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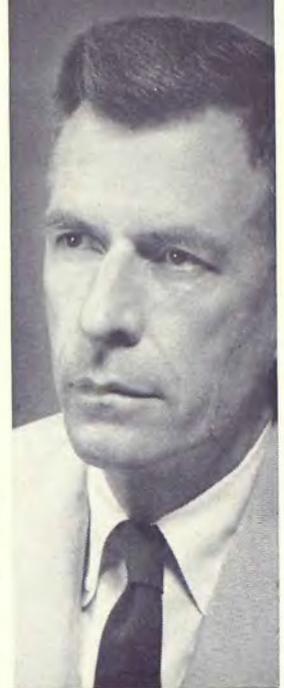
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## PLAYBILL

OUR CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING COVER is not only a psychedelic celebration of the Christmas season but also a prelude to the pleasures to be found within—satiric, satyrical, serious and seasonal. Adding glitter to the proceedings is a vintage portfolio of erotica by Aubrey Beardsley and four other masters of *art nouveau*. Another eye-filling visual adventure is our ten-page paean to *The Bunnies of Hollywood*. Suggestions for savoring the holiday season with fitting flair are provided by Thomas Mario's global guide to yuletide feasting, our annual panoply of mischievous Christmas cards and an eight-page gallery of gifts guaranteed to make even the most skeptical Scrooges believe in Santa Claus.

In the seasonal spirit, too, is Jean Shepherd's *The Return of the Smiling Wimpy Doll*, a new bauble from his bottomless bag of nostalgia, wherein our hero's well-meaning mother, cleaning out the family basement, elects to send him—as a Christmas present—all the moldering memorabilia that remain from his all-American boyhood. As we went to press, Jean was finishing his novel of Army life, *T. S., Mac*, entertaining weekly at the Limelight, a Greenwich Village night club, and helping a TV network prepare a new show that will spoof assorted aspects of contemporary life. "From used-car lots to religion." Reassuring evidence that Shepherd harbors no phobia about flying as a result of the traumatic experiences described in his last *PLAYBOY* piece, *The Secret Mission of the Blue-Assed Buzzard* (September), is the fact that he's about to acquire a pilot's license.

The more serious side of our yuletide issue boasts a luminous line-up of authors, headed by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, whose first *PLAYBOY* article, *The Attack on the Right to Privacy*, is a chillingly authoritative account—and condemnation—of the ways in which Big Brother looks for evidence of subversive activity. One of the Court's most distinguished liberal members since his appointment in 1939 by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Douglas is also a frequently published author; his latest book, *Farewell to Texas: A Vanishing Wilderness*, was released last spring.

While *The Attack on the Right to Privacy* illuminates a growing domestic dilemma, John Kenneth Galbraith focuses on our most urgent foreign crisis in *Resolving Our Vietnam Predicament*. John F. Kennedy's onetime teacher—later his advisor—analyzes how the fortunes of the United States became enmeshed with those of the Vietnamese, and suggests how Washington might honorably extricate itself; the article is based on a widely discussed speech he delivered in our capital earlier this year. Galbraith, America's most protean economist, foreign-affairs expert and provocative political

analyst, has been maintaining a lofty position on the best-seller lists with his latest book, *The New Industrial State*. And the former ambassador to India is now working on what he calls a "nonnovel novel"; tentatively titled *The Triumph*, it is "a fable of contemporary foreign policy, with the action occurring in Washington and a small Latin-American republic."

The roots of random violence are investigated by John Bartlow Martin in *The Criminal Mentality*, a sagacious study of the psychic disorders that guide the hands of mass murderers and other aberrant rebels without apparent cause. Martin is a bona fide expert and a frequent writer on crime; his works on the subject include *Break Down the Walls*, an evaluation of the American penal system; *Why Did They Kill?*, a study of the murder of a nurse by a band of teenagers; and *My Life in Crime*, the autobiography, with Martin as co-author, of a professional criminal. His most recent book, *Overtaken by Events*, is an account of his experiences first as ambassador, then as a Presidential envoy, to the Dominican Republic.

Two far-out subjects are tackled by Dr. J. Allen Hynek in *The UFO Gap* and by Robert Graves in *Reincarnation*. Dr. Hynek, the nation's foremost authority on unidentified flying objects, proposes a national reporting network that might put the United States on an equal footing with Russia in the race to identify—and possibly contact—the UFOs. That the Soviets may be ahead of the U. S. was brought home to Dr. Hynek when he attended an international conference on UFOs in Prague last summer. Graves, who is as highly regarded for his classical translations, fiction and biography as for his poetry, draws on literary evidence throughout the ages to explain why the belief in reincarnation is itself reincarnated with each new generation. The much-laundered British scholar, who will shortly publish a new volume of verse, claims that on the day he received *PLAYBOY*'s suggestion to write the article, he conversed with a wandering Indian mystic, who persuaded him to accept the assignment.

A generous helping of humor, both pertinent and impertinent, is served up by Dr. Harold Greenwald in *Love and Hate in Rent-a-Car Land*, a tongue-in-cheek analysis of Number Two's corporate personality, as inadvertently revealed through the chinks in Avis' advertised image; and by *The Village Voice*'s Jack Newfield and Howard Smith in *The Bopper Brigade*, risible portraits of the life styles adopted by various teenage types, from the supergroovy teenybopper to the wave-worshipping surfer. Greenwald, author of *The Call Girl; a Social and Psychoanalytic Study* and *Active Psychotherapy*, just published, is currently engaged in writing a novel and may follow up his study of Avis with a book entitled *Institutions on the Couch*. A full-time psychoanalyst in



MARTIN HIRSCH



SOUTHERN



SHEPHERD



PUNCHATZ



MARTIN HIRSCH



RICHARDSON



BRACKMAN



SMITH and NEWFIELD

New York, he is president of the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis, directs group therapy at the Center for Creative Living and teaches at the Institute for Practicing Psychotherapists and the Metropolitan Institute for Psychoanalytic Studies. Jack Newfield, who recently published *A Prophetic Minority*, a sympathetic study of the New Left, is completing an unauthorized political biography of Senator Robert F. Kennedy for Random House. Howard Smith, now occupied in writing a book on the flower generation, will be assistant editor of a forthcoming Hearst magazine aimed at the flowering teen market; he is also a partner in Youth Concepts, a firm that advises advertising agencies and corporations on how to catch the interest of the upcoming generation.

Our lead fiction, *The Mannichon Solution*, is Irwin Shaw's sixth contribution to *PLAYBOY* since 1955, when we published his classic short story *The Eighty Yard Run*. Shaw here spins an ironic, futuristic yarn about an unsuccessful research chemist who stumbles upon the ultimate solution to a proliferating international problem. Shaw, who collaborated during the past summer with cinema director Jules Dassin on a documentary about Israel (the film, says Shaw, was supposed to cover the Arab-Israeli war, but by the time they had collected a crew and arranged passage, the fighting was over), had two one-act plays performed at the Glasgow Citizens Theater in Scotland this September. He is at work on a novel, *The Uncaged Man*. The enigmatic illustration for *The Mannichon Solution* is the work of Pittsburgh artist Don Ivan Punchatz.

Terry Southern, Arthur Kopit and Jack Richardson are the culprits responsible for this month's withering trio of black-humor scripts that will become part of a Peter Sellers movie, *Pardon Me, Sir, but Is My Eye Hurting Your Elbow?*. The film, a panoramic view of selected ironies and hypocrisies in American life, will be produced by Bob Booker and George Foster; Bernard Geis Associates will publish the scripts in book form. Southern's *Plums and Prunes* portrays an over-protective dad afflicted with an irrational aversion to his daughter's boyfriend; Kopit's *An Incident in the Park* hypothesizes what could happen if the American Indians tried to reclaim their continent; and *Juan Feldman*, by Richardson, is a wry tale about a hip baddie who gets busted. Southern, who co-authored *Candy* and Stanley Kubrick's nightmare comedy *Dr. Strangelove*, recently wrote *Red Dirt Marijuana and Other Tastes*; he will soon complete a novel, *Blue Movie*. Kopit, author of *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*, is in London helping the Royal Shakespeare Company prepare its spring production of

his new play, *Cody's Will*; and Richardson, playwright (*The Prodigal*) and novelist (*The Prison Life of Harris Filmore*), who makes his *PLAYBOY* debut herewith, is writing a book on gambling.

*The Lecture*, Isaac Bashevis Singer's third *PLAYBOY* story, involves an author who arrives late for a lecture in Montreal and accepts an invitation to spend the night at an old woman's apartment. Since returning from travels in Europe, Singer has been working on the second part of his epic novel *The Manor*; the first volume—including *The Courtship*, which appeared in our September issue—has just been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux (see this month's *Playboy After Hours*). The noted Yiddish author will lecture at the University of Wisconsin next term.

Completing our stellar holiday assemblage of fiction are *Dance with a Stranger*, by Jacob Brackman, and *A Good Cigar Is a Smoke*, which bears the 18th *PLAYBOY* by-line for the prolific P. G. Wodehouse. The former concerns a hippie who elects to drop out of society. A staff writer for *The New Yorker*, Brackman authored *The Underground Press* in our August issue. *Dance with a Stranger*, he told us, reflects his conviction that "Whereas older people see a monolithically hard-to-understand 'younger generation,' there have actually been at least three distinct generations in the past ten years, each with its own beliefs about what 'making it' entails, each separated from the others by a new species of 'generational gap.'" Wodehouse—whose latest novel is *The Purlined Paperweight*—here probes the plight of a young artist, hooked on tobacco, who feels obliged to convince his intended's uncle that he never touches the weed.

Our Christmas bounty also includes such see-worthy and eminently readable holiday treats as an exclusive *Playboy Interview* with the controversial clown prince of television talk shows, Johnny Carson; *Bodies Politic*, an irreverent portrait gallery by designer-photographer Eugenio Hirsch in which female models become bosom buddies of assorted heads of state; an eight-page photographic rendering of *The Wicked Dreams of Elke Sommer*, in which Elke takes a tongue-in-cheek tilt at Freud and the misinterpretation of dreams in a revealing sequence of far-out fantasies; an excursion with *Little Annie Fanny* into the brutal world of the children's toy industry; plus a holiday rendezvous with our Playmate of the Month, winsome Lynn Winchell—who brings us back to where we started, since Lynn's lovely countenance and free-flowing locks form the focus of our *art nouveau*-inspired psychedelic cover. So dally no longer, gentlemen, there's good cheer at hand.

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SECTION I

CANADA DRY® THE NATION'S LEADING MIXERS

PAGE 1

# AMERICA'S GOING DRY!



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FORECAST:  
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# ★ EXTRA ★

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SECTION I

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PAGE 1

# AMERICA'S GOING DRY!



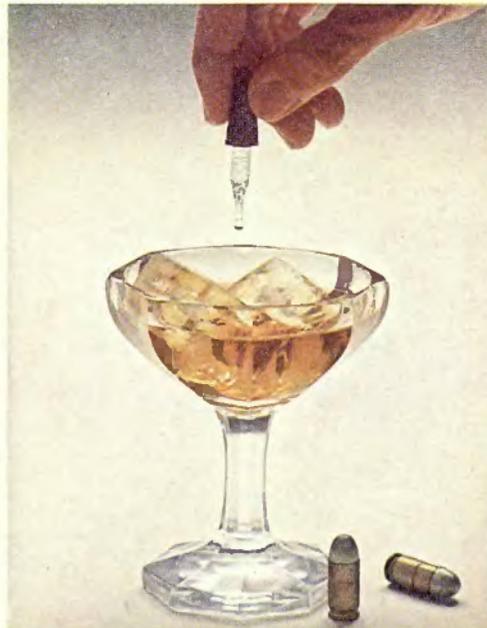
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### YOUNG IDEAS

Nat Hentoff's September article, *Youth—the Oppressed Majority*, is the most revealing piece I have ever read about the younger generation. As a student, I can confirm Hentoff's assertion that if one does not fit into the mold set by the older generation, then he is considered dangerous—or even subversive. Why don't adults spend more time trying to solve their problems, instead of imposing them on us?

Tom Murphy  
Boston, Massachusetts

I never believed it would happen. Someone has finally said sensibly what most American young people have been thinking for a long time. *Youth—the Oppressed Majority* should be required reading for all who must deal with those under 21. Too many TV commercials and magazine articles stress youth, but few people are willing to recognize young individuals. I am glad Hentoff has seen that this kind of recognition is the only way we can keep young people from becoming carbon copies of the present generation. Being in college, my contemporaries and I don't have much of a chance to escape the system; but more articles like Hentoff's can give us a much-needed break.

C. Spencer Andrews  
Franklin and Marshall College  
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

There's a great deal of truth and perception in Nat Hentoff's article. It is essential to be constantly reminded that one's "hang-ups" aren't unique. Thanks for giving me the opportunity to realize this again.

Gerald Zuckman  
Lynbrook, New York

I congratulate Nat Hentoff for his excellent article on youth and the problems it faces. I agree that while we are molding a society of specialists, we are becoming progressively more bereft of ideas. Our educational system is geared to making young Americans imbibe facts, rather than allowing them to deal with ideas. Those who emerge from our educational apparatus find that they are

prepared to work only for someone else. Unless they are fortunate enough to be able to regenerate their stifled creative processes, they embark on a career of mediocrity and waste.

Murray Needleman  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Because I am a student in a community where scholarship and conformity are stressed—and expression and free thought stifled—Hentoff's article struck me head on. Congratulations to him and to PLAYBOY for telling it like it is.

Casey Green  
Shaker Heights, Ohio

At the age of 18, I was old enough to join the Navy and to sign a legally binding contract extending my enlistment to six years. I am now responsible for electronic equipment that cost the taxpayers millions of dollars—and yet, in most states, I'm too young to vote or to drink. We young people are forced to obey—and to defend—laws with which we don't always agree and that we had no part in making. It seems as though we are old enough, in our elders' eyes, to do things only for their benefit. But we are forbidden to do anything that might benefit ourselves. A clever setup—and a despicable one.

William A. Steadley  
Naval Training Center  
Great Lakes, Illinois

Hentoff's article was a definitive exploration of our national educational farce. My own experience confirms Hentoff's observations. As a good "learner," I was a National Merit finalist and an honors freshman. But in my first semester of college, I encountered the same constant pressure that made high school what it was—an unabashed attempt at the mass production of stereotypes. Winter brought a nervous breakdown the week before finals. Two ulcers showed up soon afterward, and spring brought another breakdown. And for what? The chance to play Russian roulette with 23,000 other male students and my draft board.

I have now retreated to music, books and drugs—an existence far more relevant to me than the one prescribed by

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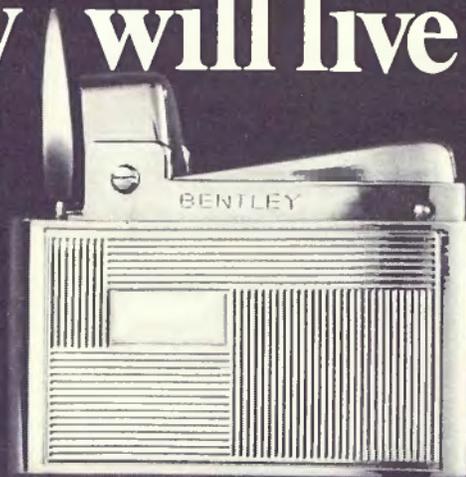
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the society in which I live or, rather, lived. But I will return to school next term and again attempt to relate the university experience in some way to actual learning. I still fail to see why I cannot be given the time to consider the implications of my reading but must instead memorize petty detail, wedged into an intensive ten-week "education." But when an individual bucks the system, the system generally wins. Perhaps Dr. Leary's advice isn't so radical, after all.

Robert Ashman  
East Lansing, Michigan

As graduate students in psychology who have endured American education for 18 years, we would like to congratulate Nat Hentoff for his astute and timely observations. Not only do educators frown on creative thinking, they are actively engaged in eradicating it. Experimental studies have shown that creative children use their own initiative in learning, and this alienates them from their teachers and peers. Creativity seems to decline around the fourth grade, due to the premium placed by teachers on promptness and competition—rather than on individual thought. It seems that teachers and employers do not like those persons with creative personalities; they want to teach and hire only those who are going to be good organization men.

