (business rivals call him "The Mad Austrian") purchased the failing Michigan Bumper Company, rejuvenated the firm and made it the nucleus of G. & W. Since then, Gulf & Western has acquired more than 64 corporations—among them, New Jersey Zinc, South Puerto Rico Sugar Company and Desilu Productions. Bluhdorn acquired Paramount Pictures in 1966 for $135,000,000 worth of G. & W. stock, upped film production by more than a third and convinced Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau to star in what promises to be Paramount's biggest winner of the year: *The Odd Couple*. Surrounded by a team of intelligent, irreverent Young Turks, Bluhdorn follows three criteria when acquiring a new company—which he does practically every six weeks: The firm must manufacture a successful product, must be easily convinced to sell and must need the cash, talent and drive he is willing to pour into a corporation to make it a giant in its field. Bluhdorn will soon have a gratifying edifice complex of his own to keep pace with G. & W.'s phenomenal growth: a 44-story Manhattan headquarters will be ready for occupancy in late 1969. For the foreseeable future, he intends to continue following his upbeat commercial credo. "What Gulf & Western has achieved has always been the result of feeling we could accomplish the impossible," he says. "Vacillation is the businessman's albatross; it's the people capable of making decisions and planning for the future who go forward in this world."



## PETER WATKINS *dante of the documentary*

"DO YOU PERHAPS scatter your fire too widely? I mean, you really *do* attack almost every institution," a BBC interviewer once challenged iconoclastic film producer-director Peter Watkins. "Yes," came the unruffled response, "I am *very* undisciplined." At 32, Watkins can afford to be offhanded about his faults, for they are conspicuously outweighed by his talents, which have made him one of the youngest moviemakers ever to receive an Academy Award (for producing *The War Game*, a harrowing depiction of the agonies wreaked in what strategists call a "minimal" nuclear war). Undeniably, Watkins the polemicist sometimes whirls like a dervish in his desire to score direct satirical hits; but Watkins the artist remains in cool control of each detail: "Your eyes assure you that these frightful scenes could not have been faked." *The Nation* commented at the cunning artifice that made *The War Game* so gruesomely believable that the BBC, for which it was produced, refused to show it. But the resultant *succès de scandale* led to long-awaited critical and commercial success when *Game* was released as a movie. After entering show business as an assistant producer of TV commercials, Watkins financed his own experimental movies on the salary he earned. Of his first five films, two garnered awards—and an offer to produce documentaries for the BBC. This position gave him the budget and the opportunity to try some mad, Mod ideas, and one of his filmed specials, *Culloden*, was popular enough to qualify it for release to the art houses. When *The War Game* followed, the Rank Organization recognized Watkins' arrival as a big-league director and hooked him with a contract allowing an unprecedented degree of directorial freedom. The result, *Privilege*, was the kind of Wellesapoppin extravaganza that hasn't been seen since Orson was young and headstrong. Even the improbability of the story—a rock-'n'-roll singer who's converted into a new messiah—didn't prevent viewers from being overwhelmed by the same wizardry that made *The War Game* such an excruciating experience. Next for Watkins: a Western; predictably, it will take the side of the Indians.

## PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 59)*

called a gynecologist and explained the reason I wanted an appointment. Not being sure what caused the painful symptoms, I mentioned V. D. as an unlikely possibility but one that should be checked. The doctor's voice immediately turned cold; he said that he was sorry but that he never dealt with such cases.

(Name withheld by request)
East Meadow, New York

### SEX EDUCATION IN MED SCHOOL

An anonymous student at Indiana University's medical school stated in the February *Playboy Forum* that modern medical education is unenlightened about human sexuality. But according to Dr. William H. Masters of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation at Washington University in St. Louis, between 40 and 50 of the 92 medical schools in the U.S. have sex-education courses in their curriculums. The course material includes the anatomical, the physiological and the psychological aspects of human sexuality. As a freshman medical student at the University of Louisville, I am currently taking such a course. We have received excellent instruction on the physiology of coitus and conception, the psychological background of normal coitus, contraception, sexual maladjustment and marital disharmony. The lectures are presented by professionals in pertinent fields, including gynecology, psychiatry and law. Dr. Masters himself recently made a guest appearance here, lecturing on the facts and fallacies of sexual response.

The University of Louisville medical school offers its sex-education course as an elective, but at least one medical school in the country, Bowman-Gray, has it as a required course. There is no doubt in my mind that "the sex gap" described by your February correspondent is being rapidly closed.

Edward R. Popick
Louisville, Kentucky

*Unquestionably, the situation has improved somewhat during the past decade; but one swallow does not a summer make nor does one elective course in the entire curriculum sound like a sufficient answer to the medical "sex gap." Dr. Harold Lief, professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania and a crusader for better sex education of the medical student, has written:*

> *For several years, I have shared, with a growing number of my medical colleagues, a concern that the medical profession as a whole is not being adequately trained to deal with sexual problems. We know that almost every conceivable difficulty concerning sexuality is being brought by patients to the physician's office and to clinics. . . . To be sure, most physicians know more about the gross anatomy and physiology of the sexual and reproductive organs than the patients who come to them for help. But few know enough—and fewer still have been adequately trained in the practical, clinical management of sexual problems.*

### CONTRACEPTIVES FOR THE UNWED

After reading in the February *Playboy Forum* about birth-control restrictions in Wisconsin, I hardly dared admit to my fellow troopers that I was a resident of such a backward state. I sincerely hope that the lawmakers of Wisconsin will see the grave mistake in this and other related laws and that they will pass the bill now under consideration liberalizing the sale of contraceptives.

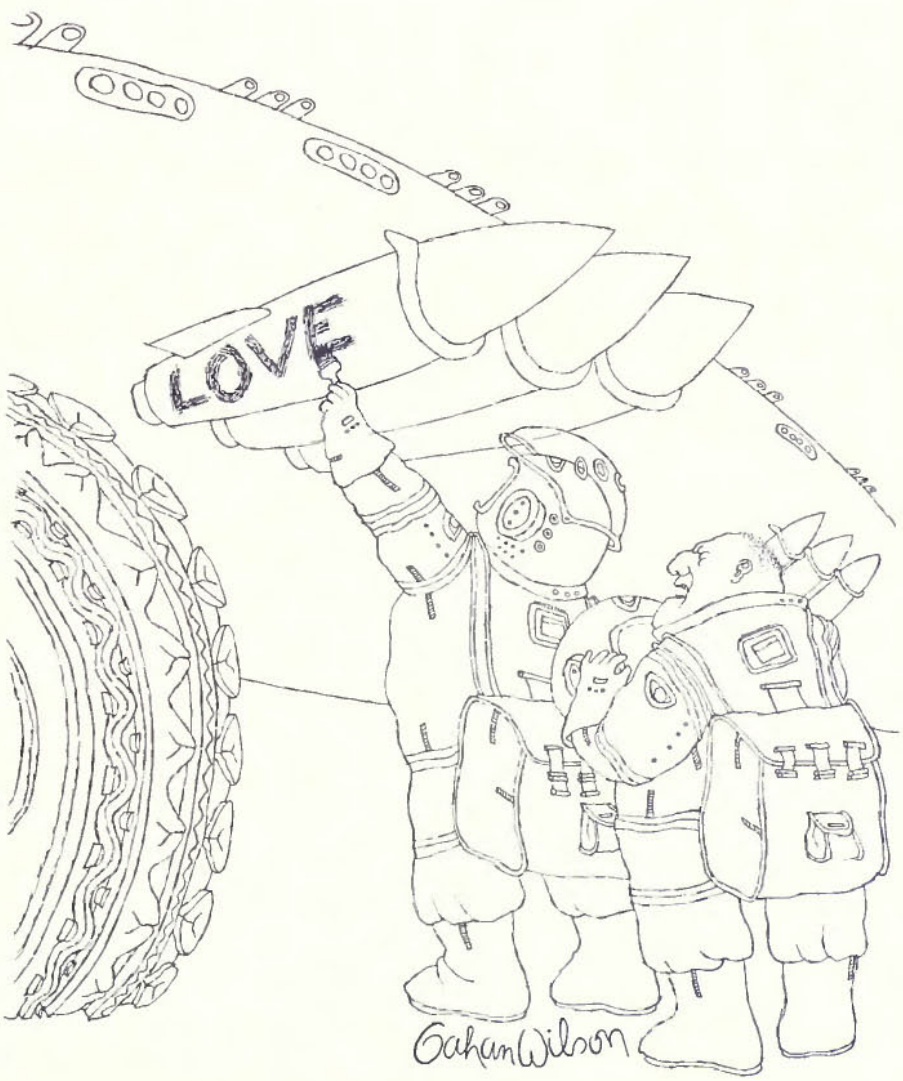
Sp/4 Donald P. Hershey
APO New York, New York

*The Wisconsin State Legislature in its last session did not pass the bill allowing the sale of contraceptives to unmarried persons. Instead, a 15-member advisory committee was appointed to make further studies and recommendations on the subject.*

### SUPPORT FOR BAIRD

The case of William Baird reported in the February *Playboy Forum* is an astounding example of the perversity of the law, when it seeks to legislate sexual behavior and penalizes a man who is trying to alleviate suffering and death. Is it a criminal act to recognize that a woman is a human being who has the perfectly natural desire for sexual fulfillment and who, therefore, needs and deserves protection against untimely and unwanted conception?

As moderator of the former all-night *Randi Show* on radio station WOR in New York, I had the pleasure of having Bill as my guest several times. A point he once made struck me very strongly: The U.S. is spending millions to teach the people of India how to prevent conception. The poor in our country are asked to pay taxes to support this campaign overseas; yet often they can't obtain




*"You can't have it both ways, kid."*

the same information in their own neighborhood without committing a crime.

If Bill Baird goes to jail for his noble effort, it will be a stain on the conscience of every man who failed to speak up for him.

James Randi
Rumson, New Jersey

**ALARMS AND PRESCRIPTIONS**

As a pharmacist, I feel that you performed a dangerous disservice to your readers when you reported in the February *Forum* that 25 milligrams of Stilbestrol, taken once a day for four or five days after unprotected intercourse, will prevent implantation of a fertilized ovum. The reports that Stilbestrol is effective for this purpose are inconclusive. Furthermore, Stilbestrol is a dangerous drug, with possible severe side effects. Foremost among these is the possibility that it may be a causative agent in breast cancer, especially when used in the large doses you described.

Use of this drug would obviously be very hazardous. I would recommend that until a safe, effective "morning-after" pill is produced, it would be more prudent just to plan ahead.

Lawrence Jason, R. Ph.
Hyattsville, Maryland

*Of course planning ahead would be more prudent, but the point is that an effective after-the-fact remedy is now available and it would be a tragic disservice for anyone to keep this information from the public. The side effects that you mention appear to be essentially those described in circulars required by the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, which warn of these effects in connection with all estrogen preparations. There is additional research available on Stilbestrol with which you may not be familiar.*

*The Yale researcher (an M. D.) who wrote the paper discussed in "The Playboy Forum" administered large doses of Stilbestrol and Ethinyl Estradiol (another estrogen) to a group of female volunteers. These women took the drug once a day for four or five days immediately after more than 100 instances of unprotected intercourse during ovulation and reported no pregnancies or serious side effects. Breast soreness, nausea, prolonged menses or insomnia occurred in a minority of the women; but these were only temporary and would seem small prices to pay, under the circumstances. Fifty-four percent of the women in the study experienced no side effects at all.*

*In other studies, considerably larger doses of the same estrogens were given to several thousand pregnant women by gynecologists at Harvard, the University of Chicago and elsewhere—in these cases, to prevent miscarriage. Again, no serious side effects were reported.*

*Side effects are possible with the use of virtually any chemical preparation,*

*but it is absurd to suggest that this precludes either the use of these drugs or a responsible discussion of them in the press. The letter in the February "Playboy Forum" inquiring about Stilbestrol mentioned that it is a prescription drug. This fact means, obviously, that a physician should be consulted before the drug is taken. We did not suggest otherwise.*

### HIRSUTE HERESY

I read with great interest your typically tolerant comments on long hair in the February *Playboy Advisor*. Not too long ago, I achieved a rather copious hirsute growth for a job with a rock band. Naturally, my appearance was bound to be noticed by my father's innumerable business associates. Some of these people are rather wealthy; but in terms of honesty, culture and courtesy, they are a pretty impoverished lot. For several weeks, I quietly endured an endless string of rather pointed remarks. Finally, I confronted one of them and explained that since my shagginess was financially remunerative (which is about the only line of reasoning these people can accept) and since I was not a dope addict or a pervert, I could not understand why my appearance excited such hostile emotions.

"Because," he fumed, "you've *got* to look like everybody else—that's why!"

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

*In the words of poet Peter Maurin:*

*A bourgeoise is a man*
*Who tries to be somebody*
*By trying to be like everybody,*
*Which makes him a nobody.*

### NEITHER HIP NOR SQUARE

I agree emphatically with Sam Semoff's rejection of both hippies and squares (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Our society is made up entirely of robots, automatons and puppets. Everybody is playing follow-the-leader; nobody is thinking for himself.

The square robots, conditioned à la Pavlov, mouth jingoistic phrases and strive to maintain the *status quo* at any cost, even if it means the loss of a son or two in an irrational war. The hippie robots have much better verbalizations, but in practice they wear the same uniforms, chant the same slogans and (amid naïve philosophizing about free love) follow the same loveless and promiscuous sexual pattern, trying to turn the gang bang into a religious ceremony. In Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, the totalitarian government fed drugs to its subjects. In our society, the hippies themselves are poisoning their minds; they aren't waiting for the authorities to do it for them. It's only 16 years until 1984.

I myself am a coward and a hypocrite; I enlisted in the Air Force out of fear of the Army and/or prison.

Gilbert Sierra
Washington, D. C.

### HIPPIE PROPHECY

In reply to Sam Semoff's attack on hippies (*The Playboy Forum*, February), it was revealed to me during my last nutmeg trip that a cosmic joy bringer named Gnot will shortly arrive on earth in a flying saucer. Only the gentle people—the American Indians, the hippies and the Provos—will be spared; all others will be sentenced to spend eternity in Biloxi, Mississippi, which is quite a bit worse than the old-fashioned hell. Flowers will grow through the concrete and through the plastic ugliness of our cities; the President will appear naked and weeping before Congress to confess his sins, to dissolve the Government and to set us all free; Gnot will lead a perpetual love-in and gang bang that no power in the galaxy will ever be able to stop. All this is foreordained; Mr. Semoff better turn on and become one of us before it is too late.

Indole Ringh
Berkeley, California

### DRAFT REFORM

A resolution on possible changes in the Selective Service law is to be presented to the New York Conference of the United Church of Christ by its Christian Social Action Committee. The resolution will oppose (1) punitive use of the draft to suppress dissent; (2) racial and income-group inequities in the draft; (3) lack of recognition for men who become conscientious objectors after induction; (4) lack of recognition for those who morally object to a particular war though they are not conscientious objectors in general.

In addition, this resolution will call for specific changes in areas of the law that are seldom thought about, including (1) lowering the maximum age limit for draft-board members from 75 to 65; (2) removing members of the Armed Forces from the staff of Selective Service; (3) shortening the term of service for draft-board members from the present 25-year limit to four years; (4) placing at least one woman on every draft board; (5) the composing of draft boards to reflect the racial balance of the area they serve; (6) replacing the deferment system with a lottery; (7) repealing exemptions for clergymen and ministerial students; (8) lowering to 25 the maximum age to which the draft law applies; (9) reserving to Congress the right to approve the monthly draft quota; (10) granting the draftee the right to take with him in appearances before his draft board an attorney and such other persons as he chooses, up to a total of five; (11) giving draftees the right of personal appearance before appeal boards; (12) since the Selective Service may draft men whether or not they carry cards, abolishing this requirement, which smacks of totalitarian practices.

The resolution will also urge that a serious study be made of securing needed military personnel without resorting to conscription or universal military service.

The Rev. Graham R. Hodges
New York Conference of the United Church of Christ
Christian Social Action Committee
Watertown, New York

### A SOLDIER'S CONSCIENCE

The gestation period of this letter has been almost two years, the length of time that I have been a member of the U. S. Army. For a large portion of this time, my particular contribution to the organized slaughter of my fellow man has been writing press releases for the Army, and, like Lady Macbeth, I am finding it hard to remove the traces of blood from my hands. The ultimate travesty of responsible journalism was perpetrated, from my point of view, by the European edition of *The Stars & Stripes* in carrying the now-famous photo of South Vietnamese Brigadier General Nguyen Ngoc Loan shooting a captured Viet Cong officer through the head. The atrocity depicted and described so boldly on the front page speaks for itself, but it is the monumental deceptions it typifies that are the subject of this letter.

That a man, an officer of an army with which we are allied, could commit such a brutal murder at all, and especially in violation of the Geneva agreement that he is sworn to uphold, is shocking; that we should condone it by publicizing it throughout the world as a valorous deed is to lower us all to the category of brutal, imperialistic mercenaries—exactly the phenomenon that we profess to hate and that we say we are fighting to stop.

I, a low-ranking enlisted man, am paid each month to publicize that which makes the Army look altruistic, kind and generous (in short, everything it is not) and to hide, delete and wax evasive about the aspects of which that photograph is but one example. The point of this letter, therefore, is merely to remind the people of my country in general and those of my generation in particular that this was an act of the military mind in this century, the military mind as it has always been, the way it is taught at West Point and the way it is expressed at all levels of command. It demands the same implacable, brutal and unthinking obedience of a rifle bullet and, like the bullet, makes none of the humanistic distinctions between right and wrong with which we fatuously deceive ourselves into thinking that we are civilized.

(Name withheld by request)
APO New York, New York

### VIETNAM BLUES

The pot situation in Vietnam is worse than most people think. The brass are so worried that in every platoon they have doubled or tripled the number of spies


# The Restless Ones.

They keep moving on.
Looking for some place new
to go. Something new to try.
Something great to wear.
Like Crew-Chief. 23 colors to
express yourself. Good strong look.
Good cushion underfoot.
Crew-Chief of Orlon® acrylic,
by Interwoven®.
For people who can't stand still.

**Interwoven®**

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth


*"It's a break!"*

from the Criminal Investigations Division —at least that's what most of us think. There is so much mutual suspicion that we're all slowly becoming paranoid. Everybody smokes pot here and everybody wants to "get" the C.I.D. men before they get us. The saddest part of the whole mess is that those we suspect may be as innocent as we are. God only knows who *isn't* a spy.

(Name withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

**WORSE THAN MARIJUANA**

Man's ingenuity in devising means of enslaving his brain is clearly the handiwork of the Devil himself. Marijuana, LSD, opium, alcohol, heroin and tobacco are horrible enough; but there is another menace even more widely distributed and more devastating in its effect, and *no steps have been taken against it!*

This menace is an agent that has unpredictable effects on people, sometimes causing unrealistic euphoria and sometimes fits of deep depression. Police files and history books throughout the world are full of cases where its use is connected with killing and suicide. It was used in Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia and Communist China to rouse the populace to murderous fury. There are reports that the Viet Cong use it before engaging in battle. Under its influence, virgins have fallen prey to seducers. It is habit-forming; millions of dollars are spent annually to obtain it; having experienced it once, people will seek it again and again, sometimes several times a day! Those deprived of it will often try to make their own. It lures the unwary into joining far-out cults. It attracts the young, turning them against their elders.

Heavy users suffer noticeable physical symptoms: Some sit and stare for hours with glazed eyes; others fall into fits of frenzy and hurl their bodies this way and that; yet others clutch each other lasciviously and move about with a peculiar, lurching gait.

Moral philosophers as far back as Plato have exposed this menace and have warned that society will never be healthy until it is outlawed. But it has persisted, because its devotees are fanatical and *some of them are in high places!* For fear of retaliation, therefore, I must ask you to withhold my name. Nevertheless, I demand to know why *no* civilized country in the world has outlawed music.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

**"THE TRUTH ABOUT MARIJUANA"**

It is discouraging and regrettable to find that a magazine of your wide readership should choose to shoot irresponsibly from the hip, as you did in your answer to Patrick Wilson (*The Playboy Forum*, November). Since you gave this answer to Mr. Wilson in rebuttal to a pamphlet I published at my own expense, "The Truth About Marijuana: Stepping Stone to Destruction," you owe me a chance to reply.

If marijuana is nothing to fret about, why do police files across the nation contain such a damaging number of murder, rape and robbery cases committed by persons while on marijuana?

If it is nothing to fret about, why is it that marijuana is the *only* drug that is outlawed in *every* civilized country in the world?

If it is nothing to fret about, why did Dr. Edward Bloomquist of the University of Southern California School of Medicine warn that marijuana was an unpredictable drug "that could result in unpredictable consequences"?

If it is nothing to fret about, why did Dr. Donald Louria of the Cornell Medical College, who is one of the nation's most outstanding and respected authorities on marijuana, state that while marijuana use does not necessarily mean everyone on pot will end up on heroin, it does often start a user in the morass of drug abuse?

And, finally, if it is nothing to fret about, why is it that our pamphlet on marijuana, which was designed for distribution in New Jersey, ended up in a requested circulation of over 500,000 in 34 states from coast to coast and in Canada, as a result of concerned people—private groups and doctors, as well as public agencies—hearing about it by word of mouth and writing to us requesting copies?

These statements that I offer you are not ones from the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, toward which you seem to have such a profound and unreasonable distaste; these are statements, by and large, from medical people—the same people who you insist are in complete agreement that warnings about marijuana are farcical.

PLAYBOY, wholly apart from its racy appeal, also has done much to bring good literature and controversial subjects to the public's attention. This is what makes it all the more unfortunate that you should have been so shockingly unfair, superficial, glib and irresponsible about such a serious matter.

Martin Lordi, Director
Essex County Youth and Economic Rehabilitation Commission
Newark, New Jersey

*The statement that "police files across the nation contain . . . a damaging number of murder, rape and robbery cases" committed by marijuana users appears to be guesswork on your part, and poor guesswork at that. The President's Commission on Law Enforcement, in its 1967 report, was not aware of any such statistical data and concluded that no drug—except alcohol—has been scientifically linked in a cause-and-effect manner with crime. Dr. Joel Fort, former advisor on drugs to the World Health Organization, adds: "There has never been a single instance of these crimes—or even of highway accidents—proven to be caused solely by marijuana."*

*There is a large body of mythology and personal belief about marijuana, much of it repeated in your letter; but the scientific data appear chiefly in four studies. The India Hemp Drug Commission for the English Army in 1893 and 1894 studied the use and effects of marijuana in India and concluded: "For all practical purposes, it may be laid down that there is little or no connection between the use of hemp drugs and crime." The second study was undertaken for the U.S. Army by the Panama Canal Zone Governor's Committee in 1925. It concluded: "Delinquencies due to marijuana smoking that result in trial by military court are negligible in number when compared with delinquencies resulting from use of alcoholic drinks. . . ." The third and most extensive study was conducted by the La Guardia Committee in New York City in 1943 and 1944. It concluded that "marijuana is not the determining factor in the commission of major crimes." The book "Marijuana Papers," published in 1966, summarizes many lesser studies showing the relative harmlessness of pot.*

*You do not advance your case by asserting that marijuana is "the only drug . . . outlawed in every civilized country in the world." Even if this were true (it isn't; opium bans are more nearly universal), it would prove only how widespread the marijuana mythology is. It shouldn't be necessary for us to remind you that widely held belief in a doctrine is not proof of that doctrine, as is illustrated by the once-general belief that the tomato is poisonous. In any case, the international bans (often not enforced) were pushed through by a moralistic crusader, Harry Anslinger, former chief of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, who is U.S. representative to the UN Commission on Narcotic Drugs.*

*The possibility that marijuana may have "unpredictable consequences" should justify further research, not total condemnation and prison sentences. The existing research indicates that pot is not a major health problem; the La Guardia Committee found no signs of mental or physical damage in longtime marijuana users comparable with those in alcoholics, and the India Hemp Commission pointed out that "moderate use of hemp drugs is practically attended by no evil results at all." The authorities you cite are specialists in infectious diseases and anesthesia, not in marijuana.*

*As for the various claims that marijuana leads to heroin or other hard drugs, the facts are these:*

*First, marijuana and heroin are pharmacologically in different families: The former is a sedative-stimulant, the latter is a narcotic. There is no biochemical, psychological or sociological reason why*

*one should lead a person to the other.*

*Secondly, the statistics usually used to show a correlation between the two drugs are misleading. Dr. Fort explains:*

*Immediately prior to the 1937 passage of the Marijuana Tax Act, Harry Anslinger of the Treasury Department's Narcotics Bureau told a Congressional committee that "there is no relationship between marijuana and heroin." The limited relationship that later developed was a direct effect of the Federal and state laws that created a black market, bringing together marijuana and heroin in the illicit distribution system within urban slums. This meant that an adolescent exposed to one was exposed to the other, and some used both. Therefore, decades later, as heroin addicts were created, it was correctly found that about 70 percent had used marijuana before becoming addicted to heroin. An elementary knowledge of statistics, however, makes one realize that this tells us nothing about the much larger number of marijuana users who did not, and will not, use heroin. Furthermore, if the full context of mind-altering drugs is examined, one finds that at least 95 percent of addicts used alcohol and nicotine before using marijuana or heroin.*

*So, continuing to use "Alice in Wonderland" logic, we would seek to imprison all users of alcohol or cigarettes to assure ourselves that we are saving them and society from the menace of marijuana and heroin.*

*As for the wide circulation of your pamphlet—which you give away—it proves you are a dedicated and generous—if misguided—man, but nothing else. "Mein Kampf" has sold well over 6,000,000 copies to date; but only a fool would claim that such a figure proves the truth of Hitler's doctrines.*

*Yes, there is much to "fret about" in regard to marijuana. We fret when we see how the anti-pot terror has drawn public attention from real drug problems, serious crime and other urgent social issues and when we see constructive and socially valuable individuals harassed, arrested and even imprisoned for a drug preference that harms no one—not even themselves.*

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*"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.*


*"I like it. But will the voters go for it?"*

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

*(continued from page 138)*

spur productivity by increasing the deficit, one should be able to dampen a booming economy by reducing the deficit. And this should be done primarily by taxation. Taxation is by far the most equitable device for limiting purchasing power, limiting income, thereby limiting demand for goods.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you in favor of the President's proposed tax surcharge, which is supposedly an inflation remedy?

**GALBRAITH:** As a purely technical matter, it's certain that taxes should be increased, for we're in grave danger of inflation if the war continues at its present level. Yet anybody who takes a sensible view of the Vietnam problem is always forced back to the obvious alternative, which is to cut back on the useless and wasteful expenditures of that conflict, which would probably make a tax increase unnecessary.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your endorsement of the tax surcharge imply that you think we have a good tax system?

**GALBRAITH:** Certainly not. We have a very bad tax system: there's no question about that. It's not the worst in the world: there are many that are worse; but it's far inferior to what it should be. The ideal tax system would be one in which, as the first requirement, any two individuals who have the same increase in wealth in the course of a year pay the same taxes. By this test, we fall far short. It has come to be assumed that anybody who gets an income in the form of a capital gain should have a lower rate of taxation than somebody who gets his income, as you do, in the form of a salary. You *are* paid in the form of a salary, aren't you?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes.

**GALBRAITH:** My condolences. Other people, who aren't paid salaries—the oil people, for instance—have come to assume that tax exemption is a human right. For them it takes the form of depletion allowances. And it has come to be assumed that people who do a great deal of traveling can live partly on tax-free expense accounts, as against more sedentary people, who stay home and pay taxes. And it has come to be assumed that the very rich should have a partial tax shelter in the form of tax-exempt bonds. The consequence of all this is that people with the same income rarely pay the same taxes. It depends on whether you are one of the favored groups. The first and most important tax reform, as I've said, is for everyone to pay the same taxes on the same annual increase in wealth. I would then rely perhaps a bit more than we do on the income tax and the corporation tax. These are very good taxes. If everyone paid the same tax on the same income, we could get a much larger yield of

revenue from much lower tax rates. The reason the income tax is high for some people is that it's so low for others.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you counter the argument that there should be some tax incentive to encourage people to take risks, as the oil-depletion provisions supposedly do?