Richard E. Dimond  
Ronald A. Havens  
Xavier University  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Even those young people who aren't oppressed through the college route are made a part of the system. Each month, thousands fall into the grip of the greatest oppressor of individuality in the United States—the Armed Forces. After serving his time, though, a person can regain his freedom: by collecting Government money to attend Government-approved colleges that offer Government-approved courses.

Charles McCall  
APO New York, New York

Hentoff is wise in perceiving that my generation is neither 100-percent right nor 100-percent wrong. Nor are we trying to take over the country. But, just as King Lear was told that he should have been wise before he became old, let us not forget that age itself doesn't necessarily beget knowledge.

David Miller  
Hialeah, Florida

Having successfully played the college game all the way to a Ph. D. without developing ulcers or a nervous tic, I'd like to offer yet another way of beating the system: Don't aim for Harvard. Instead, go to the worst college you can find that's still accredited. At such a backwater

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institution, time wasted studying for classes is minimal, so you actually have time to get an education—by reading on your own. And when you're done, you've got a degree, to boot. It's sheer gamesmanship, of course, but perfect for those of us who desire a real education but lack the guts—or the wherewithal—to drop out completely.

John Owen  
New York, New York

Nat Hentoff criticizes parents for trying to "make certain that the young grow up into replicas of themselves." However, I wonder if Hentoff would deny that the proper role of parents in any society is to attempt to inculcate their values on their young—just as it is the proper role of the young to question these values and ultimately to accept or reject them. In practice, a synthesis is usually reached, in a state of constructive tension that encourages continuous testing and modification of values. The net effect is probably salubrious.

Ray L. Sweigert, Jr.  
Sacramento, California

The average dropout is simply escaping work and discipline. To justify his actions, he seizes convenient rationalizations about the faultiness of the system he has abandoned. Our "oppressed" young people should know that the best way to change the system is from within. That way, they absorb the experience necessary to know what they are talking about and attain the stature necessary to convince their peers of the validity of their opinions. Any other course doesn't give them a platform from which to speak.

F. W. Ward  
Washington, D. C.

I was appalled by Hentoff's article. It discussed only a small minority of today's youth. Typical was Hentoff's anecdote about the "very bright" 14-year-old who did poorly on a reading-achievement test because he took the time to consider all the implications of a given paragraph—rather than read it for speed. You call that bright? I'd say the kid was a complete fool who got just the grade he deserved. If he wants to ponder the implications of what he reads, there are libraries full of books for just that purpose. An exam is hardly the time or the place.

Fred R. Wight  
Rochester, New York

I am one of Hentoff's "oppressed majority," but I cannot relate myself to the image of downtrodden, cringing submissiveness that he presents. Certainly, society doesn't have such a steel grip on my mind and emotions as it seems to have on the youth Hentoff quotes. Young people must learn that examinations,

courses and the entire educational curriculum will not unalterably affect their lives. Such things cannot have a lasting effect—unless the individual permits it.

Hentoff's oppressed youth would gain more by reading *Walden* than by trooping somewhere to stamp their feet in a mass tantrum. To look inward is to find individuality and meaning; to look outward, through an arm band or through some pseudo-sincere attempt at protest, is to grope for an answer that isn't forthcoming. Youth cannot know the world until it knows itself.

I am a young American living in accord with my environment and managing to cope with the myriad questions that can be answered only by facing them. Life owes me only what I can win from it myself and it owes the other youth of America nothing more.

Douglas Anderson  
EPO New York, New York

Hooray for Nat Hentoff and the campus heroes he cites! Let's rebel against becoming dull, gray nobodies in the system and instead take trips, have orgies and organize into great student unions. Then we can be dull, gray nobodies in a different system.

Tom Manning  
Bolivar, New York

## SWEET CAPARELL

Please let me cast my ballot now for the best short story of the year. It's Ken W. Purdy's *Testimony in the Proceedings Concerning Edward Darwin Caparell* (*PLAYBOY*, September). Purdy's articles are always good, but his fiction is even better.

George M. Love  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

## LOVE-IN

Your photo takeout on Mara Sykes (*Mara Loves*, September) is the wildest spread you've run since you featured the acrobatics of Donna Michelle several years ago. Congratulations.

James D. Deere  
New York, New York

Mara Sykes is the warmest, most appealing and apparently the most intelligent girl you have ever featured in your pages. She talks eminent good sense.

A. Wood  
New York, New York

The world needs more girls with the open and frank philosophy—and the good looks—of Mara Sykes.

George A. Curraett  
Schenectady, New York

## SINGER ON KEY

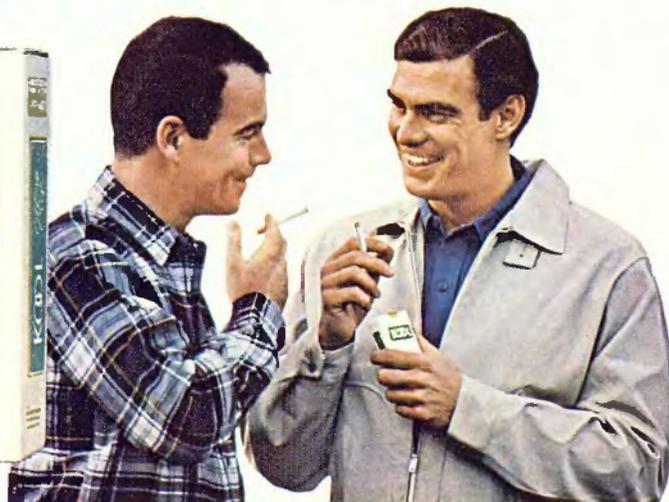
Reading Isaac Bashevis Singer's *The Courtship* (*PLAYBOY*, September) was a most pleasant surprise. I'd always avoided his fiction in the past, thinking it could only be limited and ethnocentric—

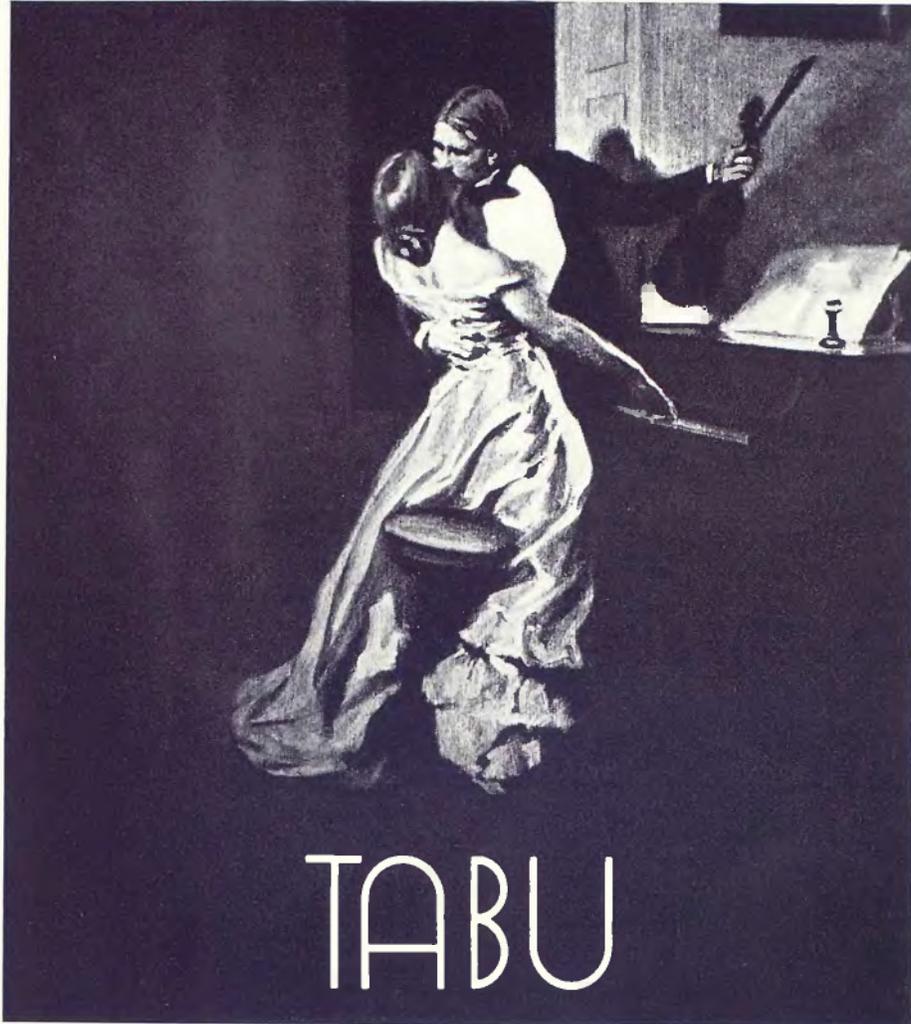
"When we get back, I'm gonna change my brand of cigarettes. These taste flat."

"You should have said something sooner. Here, have one of my Kools."



**Come up to the Kool taste.  
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every time you smoke.**





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Dana

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but I couldn't have been more mistaken. Despite its historical and European setting, *The Courtship* has great contemporary relevance. Many of us today face the same difficult struggle to find meaning and value in a time of social and moral upheaval that Felicia confronted. Singer's ability to subtly evoke the present through the past is truly brilliant. Many thanks for publishing him.

Bruce Wieland  
Omaha, Nebraska

Congratulations on publishing *The Courtship* by Isaac Bashevis Singer. I saved your January 1967 issue, which contained *The Riddle*, by the same gifted author, and will place the September issue with it. Both my husband and I enjoy rereading such superb stories.

Though Singer writes in Yiddish, his themes are universal. He occupies himself with problems of good and evil, with the challenge of finding order in a world of chaos and violence. His refreshing talent makes his stories alive and vibrant. Singer is certainly one of the great literary geniuses of our time, and PLAYBOY shows profound discernment in publishing his work.

Mrs. Daniel Finkel  
Englewood, New Jersey

*We're certain you'll be equally pleased with Singer's "The Lecture," on page 181 of this issue.*

I once wrote of Isaac Singer: "As long as he continues to write in it, Yiddish will not be a dead language." I think *The Courtship* is a classic story—and flawlessly written. We are very lucky to have Singer as an American writer. I have been beating drums for him for years and now, at last, he is getting the acclaim he deserves.

Kenneth Rexroth  
San Francisco, California

#### MAYORALTY RETURNS

I would like to express my appreciation for your stimulating September *Interview* with Mayor John Lindsay. It is a great comfort to know that there are people like him willing to spend their time and initiative to bring quality government to our metropolitan areas. Lindsay's candid responses to your questions reveal that he can certainly do the job.

D. P. Bunnell  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Although I'm what may be considered a "young" leader in the Republican Party, I must admit that I have entertained serious misgivings about the philosophy of John Lindsay as well as his record as mayor. However, after reading your penetrating and candid *Interview* with him, my opinion has changed. With the problems that face American cities today, it is a shame that there are not more political

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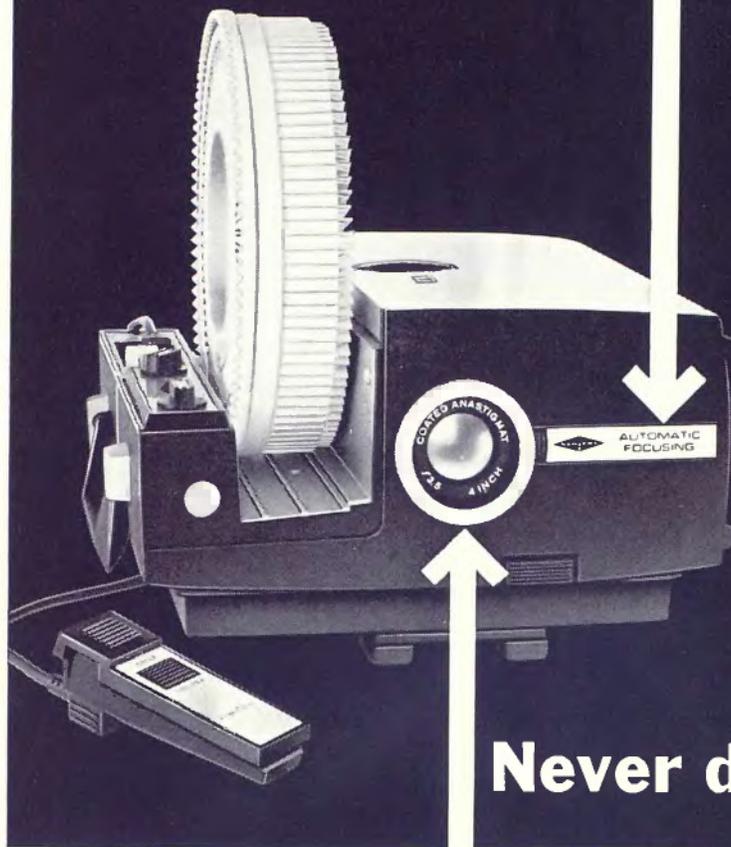
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officials like the mayor of New York to confront them—in both political parties.

While Lindsay can only guess as to his political future, he can—because of your September *Interview*—count on at least one county chairman to stand firmly in his camp. Congratulations to PLAYBOY on a superb *Interview* and to Lindsay for the progress he has made as mayor of our largest city.

Dexter M. Mapel  
County Chairman  
El Paso County Republican Party  
El Paso, Texas

My sincere thanks for your *Interview* with New York's dynamic and charismatic mayor. Lindsay's style and person-to-person approach are extraordinary. In my estimation, he would make a fine Presidential candidate. I hope many other concerned Americans agree—we need him.

Terry Friedman  
Los Angeles, California

After reading your excellent conversation with Mayor Lindsay, I was reminded of what Norman Mailer wrote about New York and Lindsay in the October 28, 1965, issue of *The Village Voice*:

I was talking to a woman at a party the other night, and she said Abe Beame [Democratic candidate defeated by Lindsay] was an old machine politician and so she was going to vote for him because he would know how to run the machine. And I said New York is not a machine but a malignancy.

This was so true. New York doesn't grow, it spreads. New York needed a doctor, not a grease monkey, and, remarkably, it found a capable one in Mayor Lindsay. He has performed a medical miracle by arresting the malignancy. He has shown that New York is livable and he is beginning to show that it is governable as well.

Halton Mann  
Andover, Massachusetts

I noted with interest your *Interview* with Mayor Lindsay. His ideas on urban development and the role of youth in shaping and solving the national problems were very provocative.

Representative Spark M. Matsunaga  
U. S. House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.

Your *Interview* with Mayor Lindsay emphasizes the glamorous aspects of his term in office and ignores several of its sour spots. Apart from his failure to save the old Metropolitan Opera House and the fact that his increased taxes have arrested rather than enhanced the city's business vitality, there's his car tow-away program—the most ludicrous and damaging part of his record. This program

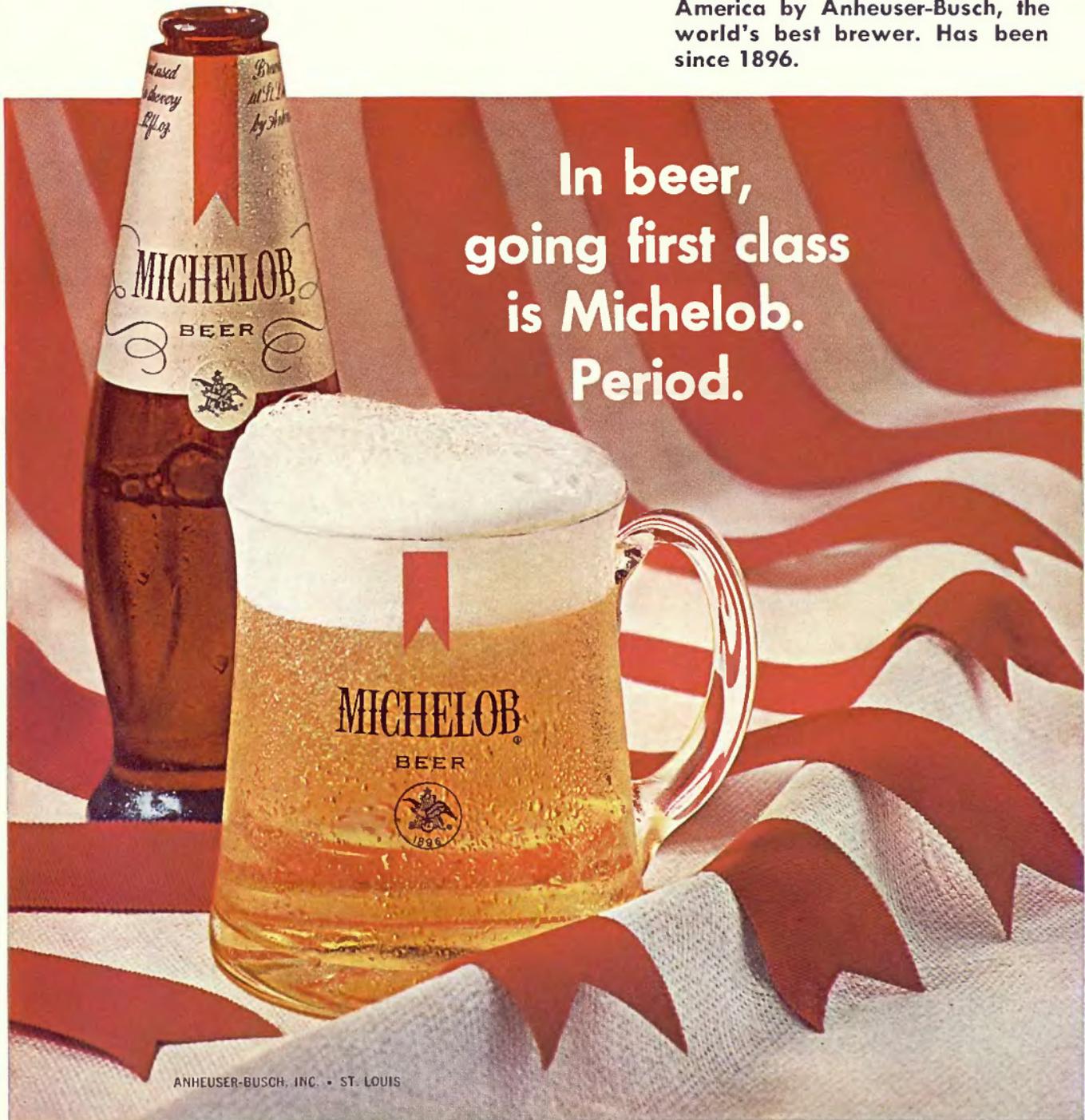
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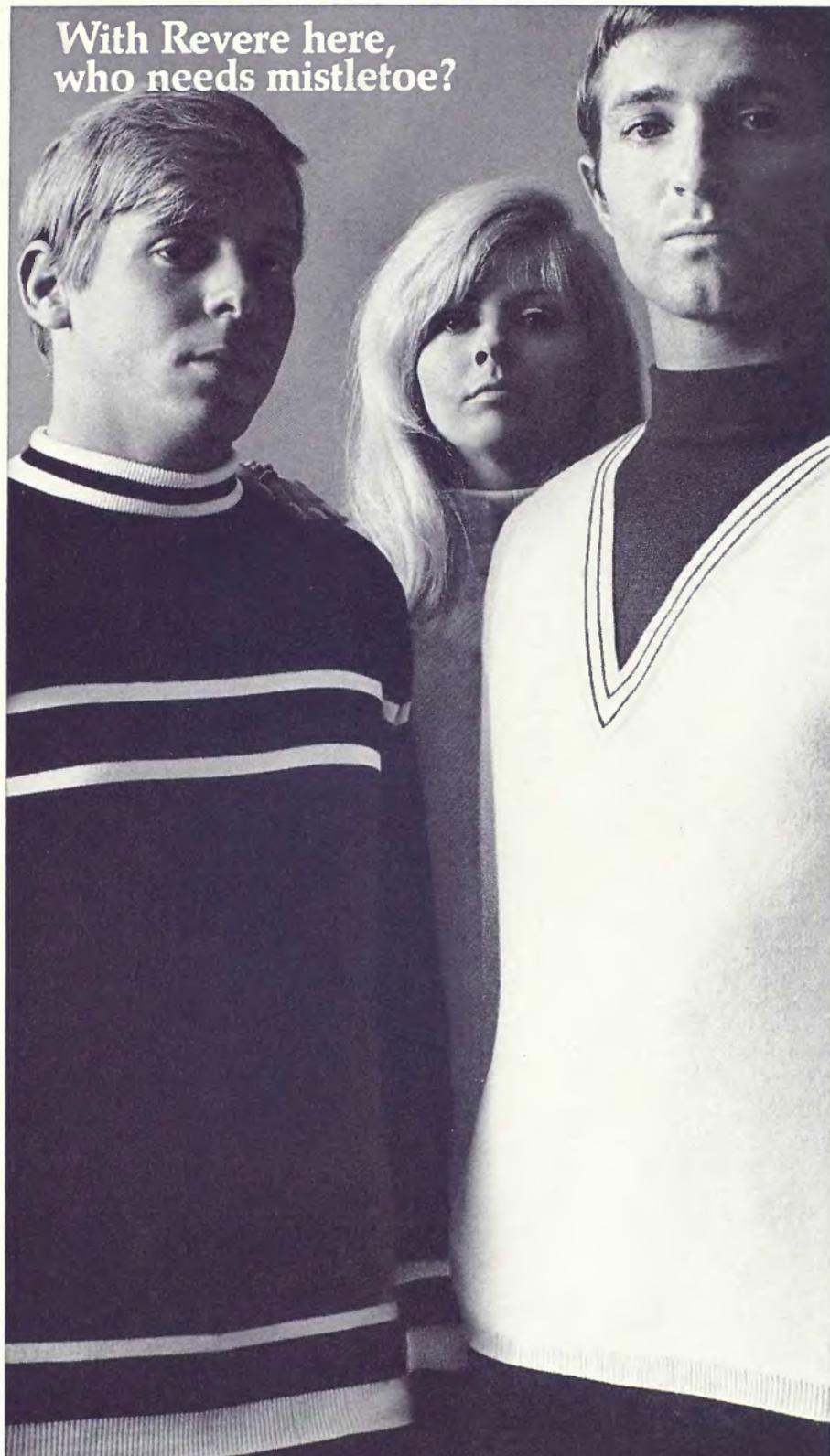
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is nothing more than a political fraud. New York's true traffic problem comes not from private vehicles but from trucks, arrogant taxis and—worst of all—city buses. While all this commercial stuff clogs the streets, the private car owner suffers—to the tune of \$40 per confiscatory tow. Instead of solving the problem, Lindsay's tow-away policy has just created a precipitous drop-off in the number of suburbanites who come to the city to wine, shop and *spend*. Even the staggering sums the city makes in towing fees can't compensate for the revenue it loses—and this loss to New York will eventually become Lindsay's loss, at the polls.

Nicholas Morgan  
North Bergen, New Jersey

#### TALK TALK

Robert Kaufman's *Please Don't Talk to Me—I'm in Training* (PLAYBOY, September) is the funniest story I've ever read in your magazine. It was also a healthy counterpart to Mr. Getty's tales of rugged individualism. Keep up the good work.

Donald Tannenbaum  
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

#### WATTS HAPPENING

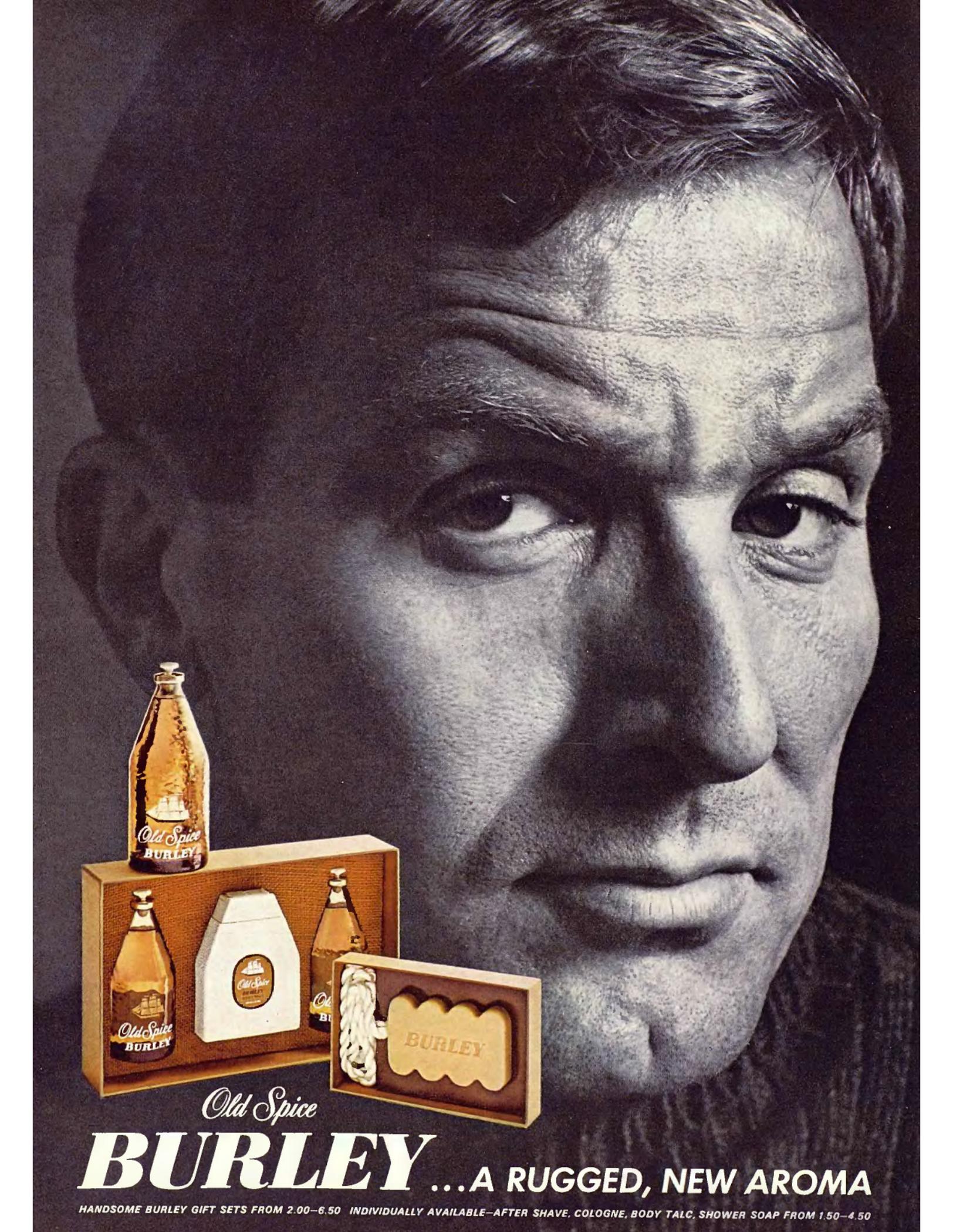
Budd Schulberg earns my admiration and respect for the pains he took in guiding aspiring writers in the Los Angeles ghetto (*The Watts Workshop*, PLAYBOY, September). His thoughts on the potential creativity of all men are heart-warming—just as the thought of how much Negro creativity has already been stifled is disheartening. If it has taken Schulberg's Watts Workshop to show America that it is not too late or too costly to aid our Negro community, then let us applaud Mr. Schulberg—but briefly, since we must now act to begin more such programs.

Denis Crosley  
Lehigh University  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

The *Watts Workshop* article shows that there is real hope for humanity. Man can overcome his pettiness; he can become truly human. Schulberg is a beautiful person. He represents neither black power nor white power, but human power.

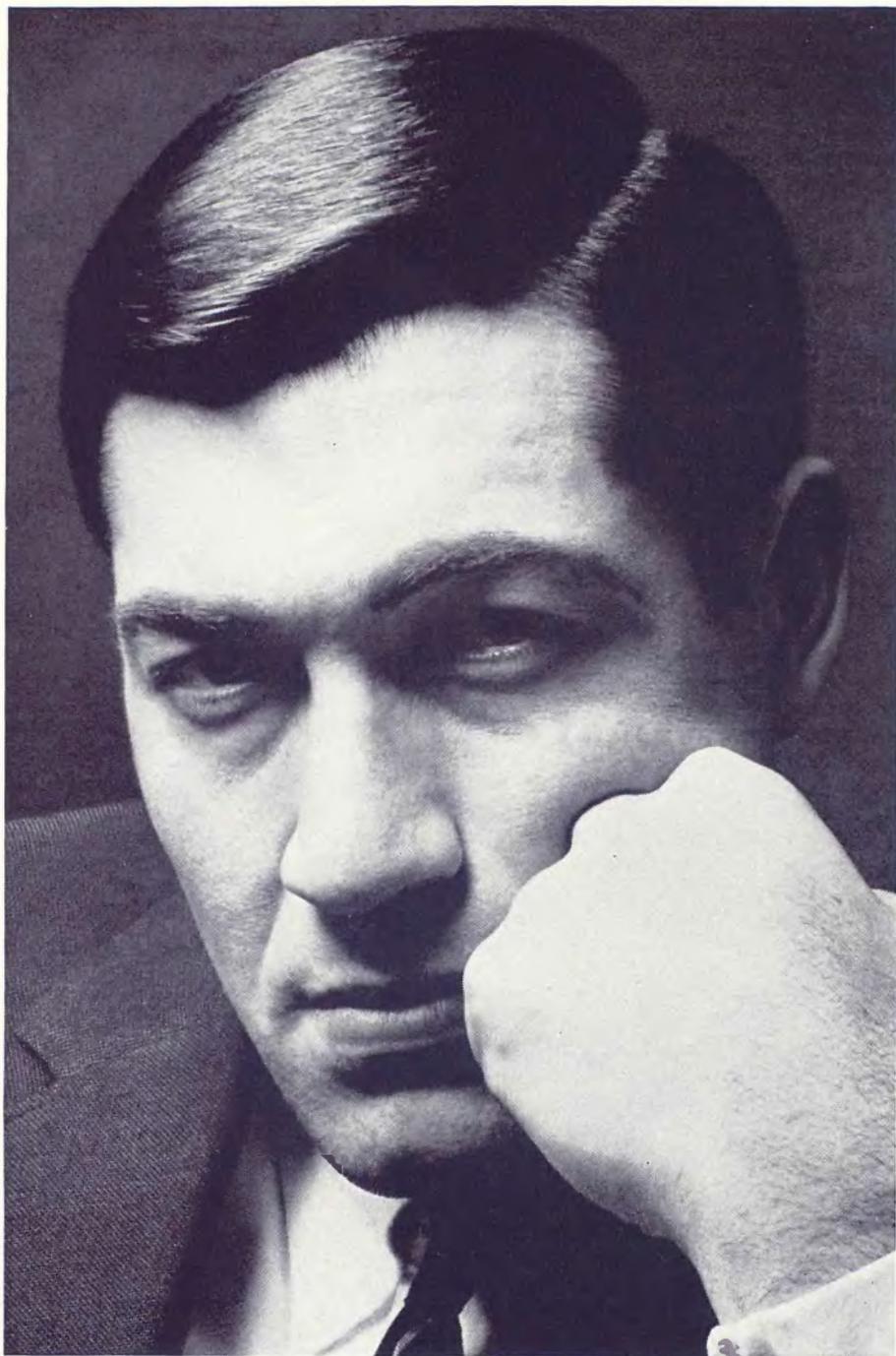
John R. Cheeks  
Chicago, Illinois

Budd Schulberg's work in Watts—and your publication of his piece—should get a big vote of thanks from all Americans. At a time when pessimism seems the only reasonable attitude, he shows that optimism, even of the most limited nature, is possible. With bridges between the races burning down everywhere, Schulberg has managed to build at least one new one. If it can be done by one man in one field in a burned-out town,



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Rudy LaRusso, forward with the San Francisco Warriors, uses Dep for Men.

## Rudy La Russo has his hair styled. What's this? No one's laughing?

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his experiment suggests that it can be done in other fields by many men, in towns that are not yet in ashes.

Irwin Shaw

Klosters, Switzerland

For Shaw's own contribution to the pages of PLAYBOY, see "The Mannichon Solution," our lead fiction this month, on page 110.