**GALBRAITH:** The depletion allowance, for instance, is not for a particularly risky industry. There was a time when it possibly rewarded the small wildcatter who found a well and pumped away at it. Perhaps he deserved something for all the capital he had invested in dry wells. But now, to provide this kind of tax loophole for huge companies, which can spread their risk over a large number of operations, is outrageous. The way in which the big oil companies proceed to get oil is no more risky than the way in which big auto companies proceed to get customers. The tax exemption of the oil industry is associated not with the need of the industry but with the fact that Texas is a very large state and that the Texas Congressional delegation has always stood stalwartly behind the depletion allowance. The defense of depletion is, in Texas history, second only to the defense of the Alamo.

**PLAYBOY:** How optimistically would you regard the prospect for tax reform?

**GALBRAITH:** This is hard to say. It's something Americans should keep talking about. As more and more people become aware of the great inequities of the present tax system, then there will be more and more pressure to do something about it, and sooner or later one of the political parties will get hold of this as part of its program and some legislation will be introduced. There will be a drawn-out fight, but finally something will be done. It's a long, slow process.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you favor the sales tax?

**GALBRAITH:** I think that for cities and states, the sales tax is a very valuable adjunct to the revenue system.

**PLAYBOY:** But don't many liberals think sales taxes fall most heavily on those least able to pay?

**GALBRAITH:** Liberals take a very simplistic view of the sales tax. Take my own state of Massachusetts, where we recently voted a sales tax. It turned out to be a very popular tax. Massachusetts was for many years 48th among all states in the per-capita public revenue it devoted to higher education. Then Alaska and Hawaii came into the Union and we became 50th. One reason is that Massachusetts has quite a number of private institutions, such as Harvard, the one by which I'm employed. But they are also very expensive; so that a Massachusetts boy or girl from a poor family has had a real problem getting a university education. The University of Massachusetts has been able to accommodate only a fraction of the youngsters seeking education there. With the sales tax, we have the hope of considerable expansion both in the quantity and in the quality of public education. Now, while the sales tax falls more heavily on the lower income groups—as regressive taxes do—the rewards from the sales tax, in the form of greater access to higher education, become overwhelmingly available to the people within the lower income groups. And when anybody in this day and age goes looking for a better job, looking for a way to increase his income, the first requirement is that he get into a college. So while the sales tax is regressive in its tax effect, it is highly progressive in its expenditure effect—under the best circumstances, at least.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course, this assumes that all the money raised by sales taxes goes to education or to other areas that directly benefit the less fortunate. Is this usually the case?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes. Generally speaking, the sales tax is used by city and state governments, mostly by state governments; and, generally speaking, the services of state governments are most used by people in the lower income brackets. Education, welfare, hospitals, law enforcement, recreation—all these are very large items in local and state budgets. And they are proportionately more important to the poor than to the rich. After all, the well

to do can find their own forms of recreation. Less-well-to-do people have to rely on public recreation. Mass transportation is also increasingly important as you go down the income scale. Some things, such as air terminals, are, of course, for the comparatively well to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of the well to do, you've often asserted that one of the great threats to our economy is the possibility that one day, given continued prosperity, Americans will conclude that our economy is depressionproof, that corporate earnings must rise year after year. This assumption, you've said, might produce a speculative upsurge in the stock market that would inevitably end in collapse. After 80-odd months of prosperity, do you see any signs of that?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes. I wouldn't want to predict when it will happen, but I think this remains one of the real dangers of our time. One has to say a word or two about the speculative dynamic here. Speculation has a life of its own. If people once get the impression that they can get rich sitting down, that all they have to do is to buy stock and watch it go up, then we will have a great rush of money into the stock market. And this creates its own reality, because one of the consequences of it is that with more buyers, stocks *do* go up. And the fact that they go up brings other people in and so stocks go up even more. Presently, the value of securities becomes unrelated to any future earning power; stocks are valued only by the expectation that they will keep going up. This is an inherently unstable situation, because, increasingly, people will conclude that since stocks are still going up, they'll stay in for the time being; but if anything happens, they'll get out before the others. So you have a large number of people who are in the market but watching for any indication that they should pull out. And, of course, when the supply of new gulls dries up, as one day it will, the market wavers, starts down, and then you have an enormous number of people dumping their stocks in the hope that they can beat the other fellows out. This occurred in 1929. It occurred in almost classic form not with securities but with land in Florida in the early Twenties. The real danger is that the resulting collapse, with its massive effect on private business investment and consumer spending, might be so serious that it would not be possible for Government policy to stop it. We would have a very rapid reduction in private spending and private investment and a very great increase in unemployment. If and when we do have another bad depression, I think this will be the way it will occur.

**PLAYBOY:** In *The Great Crash*, you outlined a number of speculative phenomena that led up to the 1929 crash and seem to be recurring today: the proliferating corporate urge to merge, the popularity of semispeculative mutual

funds, the near-limitless market valuation of a few largely unproved glamor corporations. Is this only coincidental?

**GALBRAITH:** No. I would say that many things in the stock market today grow from the same factors that were at work in 1929. For a long while after 1929, we were protected from a recurrence by memory. People remembered what happened in 1929 and acted with consequent caution. Now it's going on 40 years and memories have dimmed. Those who were burned in 1929 are mostly broken old men, either senile or soon to be dead. We have a new generation of innocents, who think there's a fortune to be made in a mutual fund that advertises the peculiar and unique genius of its management, or who think there is some magic associated with an arcane electronic stock, or who believe there is something about computers that's certain to make them rich. These are people who believe they have an original vision; whereas, in fact, memory has run out on them. People had the same belief in 1929 about radio.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you invest in stocks yourself?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, I do, but I never trust my own judgment about an individual company. Whenever I have any money to invest, I very cautiously give the job to a bank. I hope that it is in touch with the behavior of individual companies, as I am not. More important, I'd be *bored* if I had to find out what is happening to the management of General Electric or General Dynamics or General Alert. It's not a subject I want to investigate or something that I want particularly to think about. So I generally indicate to the bank what I would like to have them buy—the general areas that seem to me to be good—but I leave the selection of individual companies exclusively to them.

**PLAYBOY:** Many investors nowadays are worried about the soundness of the dollar itself. Do you think the devaluation of the dollar is on the horizon—either immediately or in the long run?

**GALBRAITH:** I've never thought so. Certainly if we can be sensible in our foreign policy—and this gets back to Vietnam again—devaluation is not necessary. In any case, the devaluation of the dollar would make much less difference than most people imagine, because if the dollar were devalued tomorrow, it's so uniquely important in the world that all other currencies would go down at the same time. We're talking here in Switzerland. Suppose the dollar were devalued by 25 percent and the Swiss franc were not. This would mean immediately that Swiss watches would go up about 25 percent in the United States. It would mean that Swiss precision machinery sold in the U. S. would go up 25 percent. It would mean that Americans coming to Switzerland would find everything 25 percent more expensive. This is a strain the Swiss couldn't stand. So they would take steps to get the Swiss franc back in its old relation to the dollar. Well, we've picked out the Swiss franc, which is usually counted the most stable currency in the world. If *it* had to adjust, surely the lesser currencies would, too.

*"You see, darling, your dad and I have always considered ourselves rebels. That's why it doesn't make any sense for you to rebel against us."*

**PLAYBOY:** Some of those who might be most affected by devaluation, or by inflation generally, are people who must live on fixed incomes—notably pensioners and recipients of Social Security payments. Recently, our whole Social Security system has come under increased criticism from the Left as well as from the Right. Do you think the program is basically sound?

**GALBRAITH:** There's always a danger in an interview like this that the subject will assume he's an all-purpose philosopher. Social Security is not something on which I speak with any great competence. I think it's served very well up until now.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you speak with more competence about the welfare system?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, I can. I think the welfare system is in very poor condition. Its woeful state leads us to the fascinating alternative of guaranteed incomes as a substitute for the present welfare system. Our current welfare system has, among other things, the worst incentive structure imaginable. To speak technically, it taxes marginal income at 100 percent. If an individual is getting $2500 a year on welfare and then gets a $2500-a-year job, he loses the $2500 welfare. So it's a tax of 100 percent on the increment of income. That kind of tax system gives a strong incentive not to work for extra income. If that tax system were applied to corporate executives in the $50,000 bracket, they would scream that the Government is destroying incentives. Indeed, they're already saying this, though they're taxed at a much more tolerable rate, and the argument has less effect coming from a man making $50,000 a year, because he can very rarely confess to working less than at his peak, no matter what the incentives. But a 100-percent tax rate certainly has an adverse effect on the motivation of welfare recipients. For this reason, we have the

curious spectacle of both liberal and conservative economists uniting to discuss the possibility of a guaranteed minimum income, the so-called negative income tax.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you favor the negative income tax?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, I do. I favor a guaranteed minimum income for all Americans.

**PLAYBOY:** Some critics of the guaranteed minimum income have said it will lead to a society in which many people choose not to work, and you yourself have often indicated that there's more to life than just working. On this subject, Keynes wrote, in 1930, that "it will be those peoples who can keep alive, and cultivate into a fuller perfection, the art of life itself, and do not sell themselves for the means of life, who will be able to enjoy abundance when it comes." Do you agree?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes. I would say this was a very succinct statement of the case I was making in *The Affluent Society*.

**PLAYBOY:** The only large-scale manifestation we've yet seen of any group attempting to achieve Keynes' dream is the hippie movement. How do you feel about it?

**GALBRAITH:** Not particularly censorious. For years, I've imagined that something like this might happen—that a growing number of people would not be susceptible to the desire for more wealth and more goods, who would say, "Well, we can get along with very little and have leisure time to cultivate our garden." So the advent of the hippies doesn't surprise me. It seems to be a rather natural concomitant of wealth. But I confess to some considerable misgivings about the association of this movement with drugs. I would be more reassured if I were certain the hippie interests were literary, aesthetic and experimental, rather than involving what seems to me, in my Calvinist way, to be rather contrived and inadequate forms of experience. But this may be a somewhat limited view. I never really get very much pleasure out of alcohol, and I don't smoke, so I undoubtedly speak from a very parochial point of view.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever smoked marijuana?

**GALBRAITH:** No, I never have.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't they smoke it in Berkeley when you went to the University of California in the Thirties?

**GALBRAITH:** We had never heard of marijuana then. Social experiment, sex and alcohol seemed much more plausible forms of excitement in those days, and much more popular. The counterpart of the hippies when I was at Berkeley were the Communists.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever have anything to do with them?

**GALBRAITH:** I was always too shy. I had just come down from Canada, I felt rather provincial and I was afraid the Communists wouldn't have me.

**PLAYBOY:** The hippie love ethic embraces a joyful and unconfined view of human sexuality. How do you feel about this aspect of what's popularly called the Sexual Revolution?

**GALBRAITH:** I take a rather relaxed view of these matters. Sex is here to stay. Each generation seems to make up its own rules and abides by its own code of behavior. It's hard to go back to the 19th Century novels, of which I'm extremely fond, without feeling that there was a certain artificiality and stuffiness about the formal relations between the sexes at that time. Certainly, what would look to the Victorians like the enormous revolution that has occurred since has been an improvement. And if further improvement involves further changes, well, I'm still in a highly permissive mood. But you must relate my views to the fact that I've been married only once and happily for 30 years.

**PLAYBOY:** The only youth phenomenon that's been as highly publicized as the hippie movement is the growing dissatisfaction with and resistance to the Selective Service System. What do you think of the draft?

**GALBRAITH:** This is something I dealt with briefly in *The New Industrial State*. The draft is archaic, there is no question about it. It's based on two assumptions. There's the archaic conviction that there is something morally good about compelling people to serve their country. And there's the very practical belief—shared by most of the well to do—that by drafting people to serve at less than the going wage, you shift some of the cost of defending the country from the well to do to the much poorer draftee. But neither of these is a very good reason to support the draft. The moral value of compulsion is dubious and the argument that the costs of defending the country should be borne by those least able to pay is questionable, at least to the less able. Also, no matter what the wealthy might think, it's doubtful if the draft *does* save money for the well-to-do taxpayer, because a draft Army is a short-term service, and, with the technology of modern war, you spend most of your time training people. A large part of the Army at any given time is in training; and about the time the people acquire the necessary skills and competence, their term of service is over and away they go. Also, the *esprit* of a volunteer Army has always been better. The Marine Corps, for example, likes volunteers, for the reason that their morale is better.

**PLAYBOY:** But it's frequently asserted there wouldn't be many Marine Corps volunteers without the threat of the draft.

**GALBRAITH:** Perhaps there wouldn't. But if you raise wages for military service to the point where you make it attractive, then it would still be possible for the Marine Corps to skim off, as they like to do, the better material. You would then have a long-service Army of trained professional people, and the lower training costs would go a long way to offset the higher wages. The savings might even offset the higher wages completely. There once was a time when people could argue that you had to have the draft because the danger that was associated with serving in the Army was such that the supply of men was inelastic; you couldn't pay people enough, no matter what you paid. Now, at least for peacetime service, there would be no problem. So what remains the case against this proposal? The fear of the Armed Forces that the volunteer Army would be insufficiently white.

**PLAYBOY:** We were about to ask you just that. The current re-enlistment rate for Negroes is about three times that for whites. Doesn't this point to the probability that a volunteer Army would be largely a Negro Army?

**GALBRAITH:** It would be disproportionately Negro, but I don't see any great difficulty in this. If the Negroes respond first to higher wages, it's an indication that this is an opportunity that has previously been denied them, and therefore you're not doing them any damage. But if the Army wants a balance between the races, then it has a very easy recourse: Make the pay attractive to whites, too. Raise the standards—educational and otherwise—and you could easily get a balance.

**PLAYBOY:** But with a volunteer Army—black or white—don't you lose a very vital link between the civilian sector and the Armed Forces? For instance, if we decide to send mercenary troops to a brush war in Southeast Asia, relatives back home could hardly protest. Whoever is sent would simply be doing his job, for which he is paid handsomely. Do you think there is any validity to this argument?

**GALBRAITH:** It would seem to me that if there is a crisis sufficiently urgent to call for the dispatch of troops, it's better to have troops that go willingly and without the complaint of their parents than otherwise. The Pentagon would, I think, welcome this. There is another argument that one often hears today: that the professional Army is undemocratic, that it tends to have its own parochial values, whereas a draft Army more precisely reflects the democratic ethos of the community. This, also, I think is nonsense, the reason being that if there are any dangers of a military mentality developing, it will develop not in the rank and file but in the officer corps. And we already have a professional officer corps.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you detect this military mentality within our officer corps?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, I have seen in many military men the capacity to think the unthinkable—and even to make it commonplace. I'm always struck, when I go to the Pentagon, by how casually the Air Force generals talk about the possible


*"What rhymes with 'garbage'?"*

# *Papa's rather set in his ways.*

Papa's lived in the same house for the last 30 years.
He stopped rooting for the Dodgers just because they left Brooklyn.
When he goes to Florida, Mama has a tough time convincing him that planes are really better than trains. And he still thinks formal isn't formal if it isn't black.

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in new colors, new patterns, new fabrics.
And don't worry Papa, we still make black.

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use of nuclear weapons and how casually they have reduced such weapons to slang. The generals say, "Let's 'nuke' them." I've sat, as many civilians have, in conferences where somebody has pointed to a general and asked, "Well, General, can you guarantee success if we have to move in there?" The general will say, "Well, of course, if we're not restrained from using nuclear weapons, I can." This has always astonished me: the capacity to take massive destruction and make it into a commonplace of everyday life. Incidentally, it's of some importance to distinguish among the Armed Services in this respect. The Air Force is subject to special criticism here.

**PLAYBOY:** Why the Air Force?

**GALBRAITH:** The Army and the Navy tend to have rather more stable and sensitive reactions to problems. The Air Force is a younger service, with less stable traditions. The accident of personalities also has something to do with it. The Air Force had a succession of leaders like Curtis LeMay and Nat Twining who, to say the least, had a very limited view of the problem of mankind.

**PLAYBOY:** But some observers have said that the Army and the other services are trying to pattern themselves on the Air Force success. Is this so?

**GALBRAITH:** I hope not, and I don't think so. One must bear in mind that the Army, over the years, has had a considerable capacity to produce people capable of taking leading positions in civilian life. General Brehon Somervell, for example, organized the Work Projects Administration in New York under Franklin Roosevelt. This was one of the most difficult jobs of that period. And there was General Hugh Johnson, who organized the National Recovery Administration for F. D. R.; and General Lucius Clay, who, after completing his career in Europe, had a successful life as an industrialist and was also an effective politician.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you neglect General Eisenhower intentionally?

**GALBRAITH:** No, I didn't neglect General Eisenhower intentionally; he's an obvious example. However one might criticize General Eisenhower, no one doubts that he's a man with a strongly civilian mentality. I could be even more criticized for overlooking General Marshall. But one of the problems of the Air Force is that being a young service, it has had to make its way against the other services and it has made its way by persistently overstating the effectiveness of the weapon it has. I'm not suggesting that air power is an insignificant weapon, but in all military operations—I'll leave nuclear operations aside—air power is wholly supplementary to ground operations. It was very important in Europe in World War Two that we had control of the air over the battlefields. But the real battles were still fought on the ground. On the whole, Air Force claims about the success of strategic air attacks—strategic bombing, in particular—have been vastly exaggerated. I was one of the group set up by Secretary Stimson to appraise the accomplishments of the Air Force after World War Two. The strategic air attacks, we learned, were far, far less than expectations. This was especially true in Germany. For example, we attacked all the German airframe plants in late February 1944. The plants were *all* hit, but German aircraft production actually increased that February—the very month of the bombing—by a substantial percentage.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**GALBRAITH:** There were several reasons. Most of this manufacturing was done with machine tools. It's quite difficult to destroy a self-contained piece of such machinery. Short of a direct hit, it won't be damaged, or at least it will be repairable. The Germans simply dug out the machines, where necessary, moved them to other locations—churches and farm buildings, for instance—and resumed business. More important, they threw extra energy into what until then had been a relatively inefficient industry. They put it under better management, cut down on the number of models they were manufacturing and tooled up to make planes that were more immediately relevant to their defense needs. You'll recall that they were fighting a defensive war by then; but until we bombed the plants, they'd been manufacturing bombers, which were relatively useless to them. So, as a consequence of all this, during the very month following the attack, they actually increased their airframe output. This discovery, I may say, proved a shocking disappointment to the Air Force.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the case for strategic air attacks overstated in Korea?

**GALBRAITH:** Yes, it was. Our first reaction when the North Koreans invaded South Korea was that we would send in the Air Force and stop the invasion that way. But within a few days, we found that the Air Force was wholly ineffective for this purpose. As the conflict extended itself, although we had total control of the air over North Korea, full freedom to fly planes wherever and whenever we wanted, we were never able to keep the North Koreans and the Chinese from supplying their front lines. This is very interesting in light of the more recent Air Force claims that they are able to prevent infiltration or movement from North Vietnam into South Vietnam. Repeatedly, the Air Force has made these claims: "Let us bomb this pass and we will stop all movement down to South Vietnam." "We're interdicting the movement along the Ho Chi Minh trail." "The air attacks are all-important for stopping the movement of men and supplies out of North Vietnam into South Vietnam." "Let us add a few more targets around Hanoi or Haiphong." "Let us bomb the harbor at Haiphong and we'll bring the enemy to its knees." We've had dozens of these promises, all of them ending in failure. Those of us, however, who have studied this matter have been totally unsurprised, because we've been accustomed to this overclaiming by the Air Force and because we've always known that there is no use of air power—with conventional weapons—that will keep people from marching across the countryside. Nothing. The shocking thing about the Vietnamese war is the way the Air Force continues to make these claims.

**PLAYBOY:** Your reasons for opposing the war, and the solution you've proposed to get us out of it, have been widely publicized. You stated your position at some length, in fact, in a speech last summer that became the basis for an article in PLAYBOY last December. Has your thinking changed since then?

**GALBRAITH:** Not really. I've been concerned to find a solution that relates politically not only to the problems of Vietnam but also to the problems of the United States. One could make a very good case for saying the war was simply a great mistake and that we should pull out altogether. I think I can make that case better than most people, because I've felt that it was a mistake from the beginning. I kept copies of the series of letters I mentioned earlier, 15 or 20 letters that I sent to President Kennedy during 1961 and 1962. A lot of them concern Vietnam. As early as 1961, I thought we were getting deeper and deeper into something that would eventually turn out to be one of the great tragedies of American history. So, as I say, the case could be made for just pulling out altogether.

**PLAYBOY:** But you haven't made this case, have you?

**GALBRAITH:** No, because it's not one that is going to appeal to the largest number of Americans. We need a Vietnam position that will be politically more attractive—a solution that won't encounter the American uneasiness about, in GI language, "bugging out." There's also one other problem that I think some of my liberal colleagues have not sufficiently considered. A very large number of people in South Vietnam, some hundreds of thousands, have rallied to our side in the South Vietnamese army, in the Saigon government or in the simple pursuit of profits. There's also a number of people, the Catholics in particular, who would feel endangered if there were a take-over by the Viet Cong. We can't simply write those people off. These are considerations one has to keep in mind. Now, the other consideration, which is extremely important, has to do with our changing view of the conflict. When we launched this enterprise back in the early Sixties,

those who were urging the commitment of troops were preoccupied with international communism. The Secretary of State said many times during that period that our ultimate enemy was the Soviet Union; that China was a puppet at the bidding of Moscow; that Hanoi represented merely an ultimate extremity; and that we were concerned with a probe that, if not resisted in Vietnam, would be exercised someplace else. The vision that existed at that time—a point I've stressed throughout this interview because it's so important—was the vision of a unified international Communist conspiracy. If we didn't meet it in Vietnam, we would meet it in Berlin or someplace else. Since that time, of course, this rationale has dissolved. We've also seen that North Vietnam has a stubborn desire to remain independent of both Russia and China—particularly China. The South Vietnamese have welcomed—or at least accepted—American troops; but the North Vietnamese, in spite of great military pressures from us, have not admitted Chinese troops. Increasingly, also, we have learned that what we are concerned with in South Vietnam is an indigenous nationalist movement. The Communists are important in this movement, certainly; they are even paramount; but the movement has strong nationalist roots. If this were just an external probe, something inspired purely by Peking or Moscow or Hanoi, it wouldn't be giving us anything like the trouble we've faced. It's giving us trouble because the Viet Cong has managed to associate itself with the patriotic and national sentiment of a very large proportion of the people there. All this comes down to the fact that we are concerned not with international communism; we are concerned instead with *national* communism—communism with strong nationalist roots. I don't think even the more passionate State Department defenders of our enterprise in Vietnam now entirely deny this. As committed a hawk as Professor Walt Rostow agrees on this point. But elsewhere in the world, in Yugoslavia, we not only tolerate but affirmatively assist national communism. It has also been our policy —and I think a very wise one—to encourage it in countries such as Poland and Romania. Why, then, should we fight it in South Vietnam? This leads to the obvious conclusion that we must work out some kind of compromise that gives security to those in Saigon and elsewhere who would feel threatened by national communism but that allows us to tolerate it as we do in Yugoslavia or Poland or Romania. I don't know what kind of bargain we can strike on behalf of our friends. Our bargaining position has become much weaker in recent months. The important thing is to stop the bombing and ascertain the terms on which Hanoi will negotiate. If we can't strike a bargain, then I would de-escalate the war and confine operations to protecting the urban population centers, until we *can* strike a bargain.

**PLAYBOY:** But the Viet Cong momentarily captured much of Saigon—and most of Huế—in the recent Tet attacks. Isn't it possible that guerrilla warfare can be effective even in cities?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, we have a lot of men in Vietnam. If we once thought of redeeming the whole country, we can now surely think of protecting a few urban areas as a refuge for our friends. The military will argue against it, but everyone knows that the military argues against any solution that it doesn't particularly like.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't withdrawal to the urban areas in South Vietnam preclude rural social reform, which many critics of our current policy, Senator Robert Kennedy among them, have deemed very important?

**GALBRAITH:** Pacification is already at a standstill and, frankly, I have very little confidence in our capacity to reform South Vietnam. The government in Saigon is a government with a commitment to the *status quo*—except that there seems to be a general interest in increasing the graft. Among the government's commitments are those to the old, traditional system of landholding. When villages have been pacified in the past, the landlords have returned to collect the rent. Despite many opportunities, there has been no effective land reform. We have even seen land reform in reverse as the landlords came back. This is not because our people there have not seen the importance of social reform or the importance of getting away from the old colonial system. It is because the capacity of the United States to press such reforms, in any country, is very limited. One of the mistakes that my liberal friends have made, one of the mistakes with which I've been associated in the past, has been to imagine that the capacity of the United States to effect social change in other countries is very much greater than it is. As I mentioned earlier, in the years following World War Two, American liberals had a vision of the revolutionary impact the United States could have on


*"I lost my head and threw in a little extra!"*

other countries. If American idealism were combined with American energy and a good deal of American money, almost any social change could be brought off. This social change was seen as the great antidote to communism. We *can* press for social improvement. But we can never force social change on a recalcitrant government. Even with all of our power in South Vietnam, we haven't been able to do so, and we won't.

**PLAYBOY:** Professor Thomas Thorson, of the University of Toronto, has charged that your Vietnam solution overlooks a very basic point. He says that "the overriding reasons communism is no longer monolithic is American pressure and resistance." "The Chinese," he says, "see the Russians as sell-outs to American power. The Russians see the Chinese as reckless in the face of American power." And he suggests that a victory for nonmonolithic communism in Vietnam would engender new Communist unity.

**GALBRAITH:** I don't know Professor Thorson. I'm a graduate of the University of Toronto, so I'm naturally a little sorry to see a professor at my old university talking egregious nonsense. The reason Moscow and Peking fell out is that they were both pursuing their own national goals. The national goals of a comparatively developed and industrially advanced country such as the Soviet Union, a country much less wealthy than the United States but certainly one of the "have" nations of the world, are very different from those of a poor and densely populated country such as China. And to suppose that Tito broke away from the Soviet Union because of a different interpretation of American power is equally nonsensical.

**PLAYBOY:** Another criticism of your moderate solution was raised by several PLAYBOY readers after the publication of your article in December. They argued that your proposed strategy plays directly into the hands of Mao Tse-tung. Mao won the Chinese mainland by establishing bases in rural areas, eventually encircling—and then conquering—the cities. Mao has predicted that the same strategy will eventually produce Communist victories throughout rural Asia, Africa and Latin America. Do you think your strategy plays into Mao's hands?

**GALBRAITH:** I'm not as close a student of the works of Mao as some of your readers seem to be, but I wouldn't consider this a serious objection. If we have to accept the reality that the countryside is going to continue to be under nationalist and Communist control, that reality isn't lessened by the fact that Mao sees the countryside as the best place for revolutionary action.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think—as Arthur Schlesinger does—that the Russians are actually quite grateful for our continuing presence in Asia, in that we're helping them restrain the Chinese?

**GALBRAITH:** I think that's an interesting hypothesis. There must be some Russians who are sufficiently sadistic to take pleasure in the enormous drain of manpower and treasure that we're investing in that part of the world for no good purpose. They must also derive a certain pleasure out of the ill will the U. S. is generating all through Europe. I noticed in the paper the other day that our ambassador to Portugal had to cancel a speech because of an anti-Vietnam demonstration—in Portugal, of all places. That's like an Israeli ambassador getting hooted out of the Bronx by anti-Zionists. One major consequence of our enterprise in Vietnam is that not since the Russian Revolution has Soviet policy in Europe looked so good in comparison with that of the Western powers. There must be some Russians grateful for that, too. But I have the impression—and I've talked at length about it with quite responsible Soviet authorities—that they would like to see this war ended. Not so much because we're containing the Chinese but, rather, because they worry, as I do, that the war might get out of hand and that the Russians themselves might somehow get involved.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that if the war continues to escalate, the Chinese, rather than the Russians, might be drawn in?

**GALBRAITH:** The State Department assures us that this danger doesn't exist. But the Far Eastern section of the State Department was equally convinced that the Chinese would not intervene in Korea. This view was expressed at that time—not publicly but certainly privately—by the then–Assistant Secretary of State, Dean Rusk. But the Chinese did intervene in Korea. I think that we should always work on the hypothesis that this danger exists. It's the safest hypothesis. When any military leader, or any State Department leader, tells you it's "a calculated risk" that the Chinese will not intervene, you should interpret that to mean that he doesn't *know*; he *hopes* they won't. The phrase calculated risk is the military synonym for total ignorance.