Many thanks for having come through with yet another tremendously inspiring article. Someday, with the grace of God and after much sweat and many tears, I'll become an M.D. For the past few months, something had been out of focus in my sense of values, but no longer. Schulberg has given me a model for action. The ghetto in Newark is in desperate need of medical help; and when I get my degree, I hope to set up a medical workshop there. Like Schulberg, I'll be satisfied if I can help just a few underprivileged people.

Richard E. Wronkoski

South Orange, New Jersey

Schulberg should be greatly commended for his works, his confidence and his faith. It's too bad there aren't more around like him.

John Denny

Houston, Texas

As a former New York City Commissioner on Human Rights, a former city magistrate and a plain American, I congratulate you for printing Budd Schulberg's magnificent and sobering article. Using none of the expensive apparatus that surrounded the official inquiry, he's managed to penetrate the mist and discover the root causes of the 1965 rioting—and the present anxiety—in Watts.

He not only points out the obvious factors—unemployment, inferior housing, inadequate educational and recreational facilities—but he also touches upon the equally important intangible factors. His description of the sense of hopelessness that pervades Watts, engendered by police harassment and a feeling that no one really cares, graphically shows how the American dream has become an ugly nightmare for the ghetto Negro.

As a former judge, I am appalled at what passes for law enforcement in the Watts area. When men can be arrested at the whim of a police officer and charged with "suspicion of armed robbery" (which is no crime), individual freedom and the Bill of Rights become a mockery.

As Schulberg says, the entire situation adds up to a tremendous waste of human resources. His Writers Workshop constitutes an important step toward ending this waste. And it poses a basic question for America: Do we have the wit, the wisdom and the will to turn Negro



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### How to shoot the girl without killing the cat.

If you know anything about photography you know how hard it is to get the right exposure for a black object in very light surroundings. For example an ordinary camera, with a built-in meter, would measure the entire scene above and lose all the detail in the cat. But the Mamiya/Sekor TL camera has a behind the lens *spot* meter. You can point that spot meter at the most important part of the picture and be sure your exposure will be right on the nose. The internal metering system is also the fastest and easiest to use with no dials to turn or extra switches to operate. Of the three top selling single lens reflex cameras with interchangeable lenses, only one has a behind the lens *spot* meter and sells for less than \$160. The Mamiya/Sekor 500TL. See it at your photo dealer or write for folder EX. Marketed exclusively by Ponder & Best: New York/Chicago/Los Angeles. 11201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90064.



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ferment away from rioting and rebellion and make of it a positive force for building a better country? Let us hope so.

Morris Ploscowe  
New York, New York

Just finished reading Budd Schulberg's article. My normal chest of 44 has expanded to 48, at least. As one of the original "Angry Voices" in Budd's Workshop, I'm taking the liberty of expressing my thanks—and the thanks of the others who may forget. And we've got a lot to thank Budd for. As far as I'm concerned, he lifted me out of oblivion and brought me into the light of a new day. He is a real boss cat. When the September PLAYBOY came out, I had just made a sale to *West* magazine. I spent some of the money to buy ten copies of PLAYBOY to send back home to Texas to those people who never lost faith in me. It's a fine reward to be written about in a swinging magazine like yours. Keep up the good work.

James Thomas Jackson  
Watts Writers Workshop  
Los Angeles, California

Running through his *Watts Workshop* article, like a garbage trail behind an ocean liner, is Budd Schulberg's major premise: that the black man should be freed to enjoy everything the white man enjoys. And what does the white man enjoy? Why, everything the TV commercials offer: split-level houses, swimming pools, golf courses, Mr. Clean and the Jolly Green Giant. To borrow from Schulberg perhaps the most accurate word in his article: *Sheeit*.

This is not to say that the blacks should be denied; nor that they should be denied the use of violence, or even revolution, if that is what it takes. But what ought to be denied is that such tawdry achievement constitutes "making it." Our whole society is up to *here* in whites who have embraced everything the TV commercials have to offer and still "feel so trapped and frustrated that they are almost going out of their minds" —to use the words Schulberg applied to the lowliest Negroes in Watts.

For the sake of a lot of poor bastards—both black and white—I hope that Schulberg is right. But if he is wrong, then he is helping sell what a socially conscious adman might call the white man's ball of wax. God help us all if this ball of wax turns out to be a bucket full of sheeit. If it does, Schulberg must recall that many of us have been smelling it for years. And saying so.

Clark R. Puckett  
Assistant Professor of Economics  
State University of New York  
Brockport, New York

I've bought about every issue of PLAYBOY ever published—just to see how far you could go with your way-out

ideas. In your September issue, you've finally reached the limit. Budd Schulberg's article was the most disgusting I've ever seen. PLAYBOY's concern for the rioting, looting, lazy Negro is more than a decent person can stand. But, of course, this concern is linked with your obvious scorn for all that once was good in America. And it goes along with your love of the hippies, beatniks and left-wingers. You don't even respect the police or basic law and order.

Jack Raye  
Wilmington, Ohio

### TASTY BUFFET

I was pleased to see—in the September issue of PLAYBOY—fiction by Harry Brown, one of my favorite writers. His *A Small Buffet in Maldita* is characteristic of his excellent writing style. It was all the more interesting to me, as I have made several visits to Mexico in the past few years and am quite familiar with the stilted parties of the sort that Brown so skillfully portrayed.

Harold W. Jollie  
Warwick, Rhode Island

Maybe I'm just a sucker for lost-looking doe-eyed girls, but I fell in love when I read Harry Brown's *A Small Buffet in Maldita*. As far as I'm concerned, Lalage tops the list of girls who have appeared in PLAYBOY. Her innocence was especially beautiful because of its contrast with the generally shallow and ugly people gathered at Brown's fictional buffet. The world could use more girls like her—and more stories like Brown's.

Everett Stone  
New Orleans, Louisiana

### BUZZARD OF HAPPINESS

I got a big bang out of Jean Shepherd's *The Secret Mission of the Blue-Assed Buzzard* (PLAYBOY, September). I'm just one of the many East Coast readers who are daily being sold on PLAYBOY by Jean's radio show. Among the legions of WOR listeners in New York City, there is many a skeptical soul who will not accept a less reliable recommendation than Shep's. A paid commercial would be definitely inferior to the plugs PLAYBOY gets, so spontaneously, on his program.

William M. O'Kelley  
New York, New York

Jean Shepherd's *Blue-Assed Buzzard* is a classic. It brought back many Army memories—both pleasant and unpleasant. Every Shepherd piece you run seems better than the previous one. I am anxiously awaiting more.

E. Russo  
Kauai Island, Hawaii

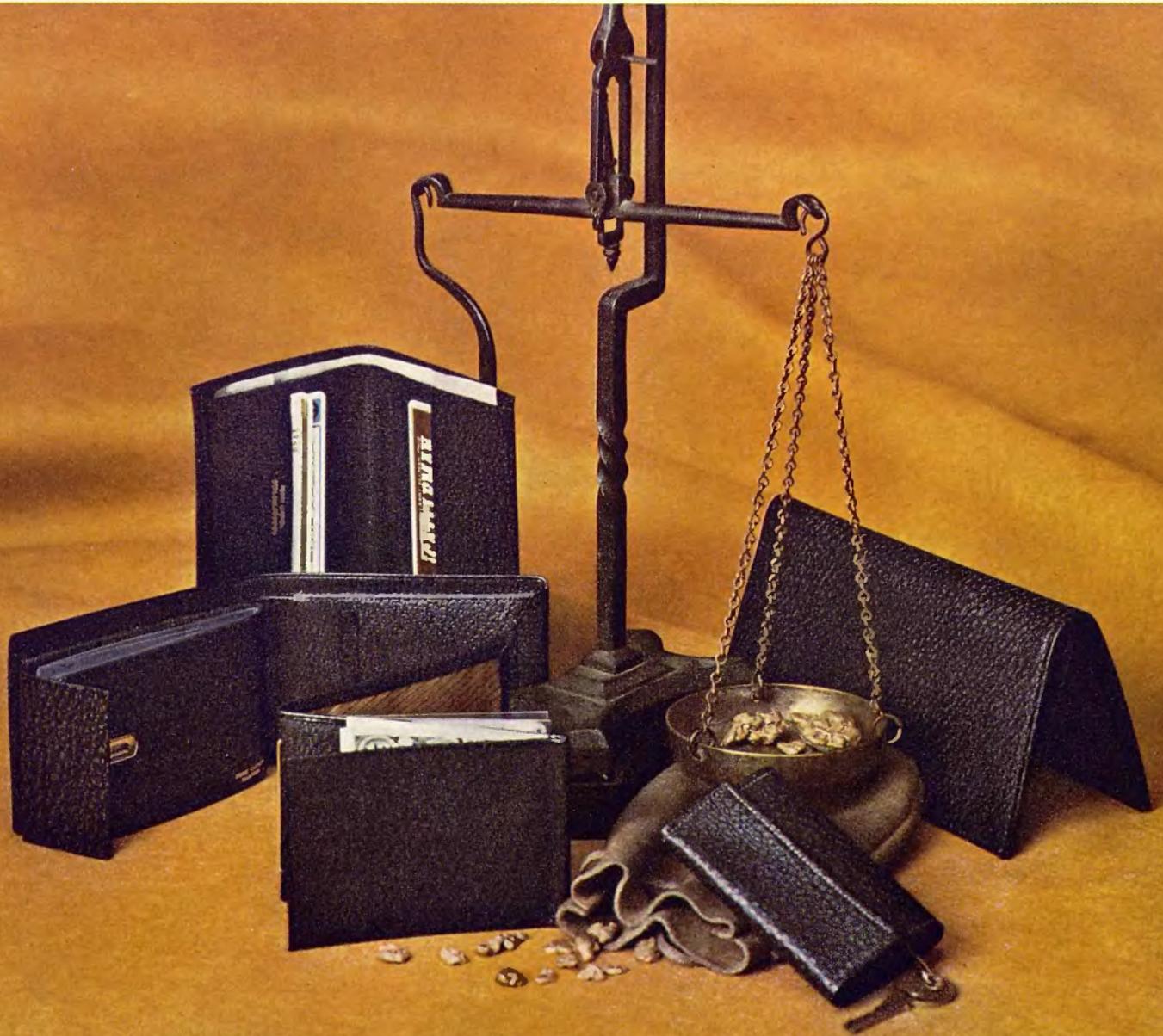
*Old Shep returns, with a smiling Wimpy doll and a host of other childhood goodies, on page 180 of this issue.*



# HERMIT'S GOLD

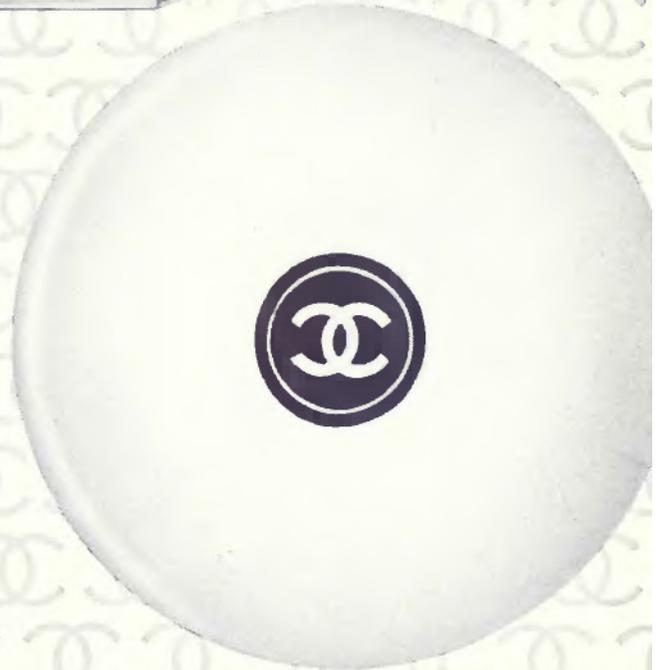
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# CHANEL

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



There are now no fewer than six psychedelic churches in America—the League for Spiritual Discovery, Kerista, the Water Brothers, the Neo-American Church, the Church of the Awakening and, oldest of all, the Native American Church; and more seem to be sprouting, like magic mushrooms, every day. If this trend continues, it seems only a matter of time—say, Christmas 2067—until our entire culture will be turned on, church and state alike. And if some new Clement C. Moore—a latter-day apostle of Timothy Leary and his turned-on, tuned-in, wiggled-out prose style—has a vision on the night before that date, he will almost certainly record it in language something like this:

“’Twas the night before Tripmas, and all through the pad, not a stash could be found, not even a leftover joint—but I’d already dropped 500 micrograms, in hopes that supercelestial Bodhisattva visions soon would manifest themselves in all their ego-destroying and mind-expanding explosions of prajna-power. My stockings were hung, not by the chimney but inside it—because they contained my bag of niacinamide to abort the trip if it turned freaky, and I didn’t want any unplugged heads from the basement wandering in and purloining my remaining stash of this potent panacea if they ran out of Frenquel. Our teenyboppers were out on the town for the night—while stroboscopic visions of sugar cubes danced in their ganglia.

“My yabum partner in her sari and I in my flight suit had just settled onto mattresses in the meditation room, an incense burner between us, awaiting the onset of the profoundly humbling cellular pulsations that would announce our arrival on the holy escalator of heightened consciousness. Just as we settled down for a long winter’s grok of our *Evening Raga* poster in all its orange, oleaginous and corpuscular fullness—and for a bracing skinny-dip in the wine-dark river of prenatal memory—diamond-bright sound waves began to pound and thunder on the lawn, ricochet off the blue-green molecules of

nitrogen and oxygen sometimes known as ‘air’ and hurtle faster than the speed of light into a hundred thousand indigo synapses of soft machinery that had never before been awakened within the trembling kettledrum of my inner ear. Ecstasy alternated with terror as I sprang from my mattress, flew to the window in a flash of immaculate white bodhilight and threw up the sash, which I didn’t remember having swallowed.

“Outside, the moon’s unspeakable energies radiated gently in succulent patterns of raisin tapioca on the breast and nipple of an enormous white goddess, whom I only slowly recognized as a glittering mantle of jewellike new-fallen snow (the kind you sled on, not the kind you sniff); hovering above in eerie flying saucery was a shimmering vision that seemed at first a heavenly hookah with eight vermilion hoses, then transmogrified itself into a golden chariot pulled by eight pea-green goat-boys and driven by Father Freak-Out himself, jolly old Saint Tim.

“Even as I stood, struck with wonder to the depths of the ancient, churning dynamo of my soul, his chargers became the eight avatars of the sacred Eightfold Path, imperially resplendent in prayer beads, granny glasses and paisley-patterned Dr. Dentons. As the convoy careened through the delicate, shuddering inner space of my forebrain—lighting each neuron in pinball rainbows of jelly-bean energy colors—I heard the master hailing his holy men by name: ‘Now, Jagger! McCartney! Now, Pig Pen and Lennon! On, Ginsberg! On, Burroughs! On, Frodo and Alpert! To the end of ego, to the light of the void! Smash through your game roles, smash through them all!’

“Suddenly, the spectacle metamorphosed once again—this time into millions upon millions of silver-veined leaves, each smelling greenly alive and holding in miraculous suspension the entire organic evolution of plant life in its very being; but then, as the billion-colored throbbing whirlwind of DNA-coded leafery swirled past overhead, it again took on the forms of the high holy ones

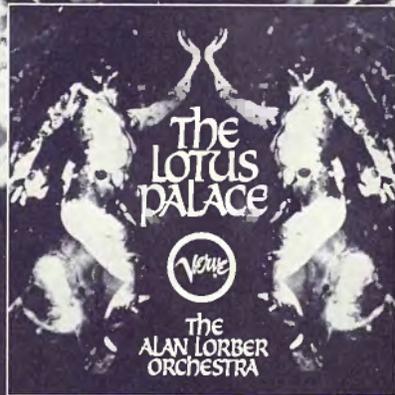
and I heard on the roof the musical mystery of pure sound itself, naked as lunch, in each sandaled foot. As I turned my head back into the room, as if across light-years of living and incandescent space, my dilated eyes beheld Saint Timothy emerging from the fireplace and slowly drifting down, down dark-red waterways into endless molecular factories of ancient, fibrous clockwork time-space continuums that, just a short while ago, had been my toilet.

“When he came out a few minutes later, I saw that he was dressed all in white—iridescently, throbbingly, blindingly white—from his head to his unshod feet; and slung over his shoulder was a Falstaffian sack of seasonal psychedelica. In his inscrutable eyes there was a twinkle like the swirling firmament in Van Gogh’s *Starry Night*, and a merry curl to his lips assuring me that he had sampled all of his wares and wasn’t about to unload any cut grass or bathtub acid. Again the fearful and wonderful power of 500 mikes laid hold of my nervous system and, midway between humor and horror, I saw Saint Timothy’s cherubic cheeks transform themselves into exploding bouquets of roses, his nose into a tumescent cherry, his whiskers into incandescent flakes of snow, his abdominal region into quivering purple gelatin.

“The smoke from his stub of a pipe—pure Tangier hash—circled his head like a halo of white, eternally meaningful and unspeakably joyous angel leathers. Vaulted to new heights by these celestial fumes, I saw his face change, become all men and all faces, retracing evolution back to the lizard and beyond; he seemed to plump and swell until he filled the room, a right jolly old guru. I felt my entire being collapse into spasm after spasm of helpless laughter—yet panic stalked the shadows, for I knew well that such outbursts often short-circuit the pure light and trigger a descent into the bardo of wrathful visions. Supremely unruffled by my down-trip digression, Saint Timothy benignly turned his head and a lid of pale flesh descended briefly over the mandala of his

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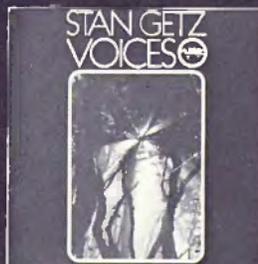
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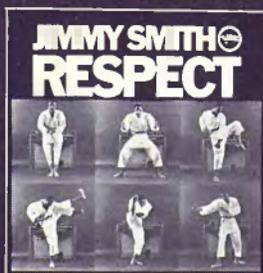
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all-seeing eye, reassuring me at once that there was nothing to dread as long as I reminded myself at each step which of the five levels of consciousness I was entering.

"Speaking not a word—for our psychedelic bond transcended the symbol manipulations of mere verbal communication—Saint Timothy forthwith laid his goodies on me (all free from the Digger store): sugar cubes and sacred mushrooms, nutmeg and Bennies, yajé and thorn apple, nightshade and kavakava, terpin hydrate and the holy peyote of Steppenwolf—a plethora of packages gaily gift-wrapped in Panamanian Red and Jersey Green, plus a magnum of vintage STP, a Nebuchadnezzar of DMT and a veritable boatload of electric bananas. Then, laying his finger inside his nose like an old-time cokehead, Saint Tim levitated himself suddenly into the ozone and up the cosmic vulva of the chimney back into the universal womb. But I heard him exclaim, ere he sank forever back into the slowly swelling movement of ovarian ticker tape, *'Hare Krishna to all—and don't tell the fuzz where you got the stuff, baby!'*"

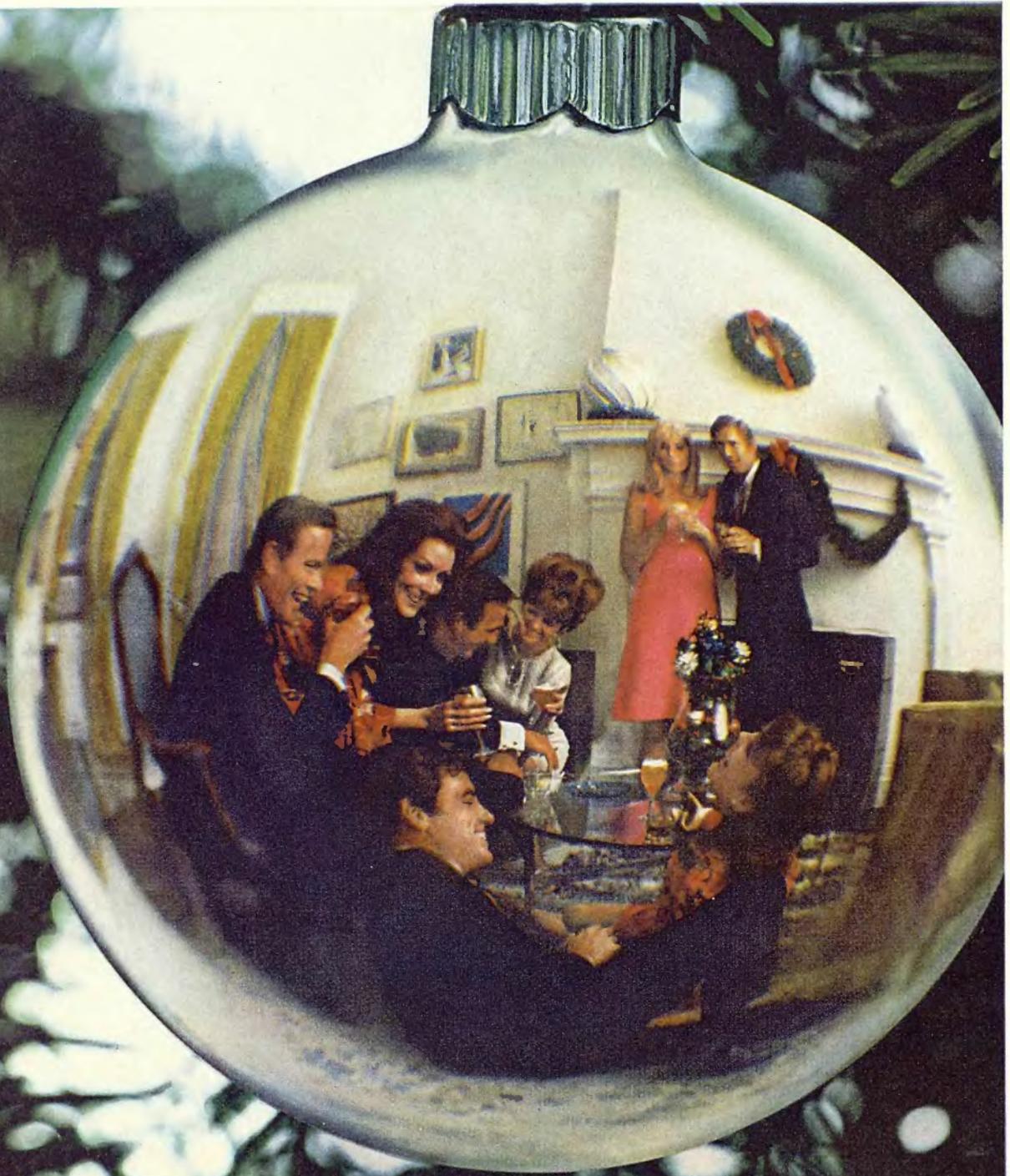
A private citizen in California has drafted a document, modestly entitled "Proposed New Law," that might well end the Vietnam war. Section two, paragraphs four and five, read:

At all times, during a state of war, the President of the United States shall serve one week out of every month in the combat area of the conflict, on the actual front line, to keep him fully informed of any and all conditions. The Vice-President shall also have the same duty. The Cabinet shall also serve on a rotation basis in the combat area, the time and frequency being left to the discretion of the President, except that each and every one shall serve at least three days of each month on the battle line.

One third of the House of Representatives and one third of the Senate shall also be on combat duty on the major front lines of action at all times on a rotation basis, with a 30-day tour of duty for each member. There shall be no exception. Any member who does not feel he is qualified for this regulation shall resign from office.

*If It's Worth Doing, It's Worth Doing Well Department:* French justice took a strange turn not long ago when a young man was found guilty of defending his honor. Michel Depré, 34, caught his wife in bed with another man and, true to the Gallic code in such matters, drew his knife. But instead of killing the paramour, he only wounded him slightly. Depré was fined \$60 and given a one-month suspended sentence. A

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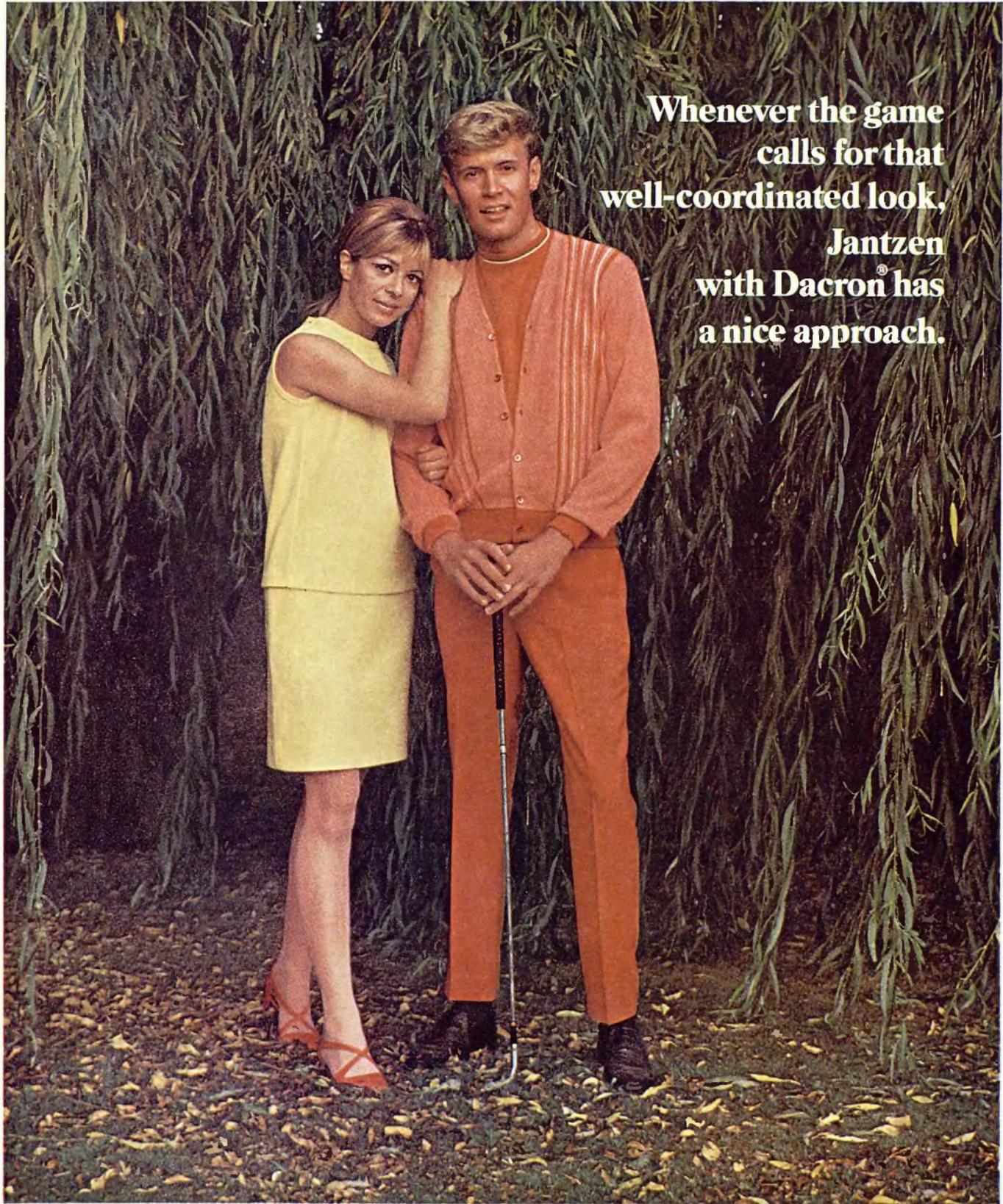
truer thrust would have gone unpunished under Article 324 of the French criminal code, which extends official sympathy for the *crime passionnel*. The judge said, “The simple wounding shows that he was not in a state of mind whereby he was seeking, at whatever cost, to defend his honor and his home. Were that the case, he would have committed murder.” And saved himself \$60.

Aviary Intelligence, Ballistics Division: *The New York Times* informs us that the windows of the new crack 110-mph trains between New York and Washington “have been proved safe by the dead-chicken test. The chicken test, it was explained, involves firing a dead fowl out of a cannon at 160 mph against the tempered glass. The purpose is to see if the glass would withstand the impact of collision with a large bird.”

Sign spotted in a Málaga, Spain, bar: SE HABLA ESPAÑOL.

That a flair for the bizarre can win international attention for even the most obscure and mundane organizations is attested by a recent UPI wire-service story picked up by the *Chicago Sun-Times*. The group, or groups, in question: The New Zealand Happiness Clubs, a women’s organization whose avowed and upbeat purpose is to bring “joy to all.” The act that won these loving ladies world-wide news coverage: their passing of a resolution calling upon their government to re-establish capital punishment by hanging. Our reaction is that nobody just lucks on to this sort of thing; it had to be planned, not by an Auckland stringer for UPI who had nothing else to report but by a nice little old lady whose notion of spreading joy—and garnering publicity—has a touch of mad genius about it.

For those quick to dismiss the telephone directory as a dull, purely utilitarian tome, the following illuminating facts—extracted from the San Francisco listings by *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen—should be a revelation: “Karl Marx lives! (on page 402). Five listings for Goldfinger, only four for James Bond. The Doves outnumber the Hawks, 11 to 7. Only one Owl. But mighty is the Eagle—28 of them. Also 36 Hammers, four Nails, two Tacks, five Bolts and one Nutt. . . . Love is very big in San Francisco (73), but Lust (3) is losing and Passion (2) is petering out. Kiss (8) wins out over Hug (3). The Little people (80) tower over the Large (1), and only two are Hip. There are more Popes (53) than Priests (11), far more Walkers (395) than Amblers (2), more Trotters (17) than Runners (6). A city with two Mountains, scads of Hills, three Peaks, two Valleys, 20 Lakes, 11 Pools and eight Flowers with a total of 70 Blooms. . . . Now I’m



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going to call up Carl Jung (also listed) for an appointment to straighten out my phone-book syndrome. It's getting out of Hand (31)."

*Eye of the Beholder Department:* In *Foolish Figsleaves*, a new book on pornography and the law by Richard Kuh, the author reprints a memorable review from *Field and Stream* of D. H. Lawrence's most famous banned book: "Although written many years ago, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has just been reissued by Grove Press, and this fictional account of the day-by-day life of an English gamekeeper is still of considerable interest to outdoor-minded readers, as it contains many passages on pheasant raising, the apprehending of poachers, ways to control vermin, and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately, one is obliged to wade through many pages of extraneous material in order to discover and savor these sidelights on the management of a Midlands shooting estate, and in this reviewer's opinion this book cannot take the place of J. R. Miller's *Practical Gamekeeping*."

Choice apartment-for-rent ad from *The New York Times*: "4-room lower, private entrance and basement. Sewerage and rubbish furnished."

An invitation to a sukiyaki party, sent by a Japanese hotel to airmen at a nearby American base, suggests that the hospitality of the Japanese is matched by their candor. The circular informed all single men that it was "arranged for young and charming hostesses (all amateur) of 30 members. Please take the fancy of your partner out of them." The program of amusements for the day included a "special fantastic floorshow performed by nude dancers coming from Tokyo" and a "peculiar movie for man only."

Legislation to abolish gambling at the Nevada State Prison has been defeated in the state senate by an appropriate vote of 7 to 11.

In its zeal to make sure that retired Government workers know exactly what to do in case of war, the U. S. Civil Service Commission has issued the following directive. "In the event of an attack on the U. S. and until further notice: A Section 831.107 of Subpart A, and Subsections 831.502 (B) (1) and (2) and (C) (1) and (2) of Subpart E are suspended and B Part M-831 is added to the commission's regulations."

*Fine Distinction Department:* An item in *Missouri Medicine* noted that "the attitude of the public toward the American Medical Association could

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Program in the world of Time

probably be put into two categories. On the one hand are those who think the A. M. A. is bigoted, reactionary, avaricious and self-serving. On the other hand are those who are downright unfriendly."

The Ultimate Weapon: The *Berkeley Daily Gazette* reports that a young California woman was booked on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon—she had belted a policeman with a 12-foot effigy of President Johnson.