**PLAYBOY:** Some economists have suggested that U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam might have grave effects on the American economy. Do you agree?

**GALBRAITH:** No, I don't think so. I think the economic consequences of peace would be almost completely favorable. In the first place, the budget would be freed very quickly from the 25 or 30 billions of dollars that the war is costing. This would remove an important pressure on spending in the economy. It would, in fact, remove most of the inflationary pressure we're now facing. It wouldn't remove that part of the inflation problem that is associated with the wage-price spiral, but that's another matter. And on the other side, one has to bear in mind that this is, fortunately, a rather old-fashioned war, in which much of the expenditure is on simple things: on pay for soldiers, on clothing, equipment, small arms, ammunition. There isn't even much use of armored vehicles in this war. The most sophisticated weapon we employ, I suppose, is the helicopter. So the claims of this particular conflict are all for things that can very easily be used in the civilian economy. For this reason, I wouldn't think the conversion problem from war to peace would be very serious. If we had a conversion problem that involved, for instance, disestablishing our missile system, the economic effects would be much more serious.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were the economic czar of the United States and faced all of the problems that the country faces now—the gold drain, the persistent balance-of-payments problem, the real prospect of inflation—what fiscal or monetary measures would you take?

**GALBRAITH:** I don't need to put this strictly in terms of hypothesis. Between 1941 and 1943, I was very close to being in that position. I had ultimate charge of all prices in the United States. My basic lesson from that experience was to learn how rapidly you can lose all of your friends and how extremely unpopular an economic czar is in the United States. It is not a career that I recommend to any of your readers. On the larger issue of economic policy, we return again to a single point: We must stop the Vietnam war. We are wasting a large share of our resources and a large part of our budget on this manifestly unnecessary enterprise, and we are *not* matching the cost of what we're spending in Vietnam against what we are doing to our balance of payments, against what we're doing to our economic position in Europe, against what we're doing to people who need to travel, against what we're doing to the reputation of America in other parts of the world. We've gotten hooked, almost in the manner of a narcotic, by this war, and it has somehow established a priority on all our resources. If we were to de-escalate the war and recover our perspective, we would very quickly find—as I just mentioned—that we have no uncontrollable inflation problem at all. We would quickly discover that the dollar is buoyant and that we have no serious balance-of-payments problem. That's why I have been strongly urging businessmen, and all Americans who have the interests of the country at heart, to make themselves heard—not against wage-and-price controls, not against curbs on overseas investments, not against travel restrictions but against the Vietnam war, which in a most unnecessary way is making all these things necessary.

**PLAYBOY:** James Reston wrote recently that you're "just old enough and big enough and Scotch enough to turn the peace movement into a political movement" if that's what you decide to do. Do you think you have the power to transform the peace movement into an effective political organization?

**GALBRAITH:** No. Modesty here is not in conflict with the truth. I have never devoted myself to any subject so much as I have to this. I have traveled and spoken to the point of being tired of my own voice—which is remarkable—and I've been closely in touch with all the opponents of the conflict. I've helped organize, written ads and been a source of a certain amount of ammunition for the Members of Congress who have been fighting the battle there. I have put a good deal of effort and thought into crystallizing the alternatives. And I have urged a certain amount of discipline on my friends who oppose the war. But I certainly wouldn't claim to have succeeded in bringing the anti-Vietnam forces into any sort of discipline. Nor do I think that anybody will do so. This great upsurge of opposition really comes out of individual convictions. Never has there been a cause—I hate to use the word *cause*—that has inspired so many people to individual action.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think your own entreaties have helped spur this action?

**GALBRAITH:** Well, I have absolutely no doubt that the processes of persuasion here have been enormously influential. I've added my voice to that of many others. And there's no doubt that the tide for months and years has been moving in this direction. Three years ago, when questions started to be asked about the Vietnam war, there were only two Senators, Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening, who were really willing to speak out. Now we have—publicly or privately—a clear majority of the Senate and almost all whose I.Q. is clearly positive. Similarly, three years ago, the opposition outside of politics was confined to a relatively small number of people in the universities. Now, of course, the university community is overwhelmingly opposed to the war; there's a very large organization of businessmen who are opposed; and there's a large group of Army people who are speaking out. General Shoup, who was President Kennedy's head of the Marine Corps, who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor, has called the whole justification of the war "unadulterated poppycock." And the polls, week by week, month by month, show a general increase in the opposition. It's always possible for the Administration to drag back General Westmoreland, to call on Ambassador Bunker and to enlist a few senior citizens who support its policies, in order to reassure us—or themselves—that everything is going well. But, of course, when the American people discover once again that we're still not accomplishing anything in Vietnam, that all the reassurances have been so much guff, then the opposition to the war increases all the more. I have no doubt as to the trend.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you hazard a guess as to how long the war will continue?

**GALBRAITH:** No, but I'll say it's unlikely that we'll continue to fight a war in opposition to a majority of the American people. Once we have a clear majority, we'll see light on this matter—and the war will not last very long after that.

**PLAYBOY:** And when the war ends, what will you do?

**GALBRAITH:** Oh, just what I'm doing already, though perhaps I'll have a bit more time—and a bit pleasanter a world—in which to write.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get your greatest satisfaction from writing?

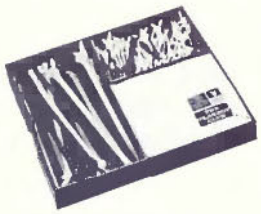
**GALBRAITH:** Yes, I do. I've found that writing—all writing—is a continuous process of self-liberation. For many years—when I was in my 20s and 30s, perhaps even later than that—I didn't have this sense of liberation, because I didn't fully express myself. Perhaps I was overly cautious, or commendably modest. But if I were living my life over again, I think the only thing I would change would be to exploit this sense of liberation—the pleasure of writing a book like *The Affluent Society* or *The New Industrial State* or a novel like *The Triumph*—at an earlier age. Nothing else but that.

**Lift your spirits.** Roguish Rabbit Liquor Caddy covers a fifth of your favorite brand . . . then loses his head for easy bottle access. $7.50.

**Festive Females by Cole** add dash to bar or buffet. 36 white Female-decked napkins include favorites Glutton, Persnickety, Ambitious and many others, $1.

**Add a personal flare to any gathering.** Imprint your name (limit: 22 spaces) on Playboy's personalized Rabbit-crested black matchbooks. Smartly boxed. $3.

**Service with a style.** Pre-dinner cocktails or a late-date nightcap are more tempting with Playboy's Cocktails for Two sets. Regular set includes 16-oz. mixer, stirrer, two glasses, $5. Deluxe set also features polished walnut snack tray, knife and Femlin tile, $15.



**All the fixings** for a posh Playboy party. Rabbit-capped stirrers, cocktail picks and napkins—enough for the whole gang in the Party Pack. $3.50

**Party games are a cinch** when you keep Playboy Cards handy. Handsomely boxed, two deck set with frisky Femlins on aces and jokers. $3.

**Mug-nificent!** Guests will agree when served Playboy Club Mugs. Pewter-toned glass mug with raised Rabbit. $2.50 each.

# Party it up!

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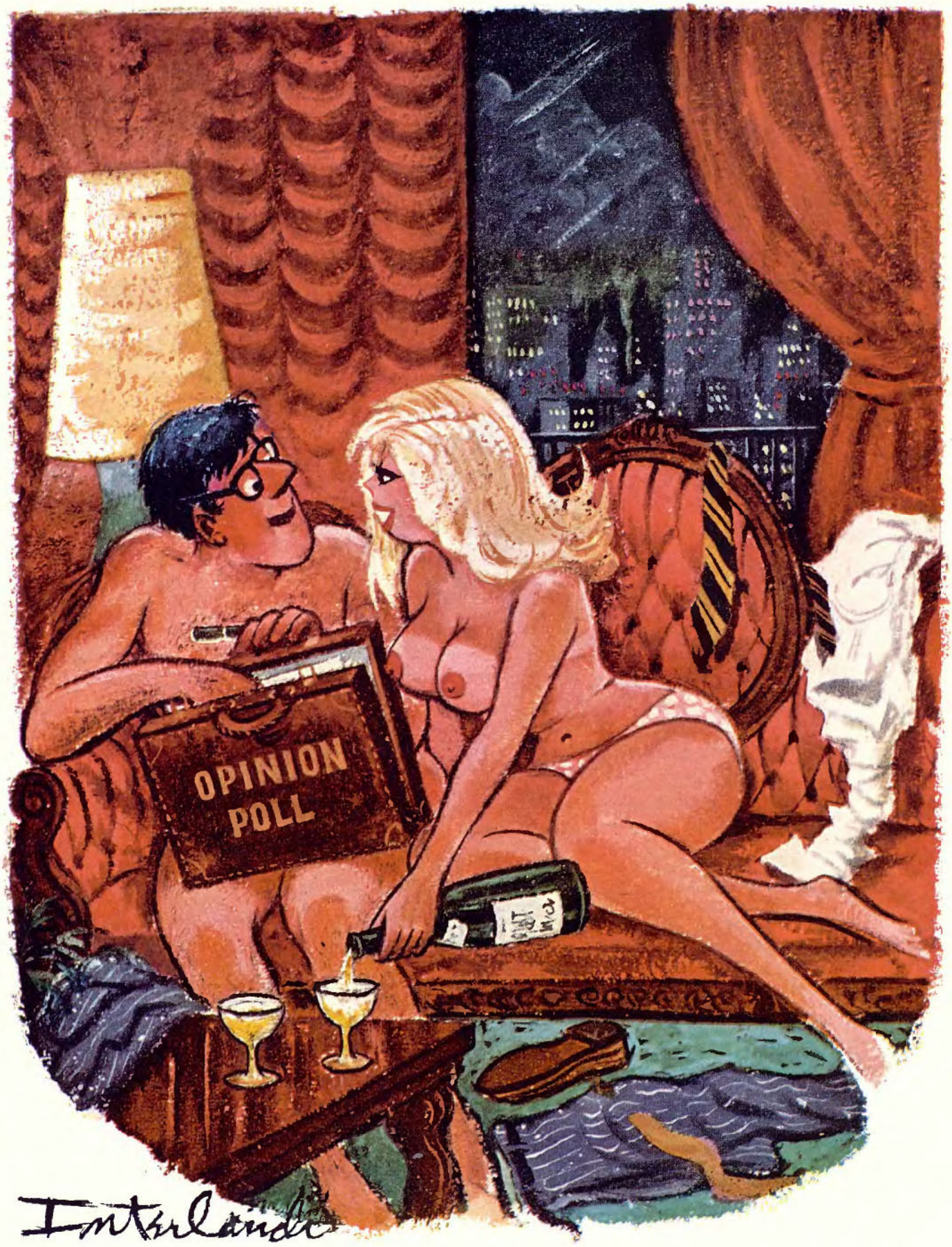
**Hot or cold,** Playboy Beer and Coffee Mugs fill the beverage bill. Black and white ceramic crested with kicky Femlin. 10-oz. coffee mug, $2.50; 22-oz. beer mug, $5.




*"And now I really would like to get your opinion of the candidates, miss."*

*(continued from page 98)*

implementation and enforcement of those water-quality criteria. These standards are subject to Federal approval. In the absence of state action adopting water-quality criteria, the Federal Government can move and establish its own. After the standards are fixed, there are methods for policing and enforcing them. As this article is written, the hearings are going on across the country.

Why the program was put in the Department of the Interior is a mystery. For Interior harbors two of our worst polluters—the Bureau of Mines, which allows acid to despoil our waterways, and the Bureau of Reclamation, whose projects now fill our streams with salt.

Missouri recently held its hearings on standards for the Missouri river. Missouri has a water-pollution-control association that pointed out at the hearing that the Missouri river was an excellent water supply for half the people of the state and for a significant portion of its industries. The association, however, went on to say: "Use of the Missouri river for removal and ultimate disposal of the sewered wastes of cities and industries has economic value far greater than does use of the river as a source of municipal and industrial water supply. Without exception, cities and industries along the Missouri river could obtain adequate supplies of water of good quality from subsurface sources. Likewise, other means can be found for transportation, fish and wildlife propagation, livestock watering and recreation." In other words, this association proposes that everybody abandon the Missouri and, in the cause of economics, leave it to the polluters.

This association at the hearing predicted economic doom unless streams in Missouri are used for their capacity to assimilate wastes, saying that the failure to do so would "lower standards of living and the general economy and decrease employment."

In taking direct aim at those who like a clean river for its beauty, for its swimming holes, for its fishing, boating and canoeing, the association said at the hearing: "While the entire public will share in paying the cost of maintaining that water quality, only a fraction of the public will enjoy the benefits of those water uses for which water-quality requirements are most demanding."

The inertia of those who have a vested interest in pollution is one obstacle. These interests are powerful. They are represented by most of our vast industrial complex. They are made up of huge metropolitan areas like New York, and they have never made any attempt to treat their sewage. They are made up of many who still look upon a river as having no value except as a carrier of wastes.

In addition to the inertia is the cost of cleanup, and the cost is going to be staggering. For example, the city of St. Louis recently undertook a contract to build a sewage-disposal plant—not an up-to-date variety, but one of the most primitive nature. It will contain only a primary treatment process, which does little more than settle out the solids. This contract alone is estimated to cost at least $95,000,000. While the Federal share of these programs was promised for from 30 percent to 50 percent of the cost, the Federal budget has already been drastically cut, due to Vietnam expenditures; and the appropriation of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration was cut by two thirds for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1968.

Industrial use frequently requires cool water for its processes, the water eventually returning to the river at a high degree of temperature. This process, if continued, may raise the temperature of the entire stream. A stream for trout must be a cool-water stream. Raising a stream's temperature may change its entire life, ruining not only its recreational potential but its commercial potential as well; e.g., its production of shellfish.

This has happened to several streams, notably the St. Croix in Minnesota and the lower Potomac in Virginia. The heating of the lower Potomac waters is apparently modifying vast populations of microscopic plants that start the food chain in the river. It has reduced the white perch and certain flatfish and caused the soft-shelled clams to disappear. It has killed tens of thousands of crabs.

The dangers of thermal pollution multiply fast; and with the oncoming use of nuclear power that demands great quantities of cooling water, the risks ahead are increasing.

Saving a stream from this fate means requiring industry to build cooling towers for its water and using the same water over and over again.

Strip mining for coal is another source of great infection. Strip mining uses massive machinery to remove coal near the surface. And it is a process notorious for desecrating wild land and poisoning pure water. There is sulphur in these Appalachian lands, and sulphur when wet produces sulphuric acid, which destroys all vegetation and all aquatic life in the streams and ponds that it reaches. At least 4000 miles of Appalachian streams are being poisoned in this way. TVA as well as private operators are the despoilers, TVA flying the Federal flag of conservation. It uses coal from strip mining to run its stand-by steam plants.

Why must we the people tolerate this ruination of our mountain waterways?

The problem has been neglected so long, the population has been increasing so fast, that the conditions across the country have reached an emergency status. So the crisis that has been developing around our waterways is one of the greatest we have had to face, at least since the Civil War.

And so the battle lines are being drawn in the late 1960s.

We in America have no monopoly on this pollution problem. Europe knows it intimately, and recently the conditions on the Rhine reached such desperate proportions that steps are under way to preserve the river.

The same awareness exists in the Soviet Union. We are told by the Soviet Academy of Science that in the heavily industrialized Ural Mountains area there is not "one single unpolluted river." Domestic and industrial water supplies have been greatly impaired. Fish have been deprived of spawning and feeding grounds and pollution has been so severe in spots that some Russian rivers have become impassable.

When I was in Siberia in 1965, I visited Lake Baikal. The lumber industry was getting under way and the cutting caused soil erosion that filled the river beds with mud and even brought it into the lake. Lake Baikal is unique in scientific circles. It has, it is said, the purest water in the world and it is the site of intense Russian scientific endeavors. When I was there, Russian pulp mills, newly constructed near Lake Baikal, were running their discharge pipes to the lake. The Russian scientists were up in arms and their power and prestige in the Soviet Union was so great they were able to get a change that might save the lake from pollution. The alternative they proposed was that there should be constructed a long pipeline that would carry the industrial wastes from the pulp mills through a small mountain range into a stream flowing north into the Arctic Ocean. By 1968, the Russian scientists had lost their battle and Lake Baikal was being polluted by the industrial waste from the new pulp mills.

The answer to the problem of pollution is no longer a mystery. Wherever and whenever it takes place, technology has most of the answers and the problem is to mobilize the people and the financial resources to clean up the lakes and rivers. Science is constantly putting these problems in new dimensions. Thus great progress made in desalting water from the ocean—an experiment headed up by Israel beginning about 20 years ago. While costs are still higher than those normally associated with the creation of municipal water supplies, they are within reach once the urgency is felt.

In 1964, when Fidel Castro decided to cut off all Cuban water on Guantánamo Bay, we decided to be independent of him and quietly installed a big desalting plant. Sea water is heated under pressure to 195 degrees F., when it flashes into steam. This process is repeated

many times, the steam producing a condensate that is almost tasteless, since it contains no minerals. At Guantánamo we are producing one gallon of fresh water out of 16 gallons of sea water. Now, we produce at Guantánamo 2,250,000 gallons a day—more than enough to meet the needs of the base; and with the steam that is generated, we operate an electric power plant of 1500 kws.

The point of this is that not only is desalting useful to seacoast cities short of water but it is also useful to take the nutrients out of sewage, making it possible to return pure water to the river or the lake and to pipe the residue off to centers where it can be processed for industrial or agricultural use. The avenues leading to the solution of the pollution problem are numerous and science is constantly opening up new ones.

The problem of our rivers does not end with pollution. The erection of dams is probably our problem number two. Dams for hydroelectric power became a very popular political slogan about 30 years ago. Hydroelectric power is cheap power and it has become associated in the public mind in this country with *public* power. Whether a dam is built to generate public power on the one hand or private power on the other, it still ruins a river as a free-flowing stream. There is no turning back the clock by removing the dams that we already have built. But there is still opportunity to save what remains of our free-flowing rivers and seek our power from other sources. The remaining free-flowing rivers that we have are national treasures and should be cleaned up and preserved for their great recreational and spiritual values.

Sometimes these dams are proposed for flood control, sometimes for a water supply. There may be no alternative to one dam or a series of dams when it comes to flood control or for water supply. Yet even here, if the design is to save a free-flowing river, such dams as are needed can be put way upstream or on a tributary, saving the main waterway for fishermen, canoeists, swimmers, and the like.

A case in point is the Potomac river. As I have said, the Corps of Engineers has planned a dam to provide a head of water to flush the river of sewage. It has also proposed dams for a water supply, and there is no doubt but that the metropolitan area of the nation's capital needs prudent planning in that connection. But here again, alternatives are available. There is the estuary that runs for about 30 miles from Little Falls just above Chain Bridge down into Chesapeake Bay. This part of the estuary is not salt or brackish water. It is tidal water that stays fresh. The technicians will probably deny that the water is fresh, because the water in the estuary contains tracings of salt. But those small portions of salt still leave the water potable, and it is potable water that is needed for the city's domestic use.

So in making plans for the city's future water supply, a pumping plant could easily be installed below Little Falls to move into action when the water above Little Falls becomes dangerously low. The estuary contains 100 billion gallons of potable water and this, plus the flow of the river, is enough to keep the nation's capital supplied for the indefinite future, no matter how big it grows—*once the Potomac is cleaned up.*

Why does the Corps of Engineers therefore suggest dams instead of a pumping plant in the estuary plus complete sewage treatment and removal of all of the pollutants from the water? That remains a mystery. Many think it is because the Corps builds dams very well and does not do other things quite as well and, therefore, it imposes upon society its specialty, like the chef who imposes his own favorite dish on all the patrons! That has led some to say, "We pay the farmers not to plant crops. Why don't we pay the Corps of Engineers not to build dams?"

My point is that the free-flowing river usually can be saved by the use of alternatives and our search should be for those alternatives.

The reason for this is accentuated when one studies the history of the dams. In my state of Washington, there is a very fine dam on the Wenatchee that is now useless because it is sanded in. There have been suggestions that the dam be blown out so that the sand can escape. But the fish experts veto that proposal, because it would ruin spawning grounds for 20 or 30 miles downstream. So the dam stands as a white elephant.

Go to Texas and you will see dam after dam silted up and no longer useful, or fast becoming such, as at Lake Austin, Lake Kemp, Lake Corpus Christi, Lake Dallas, Lake Bridgeport, Eagle Lake, Lake Waco, Possum Kingdom Reservoir and Lake Brownwood.

The life of a dam there is shorter than the life of a dam in the Pacific Northwest, because rivers in Texas run heavy with silt.

Dams that ruin free-flowing rivers are temporary expedients for which we pay an awful price. The search, as I said, should be for other alternatives, whether the dam be used for power, public or private, water supply, flood control or irrigation.

I have mentioned the powerful Corps of Engineers as one of our despoilers. TVA is another. As this is written, TVA is promoting the building of a dam on the Little Tennessee—not for power, not for irrigation, not for flood control. The dam, it is said, will provide new industrial sites for industry. But TVA already has hundreds of industrial sites that go begging for purchasers or lessees. Why destroy the Little T? It is some 30 miles long and is the best trout stream in the Southeast. Its water is pure and cold. Its islands are wondrous campgrounds. Its valleys are rich and fertile, being some of the very best agricultural lands in the South. Here was the home of Sequoya, the great Cherokee chief. Here are the old Cherokee village sites never mined for their archaeological wonders. Here is the old Fort Loudoun, built by the British in 1756. All of these wonders will be destroyed forever and buried deep under water for all time. Why not save this recreational wonderland for our grandchildren? Why allow it to be destroyed in a real-estate promotion by TVA?

The truth is that our momentum is toward destroying our natural wonders, converting them into dollars. The modern Genghis Khans are not robber barons; they fly the "conservation" flag; they promote "employment" and "development" and "progress." They have many instruments at their command. Industrial waste and sewage is one; destruction of free-flowing rivers through the building of dams is another.

Yet in spite of this destructive trend, there are a few encouraging signs.

The cause of free-flowing rivers received new impetus in 1964 when Congress created the Ozark National Scenic Riverways, which will preserve in perpetuity portions of the Jack's Fork river in Missouri. By this law, Congress directed that the natural beauty of the landscape be preserved and enhanced, that the outdoor resources be conserved and that the Secretary of the Interior establish zones where hunting and fishing are permitted. A related idea is expressed in the Wild Rivers Bill that Senator Church of Idaho has been promoting. It passed the Senate in 1967 and is now pending in the House. This proposed National Wild River system would comprise large segments of the Salmon and Clearwater in Idaho, the Rogue in Oregon, the Eleven Point in Missouri, the Buffalo in Arkansas, the Cacapon and its tributary the Lost river in West Virginia, and the West Virginia portion of the Shenandoah. The Wild River area would be administered for water and wildlife conservation, and for outdoor-recreation values. Yet it would not interfere with other uses such as lumbering, livestock grazing, and the like, though it would bar industrial wastes and sewage. The idea is to hand down to the oncoming generation a few of our important free-flowing streams in a pleasing and relatively unaltered environment.

There is a growing interest among the states in the preservation of their free-flowing rivers. Maine has taken the lead in saving the Allagash, a famed canoe waterway even before Thoreau, which runs north through Telos Lake to the St. John. Most of this will now be preserved

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as a wilderness waterway, with a belt of land between 400 feet and 800 feet wide on each side that will be managed to maintain the wilderness character of the waterway. The electorate in November 1966 approved a bond issue to help finance the land- and water-rights acquisition. Federal funds will also help in the acquisition program. The state will control all campsites. Most motors will be barred, this being a canoe sanctuary for hunters, fishermen and those who like the thrill of white water.

In 1947, Congress approved a Water Pollution Control Compact between the New England States, and they have made considerable progress in providing water-quality standards and in classifying rivers. But sad to say, quite a number of the New England rivers, conspicuously the Merrimack and Nashua, are put in the lowest categories, which means they are little more than carriers of waste.

In 1961, Congress authorized the Delaware River Basin Compact between Delaware, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Some progress has been made in establishing water-quality standards for that river.

On September 26, 1966, the Hudson River Basin Compact became law, whereby Congress gave New York, New Jersey, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut authority to preserve the natural, scenic, historical and recreational resources of the Hudson, to abate water pollution and develop water resources, to preserve and rehabilitate the scenic beauty of the river and to promote its fish and wildlife and other resources. Now the troublesome Hudson, saturated with raw sewage, can be surveyed in its entirety and over-all planning instituted that in time may make it safe, healthwise, even for swimming.

There is another interesting development—this one in the state of Washington. The Yakima river flows off the eastern slopes of the Cascades to form the Columbia near Pasco. In its upper reaches it is a clear, cold, free-flowing river filled with trout, excellent for swimming and a fine canoe waterway. Mrs. Douglas and I became disturbed at a creeping real-estate development. Real-estate operators are selling lots on the river front and it is plain that in time the riverbank will be packed with houses. Sewage from their cesspools and septic tanks will pollute the waters. Industry is moving in, and there are telltale signs that industrial wastes are beginning to poison the river. We helped form the Yakima River Conservancy to design state procedures for protecting this watercourse. Others in the state capital took up the cause; and now there is a bill pending that would set aside this part of the Yakima and parts of several other

rivers in Washington as wild rivers, putting under special zoning control a sanctuary belt that is one quarter of a mile wide on each side of each of these rivers. In this way, the natural state of a river will be preserved, its free-flowing character maintained, its scenic values and its purity honored, while no inconsistent use will be banned. In other words, agricultural uses could go on unimpaired: even some residential sites and campgrounds could be sanctioned. But the essential character of the stream will be kept inviolate: and 100 years from now, there will be unspoiled waterway wonders for our great-great-grandchildren.

Some ponds and swamps in national wildlife refuges and game ranges are under the jurisdiction of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service; and it is directed under the Wilderness Act of 1964 to make recommendations concerning their preservation as roadless wilderness areas. In 1967, numerous hearings of that character took place; one of the first concerned the Great Swamp in New Jersey, which harbors otter, beaver, and many other species of wildlife and many botanical wonders. Developers have had their eyes on it, especially for an airport. No decision has been reached by the agency on the Wilderness issue. The lands around the Great Swamp have been increasing in value and the speculators' appetites for the Great Swamp are keen. But for most of us, what Brooks Atkinson recently wrote is the essence of the cause: "In Great Swamp the property values are low because the land is good for nothing except life, knowledge, peace and hope."

The Forest Service and Park Service are also required by the Wilderness Act of 1964 to determine what roadless areas will be preserved in their respective domains. The hearings, now going on and to take place, will sometimes involve the fate of rivers. A notorious example is the Minam river in the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest of eastern Oregon, one of the very few rivers in the Pacific Northwest not paralleled by a road. Lumbermen are anxious to build such a road, not only to make money from timber sales but primarily to make a small fortune in building the road itself. The Minam—as crystal clear as any in the land—would be heavily silted by logging; the road would soon be clogged with cars; and the banks would be packed with people. The quiet and seclusion of the sanctuary would be lost forever and the natural character of the free-flowing Minam would disappear.

There will be a chance to save a number of waterways under the Wilderness Act from all pollution and all "development."

The same, of course, is true of many lakes in the high country. But as respects the lakes in our low country, we have made amazing progress. The Dust Bowl of the Twenties and Thirties taught us something of soil and water conservation. At that time, our natural ponds and marshes were fast being drained. The cycle has been reversed. Due largely to the Soil Conservation Service, about 1,500,000 new farm ponds have been formed. These have some recreational value, but their greatest impact probably has been on the duck population. Many are wonderful fish ponds. Over half of them have been a great boon to waterfowl. Those new ponds in the North Central States are in areas where several hundred million bushels of waste corn are commonly left in the fields. These are prized feeding grounds for waterfowl and probably have changed some of the ancient flyways.

In 1960, President Eisenhower vetoed the proposed Federal Water Pollution Control Act, which would have increased Federal grants for the construction of sewage-treatment works and such purposes. His veto was based on the fact that water pollution is "a uniquely local blight" that must be assumed by state and local governments.

That Federal attitude has changed under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, so that today there is a pervasive program for Federal control, in case the states fail to act promptly. The diminishing Federal funds available for clean-up of the rivers and lakes of the nation is part of the tragedy. Another is that the Eisenhower attitude still obtains in critical agencies such as the Bureau of the Budget. And in the absence of a tremendous popular drive, the critical conditions promise to get worse and worse.

One expert in the field of preservation of our streams and lakes recently said, "We can hardly expect to be as smart in the future as we've been stupid in the past." But with the mounting public concern evident on every hand, it may be possible by 2000 A.D. to restore some of our watercourses and lakes to their pristine condition.


*"Easy on the fast balls, will you, kid?"*

## girls of SCANDINAVIA

*(continued from page 134)*

The Swedish girl hates to be chained, either to her environment or to another human being. Often, even if she is married, she will take a vacation by herself in order to sample—however briefly—a different life style. Jealousy and proprietary interest are not nearly so meaningful to her as they are to women in most other Western countries. In her mind, a love relationship with another human being is closely linked to a sense of responsibility, healthy understanding and mutual acceptance. She is, above all, a proud, free spirit. She will get along best with those who respect her freedom.

• • •

A Stockholm-to-Copenhagen jet hop —or, better, the car-and-ferry trip south through Göteborg and Malmö recommended by Deighton last month—involves a definite, if subtle, change of *ambiance*. Compared with her Swedish sister, the Danish girl is somewhat less purposeful. She takes life in stride but doesn't try to shape it to her own ends. Gay, irrepressible, zealous—she is also the hapless victim of a peculiarly Danish concept called *hygge*, a way of life that connotes warmth and coziness within four walls. Her amatory escapades are sometimes less the fruition of romantic desire than the wish to be snugly comfortable, removed from strife and unpleasantness. This preoccupation with *hygge* complements a vaguely felt sense of melancholy that the Danes *do* share—no matter what the guidebooks might tell you—with their legendary Prince Hamlet. Yet there is little about the tall, leggy girl, pedaling her bicycle down a winding Copenhagen street with the sun shining on her blonde hair, that suggests *Weltschmerz*. Like all her Scandinavian sisters, she wears little or no make-up, for she needs none. Her clothes are cut simply and stylishly in bold, solid hues that seem to emphasize her artless self-assurance. The visiting American may find her as fresh and unaffected as an ingenuous child; he must get to know her a bit before he can see that her outgoing and guileless good humor sometimes carries a sardonic edge.

Copenhagen itself, aptly called the Paris of the North, is a seductive city of over 1,000,000 people. There are more restaurants per square foot than anywhere except Paris, and nearly as great a concentration of night clubs as in Hamburg. Finding agreeable female company is roughly as taxing as scribbling "*Kunne De taenke Dem en drink?*" ("How about a drink?") on a napkin. Again, Copenhagen's better scribbling spots—along with the other attractions of this fascinating city—were outlined in these pages last month by Deighton.

The sexual climate of Copenhagen is almost as enlightened as American myth

would have it. Surprisingly, despite the copious amateur competition, there is some prostitution, not only in Copenhagen but in all the Scandinavian capitals. Copenhagen has no law against the world's oldest profession, though ordinances do require that a young lady have more conventional work as well. The inquiring traveler might find himself in the company of a lovely kindergarten teacher or a sweet-faced secretary who is using this ancient means to augment her income. But it should not take long to discover if a relationship is to be strictly business. That discovery made, the partnership should sensibly be dissolved: In the lush hunting grounds of Copenhagen, we doubt that many energetic travelers will wish to forgo the pleasures of the chase.

The Danish girl's open attitude toward sex must be viewed in the context of the permissive society she inhabits. Nudie magazines abound in newsstands and kiosks—not only in Copenhagen but in other Danish towns—without interference from the police. Vending machines offering condoms stand in open view on the streets, and any schoolgirl of 14 or over is entitled to free instruction by the school physician in the use of contraceptive devices. Censorship of movies—including such sex epics as Vilgot Sjöman's recent Swedish flick *I Am Curious—Yellow*, the coital sections of which were shown on Denmark's national TV—has all but disappeared. Daily newspapers in Copenhagen freely dispense medical advice about specific sexual functions, and photos of unadorned femininity often find their way into the daily press. So it's not surprising that the Danish girl approaches sex with unself-conscious ingenuousness. To her, the protracted and widely publicized debate about the role of sex in a modern society is entirely academic—and a battle between old prejudices and new ideas. While she certainly casts her lot with the forces of change, the entire issue seems almost irrelevant to her own fulfilled existence.

Unlike the young American woman, for whom a job is often just a lull between school and marriage, the Danish girl is adamant in her quest for complete financial independence—often even after marriage. The most prestigious jobs for girls are in the Danish television industry, which employs a bevy of dulcet-voiced distaff announcers. Slightly down the status ladder are the girls who work as magazine fashion coordinators and photographer's models. But even if she goes the standard shopgirl or secretary route, a *pige* (pronounced *pee*-ga) may well have more space in her office than in her apartment. In Copenhagen, as in Scandinavia's other capitals, there is a very real housing shortage. Many young women manage to crowd into small pads in the bohemian section of Christianshavn, an ancient part of the city crisscrossed by canals. Perhaps the lack of elbowroom is the source of her abiding love for the gently rolling countryside. A companion will find her eager, from spring through autumn, to forsake the city and venture into the world of nature, preferably by bicycle. Castle hopping in the country, which is a favorite weekend pastime, is apt to begin at the copper-roofed Kronborg Castle in *Hamlet*-hallowed Elsinore. Day-trippers also make it a point to take in the majestic, moat-girdled Fredensborg Castle, which for centuries has been the summer residence of Danish royalty. True to the Viking spirit of her forebears, the Danish girl—whether princess or commoner—relishes the water. She seems her happiest gracing the deck of a sleek sailboat or letting the waves along the Jutland coast roll against her tanned body.

The separate-but-equal vacationing doctrine is somewhat less prevalent in Denmark than in Sweden, but the young Danish wife does not categorically shun an occasional outing on her own—and democratically expects her husband to enjoy the same privilege. Matrimony in Denmark quite often is welded by mutual consent rather than by magistrate's oath. If both partners work, the Danish tax system makes cohabitation a decided advantage, and progeny have the same legal rights as if the pledge of allegiance had been taken. The tentacles of the welfare state reach deep into Danish society, but the Danish female and her partner —no matter what their relationship— enjoy a sense of privacy and self-respect that few countries can offer.

• • •

The desire for privacy is even more pronounced in the Norwegian girl, perhaps dictated by the pervasive sense of sheer remoteness in her craggy, fjord-nicked country, which is bisected just north of its mid-point by the Arctic Circle. The *pike* (pronounced *pee*-ka) is less prone to brooding than her Swedish sister and somewhat less an overt pleasure seeker than her Danish cousin. Most


*"Say—with a half million of us over here, that makes Saigon one of America's twenty-five largest cities."*

remarkably, she is usually devoid of complexes, accepting the vicissitudes of life with grace and self-reliance.

Her interest in foreigners is slightly less consuming than that of her Scandinavian sisters, and a tourist who lacks the sporting instinct ought to head elsewhere. But if he's prepared to partake of the outdoor life—fishing, skiing, hiking, biking—or at least makes an honest show of interest, he will find her a willing, even eager, companion. Rigors that would leave less hearty individuals exhausted seem to revitalize the Norwegian girl. After a long day of skiing or hiking, she'll proceed to squeeze every ounce of enjoyment out of evening and night.

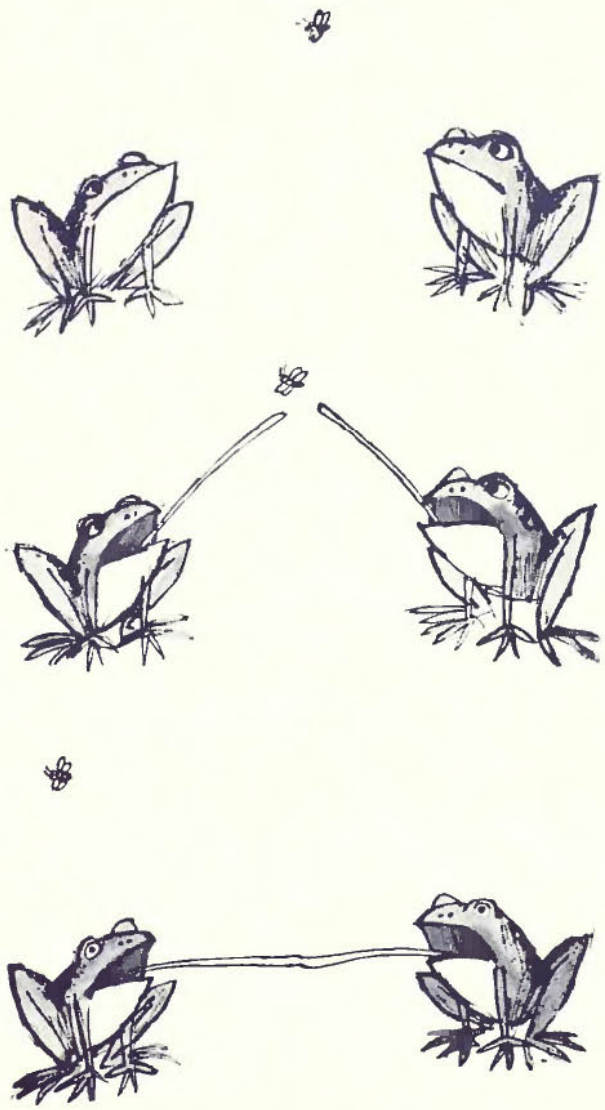
During the winter months, the Oslo-based belle spends much of her free time at home. But in the summertime she blooms, swept up in the crosscurrents of city life. She starts the evening early, for Oslo's night life is short and hectic, organized within the confines of the liquor monopoly's decree that no alcohol be served in public after 11:45. Unless he has already established liaison with a *pike*, the traveler might warm up at the Tellefanten, a cozy rendezvous whose female clientele on any evening may be properly regarded as willing to entertain a well-intentioned male gesture. To show his sincerity, our man might tempt his companion with dinner at Blom's, where a course of *fenalår* (cured leg of mutton) or *rakörret* (cured trout) goes admirably well with a glass of Norwegian beer and a chilled potion of *Löiten*, a remarkably smooth but diabolically deceptive aquavit. The Rainbow Room is a well-regarded night spot.

In a city whose night life is restricted, gate crashing at private parties is commonplace. With the party spirit running high by the time the pubs close, your chances of rejection at the door are minimal, especially if you're accompanied by a striking young woman. Much of *la dolce vita* is to be found in the area around famed Frogner Park; should the night turn into morning, leave the party for a stroll there: The place is unique. Here the contemporary Norwegian sculptor Gustav Vigeland—a Nordic Rodin—created some 155 statuary groupings of intertwined male and female bodies. The works, centered on a 57-foot-high monolith of immense suggestiveness, seem sometimes to honor a visionary marriage of obesity and sexuality. *In toto*, the statues are a remarkably warm expression of one man's powerful humanism.

During the summer, so the local saying goes, the Norwegians fish and make love; in the wintertime, the streams freeze up. It's common for young couples, even if they're just friends, to sleep together, and not simply because it's warmer that way. The notion of post-teen virginity is considered preposterous, although one wise man in Oslo claims to have heard about a real virgin living in the remote and isolated northland.

Nowhere does her amorous proclivity come bubbling to the surface more than when the Norwegian girl is on a hiking or skiing excursion. The countryside is dotted with charming, secluded log cabins, hostelries and cottages. A trip by high-speed electric train and car from Oslo takes you in a few hours to the Gausdal or Rondane mountain hotels in Gudbrandsdalen, some 300 kilometers north of Oslo; both are strikingly handsome resort hotels offering incomparable opportunities for privacy and quiet contemplation, if that's your wont. A toast before a roaring fire in the rough open-hearth fireplace should, with any kind of charm, lead to even closer communion.

In such a setting, the Norwegian girl shakes off the physical and spiritual inhibitions of city life, and her true Scandinavian nature emerges. She feels no need to live up to an image or a reputation; like any Scandinavian girl, she's uniquely herself, acting and reacting as her will dictates, going where her desires take her. For the Scandinavian girl, sex and sin are unrelated. When she gives, she gives freely and willingly, bent on satisfying only herself and her newfound companion. Her society is fundamentally egalitarian and strives above all to attack inequity and injustice without sacrificing personal freedom. And, to a very large measure, it succeeds. It's also a compassionate society, whose principal aim is to achieve the greatest happiness for the greatest number—a progressive, permissive subcontinent encouraging artistic expression, insisting on individual liberty and tolerating a breath-taking range of sexual expression. It is an old social order, but its ideas are young, its people as secure as any on earth—and its girls as beautiful and as free as its landscape.



## MAN FROM NOT-YET

*(continued from page 103)*

it. I learned that poor Oliver Colquhoun, who never could get his play tried in Drury Lane, is dead.

But I was attended by greatest astonishment when I apprehended a gross figure in a snuff-coloured coat seated next the fire with its back to the company.

The figure turned to regard me, presenting its great Wart-hog's face. When its mouth opened, 'twas like the splitting of a steamed pudding. "So! (it said) I see you have not yet learnt your lesson, Timothy Scunthe, but must needs be taught more manners! Do you not know better than to interrupt a man while he is meditating?"

It was indeed our old friend, cantankerous as ever. I shall never forget the time I spilled mulled wine upon him—indeed, he shall never let me forget it, though it happened close on eleven years ago!

I stayed to see the evening out with Johnson and his circle, to which there are no few additions. The good Doctor is thicker of limb now, with a propensity (he says) to gout; though I perceive no shortening of his breath. He disposed last evening of two Philosophy Students (They were arguing about the Soul, I believe. I could not follow them.), a Schoolmaster, a Grub Street writer, and a poor inoffensive solicitor who wandered in for a cup of tea and did not stay to see it cooled. In short, Dr. Johnson is himself: Witty, Splenetic, and Eminently Sensible. I was keenly reminded of the days when we young dogs were used to teaze him, and he to muzzle us properly. Remember the fun we had with the visitor from "the Future," and how the good Doctor shewed him for the merry-andrew he was? I can never forget it, as I hope you cannot forget

Your affectionate
Timothy Scunthe

*To Sir Timothy Scunthe, Bart.*

Dear Tim. Aug. 25

I am glad you have not forgotten the Incident of the man from "Not-Yet," for I have begun assembling some paltry Reminiscences and would greatly appreciate the help of your keen memory. While I believe I recall the Incident perfectly, much Muck has covered it in ten years' time, and I would rather have your version of the story, too.

Eternally gratefull, I remain, Dear Tim,

Your affectionate
Jer. Botford

*To Jeremy Botford, Esq.*

Dear Jerry. Sept. 5

Your memory is doubtless better than mine, but I have made some Notations of that curious Incident, which, in the interests of your book, I hereby place at your disposal:

It was a December evening in 1762, and our usual circle, dominated by Dr. Johnson, was gathered in the gaming room at Crutchwood's. Paunceford, the proprietor, seemed to be having an argument with some man in the front doorway, and the room grew quite chill.

"Damme, Sir," Johnson roared out. "Are you determined to give us all the Ague? Bring the gentleman in."

Paunceford led in a thin, spindle-shanked fellow, oddly dressed. I recall he wore his hair natural and shockingly short, and that his breeches reached to his ankles.

Johnson's snuffbox clattered to the floor. "Good God!" he cried. "What manner of Whig is this?"

The fellow made no reply, but gazed about him in some consternation.

"Or is it Methodism you're spreading? Or Dissension?" Johnson snarled. "You'll do a barrel more converts if you bag a decent periwig."

"Perhaps," said Strathnaver, tittering, "perhaps the gentleman believes it is Satanic to adorn the body."

"Yes, well, you'll take note he has no scruples against hiding his spindly calves, however. My name is Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir. You'll forgive me for not rising. I am rather gouty this evening. What might your name be?"

The man put out his left hand, withdrew it, then offered it again. Finally he extended the proper hand and shook.

"My name is Darwin Gates," he said shyly. "And I'm from the Twentieth Century."

Dr. Johnson's hand hesitated just a fraction as he reached for his snuffbox. "Is it a place, then?" he said, offering snuff around. "I should have thought it a direction. But it is very interesting to meet you, Sir. I suppose you have all manner of wonders to divulge to this fortunate company, do you not?"

Mr. Gates sat down and leaned forward earnestly. "As a matter of fact, I do. You wouldn't believe the half——"

"Indeed? But I have a reputation for credulency," Johnson said. A sly smile was beginning to play about his great, ugly mouth. "You will want to tell me no doubt of carriages that operate without benefit of horses. Of engines that carry men through the air like birds. Of ships without sails."

The man flushed darkly and stammered, "As a matter of fact——"

Johnson's voice rose in both pitch and volume. "Of machines which carry men under the waters of the sea like fish, where they witness countless wonders. Of mechanical horses capable of drawing a dozen carriages at once. Of artificial candles, powered by some mysterious Force of which we know nothing as yet. Of buildings made of crystal and iron, perhaps, wherein one may order

servants to select the sort of weather one desires. Is that the sort of Future you are about to describe for us, Mr. Gates?"

The poor visitor looked positively apoplectick with embarrassment and chagrin. I had no doubt but that he had planned a much poorer tale than this. "I—" he stammered. "—that is, I——"

"*But*," continued Dr. Johnson, grinding his teeth, "I speak only of mere physical inventions, devises which any rude Mechanick may surmise. 'Twould do you no credit at all, Sir, if you had not a better tale than that. Perhaps you come to tell me of the Politicks of the Twentieth Century. Let me see—there would be no war, because terrible Weapons would have been invented, the which are too dangerous to be used. The colonies in America will have rebelled and become a Powerful Nation, where, they will claim, All Men are Equal. Mayhap they will even free the slave Negroes, though that is perhaps too much to expect of our American friends."

"Just a minute!" said the visitor. "I resent that. I'm an American——"

"Tush!" said Johnson. "Next you will be a Red Indian. I warn you, Sir, it was I who exposed George Psalmanazar, who posed forty years as a 'Formosan,' having made up his own 'language.'" All this Johnson delivered in an undertone, then resumed his ordinary Rasp and said, "I suppose the Powers and Alliances of all Europe will have shifted considerable. England's monarch will have no more weight than a common sweep. I surmise."

"How did you know?" asked the astonished Mr. Gates.

"Pooh, Sir, I am merely spinning my tale to keep from being bored by yours. But be so good as to let me go on. I have not yet discoursed upon the Future state of Painting, of Musick, of Moral & Natural Philosophy——"

"First we must give Mr. Gates a cup of punch," murmured Strathnaver. "Assuming, that is, that persons from that time so little evident to our senses *can* drink and eat. Are you, Mr. Gates, an æthereal spirit, like one of Mr. Milton's angels? Do you sleep, ingest food, and so on?"

While the poor stranger was helped to a cup of punch, Dr. Johnson sat back and regarded him incuriously. I read contempt in Johnson's face; whenever the right side of his mouth gets drawn up, as though attracted to the wart just above it at the corner, then he is in a phrensy of contempt.

"Of Painting I know little," he said. "It is at best a clumsy art, making awkward imitations of Nature. I expect patrons will grow weary of Copyism, and turn their attention elsewhere.

"Everyone in the Twentieth Century will of course have Musick at hand as he desires it. I can well imagine the deleterious effect this will have upon Taste & Sense, when every cordwainer or every smith can hammer upon shoes to Musick of his own chusing. Art does not, Sir, lend itself to Dilution.

"There will always be a plenitude of varieties in the Garden of Philosophy from which to make a nosegay. At some point, men will stop speaking of Reason and start speaking of Responsibility. There is, they will say, no order in the Universe but what we chuse to see—as there were no Giants in Sir Quixote's windmills. Absurdity will become a philosophical catchword—there will be a Silly Season.

"Of Natural Philosophy I can well imagine the devising of all manner engines and games. No doubt men of the Twentieth Century will go to and fro the Moon, if not the Sun. Astronomy, Chymistry, Mathematics and Medicine will all advance apace. Plague will be almost unknown. I daresay it will have been proven to everyone's satisfaction that Tobacco is a poisonous weed."

"Amazing!" quoth our visitor. "How did you know——"

"I have met better mountebanks than you, Sir!" said Johnson, fetching him a stern look. "I am forced by gout to sit here night after night, prey to every single one of 'em. Only last month I was confronted by a 'man from Not-Yet' who puts you to shame. Not only had he elegant manners and wondrous tales to tell, he looked exactly like me!"

Our visitor looked pale and ill. "Like you?" he said.

"Yes. The rogue tried to convince me that he *was* I, but I have not yet met the man I could not outreason. I proved to him, as I shall prove to you, that man cannot travel from the Future to the Past.

"Man cannot move about in Time as though it were Space. Nature forbids it, as she forbids Levitation or a Vacuum. Think of the awful Paradoxes which might occur! Should you, for example, return to your childhood, you might see yourself as a child. Yet suppose your carriage ran over that child? Would you then cease to be? How, then, would you yet be alive? And there are Paradoxes even more hideous to contemplate. Suppose you got a child upon your own mother, and suppose the child were you? How, then, may a man be his own father or son, a travesty of Physical and Moral Law? I do not even dare consider that weightier problem by far: Which of you, should you meet yourself, would have your Soul? Is the Soul single or divisible? Would some of your selves be soulless animals, mere Automata?

"You cannot be from the Future because the Future is, by definition, that which is not yet. There is no Future. And even were travel in time possible, you would not be from Posterity. I


*"Oh, for goodness' sake! It has nothing to do with black power!"*

"You mean you buy any bourbon that's on special sale?

YOU BOUNDER!"


Insist on the elegant 8 year old

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believe that Man grows every generation more happily endowed with Understanding—yet you are content to sit here gape-mouthed, listening to specious arguments."

"Please," said Mr. Gates. "I can prove I'm from the Future. I've built the only Time Machine ever made. Let me prove it. Here is a coin—" He fumbled at the hip of his breeches for a moment. "Here is a quarter of a dollar, United States of America currency," he announced proudly, handing the coin to Strathnaver. "You'll see the date is nineteen-something."

"Good God!" said Strathnaver. "The poor wretch has made himself credentials. This is no more a coin than I am. Ho-ho, Mr. Gates. I must give you a lesson in minting, someday. When you design a die, you must *reverse* the image, so that it comes out proper on the coin."

He passed the coin around, and we could all see that the inscription was backwards. It was poor forgery.

"Things have gotten reversed somehow!" shouted Gates. "I don't know how. What can I do to make you believe me?"

"Nothing on earth," said Johnson. "The last knave shewed me a curious engine he called a Lighter—but when I examined it, 'twas nothing but a tiny oil-wick lamp with a matchlock flint attached."

"I'll take you back to my own time, and that will convince you!"

"A pretty idea," said Mr. Strathnaver, "but you'll never get him away from the fire."

"What?" said Johnson. "Quit the fire to wander about in the aguey snow until this rascal's fellows waylay me and kill me? I cannot say I like the prospect."

"Oh, we don't have to go far," said Gates. "My Time Machine is very close by—and some of your friends can follow and watch. Can it be you are afraid to prove me right?"

For once, Johnson had no answer. He leapt up with surprizing agility and signalled for his cloak and hat. "Let us see it, you dog," he rumbled.

Dick Blackadder and I were elected to follow. We went but twenty paces in the snow when we encountered the Time Machine. It was somewhat like a sedan chair, somewhat like a bathing machine, and no little like an upright coffin on wheels. Gates opened a panel in it, and the two men got themselves inside. The panel closed up.

Dick and I watched the devise closely, ready for any trick. All was deathly still.

"I fear something has happened to Samuel," said Dick. "He could never keep silence this long."

I wrencht at the handle of the panel, but it was fast. An unearthly light seemed to stream from crevices and cracks about the door, increasingly bright. I applied my eye to a crack and peered in.

There was not a soul inside.

The light got brighter and brighter until, with a thunderclap, the entire machine fell to pieces about us. I was knocked flat by the Great Noise, and when I regained my feet, I was amazed to see Dr. Johnson standing alone amidst the wreckage.

"Are you hurt, Dr. Johnson?" asked Dick, scrambling to his feet.

"No. I—No."

"But where is Mr. Gates?"

"It would seem," said Johnson, looking about, "that he is blown into Æternity."

We helped him back to the fireside, where, as I recall, he was strangely silent and morose all evening, and would respond to no amount of badinage. He remained muffled in his cloak and refused to say a word.

That is all I know of the Incident, Jerry. Hoping this account is of some good, I remain

Your affectionate
Timothy Scunthe

*To Sir Timothy Scunthe, Bart.*

Dear Tim. Sept. 9

Rec'd your story and am truly amazed at the copiousness of your memory and notes. Surely you are more the man to pen a Reminiscence than I. You have captured nicely the flavour of the old Wart-hog's speach, and I find your account exact in nearly every Particular.

Do give my regards to Dr. Johnson and pray him to send me some little item of interest to go in my Reminiscences. If it would not inconvenience him, I should mightily like to hear more of his Experience that strange evening. Eternally gratefull, I remain

Your affectionate
Jer. Botford

Postscript. How is it you say the Doctor has a wart above the *right* side of his mouth? I have before me a miniature of him, shewing the wart plainly on the *left*.

Yours &c.,
Jer. Botford

*To Jeremy Botford, Esq.*

Dear Jerry. Sept. 14

Business is pressing. This is only a brief billet to inform you that I have spoken to Dr. J. and he has promised to send you something. "But I doubt (he said) that he will desire to use it." Do

you understand this? I confess I do not. More later from

Your affectionate
Timothy Scunthe

To Jeremy Botford, Esq.
My Dear Jeremy, Sept. 15
As you hold this letter up to a looking glass to read it . . .

. . . I hope you will find it in you to pity its author. Do not. I beg you, judge me mad until you have read here the truth of my plight.

Having departed on December 10, 1762, from the yard of Crutchwood's, I journeyed into the Future. Having made my jokes about the Twentieth Century, I lived to see them, tragically, become Real. I saw Art & Architecture decline to Nursery Toys, and Literature reduced to Babel. Morality vanished: Science pottered with household Engines. The main business of the time seemed to be World-wide War, or man-made Catastrophe. Whole cities full of people were ignited and cooked alive.

Betwixt the wars, people drive about the countryside in great carriage-engines, which poison the air with harmful vapours. These carriages have o'erlaid the cities with smoak, black and noxious. There is in the Twentieth Century neither Beauty nor Reason, nor any other Mark which sheweth Man more than a beast.

But enough of a sad sojourn to a dismal place. I was sickened by it to near the point of madness. I knew I had done Wrong in accompanying Mr. Gates to his Land of Horrors, and so I devized a plan for cancelling my visit.

I came back to November 1762 and saw myself. I earnestly entreated myself not to attempt such a voyage—but the object of this entreaty was so intent on proving me a scoundrel and imposter that my arguments were in vain.

I had then but one chance left—to appear at the time and place in which my unsuspecting self was departing for the Future, and to stop myself, by force if need be. Gates and poor Johnson had just climbed into the Time Machine when I materialized. They disappeared at the same moment, and the combined Force of our multiple Fluxions destroyed the machine utterly. It is the first and last of its kind, I believe.

For some reason I cannot determine, I am reversed. Mr. Gates thought that perhaps each Time-Journey reversed all the atoms of one's body. If you recall, when Gates first appeared, he kept trying to shake hands with his left hand. Likewise the coin in his pocket was backwards. In my journey to Posterity, I was reversed. When I came back to speak to myself, I was put to rights again. Now I am again reversed.

You will not be able to include this in your book, I fear, unless as a Specimen of a madman's raving, or as a silly Fiction. Let it be a Fiction, then, or ignore it, but do not deride me for a Lunatic.

For I have seen the Future; that is, I have peered into the pit of *Hell*.

I pray you remain constant to

Your friend,
Samuel Johnson

*To Jeremy Botford, Esq.*

Dear Jerry. Sept. 15

I have not yet time to answer your letter properly. I trust Dr. J. has sent you or will send you his Reminiscence. I may say he certainly acts peculiar nowadays. I understand his demeanour has declined steadily over the past ten years. Now he is often moody and distracted, or seemingly laughs at nothing.