Bulletin from the front lines of the Sexual Revolution: An advertisement in *The Cincinnati Post and Times-Star* announced that a local department store was having a sale of "men's sport shirts with adjustable straps and A, B, C cups."

## DINING-DRINKING

There's nothing unusual about a Chinese husband and wife running a Chinese restaurant in an American city. But the Hungs, of Hollywood, California, aren't your run-of-the-fortune-cookie couple: He's a Ph.D. in applied mechanics and a top aerospace scientist—executive; she's an M.A. in business administration. Nor is their establishment—*Mouling* (6530 Sunset Boulevard, three blocks west of Vine)—a typical chow mein—lining dispensary: Its growing number of *aficionados* insists *Mouling* is far and away the best Chinese restaurant west of the Continental Divide, if not of the Hudson. *Mouling's* decor is comfortable and unpretentious. The restaurant's outdoor dining patio is highly recommended for balmy evenings; screened-off indoor booths remind first-time visitors of Charlie Chan movie sets. Mrs. Hung is always on hand to greet and advise about lesser-known dishes; and Mr. Hung often hovers in the background, between trips to the Pentagon or to various aerospace centers. *Mouling* emphasizes the Mandarin-Shanghai style of cookery; that is, the boldly spiced, richly sauced North Chinese style of which many devotees of low-keyed Cantonese cuisine are sadly unaware. The menu is as elaborate as it is epicurean. And if you have a vague idea of some concoction you'd like to see whipped up, you have only to define the dish and Mr. Hung, a master chef, will disappear into the kitchen to produce it for you. Don't be misled by the commonplace English names of the restaurant's specialties: *Mouling's* approach to even the most ordinary-sounding dish is innovative and imaginative. A few examples, only a few, of the Hungs' stunning concoctions: Hot-Sour Soup—a thick savory broth loaded with a bewildering number of meats and vegetables, splendidly spicy and tanged with vinegar; Chicken Salad—shredded

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chicken and bits of vegetables mixed with crisp brown noodles and treated with a bold, vinegary dressing, served cold: Cassia Pork—the delicate filling of this rolled-crepe dish consists of shredded pork tenderloin, egg, scallions, Chinese greens and dried (believe it or not) lilies. And on and on, from Sizzling Rice Soup to Twice Cooked Pork to Sweet and Sour Duck Strips. For dessert, let your taste buds be cosseted by the Sesame Balls and the Candied Apple (crisp iced coating on the outside, piping hot inside). Thanks to the Oriental expertise of the urbane Hungs, Mouling is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's featured attractions. Open Sunday through Thursday from noon to 11 P.M.; Friday and Saturday from noon to midnight.

It would be hard to imagine that New York City could put up a palace for the performing arts without good restaurants following close behind. Thus, when Lincoln Center opened, three excellent restaurants—each with something special to offer—opened in quick succession to serve Centergoers. The first was *The Ginger Man* (51 West 64th Street), which has been so popular that after two years, it had to add an additional 50 seats in a new dining area. The name, of course, comes from J. P. Donleavy's novel and the play of the same name, in which Patrick O'Neal starred a few seasons back. Mr. O'Neal and his brother Michael are two of the owners. What is more distinctive about it is that the chef is the famed Dione Lucas. Mrs. Lucas' menu is far-ranging in its variety, with mild emphasis on the French. It goes from a *Quelles de Brochet Sauce Nantua* to *Shashlik*. She does unusual things such as a *Quiche Lorraine* with bacon and grated parmesan and a *Smoked Trout* with *Whipped Horseradish Sauce*. The atmosphere is informal—more like an Irish pub than a restaurant designed to serve patrons of the arts. But the food and the service are excellent and the West Side neighborhood regulars are unaffected by the Lincoln Center customers. *The Ginger Man* is open every day for lunch from noon to 3 and for dinner and supper from 5:30 P.M. to 2 A.M. Prices range from \$4.50 to \$7.25 for *Pepper Steak*. Naturally, supper is served and includes an impressive range of omelets, the most expensive of which is caviar and sour cream, at \$3.25.

Next to open was *Herb Evans'*, about three doors away, at Broadway and 64th Street. Evans himself runs the show with a genuine American menu and a smattering of French dishes. The atmosphere at *Herb Evans'* is contemporary and unobtrusive, with the accent on good food and service. The dishes are standard, non-nonsense and well prepared. Appetizers include marinated herring, shrimp cocktail and Nova Scotia salmon cocktail. Entrees are steaks and chops or, if you're



Benrus Sea Lord and Sea Lady photographed through the lens of the eye of a Lemon Shark at the Mednick Studios, New York, N.Y.

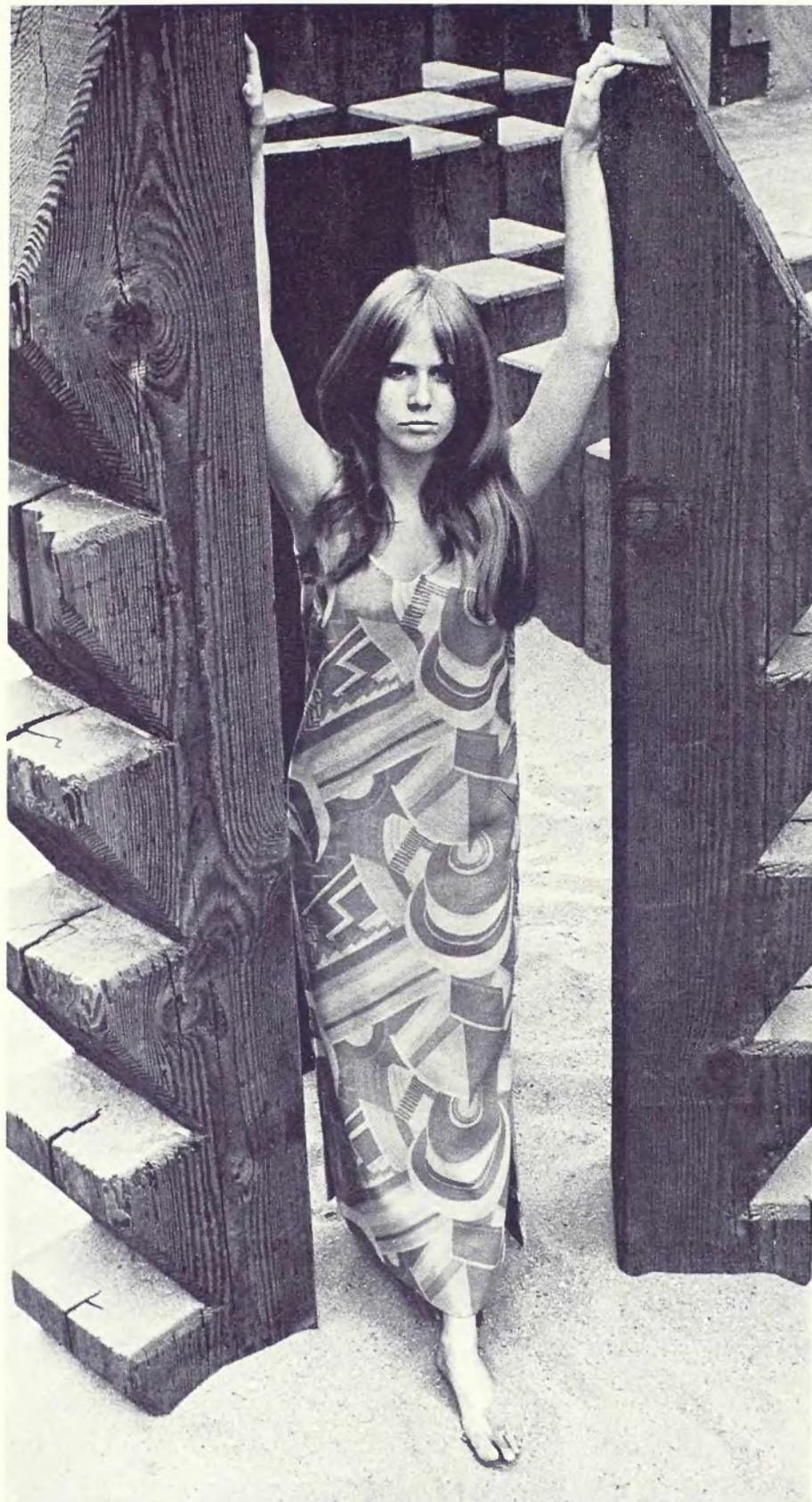
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**A** wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

- beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;
- truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and
- love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

# A PROPOSITION

**The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress**

**Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities** (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

**Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana**

**Radio Free America**—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

**The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman**—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

**The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"**—An exposé of an operative who is paid \$1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

**The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy**

**Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics**

**Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art**—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of *Avant-Garde*.

**George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs Toward the Elimination of War**—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

**Understanding Zowie**—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

**The Fugs**—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

**A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000**

**The Writing on the Wall**—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

**Move Over, Lady Chatterley**—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

**The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh**

**Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"**

**My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt**—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

**Poets at War**—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

**John Lennon as a Master of Prose**

**Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws**

**Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"**—A Pop Impression.

**The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism**—As exemplified by the L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

**Group Psychotherapy on TV**

**Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works**—A portfolio.

**A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen**

**Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970**—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, *Avant-Garde* will be a feast of gourmet food-for-

thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of *Avant-Garde* is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of *Avant-Garde* includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, *Avant-Garde* will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

*Avant-Garde* will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*, before *Avant-Garde's* first issue is sold out, we will send you eight months—the better part of a year—for *only \$3.99*. This is a *MERE FRACTION* of its actual value!

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Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as *Avant-Garde's* first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$3.99 to *Avant-Garde*, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

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The newest—and most glamorous—of the three restaurants is *La Comédie* (2005 Broadway, a little north of Lincoln Center). *La Comédie* performs the remarkable feat of offering an excellent cuisine to 400 people, not only in time for curtain but in a decor that is cleverly designed to give the appearance of intimacy. *La Comédie*—the brain child of Pierre Bezin, Albert Forgelle and George Rey—is lush in its carpeting, upholstery, panels and the theatrical murals that depict comedy around the world. Displays of the costumes and props of the national theaters of many nations create an apropos atmosphere. The chef, Jean-Jacque Rachou, had been at *The Colony*, and his superior cuisine reflects it. A sampling of hors d'oeuvres demonstrates the French penchant for originality—the Crêpes Maison are delicate, while the Pâté de Campagne is spiced in an unusual way. A marvelous Cream of Sorrel—a soup rarely served in the United States—preludes main courses ranging from Foies de Volaille à l'Orientale to Roast Duckling with Grand Marnier Sauce and Glazed Bananas. Desserts are also distinctive: the Napoleon, for example, is made with a rum-flavored pastry *crème*. The management is especially mindful of its wine list, which is far above average. *La Comédie* is open every day except Sunday for luncheon, from noon to 3; for dinner, seven days a week, from 5 to 12. And there is a supper menu. Reservations, of course, are recommended at all three places.

### MOVIES

Down in the depths of a Greenwich Village subbasement, a restive suburban matron (Anne Jackson) sits tied to a chair. She has been kidnaped by an off-duty postman (Eli Wallach), who confides that rape seems as logical a way as any to express his hostility toward the crippling frustrations of a conformist society. He wants her as a "sacrifice to the needs of my own primitive being." Well, up to a point, his chosen victim couldn't agree with him more. Soon she is selling her assailant a raffle ticket on behalf of hospitals so overcrowded that they have three patients for every bed. "Think



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about that for a moment,” she suggests sensibly. As enlightened slapstick, *The Tiger Makes Out* affords Mr. and Mrs. Wallach an opportunity to do for Murray Schisgal's short play *The Tiger* what they might have done for the movie version of *Luv*, given a chance. The Wallachs performed both Schisgal pieces on stage, and their experience tells here in Eli's mad intensity as a postman gone berserk and in Anne's dry, hilarious portrait of a very average American wife and mother who feels she would like to exist “on more than one level.” Stretching a slight prank out to twice its natural length cannot produce solid-gold comedy, but director Arthur Hiller conceals a good deal of the strain with ebullient pacing and a social satirist's view of its seedy New York locations. Author Schisgal's canny humor also buoys a cast of bit players, mostly recruited from Broadway, who keep popping up to suggest that the insanity of urban life is beyond remedy. However, *The Tiger* makes it Fun City, indeed.

Elemental passions predominate in *The Fear*. In the most grueling scene—which is *that* close to becoming a ghoulishly comic one—34-year-old writer-director Costas Manoussakis painstakingly studies the faces of a farm family eating a platterful of fried fish. The fish were caught in the lake where the body of a deaf-mute servant girl lies, hidden there by the walleys, dim-witted country boy who brutally (not again) raped and murdered her. His father and stepmother, who know the truth, lose their appetites. Watching his beautiful stepsister bite with relish into the fish heads, the boy vomits. Few details are omitted from Manoussakis' relentless, single-minded essay on the power of conscience. Lust, fear and cancerous guilt poison the blood of his characters, until the drama's chilling climax, when the murderer dances madly at his stepsister's wedding—a ritual *danse macabre* that grows in frenzy, while a hideous bundle of evidence floats to the surface of the lake nearby. *The Fear* offers the most graphic display of aberrant sexual impulses since Bergman's *The Virgin Spring*.

When James Coburn is rightly accused of—you guessed it—raping the sheriff's daughter (Margaret Blye), he prefers to phrase the charge another way—“Assault with a friendly weapon.” Such gags proliferate in *Waterhole #3*, a blue hoss opera that might better have been called *Our Man Flint Goes West*. Armed with a pocket pistol and a saddlebagful of snappy rejoinders right off the Las Vegas-Tahoe night-club circuit, Coburn plays Cole, a turn-of-the-century gambling man whose hot card is \$100,000 worth of gold bullion stolen from the Army. The desperadoes who lifted and then lost it pursue Flint—Cole—through the sagebrush surrounding a

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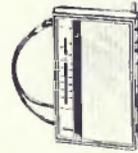
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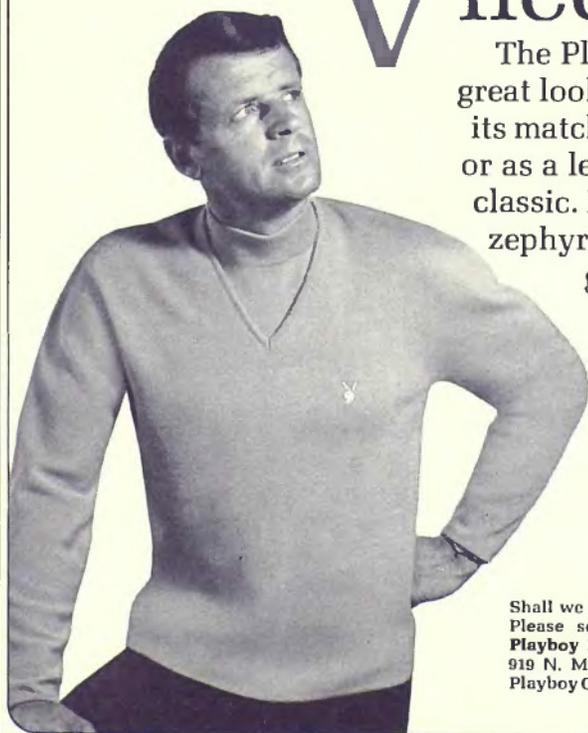