For example, he burst out laughing today, when I asked him his opinion on American taxation. He is an enigma to

Your affectionate
Timothy Scunthe

Postscript. Your miniature lies, for I have just today looked on the original. My memory may be faulty but my eyes are keen. The wart is on the *right*.

Yours &c.,
T. Scunthe

## GHOST *(continued from page 102)*

meat," he says. "Remember Marie, all tender and moist, round and enveloping."

"Marie is not the daughter of the owner."

"Marie is the daughter of nobody. She is the daughter of earth, sun and fine round passion."

"I cannot live without wealth, power and position."

"Spoken like a real red-blooded Amurcan. You will learn that you cannot live *with* them."

"It is as easy to love a girl who can help you as a girl who cannot."

"You said that about Jeanette, before we changed roles. Remember Jeanette?"

I pause, laughing with the laughers and ordering my third manhattan. For now I remember when the eviction occurred, when *in* and *out* reversed their abodes. They did so at the moment I rejected Jeanette.

"But instead of Jeanette, you chose the daughter of the office manager," says the ghost, "and she rejected you and chose a broker from Scarsdale. She left you stranded at Forty-second and Broadway."

"She got me into the firm."

"So she did. And look at you now."

I look. I am doing very well, indeed. I am having lunch at The Four Seasons; the future promises.

But the ghost says, "Is it important?" I decline to reply. "Ah," he goes on, with a sigh, "the trivialities we must pretend are momentous. How much detergent one sells, whether the Yankees win or lose, what tooth paste the Dubuque milkman buys. . . ." I throttle him, for he is subversive; he is un-American, destructive of all we hold dear. So I listen, I listen well, to the table talk.

"And now ha-ha-ha," Minnehaha is saying, "we have a little surprise. We are staying in town this evening and having a little dinner party for a few ha-ha-ha friends and then ha-ha-ha we are going to the theater."

"And guess," says the ghost, "guess what she is about to say. They just happen to have two extra tickets."

"We just happen ha-ha-ha to have two extra ha-ha-ha tickets."

"And guess who's going to use those two extra tickets."

"And we thought ha-ha-ha," says Laughing Boy, "that you two ha-ha-ha might join us. Are you free ha-ha-ha this evening?"

Smiley nods and I nod. "Delighted."

"I'm sick," says the ghost; and at the office, I call Marie and again make my apologies and promise never again. Marie likes Shakespeare in Central Park, *The Merchant of Venice* beneath the stars, this side of skyline and moon. She likes Times Square at night. She even likes the fruit juices they sell there.

"Who drinks all this juice?" I asked her once.

"People like us," she said. It sets my teeth on edge.

But my ghost says, while I gaze, on this lovely afternoon, out at 10,000 glass eyes and the smoke from the generators of Consolidated Edison, "Remember Times Square. It rained and you both walked barefooted past the record shops and the sex movies and the fruit-juice stands, and on to her place and warmed your feet under a pink blanket, on her pull-down bed. Remember?"

He sinks into a bog of memory and is silent. The glass eyes fade and dull in Edison smoke and in the evening I say to Smiley, "You are lovely."

My ghost returns. "The present fashions are very cruel to your Smiley," he says. "They expose her." We see, of course, *The Odd Couple*. I saw it first with the office manager, his wife and their daughter. I've never taken Marie. She wouldn't care for it. But *they* do. Smiley smiles and the laughers laugh. They might as well stay home. They laugh, no doubt, in the shower. But the tickets are both expense-account and tax-deductible, for there is a client from Chicago in the party; it is all for sweet business and it's another costly costless entertainment. My ghost only grunts and I say, "Go away or I'll take on enough of the sauce to drown you," and he says, "So it's coming to that, is it?"

Thus he silences me. The lush could never be son-in-law and president of the company. I must destroy my ghost by other means, before he destroys me.

Time, day, night, day, night, day, night. Frequent lunches with the family. Long, overstuffed, alcoholic. If you are in, say, Toledo, and must call an executive in New York, do so before noon our time. You'll seldom get him after the sun's on the decline. If you do, he'll be incapable of rational negotiation. All that gin, potatoes, bread and meat. If he does make it back to the office, he's only waiting for the second round. I join that busy, befuddled throng. I am quite happy. The ghost lies quiet. And the chief, with sly side-looking eyes, says to me, "Pleasant girl ha-ha-ha, isn't she? Make somebody ha-ha-ha a fine little helpmeet ha-ha-ha someday." Yes, indeed. And that evening I kiss Minnehaha's cheek and I kiss Smiley's brow. "You were never


*"That's Carruthers . . . an angry young man to the end!"*

# Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 95-E ©1968, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS JUNE 1968


# "WE NEVER CLOSE" LONDON PLAYBOY CLUB NOW SWINGS 24 HOURS, SIX DAYS A WEEK!

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LONDON (Special)—Playboy Club members and their guests have responded enthusiastically to the new operating policy of the London Club—"We never close!" The general attitude seems to be summed up in the words of one member who said, "This is just what London needed—a place you can go to at any hour and know that you will find it swinging."

Even if you're not the kind of night owl who is apt to want to entertain himself and friends at 5 or 6 in the morning you will still find that The Playboy Club offers you more entertainment under one roof than anywhere else in London.

Applications for Charter Membership in the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.8.0 during your first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter.

A complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment makes it possible for you to spend an entire evening on the town without ever leaving the Club.

You can dance to exciting beat groups in the Living Room Discothèque, where you can also help yourself to a delicious hot meal of beef à la Playboy, fried chicken and the finest barbecued spareribs in Europe—*all* for only 10s.

**Bunnies serve king-size drinks in the Living Room where you may enjoy a meal at the same price as a drink. The *discothèque* features live groups and the latest records.**

Enjoy epicurean cuisine impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the VIP Room and visit the Playroom Cabaret showroom presenting acts chosen from the largest talent roster in the world, where you can dine on Playboy's hearty steak dinner at the same price as a drink.

In the Penthouse Casino, occupying the entire top floor of the Club, members and their guests try their luck at blackjack, American dice, roulette and punto banco.

On the ground floor of the Club members relax in the Playmate Bar and enjoy a delicious meal at breakfast, lunch or dinner from the Playmate Grill. Here, too, the swinging atmosphere continues at the gaming tables throughout all hours of the day and night, six days a week. Of course, drink service stops after regular licencing hours but the informal atmosphere, the delicious food and the fun and games that give The Playboy Club the air of a sparkling private party never stop. (The Club opens Sun. at 7 P.M.)

Open the door to the Playboy world of excitement. By mailing the coupon today you save £8.8.0 during the first year of membership and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Full credit privileges are available to those who qualify, enabling them to sign for all purchases at the London Club. For credit privileges just tick the appropriate box. Act now, while special Charter Membership is still available.

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**The Playboy Club reserves the right to close the charter roster without prior notice.**

**The roulette wheel spins 24 hours a day, six days a week, Sunday from 7 P.M. Games include roulette, blackjack, dice and punto banco.**

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lovelier," I say, and the ghost, returning, says, "Tell her to for God's sake keep her mouth closed, her teeth are on the brink." So they are, as I discover when finally I kiss her on the lips, with grim and dry determination. It's like kissing a horse. But remember, remember who she is! what she is! where I can go with her! So now she assumes that proprietary air of the girl who believes she's about to be spoken for, the girl who is about to accept, who has begun looking into the windows of jewelry and furniture stores with more than casual attention. "So she's engaged, even if you aren't," says the ghost, with sardonic laughter. "She owns you now; she's got her hooks into you deep and hard, old chap, hasn't she now?"

"What if she has? She can get me what I want."

"And what do you want?"

I'm afraid to answer. I try. What *do* I want? For answer I get, before me, a future endlessly populated with family, with many little Laughing Boys and Minnehahas and Smileys, and Smiley there smiling and breeding and neighing and grinding the hooks deeper, ever deeper into my quivering flesh. And house. House in Scarsdale? Connecticut? Jersey? Long Island? House to separate myself from and rejoin myself to daily five days a week at the end of an elastic umbilical cord; three cars and four servants and two clubs in the country, bridge with the in-laws and summer tours *en famille* to all the places that everybody visits and nobody sees. I feel it, I smell it, I live it, through the mocking voice of the ghost. But I see also—through my own self, the present tenant of this mortal shell—the *presidency*. A divinity, of sorts, in the world I have chosen. Four secretaries, two offices, apartment in Manhattan, house in—in Bucks county?—house in Palm Beach, yacht, intimacy with men of large and important affairs, interviews by renowned, respectful journalists upon—well, upon the affairs of the day, whatever they are—and clubs in town, secret alliances, tips on the market that whisper the way to fortune. All I have to do is make one tiny sacrifice. . . .

"Tiny?" the ghost says. "Yes, tiny. Tiny as a grain of sand you can never get out of your eye."

"I'll get it out."

"Others have tried and failed."

"I'll be different."

"Who wouldn't, if he could?"

"I'm going to destroy you someday."

"Marie," he whispers, "Marie."

I could weep. I do not. *We*—we *all*—have another evening together.

Smiley smiles; she flourishes; she glows; she shines with the inner light of the female who's got her a man. She even at times looks somewhat lovely. Laughing Boy nods and laughs and hints of added responsibility for my capable hands. The sisters exchange sly glances and withdraw into that place prepared in heaven for women who know something that men don't. Suddenly I feel surrounded, smothered, buried, assumed, taken over, trussed up, fattened for the kill, drawn and quartered for the cooking. The ghost laughs the long, hard laugh of the amused cynic and I seek an exit. The house, suddenly, is on fire. "Run, don't walk," my ghost calls to my fleeing back.

Marie says, "You look terrible. You've been working too hard."

She has nothing that Smiley has. She has no father at all, so far as I know. And she has everything that Smiley doesn't have and she has it where Smiley will never have it. Perhaps in a few years she'll be only short and fat. But now she's—— "Ripe," the ghost furnishes the word, with joy and hope. "Now you're making it, man," he says. "Now you're blasting off the right pad. Just don't force me to spend the rest of our lives with old Toothy Smiley."

So that's his fear. "If you don't like the prospect, go away," I tell him. "How can I?" he says. "You and I have a common destiny. Now kiss her, you cretin." So I kiss Marie. I kiss her on her sweet moist lips. I try to remember that she wears smocks that look like Jackson Pollocks. I try to remember that she likes to go to movies in the afternoon and to Sardi's for lunch and sit upstairs. *Upstairs*. At *Sardi's*. Upstairs, the only other people are in the portraits on the walls. You sit with the crowd downstairs, your elbows in each other's ribs, and meet the beautiful people. I remember—it ought to teach me about Marie. And though she could afford better, she lives in one of those moist, smelly, decaying brownstones in the east 40s that are soon to be destroyed, near the United Nations and the smokestacks. Nothing fashionable for Marie. How could I introduce her to the office? What would she do at The Four Seasons?

So I kiss her again; the ghost sighs with pleasure. In the night, at some time late and silent, beside her on her pull-down bed, I realize: This is more pleasant than ever. Why should it be? "Because you're stealing it, you fink," the ghost whispers in my ear. And, by God, he's right. I am the husband with a night off, a night on the town; a husband with a delicious mistress. This is a gift from Smiley and the laughers, and I am grateful to them, though I can never thank them; to thank would be to confess. I see a long life of such stolen nights, altogether sweet and restoring. . . . "Marry both of 'em," my ghost says, with that sardonic laughter of his. "I'd compromise for that. Then you'd be *stealing* from both of 'em. Maybe that'd make even Smiley palatable." I am tempted. It is night. I am half asleep, temptation and yielding come easy. I draw Marie's splendid little body to mine and kiss her delicious left ear. In the morning, at my desk, I am lazy and dreaming. But the buzzer buzzes, the rattler about to strike, and I leap. How ha-ha-ha am I fixed lunchwise? "Lunch," cries the ghost, "not lunch, not today!" "Delighted," I say, now fully awake and bereft of all dreaming.

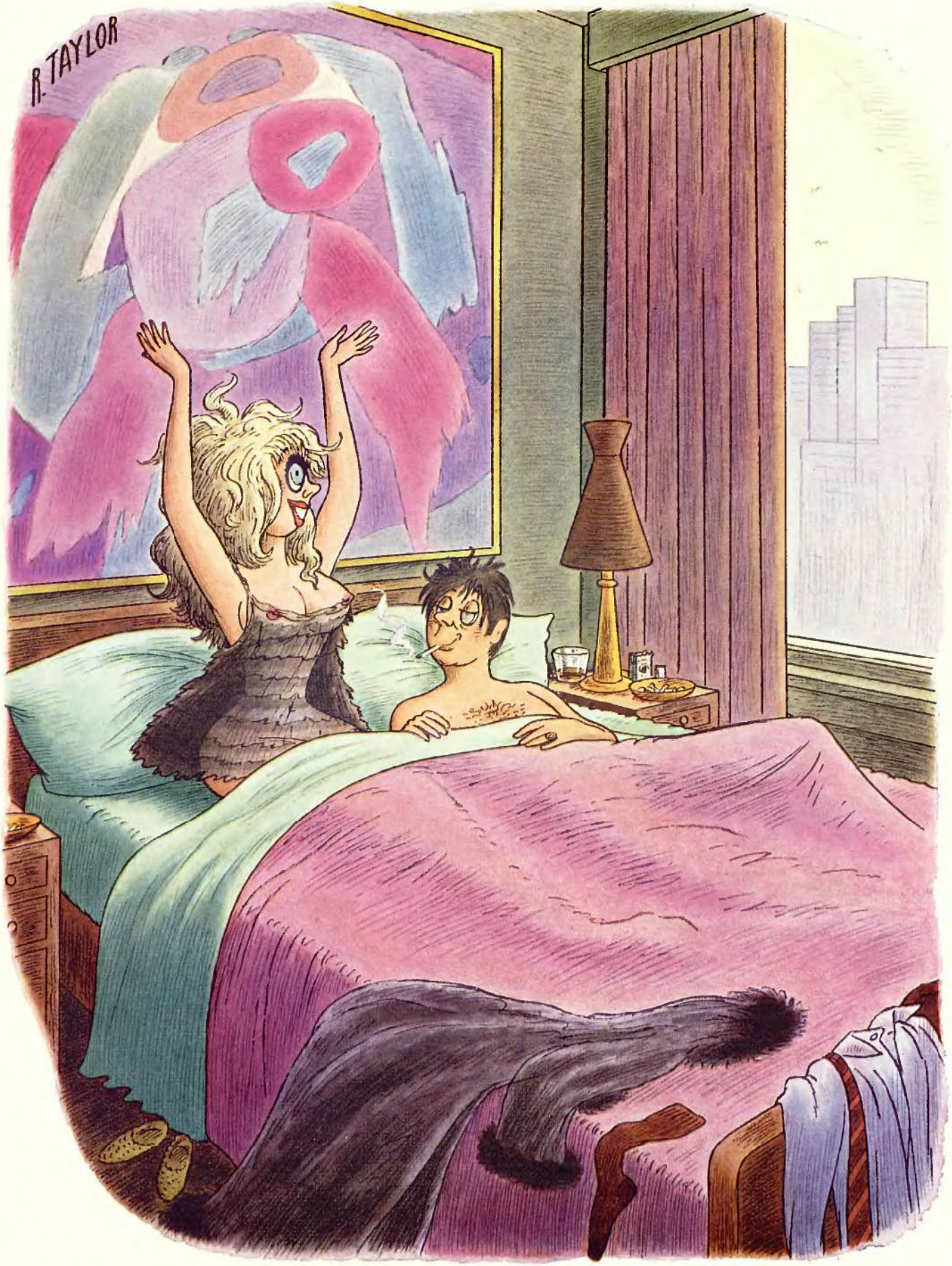
At lunch the chief, quickly, his mind not on his work, mumbles through the rite. Simpkins account, what do about it, something, course. . . . I squirm. They're *looking* at me. Not smiling now, not laughing. *Looking* at me. I realize that they've been *looking* for me for several days now. They have decided: It's time for me to *speak*. The first act is running somewhat too long; time for intermission, to go into the lobby and smoke and ask each other how the play's going, or even call the whole thing off, go home and try another night. Well—so I resolve—the play is going to turn out just dandy; we can all stay in the theater and enjoy the end. I'll *speak*. "Oh, my God, not yet, not yet," cries the ghost; and, for once, I agree. Tomorrow, perhaps, or the day after. I'll *speak*. I squeeze my beloved's bony hand and give her one of my sweet promising smiles. Now she smiles again and once more laughter is heard in the honeysuckle.

"And how will you *speak*, you silly ass?" the ghost shouts above the din. "I can just hear you *speak*. For some time now, as must have been obvious to you, my intentions have begun somewhat to transcend mere friendship. Though they indeed started with friendship, lately they have blossomed into something far more profound and precious. In a word, my dear, if I may make so bold as to presume that you reciprocate the deep feeling that I have for you. . . ."

I order another manhattan and drown him in it, for the moment.

And I go off to steal another night—one more! at least one more!

Marie lets me in, for once silent and undemonstrative, and leads me to her sofa. The room is lighted only by the bulb in the bath. I peer at her. It occurs to me that for everybody but Marie, the ghost has given me a nickname. Marie is only herself, Marie—playful and innocent as a kitten. But now her face is melancholy. She looks at me. I take a quick breath. She is *looking* at me. I have had enough of being *looked* at for one day. I am annoyed and prepare for a short and uneventful evening. But she embraces me and clings. She presses her head upon my shoulder. Suddenly she is weeping. Suddenly she speaks, briefly but urgently. For a moment I am numb and uncomprehending. Then her words come like an echo, clear and undoubted. With terrifying suddenness the world reels and blackens, the future writhes




*"I think my analysis is beginning to work. I don't hate myself this morning!"*


and strangles there on that smelly, overstuffed sofa.

The ghost cries in joy, "We're going to be a father, we're going to be a father."

"Shut up!" I yell, looking up to seek him out, for once replying aloud. Marie believes, of course, that I have shouted at her. She weeps no more. She sits apart, straight, chilled and coiled. Her eyes are bright as diamonds with her recent tears and hard with reproach and accusation. "Now see what you've done," the ghost says. "She carries your child and you're prepared to strike her." He is unfair, as usual. I have never struck anyone in my life. I could never strike Marie. I want to bring her back to me and kiss her eyes. But we sit apart, staring at each other.

Finally I say, with a hard, dry throat, in a croaking voice, "Marie, we can't do this, we can't have this." The ghost cries out in unintelligible protest and condemnation. Marie stands.

"You have destroyed everything," she says, "everything."

"We can," I say, and pause, forcing my way, "we can do something, take measures, there are doctors."

The ghost wails, long and chilling, in the grief and despair of the dying. Marie throws things—an empty picture frame, two books, a chianti bottle. The bottle breaks within its mesh, like a skull within its scalp, and hemorrhages wine-dark upon the wall. I am walking (when next I am aware of my surroundings) upon the east side of Times Square. The first editions are out. I buy a *Times*; I like to work the crossword puzzle before retiring. I place it beneath my arm. They've taken down the old *Times* building (I note with surprise, though I'd known it was gone), but it's still called Times Square. How odd. The *Times* falls from beneath my arm and I go on only half aware of its loss. "Marie," I say to myself, limply grieving, "I'm dreadfully sorry, but plans have been made, the future is arranged, it is inalterable, it is secure and rich."

I walk on, out of the lights. I am blind and unaware. A taxi horn blows, taxi tires complain and whine upon pavement and I leap across a curb and to a sidewalk. I turn to curse a cursing driver and see a human body in the air, turning, cartwheeling, spread-eagled. I watch for an instant of icy numbness. The instant is interminable: the body slowly turns, tie and coattail flying, and slowly descends to the hood of the taxi and slowly rolls off and lies at my feet. The driver is at my side, cursing and disclaiming fault. In another instant—this one as quick as the tick of a watch—a crowd has gathered. Voices are raised in alarm and accusation. A cop pushes through. He leans over the still and bloody form. He looks into the face. I see it, too, now, for the first time. The tie beneath the chin is like mine—exactly like it, same dark blue, same tiny gold anchor six inches below the knot; the suit is mine, same black silk, snugly fitted. The face . . . bloodied. Mine? I drop to my knees and peer close. The cop thrusts me aside and I fall to the sidewalk. Quickly I get up and again bend over the face. I must see! But the cop again thrusts me aside, with a curse and an order, and the crowd mutters and stirs. "You some kinda ghoul or other?" the cop shouts at me. I shrink away and melt into the crowd.

"Marie," I cry to myself, "it'll be all right. I'll have two families, I can manage it."

An elbow prods my ribs; a citizen wants a closer look. Already here is the ambulance; already the form is upon a stretcher. It disappears into a vast dark interior, a door closes and it is gone. I find myself giggling. Remarkable resemblance.

"All right," the cop shouts, "any of you see this? We need witnesses."

The crowd dissolves. I am alone on the darkened street with the cop and the driver. The cop turns to him and I turn away. Again I walk. Fifth Avenue. Turn left down 44th, back to the strollers, the leather-jacketed, long-haired kids, among the fruit-juice stands and the sex movies. I pause, listening for a voice. What voice? From what lips? I do not know, and feel, briefly, a loss. I buy apricot juice in a paper cup. It sets my teeth on edge. I pour it out into the gutter. Again I walk. Before the Rexall drugstore I pause once more, once more waiting and listening for an expected voice. I stand still in another throng, my head turned to one side, blinded and deafened. I hear laughter—the laughers are abroad in the land again—and in a tremendous animated sign on the square, I see teeth embedded in an equine smile. But still I hear no voice. Now, too, I smile; and in a moment I laugh. I walk on, a little insane, perhaps, for the moment, but free, with a dry cold hard bitter bright acid aching joy.

# RENAISSANCE MAN

*(continued from page 135)*

course at the Famous Writers School of Westport, Connecticut.

Several days later, the aptitude test, which weeded out applicants whose talent wasn't worth developing, arrived at Kitman House in Leonia, New Jersey. I answered the easy questions first:

Q. Name your three favorite authors.
A. Jacqueline Susann, Harold Robbins, Irving Wallace.
Q. What do you hope to achieve as a writer?
A. My goal is to write a first novel that the critics will call "promising." I also would like to clear 1.5 mil on paperback and movie rights.

But I got hung up on the essay question: "Tell of an experience you have had at some time in your life—any kind of experience you feel a reader would be interested in." Rather than bore famous writers such as Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Rudolf Flesch, Bergen Evans and Faith Baldwin with anything from my dull present life, I decided to write about the kind of experience I hoped to have once I became a Renaissance man. I copied a few paragraphs verbatim from pages 194 and 195 of my favorite literary work, *Valley of the Dolls*, giving it an original twist by writing in the first person and by changing the characters' names from Jennifer and Tony to Selma and Marvin.

My hands stroked her breasts. My fingers fumbled with the buttons on her satin robe. "Jesus . . . why do you wear robes with buttons?" I pulled the robe off her shoulders, down to her waist. I stood back, my breath coming faster.

"Selma, no one should have boobs like that." I touched them lightly.

She smiled. "They're yours, Marvin."

I buried my face in them, sinking to my knees. "Oh, God. I just can't believe it. Every time I touch them, I can't believe it." My mouth was greedy. . . .

"Marvin, let's get married."

"Sure, baby, sure. . . ." I was fumbling at the rest of the buttons on her robe. It fell to the floor. She backed away. I crawled on my knees after her. She backed away again.

"Marvin, all of this"—she stroked her body—"is *not* yours . . . it's *mine*!"

I came after her. She eluded me again. She stroked her thighs, her fingers touching between her legs. "That's mine, too," she said softly. "But *we* want you, Marvin," she whispered hoarsely. "Take your clothes off. . . ."

And so forth, for two more pages.

Before I got around to mailing the test, which had been sent to me "without obligation," a member of the faculty of the Famous Writers School called and said he just happened to be in New Jersey and would be stopping by to mark my test in person. I looked forward to having an intelligent discussion with the visiting professor on technical matters.

"How does the Famous Writers School recommend writing a best seller," I asked, "with a manual or an electric typewriter?" He said subject matter was important, too. "That's why I want to write about sex and perversion," I explained.

"Surely, as a writer," he chuckled, "you wouldn't mind getting those big beautiful checks writing about other subjects, too, would you?"

I assured him that I also wanted to write about other forms of human depravity. "You know—grass, pot, Mary Jane, Acapulco gold, acid, freak-outs, blowing your mind. I want to tell it like it really is."

Every time I started to discuss Proust, Stendhal, Gide and Joyce and their influence on Burroughs, Genêt and Jackie Susann, he brought the subject back to

money and how important it was for a writer to learn how to sell his stuff. "Do you teach novelists how to invent new art forms?" I asked. "My thing is something I call 'nonfiction fantasy.'"

He skimmed through the "Ability to Use Words" and "Grammar" sections of the test booklet but read somewhat slower when he reached the essay question. "You certainly capture the reader's interest here," he said. "You have a way with dialog . . . suspense builds . . . ear for language . . . terse style. . . ." Miss Susann would be pleased to learn that her work was finally being praised at the academy level. "Frankly, this is almost pornographic."

"You're too kind," I said modestly.

Nearing the climax of the essay, he removed his glasses to wipe the steam off. "Holy mackerel," he said. "I know who you've been influenced by."

"Who?" I asked uneasily.

"You've been reading Mickey Spillane."

As far as I was concerned, the Famous Writers School had flunked the test. They didn't recognize good writing when they saw it. But my face fell anyway, when I saw my grade.

"C-plus is a very good mark," the visiting professor explained, "although not as good as B, which is superior. In all my experience, I've heard of only one writer getting an A." That must have been Leon Uris, I guessed. He said that I had a lot to learn about fiction but that the school would be willing to gamble on me anyway. For only $625, I could study the novel under a famous writer like Faith Baldwin.

Could Miss Baldwin, who hadn't written a best seller in years, teach me anything about sex, drugs and depravity? Could she give me the courage to use modern words like S**T or F**K? "She's not my bag," I told him bluntly.

In the half hour it took to get him out of the house, the Famous Writers School man spoke so highly of my raw talent that I decided to start working on my first novel that night. I wrote "Chapter One" on several pieces of paper. Everything was going according to schedule. I had developed the biggest writer's block on my street.

While thumbing through *Reader's Digest* in search of advice on how to live with myself as a social failure, I came across an ad that began: "WE TEACH YOU HOW TO DRAW AND PAINT SUCCESSFULLY AT HOME." By the time I finished reading how the Famous Artists School of Westport, Connecticut, could teach anybody with talent how to earn money in his spare time, it occurred to me that perhaps my thing was art. That's where the action was today—and the bread. Besides, a man had to use only one piece of paper to create a masterpiece, and he could erase.

A visiting professor from the Famous Artists School arrived at my house several days after the art-talent test was sent to me "without obligation." I explained that I was interested in more than just drawing, painting or sculpting; I wanted to make a real statement with my art. He looked first at some of the statements I had made in the section of the talent test labeled "Tell Us About Yourself":

Q. Why would you like to become a good artist?
A. Make money; make the scene.
Q. Have you studied art? Where?
A. I browse in the soup and cleanser sections of the supermarket and read *Time* magazine regularly to learn what's happening in art.
Q. Which mediums interest you most?
A. I plan to major in human figures, but I also would like to work with auto bodies.

He said all my answers were right.

"How do I find subjects to draw for the Human Figures home-study course at Famous Artists?" I asked with some embarrassment. "Do you send the models over the state line from Connecticut?" It disturbed me to hear that I would have to find my own subjects. "Well, do you at least teach students how to get girls to take off their clothes?" That would come with experience, he explained.

Everything went smoothly on the art-talent test until the faculty member looked at my drawings for the creative portion of the exam. Question three was called "Your Sense of Form." On the page was a large pencil sketch of a nude girl. The instructions were, "Complete the outlined figure by drawing a costume on it. Use an ordinary soft pencil to clothe the figure. Be sure to retain the feeling of the human form beneath the clothes." There were three examples of how the problem might be solved—all hopelessly square when compared with my rendering.

"I've seen ten thousand tests," the visiting professor said when he saw my creation, "but I've never seen anything like *that*." I had put a nun's coif and veil on the figure's head. Then I added a topless dress, black-mesh stockings and knee-high stainless-steel boots.

"I admit that it's not fully realized," I told the professor, "but it's meant to symbolize the ecumenical mood between spiritual and secular society."

"That's what you're trying to say here?!"

"Well, sir, I wanted the figure to represent the modern church emerging, a real swinging nun. I call the genre 'pope art.'"

The master opened his black-leather portfolio and handed me a calendar published by the Hartford Insurance Group. The illustration for each month, he explained, had been done by a Famous Artists student in his spare time. "Wouldn't you rather paint like this and earn real money?"

Suspecting that this might be the art-appreciation part of the test, I put on a pair of midnight-blue sunglasses to see the calendar art better. The farm and seashore scenes still looked bilious. Then I flicked the light switch on and off to

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see if stroboscopic go-go lights helped. "No," I said finally. "You don't seem to understand. I want to be a *fine* artist, somebody like Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns, Claes Oldenburg, Roy Lichtenstein or Antonio Varga."

"What is it you admire in *those* people?"

"First of all, the high prices they get for their work. But I also admire their creative approaches to capital gains, reproduction rights, the way they write off travel expenses on their income-tax forms, their investments in oil wells and art galleries. . . ."

"There is an old saying in art," he said. "Before you can paint, you must learn how to draw. You cannot put the cart before the horse. You must learn the basics. Tell me, what have you *done* in art?"

I showed him the box of Rinso from my blue period, which I had made art by adding my signature. "What do you call this?" he asked.

"Some people call it art," I said. "But I'm not completely satisfied with it."

"Good. What do you think is wrong?"

"The signature should be larger." He was frowning. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Do you doubt the authenticity of this work?"

He quickly said, "No, no. I'm sure you did it yourself."

Then I pointed to my bull's-eye, a found object from an archery range in Paramus. "That's representative of my Robert Indiana period," I explained. "And this I call *Salami Sandwich*, from my lunch period." The only thing he seemed to be enthusiastic about was a childlike painting rich in strong primary colors, titled *Crude Oil*. "My son did that." I said coldly, steering him toward my first piece of modern sculpture, a broken-down club chair, an example of the art of destruction. "He also helped do this."

"Have you ever tried to draw people?" he asked.

*Zonk!* Another insult. I had answered the last question in the test booklet—"Make an original drawing or picture of any subject you wish in the space above"—with a portrait of Lamont Cranston, done in the Ben-Gay technique of one of America's great artists, Roy Lichtenstein. First I drew a frame bordering the rectangular space, then I added a plaque at the bottom in the shape of a comic-strip bubble, suitably inscribed: "WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?" But the symbolism escaped this so-called art expert.

"What is this?" he complained.

"There is actually less here than meets the eye," I explained patiently. "I drew Lamont Cranston at work as The Shadow." The visiting professor didn't say anything. "I hope this isn't your way of

telling me the Famous Artists School thinks that what's popular today isn't art," I said angrily.

"You have a flair," he said, withdrawing a batch of admission forms from his portfolio. "You definitely have the talent. It would be criminal not to do something about it. We have twelve famous artists, men such as Jon Whitcomb and Norman Rockwell, ready to help you become a success. The complete course is only six hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"For that kind of bread, will your school teach me the fundamentals, like how to get Robert and Ethel Scull interested in my work, which are the best galleries to exhibit in and how to keep my prices up?" The visiting professor's silence was making me suspicious. "What *do* you teach at the Famous Artists School?" I asked.

The visiting professor marked my test B-minus. My grades were already so good, I told him, that I didn't see much point in going any further with the Famous Artists School. He had been so unstinting in praise of my ability that I felt like a child prodigy. They had nothing more to teach me.

But I didn't rest on my laurels. While waiting for an inspiration about what to draw, paint or sculpt, I turned on to something that combined all my talents —underground-film making. I screened the rushes of the home movies I had made over the years. Their slick commercial quality so depressed me that I wrote to Andy Warhol for pointers.

"Everybody's been saying they don't like your painting," began my letter to the old master, "but that you are a great film maker. Would it be possible for me to study the art of cinema with you? I especially want to take your course in shooting out of focus and making double exposures. What I have in mind is a feature based on my novel. I plan to film it by focusing the camera on the pages, beginning with Chapter One, page one, page two, and so forth, without cutting a word. My goal is to make an uncompromising film, one that people will walk out on.

"P. S. I have my own hand-held camera."

The next day, a faculty member from a correspondence music school I'd written to stopped by the house to discuss my lessons in advanced piano and composition. "Do you know Chopin's Opus 9, Number 3?" he asked, as I sat down at the piano.

"I don't play Chopin."

"How about Rachmaninoff, then?"

"I don't play Rachmaninoff." After running through MacDowell, Saint-Saëns and Rossini, I finally made it clear to him that I played only the moderns—more specifically, John Cage, and then only his important work *4'33"*. "My ambition is to compose serious classical music like that," I explained. "In fact, I've just finished my first piece. May I play *Concerto Sinusoidal Wave on a Frequency of 20,000 Cycles Per Second in A-flat* for you?" I turned the tape recorder on. After a while, I asked, "Well, what's your professional opinion?"

"I didn't hear anything," he finally said, "except a dog howling out in your yard."

"That's the beauty of it. The reason he's howling is that I'm blowing a dog whistle. It's above the threshold of human hearing, of course, but with repeated listening, you may be able to feel it in your molars. Why don't you listen to the whole thing again?"

"That won't be necessary," he said. "Is that the only kind of music you're interested in learning?"

"Well, random sounds also turn me on."

He said he thought I could learn how to do those things myself. I thanked him for his confidence.

Several days later, the phone rang in my study, where I was composing my *Symphony Number One*, which called for the musicians to sit idly by their instruments for an hour. I hoped it would be Mr. Warhol giving me an appointment to take my screen test or advising me to forget technique and concentrate on getting my first film entered in a festival. "This is the Fred Astaire Dance Studios," said a sultry woman's voice. "We have an important question to ask you. What was the name of the first President of the United States?"

"Booker T. Washington," I answered.

"That's close enough," she said breathlessly. "You've just won a free private one-hour dance lesson. This is your chance to learn the modern dance steps that may have been keeping you from achieving social success."

"I have a physical handicap."

"I'm so sorry," she said sympathetically. "Forgive me for calling."

"What I mean is, I have two left feet. Ever since I was a teenager, all the girls have been saying I'm hopeless. It would take a lifetime of lessons to teach me how to dance. I know your studio wouldn't want to get involved in long-term arrangements like that."

"If you can walk," she said, breathing hard, "we can teach you how to dance. When would you like your free lesson? Any time at your convenience."

Even a Renaissance man like Leonardo

*"Ever notice how much <u>better</u> things taste outdoors?"*

probably did the "in" dances, such as the tarantella, when he wasn't painting portraits or taking flying lessons. "I'll be tied up working on my novel, painting, composing my symphony and making my film until eleven-thirty P.M.," I explained. "Why don't you come over to my place about midnight?"

She said I would have to go to the Fred Astaire Dance Studio nearest my home to pick up my prize. But I couldn't find the time during the next few days. What bothered me was how Renaissance men managed to keep all the arts straight in their minds. In some way, I had to learn how to organize my spare time, which by now was sheer chaos.

On my way over to the dance studio on the bus a few days later, I saw an ad in the paper for a kind of famous executives' school, called Mr. Executive, Inc., which claimed to teach bright young men all the short cuts to the top in the business world, including how to budget their time effectively. Fortunately, a new course was starting that night at the Columbia University Club in New York and the ad offered a free first lesson. At that moment, capital gains seemed more important than the boogaloo, so I went off to gain administrative wisdom.

Our teacher—or group leader, as he called himself—explained to the 24 men on their way up that psychologists have proven you have ten seconds to make a good impression at an interview. That is certainly true at a party. "At Mr. Executive, we teach you how to look like an executive, act like an executive and sound like an executive." I would need to know all those things when I started talking to the Rockefellers, the Guggenheims and the Fords about foundation subsidies to continue my studies in the arts. "While you're up," I'd be able to say firmly to the man interviewing me, "get me a grant."

The class was divided into "buzz groups" for brain-storming hypothetical problems. The object was to teach us how to freewheel, to unblock our minds, to think creatively. "At Mr. Executive," the group leader said enthusiastically, "we learn how to think smarter, not work harder."

I came up with the winning answer on the question of how to cure lateness at the plant: "Last man in the door blows the whistle."

Everybody also had to make a five-minute speech about himself. While listening to the other fellows talk about their things, I got to thinking about the similarities between business and art. Basically, we were all striving for the same thing: recognition. The faster we got it, the better. My classmates were all content to work their way up to the top of big corporations. But I wanted instant recognition. I needed a *shtick*. Suddenly it came to me: The fruition of my own private renaissance would be to open a *boutique*.

A *boutique* run by a Renaissance man like myself would soon become a mecca of wit and wisdom, a gathering place for the literary set, the art set, the television set. What would bring the customers in would be a massive mixed-media project: I could read aloud from my novel-in-progress; exhibit my paintings, drawings and sculpture; show my homemade movie—all at the same time. Even the classical-music crowd would be lured into the store by my John Cage recitals, non-played on a 17th Century harpsichord.

"Please advise if your firm would be interested in manufacturing the following line of clothes for my shop," I wrote to the president of Hart Schaffner & Marx: "(1) a six-button, double-breasted, pinch-back formal dinner jacket with sergeant's stripes and color-coordinated epaulets; (2) a disposable paper mourning suit for use at funerals or other occasions where black is appropriate; (3) a 'blazer,' or whatever less incendiary name the paper-fabric industry would call this type of sports jacket; (4) a business suit—an executive model made out of *Wall Street Journals*—for the man who wants to look like a million bucks; and (5) a raincoat of blotting paper. My *boutique* plans to carry a quality line of merchandise, so the materials should be of high rag content. They shouldn't show footprints and should be water-resistant enough so that a woman might still be able to cry on a man's shoulder."

"For your business suit," answered Claiborn M. Carr, Jr., president of one of the largest paper-fabric corporations, "perhaps the cuffs can be left starkly white for those in the habit of jotting notes; and, for those who don't take shorthand, a more extensive sleeve, ranging from wrist to midway between the elbow and the shoulder, can be left white."

I tried to find loopholes in my plans for the *boutique*, which I planned to call The Collected Papers of Marvin Kitman. Should paper suits go out of style, they'd still be useful as pot holders, as napkins or for polishing the sports car. The only obstacle standing in the way of the *boutique*'s success seemed to be me. Nobody under 30 would trust me, because of my voice.

"IS YOUR SPEECH HOLDING YOU BACK?" asked an ad in *The New York Times* the next morning. "Dorothy Sarnoff, famed Broadway, opera and TV star, can give you the speech personality you've always wanted." I went over to her salon on the mezzanine of the Hotel St. Moritz to hear what the beautiful actress could do for me with her Speech Cosmetics Course.

"Say anything you like," she said, putting my voice on tape so we could analyze the problem together. Thinking about her musical-comedy background, the first thing that came to mind was: "The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain. . . ." She suggested that I tell a story instead. I told her about my thing. There wasn't a wet eye in the house.

"Your problem is that you don't speak with authority," she explained. "What's missing in your voice is confidence. In the show-business sense, you don't have what we call *sell*."

"That's why I want to learn how to speak with an English accent."

"Noel Coward wouldn't be *you*," she laughed. I agreed with her: A Coward voice would be all right if I wanted to make it with the literati.

"The kind of accent I need to be effective in my *boutique* is a working-class English accent. Can you teach me the East Liverpool sound?"

"People want to hear the real *you*," she said, shaking her head.

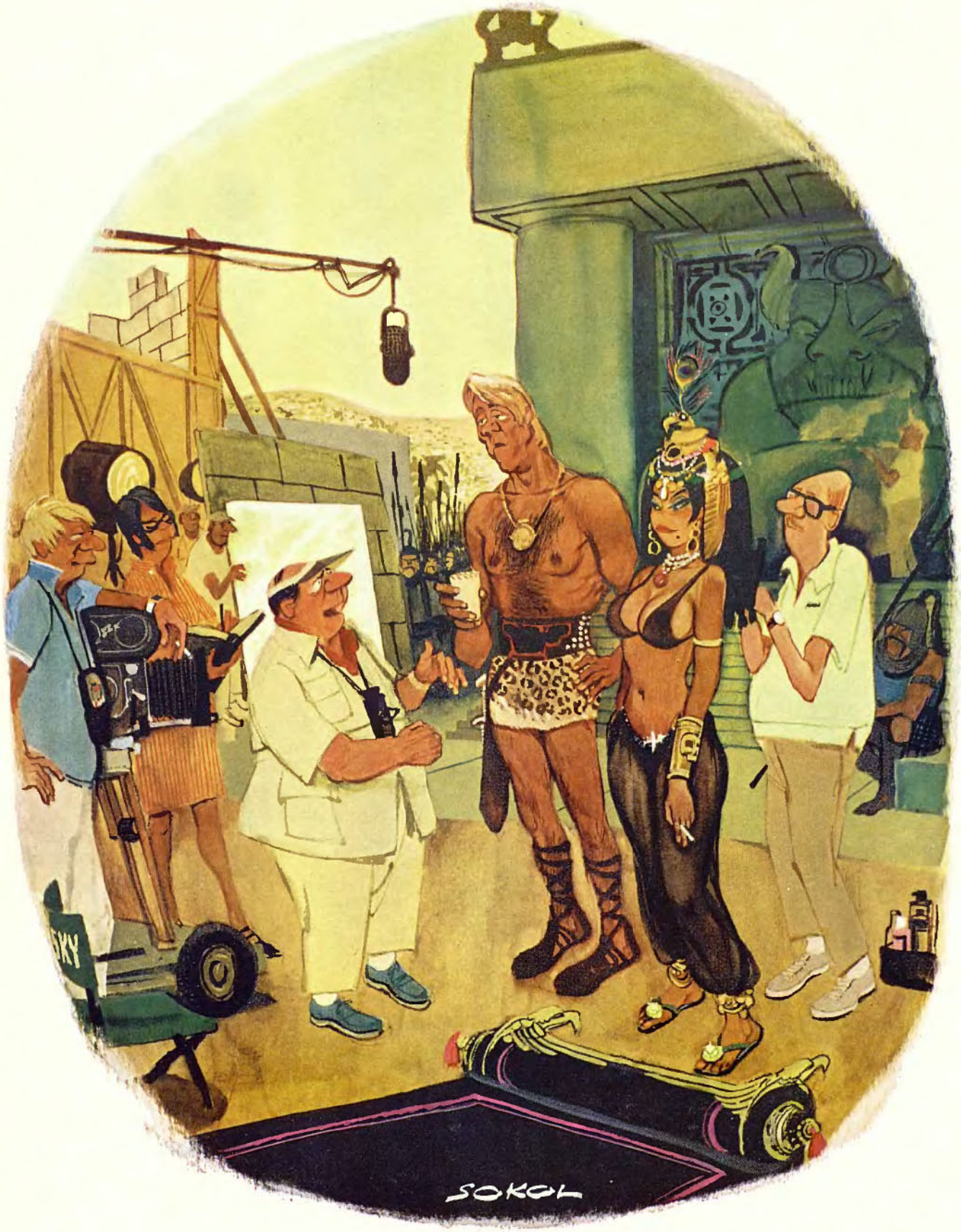
"Couldn't we use electronic-amplification sound equipment? The record companies do it all the time with kids from south Philadelphia."

"You'd be a phony."

I looked around to see who was calling me names. Most speech teachers work in drab rooms in office buildings. Miss Sarnoff's salon was filled with mock Louis XIV furniture, glass crystal chandeliers and mirrors with gold frames made of plaster of Paris. I realized that I could never get a groovy voice surrounded by such bad vibrations; Miss Sarnoff didn't even look like the kind person pictured in her newspaper ads. "I'll ring you up sometime," I said. "Cheery bye."

On my way back to Leonia that day, it struck me that the Kitman *boutique* would never work after all. Running a clothing store, even under such favorable mixed-media circumstances, would mean being face to face with hundreds of people each day; and who ever heard of a brilliant, sensitive artist being able to get along with anyone? Can you imagine one of the greats—Mick Jagger, for instance—asking whether the pants should break a little at the shoe tops, or maybe be without cuffs altogether? Of course not. Well, Kitman wouldn't stoop, either.

But my newly emerging talents were going to waste. Then, suddenly, the vast, rolling, inspirational Jersey Meadows turned me on. Eureka! North Beach! I had found my thing! I whipped out an old Baby Ruth wrapper carried in case of artistic emergency and deftly sketched the first new ad, complete with board of advisors and Connecticut farmhouse. I was ready to announce the first-semester curriculum of the Marvin Kitman Famous Renaissance Man School.




*"In this scene you realize Morelious is a threat to your security as high priestess of the Mongol hordes because of his blood allegiance to Zorda and the desert tribes of Heetites. You are about to sacrifice him to the fire god of Lino, but you hesitate because you dig his muscles."*

## gamma *(continued from page 120)*

fighting outfit. He had been in tanks in Vietnam. "I used to command one of those armored flame throwers, before they decided it wasn't really practical against water-filled drainage ditches. But there's a weapon," he recounted to the freshmen, who listened raptly. "It could throw a flame the length of a football field, and if you were good—I mean *really* good—you could arc one into a Cong hole and watch those little bastards come busting out like sparklers, their eyes popping right out of their heads, screaming and rolling all over the damned place. I saw one of 'em run thirty yards once, nothing but fire with feet, before he finally dropped. And occasionally, clanking along some road or through a field, you'd come across some of those sonsabitches lying dead and all bloated up. If you could ease one tread of that baby up over them, they'd sort of pop, like those dried puffballs you used to stomp on in the woods when you were a kid. Pop! Pop! Poof!"

Among other honors, Publicover had won the Bronze Star when he distinguished himself and his crew in what began as a temporary withdrawal in the face of a North Vietnamese assault. ("It was during either our third or fourth Take Honquan Day. They came up about the last of each month. We'd rush in and take Honquan, chase Charlie and the villagers out, burn the houses and then withdraw in time for Take Quinhon Day. A week later, the villagers were back, rebuilding their huts; two weeks later, the Cong were back; and then it would be Take Honquan Day again.") In this instance, in command of his steel dragon, Publicover had ground his way with Patton speed to the rescue of a company of Infantry on an open hilltop outside the village, shooting the gap over what was left of their lines, roaring down a slope, spouting a flame from under, rising to meet the North Vietnamese thunder, blowing fire from his metal nostril in a wide, sweeping arc. In panic, the enemy had turned back, stumbling over their own burning comrades in their retreat—until Publicover had run out of lighter fluid. Then he had ground his way with Patton speed back up the burning slope, shooting the gap over what was once his own lines, spouting exhaust from under as he tried to escape their thunder, spitting little wasps from his .30-caliber machine gun back at the counter-counterattacking North Vietnamese, who hurdled over their burning comrades to chase a madman in a tank—right into the middle of an air strike that surprised not only them but Publicover, too. In short order, they were charging back through what was once the American lines and down the slope, over their own smoldering comrades, to regroup and try again. But by then, the whole episode had consumed enough time to allow the main body of American troops to withdraw safely to a more tactically defensible terrain. The high command was so pleased that it disregarded the request from Publicover's commanding officer, Colonel Torpito, that Publicover be court-martialed. The request cited as grounds the willful disobedience of an order to withdraw and included the now-memorable reply received by the colonel over the field radio: "Balls. Damn you, Torpito, I ain't even started fighting yet."

And Publicover had disobeyed orders ever since. It was his ambition to bring the same kind of glory to Gamma Gamma Gamma. "That's the spirit of Gamma Gamma Gamma. We're a tough outfit and we select only those people who really want to be here. We don't give a damn for the others. And it's a great house. It really is. We have a ball." Publicover said, winking at the visitors. The visitors were delighted—with the meal, with the stories, with the brothers of Gamma Gamma Gamma. The brothers were wonderful. They were witty. They were enviable. Kessler belched. Yates was uncomfortable; he had hoped there would be seconds, but almost everyone was talking too much to eat even the first serving. Except for Kessler and one of the freshmen, a fat boy with porcine eyes, who was seated next to Yates. When he was served, the boy seemed momentarily nonplused, because some of the mashed potatoes had trespassed on the meat and several peas were trapped in the potatoes. It took him a few painstaking, disgruntled moments to establish order with the tines of his fork, segregating the greens and browns and whites. Ultimately, he situated the peas in an area from 12 o'clock to 3 o'clock on his plate, the meat from 3 to 9 and the potatoes from 9 to 12, and he began to eat his way contentedly clockwise.

Toward the end of the meal, when the brothers discovered that they were hungry and began talking less and eating more, Kessler spoke for the first time, leaning slightly forward over his empty plate and looking, with his steadier eye, at the fat boy.

"Mr. Reimers. It *is* Mr. Reimers, isn't it?"

The boy nodded expectantly.

"Yes, it had to be. What do you think of this appetizing preview of the good life?" Kessler tilted his head while he spoke and smiled benignly.

"It's appetizing," Reimers said, looking


*"I think the next four years we should try it with no President!"*

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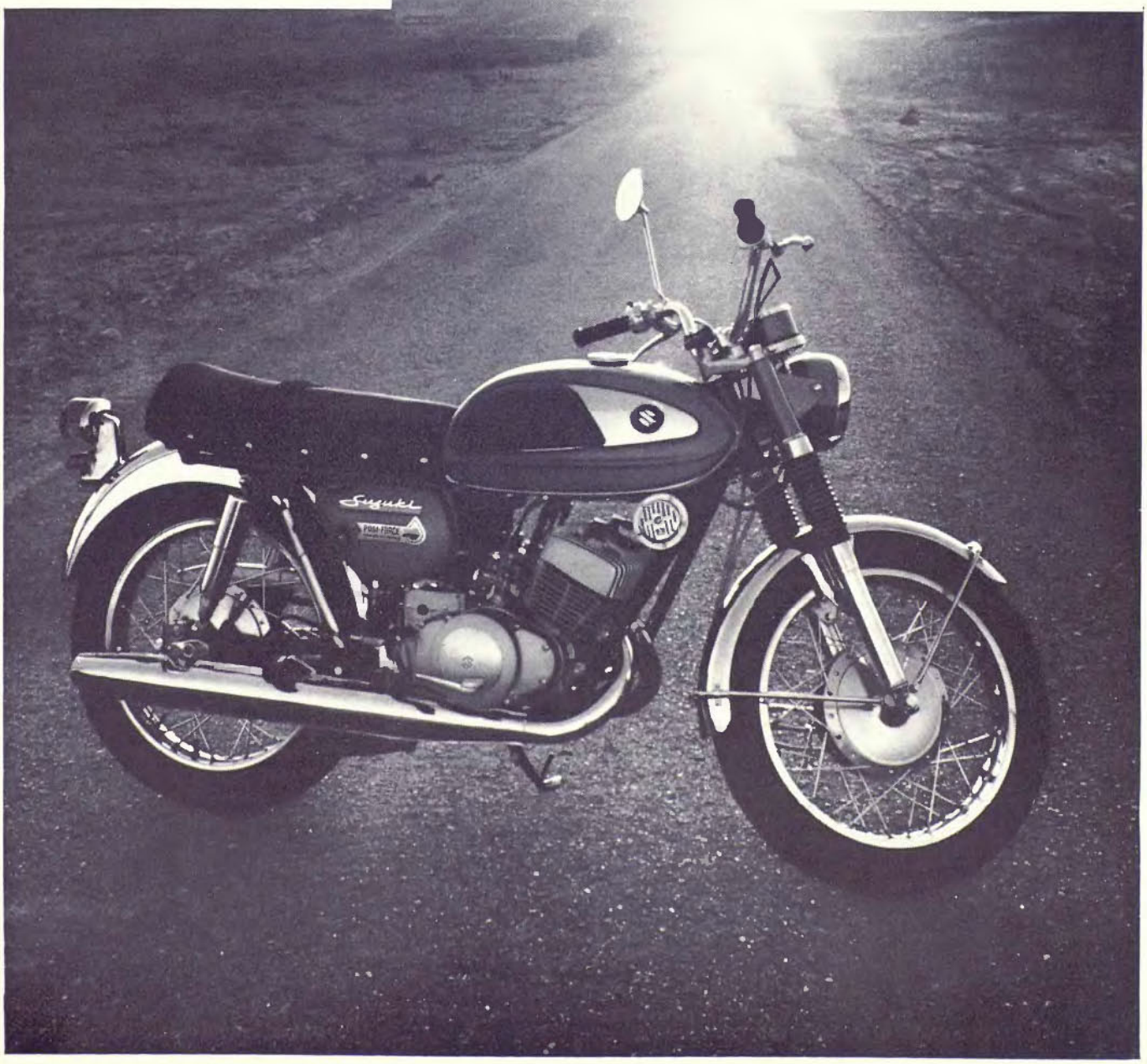



*"Turn on? Get high? I'm not that kind of girl. What I'm interested in is sex."*

from Kessler to Publicover to see where the joke lay. Publicover was frowning, busy over his meal.

Kessler sighed.

"*Et tu*, Mr. Reimers," he said with a profound trace of sadness. But he went on: "I understand you represent something of a gold mine to us. Is it true that, besides your good looks and superior intellect, your father owns a profitable missile-parts corporation?"

"He owns a plastics company," Reimers said. "He makes ballpoint pens for hotels."

"Oh. I'm sorry. But, in any event, it's profitable and that's all that really matters, isn't it? You're a fortunate young man. If we ever get off social pro, a grade point average like yours will help keep us off and, of course, money like your father's will help keep us solvent enough to remain social. You may rest assured that you are one of the selected few who really want to be here. My friend—no, rather, my *brother*—you are indispensable to us."

"Well, I think there's more to it than that," Reimers said modestly.

"Brother Reimers," Kessler said fraternally, "there at the other end of the table sits our president, Brother Pubic Cover. If you were to turn to him now and say, 'Dear Brother Pubic Cover, I think you and your whole fraternity are strictly chicken shit,' I'm sure he would pretend he had a fly in his ear."

"Why don't you shut up for a while, Kessler? You've been talking all night," Publicover said. "Don't pay any attention to him," he told Reimers good-naturedly. "That's just his way of being funny."

Publicover looked at Maurino and jerked his head in the direction of the door at the other end of the room. Then he excused himself from the table.

"Be right back," he said and made his way swiftly along the aisle between the tables and the wall. Maurino got up and shuffled out of the room after him.

"That's just my way," Kessler was saying. "That's right, you know. That's *just* my way."

Reimers took his cue from Publicover. "Who let you in?" he asked, smiling uncertainly, and one of the other freshmen responded by blowing a short snort of incredulous laughter through his nose.

"Me? They had to let me in. I'm the only soul they have. That's right. I'm the sole soul of Gamma Gamma Gamma. Which is not to be confused with the sweetheart of Theta Chi," Kessler said.

"Hey, funny, Kessler. Fun-nee," Pomaczchek said suddenly, grinning irritably.

A telephone rang somewhere in the back of the house and, a moment later, Publicover stuck his head in the door at the end of the room.

"Hey, Kessler, it's for you."

Kessler looked up. Then he smirked. "That's the spirit of Gamma Gamma Gamma, too. Every week is National Shaft Your Brother Week around here." He got up, bowing solemnly to all, and made his way slowly along the line of tables and followed Publicover out of the room.

That was the last Yates saw of him that evening.

Reimers leaned confidentially toward Pomaczchek, who sat on the other side of him, and asked quietly, "What is wrong with him?"

"Hah!" Pomaczchek said in sudden outrage. "He's a dirty yellow bastard, that's what's wrong with him. He's a goddamned peacenik, that's what's wrong with him. While I was in Vietnam slopping through mud and death, that creep was over here dodging the draft."

For a minute, no one said a word, and Pomaczchek began to blush.

Finally, Larry Cross said calmly, looking at Reimers, "We don't try to hide our skeletons. We just try to open the doors on them gently, so as not to shock anyone. If you wish to know about Mr. Kessler, I'll tell you. When they first began to send American troops to Vietnam, Kessler embarrassed his draft board by refusing to be drafted. And while Maurino and Pomaczchek here, and Publicover and all the others were risking their lives to save the system that allowed Kessler to object publicly to war, *he* was resting safe and secure in some Federal penitentiary. That is what is wrong with Mr. Kessler."