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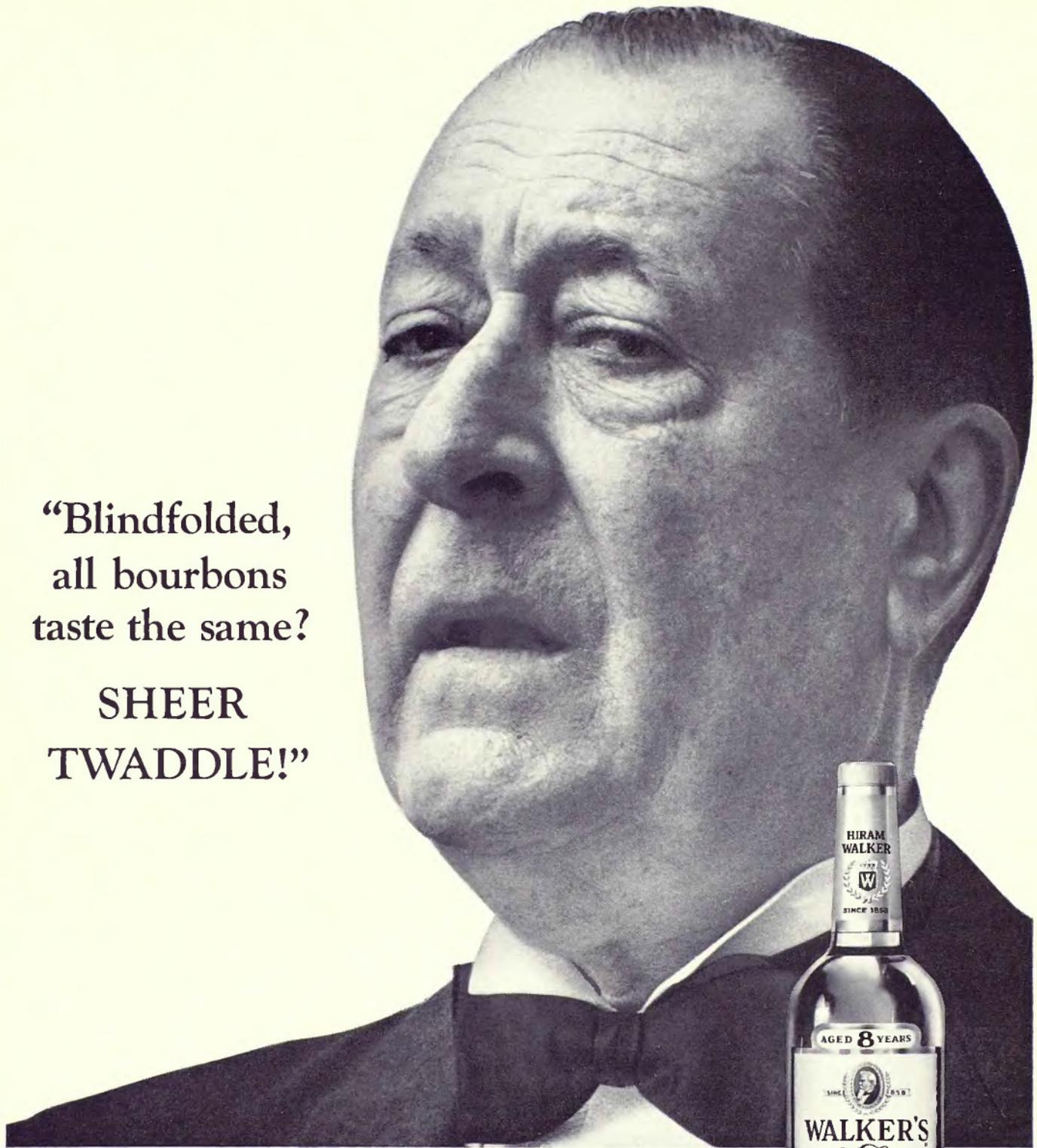
town called Integrity. So do the corruptible sheriff (Carroll O'Connor) and his ravished daughter. So do the producer, director and scenarists, who obviously hoped that Coburn might lead them into that rich lode of wild-Western satire struck by *Cat Ballou*. Unfortunately, the high jinks at *Waterhole #3* are fidgety and poorly paced—and after a while, Integrity seems many miles away.

The makers of *The Long Duel* allege that, back in the Twenties, at the foot of the Himalayas, there was a bandit chief named Sultan and a British cop named Freddy Young. Sultan and Freddy played cat and mouse for seven years, they say, and developed a grudging respect for each other. The only redeeming feature of the film—which seems to last almost as long—is that Trevor Howard plays Freddy Young. As a dissenter from the shallower aspects of the British raj, a man with respect for the Indians, Howard's Freddy is a believable and sometimes almost noble figure. But even Trevor Howard cannot consistently rise above the banality of the dialog. Howard: "Legends don't make up for poverty and disease." Charlotte Rampling: "You really care about this country, don't you?" You may remember Miss Rampling as the bitchy, ball-breaking roommate of *Georgy Girl*. This time, she's a society virgin who thinks India is terribly fun. Meanwhile, out in the bush, Trevor is cleverly catching up with Sultan (played by Yul Brynner looking like Cornel Wilde), despite the interference of Harry Andrews, a plain military man who talks like the joint chiefs of staff: "Just give me more men, Minister, and I'll have your bandit soon enough." But Trevor is too much of a gentleman to shoot Sultan when he is at prayer or when women and children might come into the cross fire, or for a variety of reasons that drive Harry Andrews up the wall. Yul, always on the run, does his thing with plenty of vigor, jerking his horse's reins imperiously, swearing oaths of fealty to his people, rope-climbing hand over hand while dangling over a dizzyingly deep gorge. And everybody shoots up the countryside a good bit, sets fires and cuts throats in the interests of social justice. Watch for the sequel—all about Sultan's surviving son Saul-Teen, and how he taught Gandhi everything he knew.

The playing field for *Games* is a sumptuous Manhattan town house occupied by a vibrantly beautiful heiress (Katharine Ross), her muscle-bound mate (James Caan) and a mysterious woman visitor. Since Simone Signoret portrays the uninvited guest with her usual beefy authority, much of the nonsense that develops has a decided flair. Initially masquerading as a door-to-door cosmetics pitchwoman whose side lines include

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fortunetelling, she settles in to teach the idle young rich how to turn themselves on with blood sports. Soon enough, the bored mistress of the manor has teased a horny delivery boy (Don Stroud) into a game so real that he gets his head half blown off, or at least it looks that way until doorknobs, faucets, plaster statues, blood-stained elevators and other things begin to go bump in the night. Director Curtis Harrington, whose black art makes a creamy milieu curdle with menace, uses optical allusions so craftily that some of the holes in the plot are scarcely noticeable. If, from time to time, *Games* seems more campy than creepy, the reason may lie with La Signoret. Avon has come calling in a voice able to summon the tragic furies of Racine.

*The Upper Hand* brings together Jean Gabin, George Raft and Gert Frobe, three jowly, silver-maned senior citizens who behave like anything but candidates for retirement to Sun City. The gents are up to their old tricks, moving gold, war materiel and antiques from Paris to Munich to Tokyo to Cuba. Don't ask why. It's business as usual, that's why. Coolly flipping coins for the Mafia, Raft tries to muscle in on the Gallic gangland ruled by Gabin from a boîte known, simply and disarmingly, as *The Voluptuous*. Nadja Tiller and Mireille Darc are the resident doxies, though the boys keep too busy blasting and booby-trapping one another to concentrate on such secondary matters as sex. "I'm sixty years old, and I can't play Romeo any longer," Gabin sighs. But even the famous Gabin grumble has lost its potency through dubbing into English. Only Raft speaks for himself. And it's sad that this French-made melodrama had to have its sound track sabotaged, for the trio of old pros handles its summit meeting with assured professionalism. Undubbed, they might have bluffed their way through even this weak *Hand*.

Director Pietro Germi brings *The Climax* to a climax by spelling out the fate of a tired but tenderhearted musician who is devoted to the separate homes and children he shares with "three perfect women." The stinging satire of Germi's *Divorce—Italian Style* and *The Birds, the Bees and the Italians* is absent from *Climax*, but Germi remains too serious about comedy to treat his hero as the subject of out-and-out farce. Wryly played by Ugo Tognazzi, the busy musician evokes both humor and compassion when he confesses that the complex responsibilities of multiple birthdays, anniversaries, first communions and meal-times, not to mention Christmas, are almost more than he can manage. Finally he collapses under the pressure of getting two of his families off on seaside holidays while the object of his latest love-in (Stefania Sandrelli) is in the hospital



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giving birth to their first child. Brought to life by the warm, unblinking intelligence of all Germa films, this impudent essay on sex offers no pat solutions for philanderers, married or single—but it reaffirms, once more with feeling, that the dream dies hard.

Bob Dylan, the Che Guevara of pop music, is alive and on film. In 1965, while Dylan was touring England, Canadian D. A. Pennebaker hand-held a *cinéma vérité* camera that recorded all of his antic actions—on stage and off. The result is *Don't Look Back*, an authorized documentary that looks forward in terms of its avant-garde techniques, but seldom stops to illuminate the inner life of its flighty subject. We see Dylan putting on interviewers and putting down *Time* magazine stringers; setting up for concerts and getting set up for huge fees by his sergeant-at-arms manager, Albert Grossman; and we see—and hear—Joan Baez, the den-mother courage of the Dylan entourage, who somehow can come on soulful and ethereal even while eating. But, above all, there is always the schizophrenic-quirky charismatic presence of Dylan—cool and moody, petulant and androgynous, then suddenly as disarming as a child, whether he's performing before thousands at Royal Albert Hall or mugging for a camera in a hotel room. If you dig Dylan, you'll enjoy this fast-paced sequential study of him. But don't look deep.

Film re-enactments of history are common, but only a handful of screen classics broil with the power and compassion that strike like lightning in every reel of *The Battle of Algiers*, writer-director Gillo Pontecorvo's inspired dramatization of Algeria's struggle for independence in the years 1954 to 1957. The names of National Liberation terrorist leaders and French army officers are fictional, but their deeds are founded in fact—and the cast of literally thousands swarming through the once-embattled streets of Algiers appears to include all able survivors. Pontecorvo's humane view labels no man with pure villainy, neither the illiterate revolutionary Ali La Pointe (played with dark brilliance by Brahim Haggiag), who mass-murders innocent bystanders as easily as he stabs a single gendarme, nor the French colonel Mathieu (Jean Martin), a onetime anti-Fascist who respects his enemies' principles, yet coolly rationalizes the roundup and torture of Algerian natives. The most pungent moments compress stupendous drama into small details, finding it in the eyes of a helpless old Moslem peddler when all the balconies on a sunlit street of the European quarter suddenly fill with hate-hurling Frenchmen; in the figure of a native child attacked by adults at a race track where a *bombe plastique* has just exploded; in the

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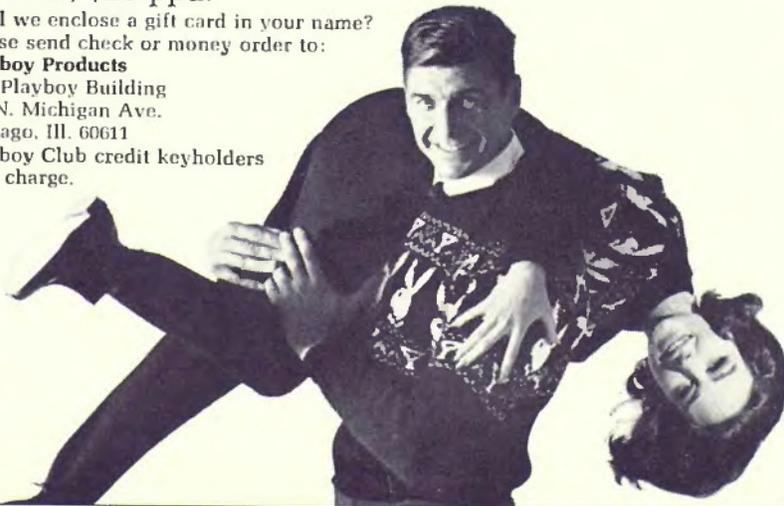
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resolute face of a rebel Algerian girl who, as she plants an explosive handbag in a busy French café, takes a last look round at the men, women and children who will be her victims. All, of course, are the victims of history, sacrificed to the will of a people hungry for freedom too long delayed. This is one of the great global themes of our time, and *The Battle of Algiers* expresses it eloquently.

Director Serge Bourguignon let his Peeping Tom camera overshoot its mark in *Two Weeks in September*, a rueful romantic comedy that would be more likely to succeed as a color spread in *Paris-Match*. The subject of the layout is Brigitte Bardot, speaking English (for the second time) in a role limited largely to words of one syllable. "Let yourself go," says her would-be seducer. "That's all I do," responds Brigitte. Well, not quite. She also slips out of her clothes frequently, occasionally forgetting to put anything else on; and the plot covers her so thinly that it might well be confused with a lesson in beginner's English. Our attention is fuzzily focused on a married model who goes from Paris to London for a brief assignment and has an uneventful affair with a geologist (Laurent Terziuff). He drives her to Scotland for a weekend of bird watching and love rituals, after which she decides to run off with him, but misses his plane. This Anglo-French vehicle leaves Brigitte stranded in more ways than one.

Made in Czechoslovakia by 29-year-old director Jiri Menzel, *Closely Watched Trains* offers fresh evidence that the newly fashionable Czech cinema is more than just a fad on the international festival circuit. *Trains* distills the anguish of an innocent, wheyfaced lad whose sexual coming of age happens to coincide with his first job, as trainee at a tiny railway junction in Bohemia during World War Two. While Nazi troop trains pass in either direction, the boy's tragicomic struggle with his biological urges is the conflict that engages our attention. War is merely an obstacle to the hard business of growing up, and seldom has a film from eastern Europe treated either subject so lightly. Before he shares the stationmaster's couch with a worldly resistance worker, the boy fails to satisfy a pretty conductress, attempts suicide in despair and even makes feeble overtures to his boss' matronly *Frau*. Meanwhile, he suffers taunts from the first assistant stationmaster, a balding conquistador who, in one hilarious episode, must face a departmental trial to explain how a comely telegrapher happens to go home with reading matter all over her derrière—words and numbers having been inscribed there, indelibly, with a rubber stamp. *Trains* rolls along until the last reel as though Menzel had no particular destination in mind. But he not only gets



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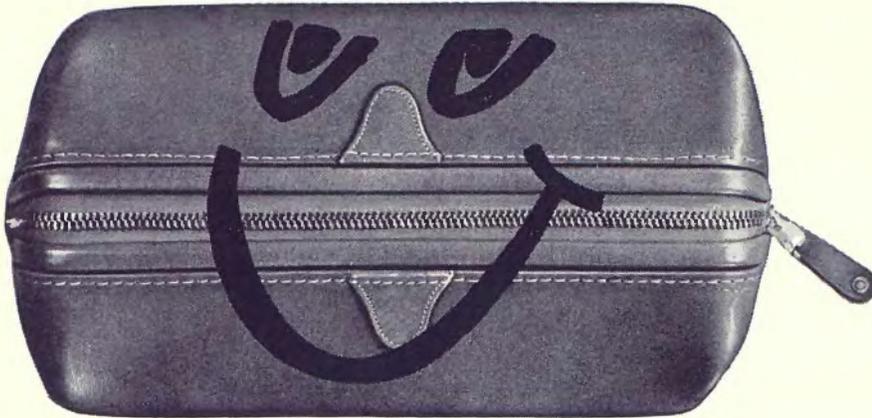


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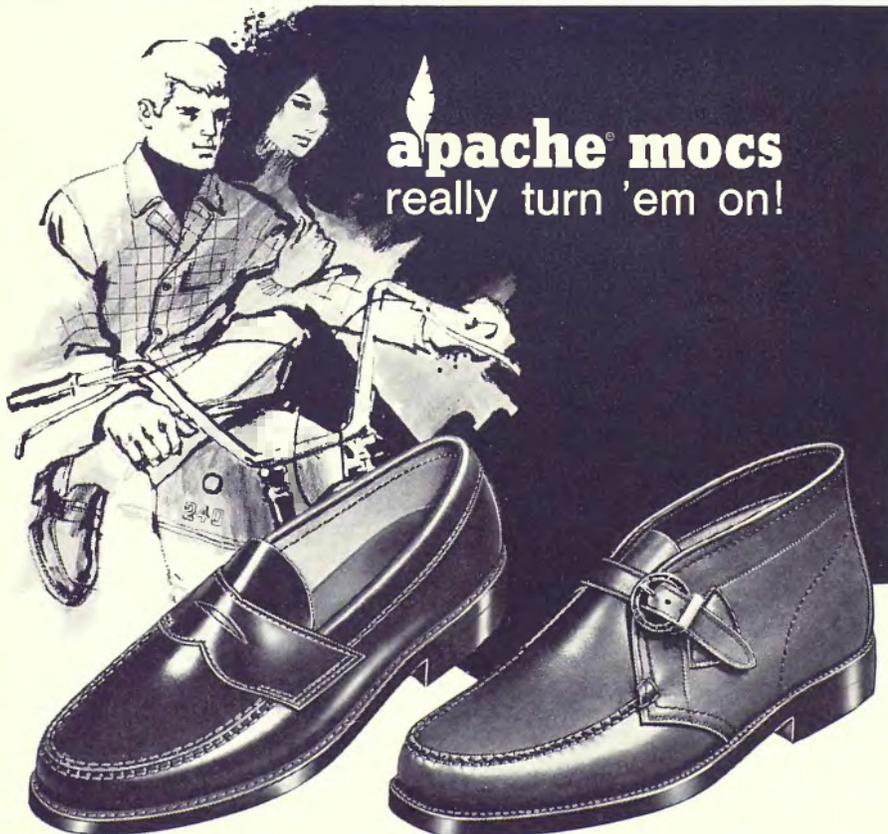
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where he is going, he roars to a finish, having strewn the track with insights that are plain funny and painfully true.