"Well, then, how come he's a brother in *this* fraternity?" Reimers asked.

"I'll be damned if I know," Pomaczchek burst out again. "He's one of those professional students or something. He was already here when the rest of us got here, so we had to keep him. But why the hell they let him in at all I'll never know. The chapter here must have

been full of creeps like him before we came."

Yates, who had been listening intently, tried to imagine a whole fraternity house full of Kesslers; but it was too overwhelming, like trying to visualize infinity: There just couldn't be that many wandering left eyes in the world.

"I suppose it's not my place to say so," Reimers said, "but I don't like him. He's a disrupting influence. He just doesn't know how to get along."

• • •

The party began innocuously, as Yates had expected of a party behind closed curtains with no women present. Each of the brothers filled his plastic cup with some of Pomaczchek's home beer and gathered in the living room to toast the newest members of the fraternity. The new members toasted the old. Then Yates toasted Reimers and it started another round, with each brother toasting his roommate. Except for Douval, who was Kessler's roommate. So Yates toasted Kessler and was met by a sudden roomful of silent stares, interrupted by Reimers' nervous cough. Kessler smirked politely and bowed to Yates and the party began again.

It was quite obvious to Yates that the brothers hated Kessler. It was easy to hate Kessler. He was, from what Yates could see, an obnoxious worm of a person. He might have hated him like the rest, if he hadn't controlled his emotions with an element of dispassionate interest. Kessler was a frail young man who objected to war. This was why the brothers hated him. But this was what interested Yates about him. He had never known a draft resister, not a real, convicted, breathing one. Now, through the metamorphosis of a secret oath, he had become brother to one. It gave him certain unique privileges, such as being able to stare unashamedly at him whenever he pleased, while he tried to imagine what it must be like to be a person with a frail body and a wandering left eye who actually resisted something as natural as war.

Yates had never resisted. During those high school years, when he spent his afternoons helping out in his father's drugstore, he stole every moment he could to read the day's accounts of the war from the newspapers in the rack—like following a favorite comic strip. He had been too young to be interested in the Korean War; he had missed that one, but he wouldn't let Vietnam pass by. He studied all the accounts and printed maps and diagrams, trying to visualize the dotted lines and curving arrows for what they were: companies, battalions, task forces. It seemed strange that anyone could have objected to the dotted lines.

More and more of Pomaczchek's beer was consumed and, by nine o'clock, the party was under full steam and, once again, war had broken out.

"Here's how it happened," Maurino said, 220 sodden pounds swaying precariously back and forth in the center of a ring of brothers that had formed around him. "This stupid jerk of a corporal was next to me and he pulls the pin on this damned grenade. Here, Pom-Pom, you be the stupid jerk and pull the pin on this damned grenade and then drop it." He thrust his empty plastic cup at Pomaczchek, who pulled the pin on it and dropped it on the carpet next to Maurino.

"Live grenade! Live grenade! You stupid jerk," Maurino suddenly bellowed and fell thunderously on the cup, smashing it like an eggshell beneath his stomach. He reached under himself and pulled out a fragment, ponderously raised himself to his knees and threw it into Kessler's face. Kessler had just moved in front to get a better look.

"*Bwoom!*" Maurino said, smiling victoriously, and collapsed on the floor.

Reimers giggled a little drunkenly and took a manful swallow of beer. Cross nudged Maurino with his real foot.

"Come on, Mo. Party's just starting," he said.

"Leave him alone," Publicover said

sharply. "He went through hell. Let him sleep."

Cross looked at Publicover.

"Oh, I forgot," he said dully. "He had all kinds of bad man experiences, didn't he?" He whacked his left leg with his empty cup and the incongruous solidness of the sound made him wince.

"Nobody said you people didn't have it bad, too," Publicover said quietly.

"Bad! Try lying for three hours under a ton and a half of steel, numb with fear, freezing cold and wet from your own blood. If it hadn't been for the old man, my leg would still be over there and I'd *never* be whole again."

"That's Cross for you," Kessler said. "Thirty-four years old and he's already got one foot in the grave."

Cross turned on Kessler.

"Do *you* know what it's like knowing a part of you is already buried in the ground?" he wailed. "Do you know what it's *like*? I used to go up there to Temple some weekends to put flowers on my mother's grave and I'd turn cold seeing my own headstone next to hers. I can't go there anymore."

"Rest in pieces," Kessler said solemnly.

"That's not fair." Reimers suddenly shouted. "You have no right to say that, no right at all. I'd give my right arm to be able to say I lost my leg for my country. I hope I'm able to. As it is, I have little enough right to call these men my friends, let alone my brothers. But you have no right at all. You had every chance in the world."

Publicover put an arm around Reimers' shoulder.

"That's all right, kid. I'd have been proud to have you in my outfit."

"Ditto," Cross said and glared at Publicover.

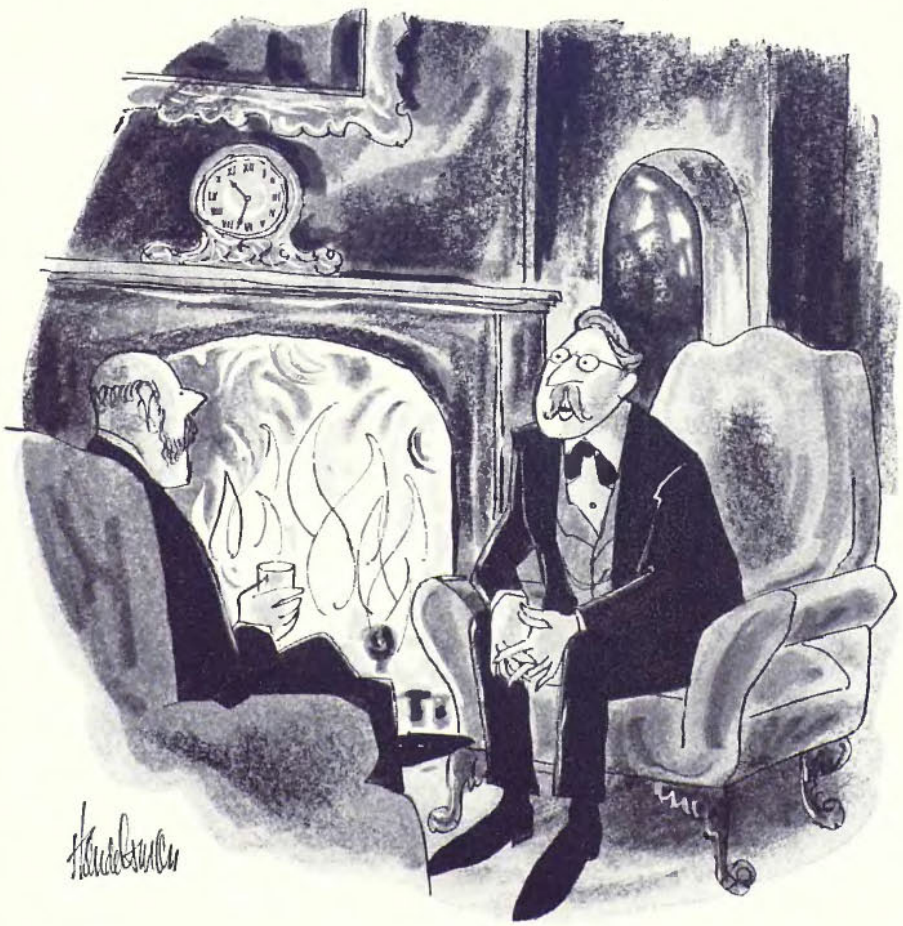
"There you are, Mr. Reimers," Kessler said, smirking. "Now you have your choice between two wars. I stand rejected."

Pomaczchek jumped in to save the moment by blowing up the U. S. S. Pierpont again.

"You should have seen it," he said enthusiastically. "You really should have seen it. It was almost as big as that freakin' adam bomb. And all that booze. *Whoosh!* All over the goddamned deck." And he threw his cup of beer into the air to demonstrate, calling down a chorus of cheers and catcalls when it splashed off the ceiling and showered his audience.

But when Publicover began his story of the Bronze Star, the group remained respectfully silent.

Except for Kessler.



*"The most frightening part of it all is that when I'm Mr. Hyde, I believe in socialized medicine."*

"Why don't you tell them how it *really* was, Pubic Cover?" he said, just as Publicover was shooting the gap for the first time.

Publicover rolled his invisible tank to a halt and looked at Kessler.

"Look," he said slowly, "I've told you before, wise guy, don't call me that. I swear you're going to end up gumming your meals. You don't know a thing about what's going on over there."

"I know there's a whole lot of dyin' going on. I also know what you told us before about your heroic contribution to it, when you had had a little more to drink. There were extenuating circumstances, remember? Circumstances like your believing you actually *were* withdrawing when you ran into that North Vietnamese attack. Circumstances like a damaged radio precluding any kind of communication outside the tank. Circumstances like——"

"Are you calling me a liar, you crud? Are you saying I didn't deserve that medal?"

"Oh, my Lord, yes, you deserved the medal," Kessler said with great seriousness. "If I had my way, I'd give every man who went to war a medal for bravery. In fact, I might give them the medal before they went, so they could all stay home winners. But if you're going to sing the glories of combat, at least make them factual. These young people, I imagine, want to know what it's really like, so when it becomes their turn to go win medals——"

"But it's not going to come their turn, you dumb clod," Pomaczchek screamed out. "What the hell you think we're fighting for? We're showing them we mean business. Nobody's going to screw around with us. And we've got that freakin' big bomb, so how's it going to be their turn if there isn't going to be no war?"

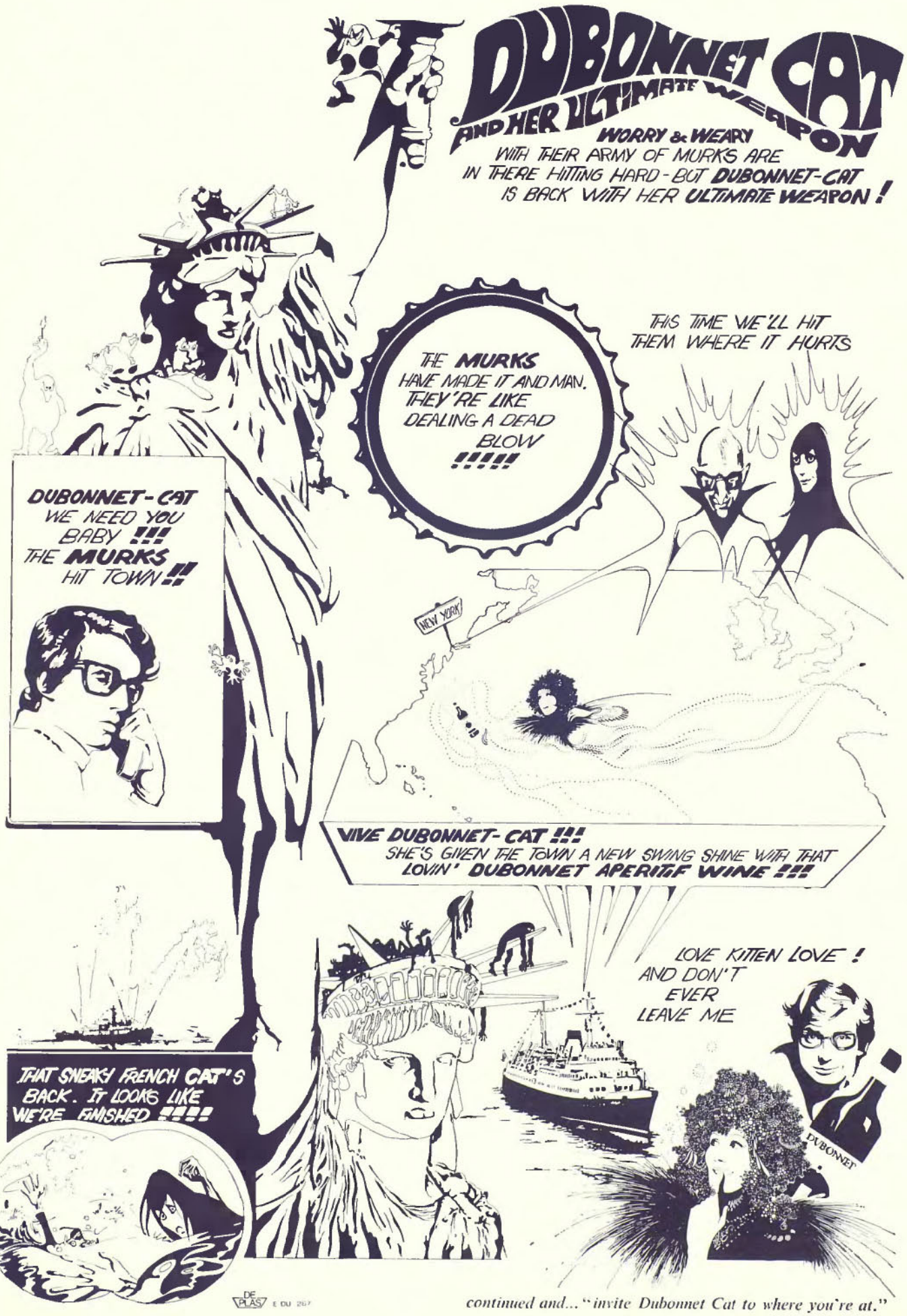
A softly comical expression crossed Kessler's face.

"That's wonderful," he said. "I've finally met someone who seems to believe it. I had thought innocence died in the explosion of that freakin' big bomb. I remember that was supposed to ensure that nobody would screw around with us anymore. And what was *your* little war all about, Larry?"

"You're really looking for it, buddy. You're looking for a bust right in your freakin' mouth," Pomaczchek said.

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Pubic Cover has priority. You'll have to wait your turn."

It seemed to Yates that, for someone as drunk as he appeared the moment before, Publicover was remarkably agile. Before anyone quite knew he had moved, he had crossed the ring of brothers, leaping over Maurino's prostrate form in the center, and slammed head down into Kessler, his shoulder and




*continued and... "invite Dubonnet Cat to where you're at."*

forearm in Kessler's gut. He hit with such force that he kept going, carrying Kessler before him, knocking down two of the newly brothered veterans in his path, and sharply and audibly separating Kessler from the air in his lungs. If there hadn't been a wall in their path to stop them—Kessler's head snapping up and bouncing off the plaster, and the shoulder in momentum in his midriff squeezing one more wheezy dram of air from him—the two might have plowed on for another 50 feet. For an instant, Kessler hung limp over Publicover's shoulder, until Publicover straightened up, knocking Kessler's head on the wall again, grabbed Kessler's shirt collar in both hands and thrust a knee between his slumping legs to hold him up.

"Go ahead. Say it again. Say it just once more," Publicover said between gritted teeth.

Kessler groaned.

The rest of the brothers crowded forward, leaving Yates and Maurino suddenly on the fringe.

"Hit the bastard," Pomaczchek screamed. "Don't give him a chance, just hit him."

"It's probably not my place to say, but he's been asking for it," Reimers said. "Disrupting."

"Go ahead," Publicover said to Kessler. "Say it just once more."

Kessler's face was almost birch white and his wandering eye was doing loops. He was laboring to catch his breath. Under Publicover's insistent shaking, he apparently regained some of his equilibrium. He attempted to replace the smirk on his trembling lips. Publicover tightened his grip on Kessler's shirt and brought fistfuls of collar up under his chin.

"Go ahead, you yellow bastard," he said again.

"I'm obligated—to warn you," Kessler said weakly, between fitful breaths. "I hold the black belt—in the gentle art of imprecation. If you continue—to molest me—I shall be forced to curse you soundly. Please believe me, I've had to register my tongue with the police."

"Oh, for Christ's sake, hit the wise-assed bastard," Pomaczchek said with disgust.

"Don't listen to the sonnabitch," Maurino said thickly, raising his head suddenly off the floor like a sleeping dog that had heard a noise. "What you listen to 'm for? He doesn' know. He wasn' efen dere, for chrissake. Y' know where he wass? He wasn' efen dere, dass where he wass." And he lowered his head into his arms. "He don't know. Nobody knows," he said in a crooning voice.

Publicover let go of Kessler, who sank down the wall to the floor, and pushed his way through the group to Maurino.

"Sure, buddy, we don't even pay the crud any attention," Publicover said, squatting down next to Maurino and placing a hand on his shoulder.

Maurino shrugged the hand off.

"Get 'way. You don't know."

"Sure. OK. Big Mo. I'm your friend. Your old buddy knows. We don't pay any attention to a dirty coward. We almost got our asses shot off for that bastard."

"He's notta bastard, he's a sonnabitch. He wasn' efen dere. He shoulda been dere and got it, then he'd know." Maurino raised himself on his arms and tried to get to his feet.

"Here, let me help you, buddy," Publicover said and grabbed him under one arm, helping him up.

"I don't need help," Maurino said once he was up, throwing out his arm and pushing Publicover away with the ease of flinging open a screen door. He staggered through the ring of silent onlookers, heading deviously for the hall.

"Look, let us help you upstairs, buddy," Publicover said plaintively. "We'll get you to bed all right."

"Don't need it," Maurino said and tripped on the first step.

Publicover turned savagely on Kessler.

"You stinking rat. You started him off again."

"He's never stopped," Kessler said, rising from the floor. He walked over to the bar in the corner of the room.

It was evident that the party was over, but no one was leaving. The veterans tried to start up conversation again, changing the subject from combat experiences to sorties in the whorehouses of the world, but they faltered. They kept stealing uneasy glances toward the hallway, as though they were waiting for something, perhaps Maurino's return.

Yates sat alone in a chair with his beer, feeling sorry it was ending. He secretly wished that Kessler might forget for a moment his aversion to people and apologize to Publicover for his behavior. It would probably startle Publicover into dropping his guard long enough for Kessler to get a clean, swift shot at his golden teeth. Yates wasn't quite sure why he wished this, except that he felt somewhat sorry for Kessler, standing alone on the fringe of things. In fact, by then Yates had had enough of Pomaczchek's beer to feel he even liked Kessler. He decided the best way to find out would be to talk to him, and he got up from his chair and walked over to where Kessler was standing by the bar.

"Kessler, you bastard, what is it with you?" he asked by way of striking up a conversation.

"I beg your pardon?" Kessler asked mildly.

"What's your mission? Who's paying you to be a clod?"

"My mission? Ah, my *mission*," Kessler said and sipped his beer distastefully. "I suppose brotherhood. Which, as they tell me, is its own reward."

"Brotherhood! There isn't a guy in this room who doesn't hate your gutless guts, and I'll probably hate myself later for even talking to you now," Yates said.

"Then why do you do it?" Kessler asked, smirking.

"Because I like you, that's why. You're an obnoxious boob full of self-righteousness and you make me sick," Yates said. He was beginning to feel dizzy, because he had thoughtlessly focused on Kessler's wandering eye.

"That's not my intent," Kessler said.

"Then what do you hang around here for?" Yates asked, attempting to concentrate on Kessler's stationary eye, which was concentrating on him. But it was like trying to follow a magician's trick: The wandering eye kept drawing him away.

Kessler shrugged.

"All the other houses have mascots," he said. "Unfortunately, Gamma Gamma Gamma can't afford one that is unable to pay its own way, so I'm it. It's a pleasant existence, though. They play with me and kick me occasionally to keep me in my place. But if I left, the house would be empty."

"What, are you queer or something?" Yates asked, beginning to shift from liking Kessler back to his old, more comfortable dispassionate interest. That way, he didn't have to look him in the eye.

"If you mean, am I homosexual, I am not. I'm simply in love with man."

Yates frowned. "What man?"

"Why, you, man," Kessler said, smirking one of his most obnoxious smirks.

Yates eyed him suspiciously. "Well," he said. "Well, just remember, I've done nothing to encourage it." He turned and walked away, back to his chair.

Reimers went over and dropped into the chair next to Yates. He was breathing heavily and Pomaczchek's beer was oozing from his flushed face and neck in large shiny drops. For the past 15 minutes, he had been flitting from group to group in the room, trying to save the party from disintegrating. He had patted backs and laughed shrilly at jokes until his little pig eyes watered, and he was exhausted.

"Nothing but a disrupting influence," he muttered. "Why don't you do something?" He turned to Yates.

"I am," Yates said. "I'm thinking."

"Completely disrupting. You and I seem to be the only sane ones left." He hesitated a moment and then seemed about to say something else, when a cannon went off somewhere upstairs and sent him leaping out of his chair.

"What's that?" he cried.

The others had stopped talking and were looking beyond the doorway to the stairs in the hall.

"It's nothing," Publicover said quickly. "Don't worry about it."

"It must be *some*thing," Reimers persisted, and his assertion was reinforced

*"I figured with this kind of frame, who needs a picture?!"*

by two more reports in rapid order.

"Never mind," Publicover said.

"You want to know what it is?" Kessler said from the bar. "Come on, I'll show you." He started across the room.

"Kessler, leave him alone," Publicover said.

"Come on, don't be an ass, Kessler," Pomaczchek said.

"Someone has to negotiate a ceasefire." Kessler replied calmly. He stopped in the doorway between the living room and the front hall and looked at Reimers. "Are you coming? Don't be afraid."

Reimers' face turned scarlet.

"I wouldn't go anywhere with you," he said and sat down emphatically.

Kessler shrugged and walked out of the room.

"I hope he kills you," Publicover yelled after him.

Yates looked at Reimers and asked, "Now how am I going to know?"

"You want to go with him, go ahead," Reimers said irritably.

"I make it a policy never to investigate anything I don't know about," Yates said. He got up. "But I do need to go to the bathroom."

He caught up with Kessler at the top of the stairs and followed him down the long corridor in the new wing in back of the house, past the doors to the sleeping and study quarters, until they reached the end room on the right. It was Maurino and Publicover's room and the door was closed.

Kessler opened it without knocking and Yates saw Maurino kneeling in the center of the room, facing the wall adjacent to the door. For a second, it came to Yates that Maurino was praying. Then he saw the hand holding the .45 come up from his side and he heard the deafening explosion, saw the gun and hand leap upward and smelled the bitter powder—all in that instant that he threw himself across the hall and against the opposite door. The door opened against his weight and he toppled into the dark room.

Kessler never moved. He stood in the doorway to Maurino's room, looking down on him.

"Did you get him, Mo?" he asked quietly.

Maurino looked stupidly up for a moment. Then a light appeared in his eyes.

"Get 'way from here, you sonnabitch," he said, and he began to wave the gun at Kessler, motioning him out.

"I can't," Kessler said. "That would be deserting under fire. Besides, I've brought a correspondent with me. This young fellow has never been to war and apparently he wants to know."

"Get out. Go 'way." Maurino waved the gun again and Yates bit his lip, waiting for the explosion that would send Kessler flying off the floor. "They tried to kill me first. They were all tryin' to kill me—dead, dead, dead. I had to get 'em. That sonnabitchin' stupid jerk. I got 'em first. *Bwoom!* Those Cong bastards, that stupid jerk Ellison——" And suddenly Maurino was crying, blubbering like a child, rocking back and forth. "Elly . . . goddamn it, Elly, ooh, goddamn it."

"Come on in, Yates," Kessler said. "Come watch Mo shoot them down."

Kessler walked over to Maurino and bent over, taking the gun. He tossed it onto one of the two cots.

Yates crossed the hall and stopped in the doorway. The wall Maurino had fired at looked like a relief of the moon. It was punctured by scores of large black holes, the plaster chipped and cuffed around each of them. The souvenir North Vietnamese flag that Yates remembered normally covered that area lay bunched on the floor.

"Does he do this often?" Yates asked with all the force he could gather to bring his voice above a whisper.

"Whenever he's drunk. Which is to say, often," Kessler said.

"How does he keep in condition for football?"

Kessler had turned his attention back to Maurino.

"Come on, Mo. War's over for tonight. Let's go to bed."

He pulled on Maurino's arm, but he couldn't move him.

"Get 'way from me, you dirty yellow. You weren' elen dere."

"I was there, Mo. Now come on. Let's get into bed."

"You weren', either, I know, 'cause nobody shot at you."

"I was there, Mo. You don't think so, but I was."

"Elly wass the best sonnabitchin' friend in the world," Maurino said, looking sadly at his hands and then wiping them on his chest. "Why couldn' it of been you?"

"It was me, too, Mo." Kessler said. He had stopped trying to pull on Maurino and was kneeling next to him, leaning around to look at his face, with one hand resting lightly on Maurino's hunched shoulder. "Do you think I didn't know what was going on? I knew it strong enough that I was sick each night. My brother's over there. And my dad never came back from Germany. I can't even go home anymore."

Maurino looked at him a moment. "You have a brudder?"

Kessler shook his head. "Had."

Maurino cocked his head slightly and a quizzical little smile flicked across his mouth. "I'll be a sonnabitch. Can ya 'magine?"

But then he seemed to remember something and he jerked his shoulder, twisting out from under Kessler's hand. "Why don't you leave us alone?"

Kessler turned toward Yates. He was smirking, as usual, but his eyes were

shallow and moist and, for the first time, it seemed to Yates that they focused on the same plane.

"Get out of here, Yates," he said. "The show's over."

• • •

It was four weeks later when Yates went home for the weekend. He wasn't there when it happened. Reimers told him about it when he came back and found nothing left of the Gamma Gamma Gamma house except a charcoaled skeleton over a gaping cement foundation.

"Pomaczchek's damned still." Reimers said, shaking his head as though he still didn't believe it. They were standing on the sidewalk, staring at the ruins.

"*How?*" Yates asked.

"Nobody knows *exactly* how. He had a double-header going up in the attic—beer in one corner and that damned still in the other corner. We got the word Saturday that we were going off social probation next week. They wanted plenty of stuff to celebrate. Pomaczchek came downstairs about midnight to go to bed and he swears he woke Johnston to go stand watch to make sure the Bunsen burner didn't go out. But Johnston says he doesn't remember being waked at all. You know how hard it is to get him up once he's asleep. Well, about three o'clock in the morning, all hell broke loose. It was complete disorder." Reimers said sadly. "I didn't know anything until Publicover woke me up and said the whole house was on fire. I guess there wasn't an explosion. Douval says all he heard was a loud *Poof!* and then he smelled smoke. He's the one who routed everyone else out. I tell you, Yates, all hell broke loose. There were guys yelling and running all over the place and the smoke was so thick it could have choked you to death. It was a wonder *any*one got out."

"So, how did they miss Kessler? He roomed with Douval," Yates said.

"I know. Douval says they both left the room at the same time. But after that, who knows? All I know is, we're all standing outside and the fire department's hooking up their hoses, and Cross is sitting in the middle of the lawn with that god-awful contraption slung over one shoulder, and suddenly he yells, 'Jesus Christ, it's Kessler.' We looked up and there he is in the window of Publicover's room. How he got there I'll never know, but I swear to God, I'll never forget that face. That's about all you could see of him and it's white as paper, the fire glowing behind him, and his eyes are standing out like a frog's. It looked like he was screaming for help, but with the noise of the fire, and people yelling outside, and the pump engines and sirens and all, you weren't about to hear anything he was saying. Thank God."

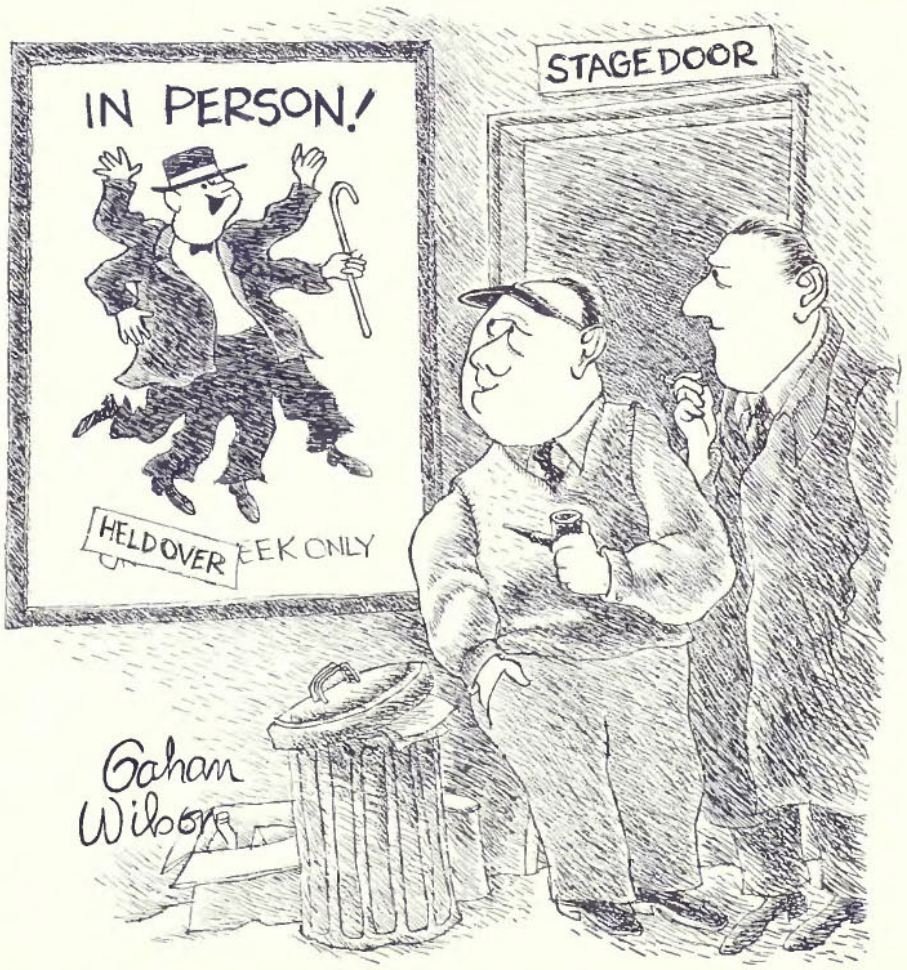
He paused and closed his eyes, rubbing the bridge of his nose with his thumb and finger.

"It's just so stupid. There wasn't anything we could have done. I mean, you could *see* there wasn't. It stands to reason, if the firemen couldn't do anything, *we* couldn't. But Publicover is standing next to me and Maurino, and suddenly he starts shaking all over and says, 'That sonofabitch. That sonofabitch.' That's all he said. The next thing I knew, he was running across the lawn and in the front door. Two firemen went running in after him, but they both came out a moment later. The heat was too much for them and Publicover had already disappeared. Another four threw a ladder up to the window where Kessler was. We couldn't see *him* anymore. One of the firemen went up the ladder and stopped just below the window and broke the pane with his ax and the whole window blew out. Suddenly, there was nothing but flames where Kessler had been. And then Maurino went berserk. He started jumping up and down, beating his temples and screaming, 'That stupid jerk, that stupid jerk.' When two firemen tried to restrain him, he just plopped down in the middle of the lawn and began moaning about some girl named Elly. I was scared to death."

"God," Yates said softly. And then suddenly, "God*damn*, that must have been something."

"It just doesn't stand to reason," Reimers said forlornly. He sat down on the low stone wall that held off the slope of the front lawn, his back to the ruins, and his little piggish eyes brimmed with tears.

Yates stood looking at the few blackened timbers that remained of Gamma Gamma Gamma and he tried to rebuild from the debris a picture of Kessler's froggy eyes where the window used to be and Publicover grinding with Patton speed into the burning house. Behind his eyes, he watched the silent flames draw the house erect, like a movie in reverse; and out of the fire, Kessler appeared at the upstairs window, his agonized waxen face haloed in broiling Technicolor, his wild eyes imploring last call to his brothers below. And in that moment, Yates understood how easy it was to hate him. The sonofabitch would do anything to call a bluff.




*"Yessir, after they made him, they broke the mold!"*

# COCKTAIL PARTIES

*(continued from page 116)*

In Italy, fettuccini are usually the wide-size egg noodles. In this country, the medium- or fine-size are preferred, especially for pasta salads. Boil noodles in salted water, following directions on package. Drain very well, pressing noodles in strainer to remove surplus water. In a large mixing bowl, combine noodles with olive oil. Cut radishes into very thin slices, then cut crosswise into thinnest possible strips. Cut green pepper the same size as the radishes. Peel cucumber and remove seeds with spoon. Cut the same size as the radishes or as close as possible. Cut scallions, white and green parts, crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Combine noodles with radishes, green pepper, cucumber, scallions, cheese, vinegar and cream. Mix well, tossing with a two-pronged kitchen fork. Add salt and pepper to taste. Transfer salad to serving bowl. Chill well before serving.

SKEWERED BEEF, ALMOND DIP
*(Serves eight)*

6 lbs. sirloin steak, 1 in. thick
2 scallions, sliced thin
2 3½-oz. packages ground almonds
¼ cup soy sauce
¼ cup lime juice
⅓ cup salad oil
2 tablespoons dry sherry
3 tablespoons sugar
⅔ cup yoghurt

Remove bone, gristle and fat from steak. Cut steak into strips 1 in. square and ½ in. thick. Put scallions and 1¼ cups water in blender. Blend at high speed 1 minute. Pour into mixing bowl. Add almonds, soy sauce, lime juice, oil, sherry and sugar. Mix well. (If ground almonds are unavailable, almond slices may be ground in blender.) Remove ⅔ cup almond mixture, mix with yoghurt and chill. Marinate beef in remaining almond mixture for 1 hour. Thread beef on 8 skewers. Prepare charcoal fire or preheat broiler for ½ hour. Broil beef, turning once, until browned. Serve with chilled almond dip.

CHICKEN AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE
*(Serves eight)*

8 whole breasts of chicken (16 halves)
1 lb. button mushrooms
1 lb. small link sausages
¼ cup salad oil
¼ cup butter
½ cup flour
Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
2 12-oz. cans concentrated chicken broth
1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 dashes Tabasco sauce
1 teaspoon brown gravy color
2 ozs. cognac
2 ozs. dry sherry

Remove skin and bone from chicken, or bribe or persuade your butcher to do the job for you. Cut off mushroom stems protruding beyond bottom of cap. Stems may be used for another purpose. Pierce each sausage link several times with a two-pronged kitchen fork. Cook sausage, following directions on package. Cut each link crosswise into three pieces; set aside. Remove long fillet on underside of each chicken breast and cut crosswise in half. Cut balance of breast pieces crosswise into ½-in. slices. Heat oil and butter in a large stewpot or Dutch oven until butter melts. Add chicken and mushrooms. Sauté, stirring constantly until chicken loses raw color. Sprinkle flour into pot and stir well until no white flour is visible. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Add chicken broth and 2 12-oz. cans water, vinegar, lemon juice and Tabasco sauce. Stir well; bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 20 minutes. Add sausages. Add brown gravy color, cognac and sherry. Simmer 5 minutes. Correct seasoning. Serve with herbed rice; that is, cooked rice flavored after cooking with finely minced fresh parsley, fresh chives and fresh chervil, if available.

ROCK LOBSTER CROQUETTES DIAVOLO
*(Serves eight)*

3 9-oz. packages frozen rock lobster tails
6 tablespoons butter
Instantized flour
1½ cups milk
Salt, pepper
2 egg yolks
Bread crumbs
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 small onion, grated
2 whole eggs
Salad oil

In Southern or tropical regions, fresh lobster tails should be used, if at hand. Cook lobster tails, following directions on package. Drain. When cool enough to handle, remove meat from shells and cut into small cubes no more than ¼ in. thick. Put butter, 6 tablespoons flour and milk in a heavy saucepan. Heat over moderate flame, stirring constantly, until butter is melted and sauce is thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Combine sauce with lobster, egg yolks, ⅓ cup bread crumbs, lemon juice and onion, stirring very well. Chill in refrigerator, overnight if possible. Using a small ice-cream scoop as a measure, divide lobster mixture into 16 mounds, each enough for a croquette. Shape into flat cakes, cylinders or cones. Beat whole eggs well. Dip cutlets first into flour, then into eggs and finally into bread crumbs. If mixture is difficult to handle, a small additional amount of bread crumbs may be added, but use as little as possible. Fry in deep oil heated to 370° or in a heavy skillet with 1½ in. oil. Serve with sauce *diavolo*, below.

SAUCE DIAVOLO
*(Serves eight)*

2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons brandy
½ teaspoon dried basil
1 tablespoon butter

In a heavy saucepan, combine tomato sauce, vinegar, pepper, mustard, brandy and basil. Mix well with a wire whip until mustard is well blended with other ingredients. Heat slowly, stirring frequently, about 10 minutes. Remove from flame. Add butter, stirring until melted. Keep sauce warm over a candle or low trivet flame. Serve with lobster croquettes.

SWEDISH BROWN BEANS WITH APPLE
*(Serves 12)*

1 lb. small white pea beans
1 cup finely minced onion
1 cup finely minced celery
1 teaspoon finely minced garlic
¼ lb. butter
4 packets instant bouillon
Salt, pepper
⅓ cup dark molasses
¼ cup dark-brown sugar
1 teaspoon brown gravy color
⅓ cup cider vinegar
25-oz. can apple-pie filling

Be sure apple-pie filling is sweetened and spiced, ready for the crust, and not sliced apples in water. Wash beans, drain and soak overnight in 2 quarts cold water. Sauté onion, celery and garlic in butter over very low flame until onions just begin to turn yellow. Add beans, together with their water. Add 1 quart additional water, instant bouillon and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer slowly for 1 hour. Add molasses, sugar, brown gravy color and vinegar. Continue to simmer, with pot uncovered, over low flame, stirring occasionally to prevent scorching on bottom, for 1½ hours or until liquid in pot has become as thick as a medium sauce. Chop apples on cutting board until pieces are no larger than beans. Add to beans. Heat about 10 minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste. Beans are best if prepared at least one day before serving. Reheat in double boiler or in covered casserole in moderate oven.

With these recipes as a beginning, the knowing host should have no trouble establishing his cocktail-party credo as: "Drink—eat—and be merry!"

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

THE OLYMPIC GAMES, SINCE 776 B.C. SYMBOLIZED BY THE TORCH LIT ON THE PLAINS OF OLYMPIA AND CARRIED ONTO THE FIELD BY A BRONZED, SINEWY RUNNER.

... MEXICO CITY, 1968! A RUNNER APPROACHES THE OLYMPIAD, TORCH HELD HIGH BY ONE SOFT, SHAPELY ARM –

... SOFT, SHAPELY ARM ??!

GO, SWEETIE, BABE!

WE SNEAK IN BEFORE THE REAL TORCHBEARER ARRIVES ... THEN THREE QUICK LAPS AROUND THE FIELD, AND WE'VE PULLED THE ADVERTISING COUP OF THE CENTURY!

STOP!

SMOKE STARKER CIGARETTES

IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT TH

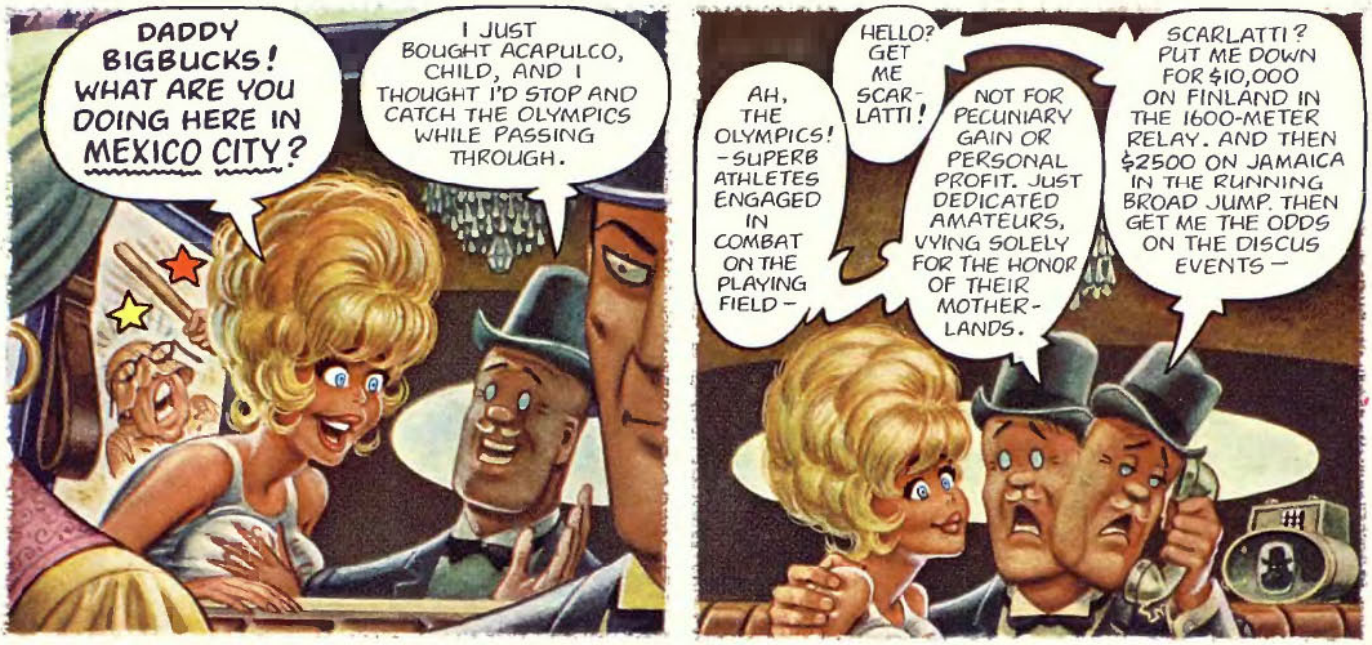
YOU CANNOT USE THE OLYMPICS FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

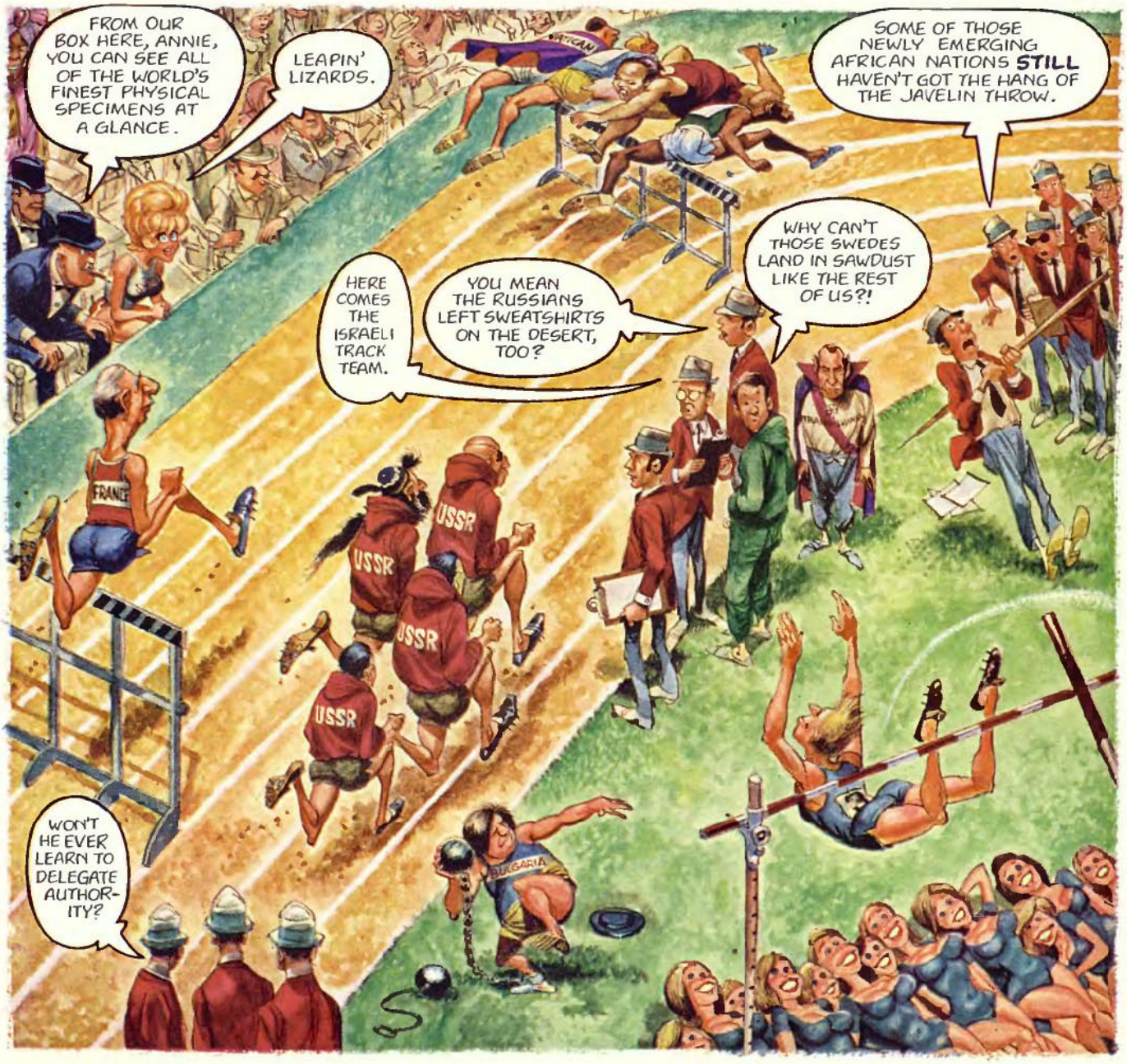
GIVE ME A BREAK, SWEETHEART .... OUCH! CAN'T YOU SEE I LOVE YOUR COUNTRY?

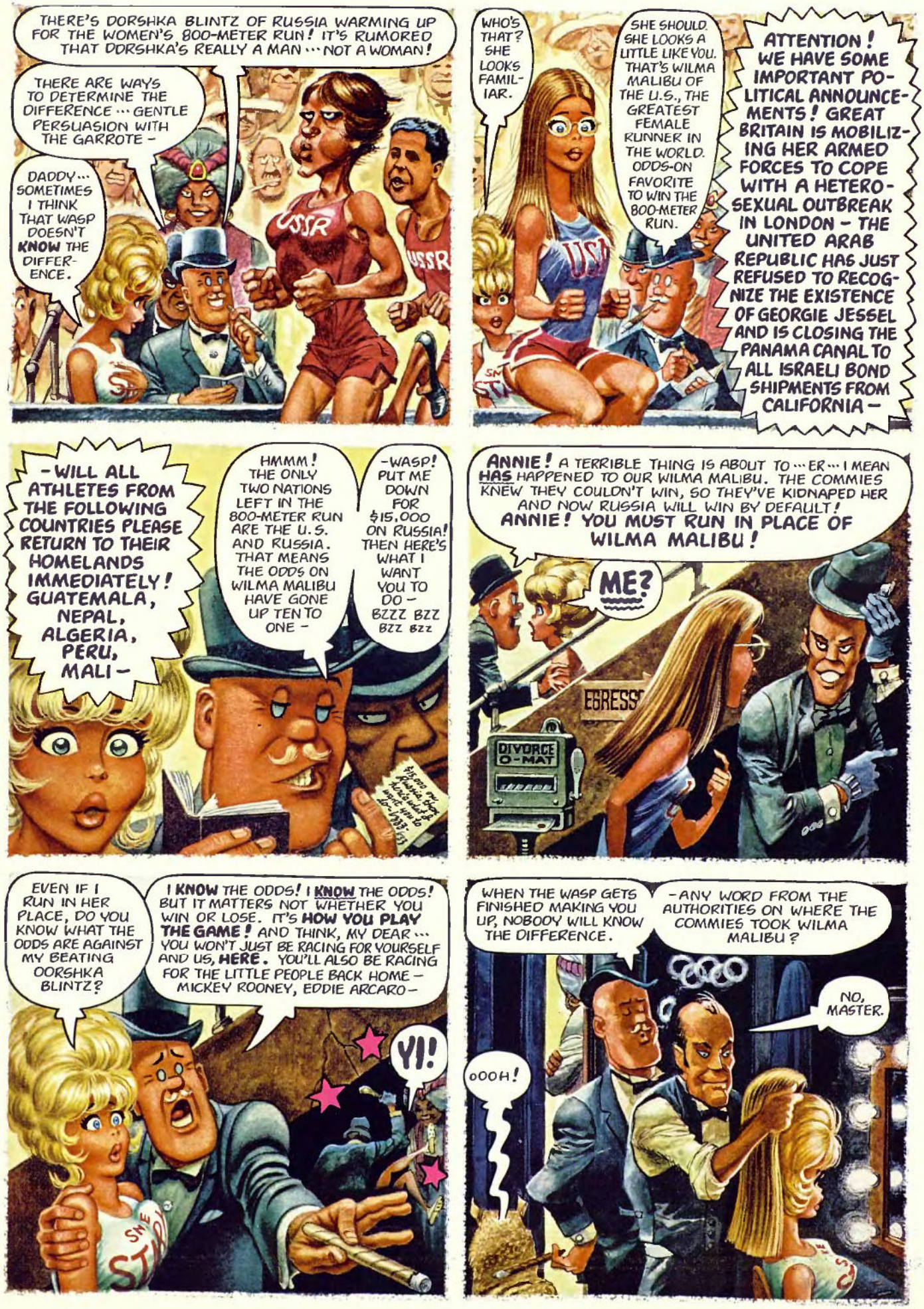
EVERY THURSDAY I TAKE A WETBACK TO LUNCH.... OW!

OFFICERS! RELEASE THAT TYKE. I'LL VOUCH FOR HER.

VIVA TIJUANA BRASS


DADDY BIGBUCKS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN MEXICO CITY?
I JUST BOUGHT ACAPULCO, CHILD, AND I THOUGHT I'D STOP AND CATCH THE OLYMPICS WHILE PASSING THROUGH.
AH, THE OLYMPICS! - SUPERB ATHLETES ENGAGED IN COMBAT ON THE PLAYING FIELD -
HELLO? GET ME SCARLATTI!
NOT FOR PECUNIARY GAIN OR PERSONAL PROFIT. JUST DEDICATED AMATEURS, VYING SOLELY FOR THE HONOR OF THEIR MOTHERLANDS.
SCARLATTI? PUT ME DOWN FOR $10,000 ON FINLAND IN THE 1600-METER RELAY. AND THEN $2500 ON JAMAICA IN THE RUNNING BROAD JUMP. THEN GET ME THE ODDS ON THE DISCUS EVENTS -


FROM OUR BOX HERE, ANNIE, YOU CAN SEE ALL OF THE WORLD'S FINEST PHYSICAL SPECIMENS AT A GLANCE.
LEAPIN' LIZARDS.
SOME OF THOSE NEWLY EMERGING AFRICAN NATIONS STILL HAVEN'T GOT THE HANG OF THE JAVELIN THROW.
WHY CAN'T THOSE SWEDES LAND IN SAWDUST LIKE THE REST OF US?!
YOU MEAN THE RUSSIANS LEFT SWEATSHIRTS ON THE DESERT, TOO?
HERE COMES THE ISRAELI TRACK TEAM.
WON'T HE EVER LEARN TO DELEGATE AUTHORITY?
FRANCE
USSR
USSR
USSR
USSR
BULGARIA


THERE'S DORSHKA BLINTZ OF RUSSIA WARMING UP FOR THE WOMEN'S 800-METER RUN! IT'S RUMORED THAT DORSHKA'S REALLY A MAN ··· NOT A WOMAN!
THERE ARE WAYS TO DETERMINE THE DIFFERENCE ··· GENTLE PERSUASION WITH THE GARROTE –
DADDY··· SOMETIMES I THINK THAT WASP DOESN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
USSR
WHO'S THAT? SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR.
SHE SHOULD. SHE LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE YOU. THAT'S WILMA MALIBU OF THE U.S., THE GREATEST FEMALE RUNNER IN THE WORLD. ODDS-ON FAVORITE TO WIN THE 800-METER RUN.
USA
ATTENTION! WE HAVE SOME IMPORTANT POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS! GREAT BRITAIN IS MOBILIZING HER ARMED FORCES TO COPE WITH A HETEROSEXUAL OUTBREAK IN LONDON – THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC HAS JUST REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE THE EXISTENCE OF GEORGIE JESSEL AND IS CLOSING THE PANAMA CANAL TO ALL ISRAELI BOND SHIPMENTS FROM CALIFORNIA –
–WILL ALL ATHLETES FROM THE FOLLOWING COUNTRIES PLEASE RETURN TO THEIR HOMELANDS IMMEDIATELY! GUATEMALA, NEPAL, ALGERIA, PERU, MALI –
HMMM! THE ONLY TWO NATIONS LEFT IN THE 800-METER RUN ARE THE U.S. AND RUSSIA. THAT MEANS THE ODDS ON WILMA MALIBU HAVE GONE UP TEN TO ONE –
–WASP! PUT ME DOWN FOR $15,000 ON RUSSIA! THEN HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO – BZZZ BZZ BZZ BZZ
ANNIE! A TERRIBLE THING IS ABOUT TO ··· ER ··· I MEAN HAS HAPPENED TO OUR WILMA MALIBU. THE COMMIES KNEW THEY COULDN'T WIN, SO THEY'VE KIDNAPED HER AND NOW RUSSIA WILL WIN BY DEFAULT! ANNIE! YOU MUST RUN IN PLACE OF WILMA MALIBU!
ME?
EGRESS
DIVORCE O-MAT
EVEN IF I RUN IN HER PLACE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST MY BEATING OORSHKA BLINTZ?
I KNOW THE ODDS! I KNOW THE ODDS! BUT IT MATTERS NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE. IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME! AND THINK, MY DEAR ··· YOU WON'T JUST BE RACING FOR YOURSELF AND US, HERE. YOU'LL ALSO BE RACING FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE BACK HOME – MICKEY ROONEY, EDDIE ARCARO –
YI!
WHEN THE WASP GETS FINISHED MAKING YOU UP, NOBODY WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
–ANY WORD FROM THE AUTHORITIES ON WHERE THE COMMIES TOOK WILMA MALIBU?
NO, MASTER.
OOOH!


DO YOU REALLY THINK I'LL LOOK LIKE WILMA MALIBU?
WIG ... GLASSES ... I'D SAY YOU LOOK JUST LIKE WILMA MALIBU BUT FOR TWO BIG DIFFERENCES.
NOW IF ONLY WE HAD WILMA'S REAL TRACK SUIT.
AIEE! I THINK IS UNI-FORM IN THIS SACK! LUCKY US!
AAAH! NOW YOU LOOK EXACT-LY LIKE WILMA MALIBU.
OH, HOW TIGHT THIS UNIFORM IS. I CAN HARDLY BREATHE. I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT. EVERYTHING'S MOVING ... THE ROOM ... THAT SACK —
BOP!
REMEMBER ... IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU WIN OR LOSE —
-ONLY IF I WIN OR LOSE.
I AM STALIN'S SON. I WANT TO DEFECT TO RANDOM HOUSE.
GET ON YOUR MARK!
-GET SET! GO!
THE U.S.S.R. WILL WAIVE CONSECUTIVE TRANSLATION.
BANG! BAX!
USSR
COME ON, AMERICA!
COME ON, RUSSIA!
COME ON, RUSSIA! COME ON, AMERICA! COME ON, RUSSIA! COME ON, AMERICA!
POOR U THANT. HE CAN'T EVER ENJOY THE OLYMPICS.
AIEE, MASTER, THE TWO OF THEM ARE RUNNING NECK AND NECK!
THE RUSSIAN WILL WIN. SHE ALWAYS PACES HERSELF A HALF STEP BEHIND THE FRONT RUNNER —


-THEN, THE LAST 100 METERS, SHE OPENS UP AND WINS GOING AWAY.
USA
USSR
3
SCARLATTI! ANOTHER $50,000 ON RUSSIA!
PTUNG!
USSR
MASTER! THE RUSSIAN CONTINUES TO HOLD BACK!
USSR
AIEE! PHOTO FINISH! THE RUSSIAN WAS DISTRACTED!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED ... HE REALLY IS A MAN. OH, WELL ... THE RACE IS A TIE. THERE'S NO CONTEST. MY BETS ARE SAFE.
MASTER, PHOTO-FINISH PICTURE COMES.
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