As the first sound film to render its English dialog in English subtitles, *Passages from Finnegans Wake* is a milestone of sorts. To merely enunciate the puns, gags, parodies, portmanteau words and alliterative conceits of James Joyce's almost impenetrable masterwork apparently created thorny problems, so producer-director Mary Ellen Bute bulldozed a path through the tangle of language by putting the words right up there on the screen, where everyone might read along. All that's missing is the bouncing ball. A few academicians of the cinema feel that movies as an art form are automatically ennobled by any kind of intercourse with a giant of literature. But the film of *Finnegans Wake* succeeds mostly in cutting the giant down to size by providing the lay viewer with some respectful, illustrative exercises that transform Joyce's prose into vignettes suitable for community players on a culture kick. It becomes clear enough that the protagonist, H. C. Earwicker, is an Everyman and a Dubliner, that he and his family lie asleep dreaming up a long night's journey into day in which virtually the whole history of mankind passes in review. Yet, in sum, *Finnegans Wake* on film merely fills the space behind superimposed text ("only a fadograph of a yestern scene") with educated guesses about what Joyce had in mind.

In *Point Blank*, the great stone face of Lee Marvin provides a center of gravity for what appears to be an old Bogart melodrama gone stark-raving Mod. Its time-melting stream-of-consciousness techniques—borrowed from Resnais, Godard, et al.—give sex and violence a new look, but the tale told in the film's kaleidoscope of flashbacks and free associations is the familiar one about a hoodlum hero stalking the onetime pal who made off with his wife and his \$93,000 share of swag. Marvin's quarry, we learn, lurks in the glossy upper echelons of a crime syndicate known simply as The Organization—and this fairy-tale supermob, led by Nordic types named Fairfax, Brewster and Carter, ought to warm the hearts of members of the Italian Anti-Defamation League. Despite its somewhat whimsical illogic, *Point Blank* moves swiftly and surely in the staccato rhythm beaten out by British director John Boorman, who lets nothing escape the eye as the action spins from abandoned Alcatraz to seamy sections of the San Francisco Bay Area, where odd underworld specimens crawl out into the sun. At well-timed intervals, 12-tone music to squirm by oozes from the sound track, and the dialog is curt to the point of monosyllabism. Though the taut, portentous air of it all may grab you, you

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won't hear or see anything really memorable—except Angie Dickinson, a moll to the manner born and better than ever in and out of a miniskirt, as she waylays the bad guys, rouses the beast in the good guys and brings ice bags to the wounded.

Everything about *Our Mother's House* is bizarre, including the fact that the screenplay was co-authored by Israeli beauty Haya Harareet and Jeremy Brooks, literary manager of London's Royal Shakespeare Theater Company. What they have done with Julian Gloag's novel is meticulous work, if you can warm to it; and perhaps you can, for producer-director Jack (Room at the Top) Clayton bolsters an odd tale with his customary cinematic taste and literacy. Seven children steal the show, registering amazing nuances of juvenile sensibility as a family of youngsters who, when their mother dies, bury her in the garden, erect a shrine and pretend to the world outside that life goes on as usual. And so it does—barring a touch of occultism and preternatural cruelty—until the kids' prodigal old man (Dirk Bogarde) returns home to exploit their misfortune. Bogarde allows the small fry to take up smoking, while he empties whiskey bottles, lending life with father a certain fulsome fascination. The fact that Dirk's performance stands out is an achievement in itself, with all those precocious darlings working under Clayton's command as efficiently as the figures in a Swiss clock.

## BOOKS

Isaac Bashevis Singer's blending of Old Testament sonorities and New World insights comprises an art whose training began at birth and has gone on through the long hazards of being a Jew. Its elements are wit, perseverance and a 2000-year-old moral certitude. To Singer, these elements are as natural as drawing breath, and he endows the characters of his most recently translated novel, *The Manor* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), with the same naturalness. *The Manor* begins in 1863, the year of an unsuccessful Polish rebellion against Russian tyranny. This time, it is Polish noblemen who are persecuted by the czar's police; the Jews get a break, for a change. One to benefit is Calman Jacoby, who leases the manor of dissolute Count Jampolski and begins a career of worldly success and private disaster. Spiritually, Jacoby lives within the strictures of the Talmud; but historically, he is in the midst of great cultural and political changes. It is a time of extremes, and the Jews of eastern Europe react either by entrenching themselves in Haskidism or by joining the Enlightenment. Jacoby and his family are caught up in

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these crosscurrents. Love, chance and apostasy form and break their deepest relationships; the old are confused, the young impatient. The author's gift for authenticity is nowhere more evident than in these personal crises. But there is a disturbing disjunction in the book: People appear, disappear and reappear at long intervals, with the result that the reader is constantly having to remind himself of who they are. Distracting though this is, it doesn't seriously diminish the impact or eloquence of a novel that captures with fidelity and richness the ethos of a time and a people. A chapter of *The Manor*, titled *The Courtship*, appeared in the September issue of PLAYBOY.

In *Born to Raise Hell* (Grove), psychiatrist Marvin Ziporyn and journalist Jack Altman set out to tell what they call "the untold story" of last year's tragedy in Chicago, where seven young student nurses were stabbed to death and an eighth was raped and strangled by 24-year-old Richard Speck. Most of the book was written by Altman, on the basis of notes made by Dr. Ziporyn on his twice-weekly visits with Speck in Cook County Jail. Ziporyn stood alone against six other psychiatrists in contending that Speck was not a sociopath (i.e., antisocial). According to Ziporyn, Speck was a brain-damaged, drug- and alcohol-addicted, emotionally crippled human being who could not be held accountable for the murders. *Born to Raise Hell*—the phrase tattooed on Speck's arm—portrays a human being who was a walking emotional bomb, primed to explode and waiting only for the proper detonator—which, in this case, turned out to be a lovely young girl who unfortunately resembled Speck's hated wife. She is the one he raped, before the eyes of the sole witness to the crimes, a 23-year-old nurse hiding under another bed. But the witness did not see the murders, because Speck dragged the girls into other rooms before killing them. And Speck himself remembers nothing until he awoke the next morning. This report is illuminating—but the untold story of Richard Speck is still largely untold.

For William Golding, whose flights in time have been nothing if not extravagant, *The Pyramid* (Harcourt, Brace & World) is the merest step backward—to a little before World War Two, to be inexact, when Golding's young hero, Oliver, is full of random ambition and randy cravings. In the obligingly named English town of Stillbourne, Oliver doggedly pursues sex and music, experiencing, as is common with lads of 18, more success with the latter. Yet Oliver manages—with Evie Babbacombe, whose accessibility he doesn't question; but

fear of possible consequences sets in. For young Oliver is headed for Oxford if he keeps his nose clean and his marks high. To Oxford he goes, and returns home after the first year only to learn that the girl of his dreams, radiant and sacred Imogen, is a silly ass. The following episode takes place after the War, when Oliver discovers some unsettling truths about "Bounce" Dawlish, his one-time music teacher and the town eccentric. Fairly trivial episodes, all three, but they allow Golding to penetrate to the bruised heart of things, in his funny, oblique, poignant way. In his youth, everything that happens to Oliver has the appearance of pure incident—comic, sexual or simply routine. But as he nears the apex of his life's pyramid, he recognizes the frightful need humans have for each other: "I stood there in the hall, gloves on, scarf hanging down chest and back, and was consumed with humiliation, resentment and a sort of stage fright, to think how we are all known, all food for each other, all clothed and ashamed in our clothing." Oliver learns late that the antics he once laughed at were the anguished spasms of those who could not bear to be alone.

*The New People* (Pegasus) is a classic of perverted pedantry. Author Charles E. Winick, Ph. D., a professor of sociology and anthropology at New York's City College, has marshaled a staggering total of 347 footnotes and enlisted the aid of 80 people to help support a book that is a caricature of scholarly research. Winick, whose work is subtitled "Desexualization in Contemporary American Life," labors to give pseudo-documentation to a thesis that is popular these days: American women are acting like men; men are acting like women; and sex is being neutralized out of existence. Already, Winick maintains, good old-fashioned fornication is probably on its way out and is being supplanted by oral and anal practices. How does the professor know such things? Don't ask; he just *knows*. Winick is an expert on art, ballet, jazz, opera, movies, drama, fashion, sports, politics, psychology, sexology, ad infinitum—and wherever he looks, he sees sex; and wherever he sees sex, he observes some rather remarkable things. Take, for example, the fact that vinyl is now being used for women's clothes. "We may speculate," Winick writes, "that one reason for the current success of women's dresses, coats and boots of vinyl, in spite of the material's stiffness and nonporousness, could be that a woman in vinyl somewhat resembles a penis sheathed in a condom." Necrophilia, he tells us, may disappear as a perversion, because women today use make-up that makes them look like corpses. There's no end to Winick's original insights: "The stereotype of a husband briskly showering, while his wife lounges in her tub in water softened

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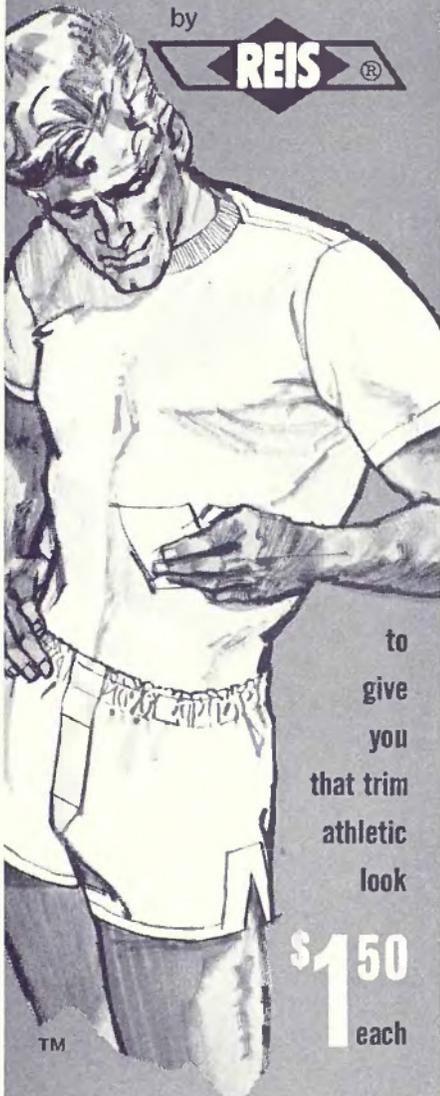
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by bath oils, is almost obsolete. . . . Men's increasing use of bubble and similar bath products probably contributes to their loss of interest in showers." Relentlessly, the professor twists every social change that has occurred in the past 50 years to make it fit his daffy doctrine that today there exists only one sex, and neuter is its name. Can it be that this is the great academic put-on of the year? For Winick's sake, we hope so.

Don Gold, a former colleague of ours, has edited an unusual anthology of contemporary short stories that is worthy of your attention. It is comprised of 13 tales, variations on the theme *The Human Commitment* (Chilton), by such eminent penmen as Herbert Gold, Philip Roth, William Saroyan and Bernard Wolfe, whose contribution—*Marciana and the Natural Carpine in Papaya*—first graced these pages. Don't be put off by the book's title; this is not a tribute to the power of positive thinking. The commitments celebrated by these stories cover a wide range and their quality is consistently high.

In judging a first novel, the first point to be considered is whether it's promising. The judgment rendered, generally speaking, should be clear and decisive: a delighted yes or a damning no. But every so often, one runs into a work such as David Slavitt's *Rochelle or Virtue Rewarded* (Delacorte), "the debut of a major new literary talent," as his publisher proudly states. One finds in it top-flight passages of literary slapstick and engaging notions, such as "An arrow is too straightforward a weapon for Cupid. He should be shown holding a pool cue, dreaming up a needlessly complicated three-cushion shot." Very nice, one thinks, very promising. And then one encounters something like this, from a man who just spilled a drink on a girl: "A shame to waste the booze," I said, and began lapping up the liquor of the lacquer of her limbs." One smiles indulgently at the imitation Nabokov, thinking that if an author *has* to have a model, old Vlady isn't a bad one. But soon the smiles fade as the infinitesimal plot line shrivels to nonexistence, leaving the verbal fireworks with nothing to celebrate. (The plot, if you must know, deals with the attempts of three *soi-disant* sophisticates to make a girl more interesting by corrupting her innocence.) Is Slavitt promising? Yes—in this book, he's promising more than he's delivering.

From 1935 to 1946, the potentates of popular music in America were the big bands. Americans were as familiar with the changing personnel of these euphonious caravans as they were with the batting orders of the major-league ball clubs. In *The Big Bands* (Macmillan),

George Simon has written (and illustrated with more than 250 photographs) a comprehensive survey of that musical era. Simon, who joined the staff of the now-defunct *Metronome* in 1935 and became its editor in 1939, was not only a chronicler of the big bands but also advisor, talent scout and occasional producer of recording dates. He has never lost the sense of wondrous appreciation that marks the authentic fan and, accordingly, he has always been more concerned with spreading the gospel than with consolidating a position as a high priest. There are astute critical assessments in this huge book, but its primary value is as a descriptive record. The first section places in perspective the basic elements of the big-band phenomenon—leaders, public, sidemen, vocalists, arrangers, businessmen and press. There follow sections, on 72 major leaders and their orchestras, in which history is flavored with personal anecdotes and character appraisals that enhance the lore about the musical heroes of that age: Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw and Frank Sinatra (who wrote the book's introduction). Simon then goes on with hundreds of descriptions and shorter listings of yet more bands. In the final chapter of this affectionate compendium, though acknowledging that "the big-band days, as we knew them, are gone forever," Simon sees some realistic hope of a resurgence for a new generation—of big bands that will incorporate the electronic gear of rock music as well as its lyrical songs and its curiosity about other cultures. No matter what shapes big bands take in the future, their classic period has been effectively delineated here.

Stanley Elkin's humor style might be described as shaggy Jewish; and his new novel, *A Bad Man* (Random House), is not unlike a Lou Holtz joke: The chief delight is in the telling, rather than in the pay-off. Leo Feldman, whose father's religion is founded on the belief that "everything is vendible," learns the pitchman's art at Poppa's knee: "Not 'rags,' not 'old clothes.' What are you, an announcer on the radio? You're in a street! Say 'regs,' 'all cloze.' Shout it. Sing it. I want to hear steerage, Ellis Island in that throat!" Not surprisingly, Leo grows up to be a successful department-store owner capable of promoting anything. He finally decides to turn the basement of his store into a wish-fulfillment emporium that provides services not offered by the overworld of society: abortions, prostitutes, drugs ("Psychedelics for the whole family. The family that prays together stays together."). Of course, Leo winds up in prison, and the prison turns out to be a surrealistic never-never land in which he is doomed to face an absurdist denouement. Like that of Bruce Jay Friedman and Wallace Markfield, Elkin's

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brand of zany Jewish-American black humor may not be everybody's glass of tea, but it does include enough *shticks* and pieces of business to squeeze a couple laughs even out of the neighborhood Arabs.

The late Lucius Beebe, *bon vivant* *extraordinaire* and PLAYBOY contributor, lived in a world where it was discourteous to serve the breakfast champagne in a glass that held less than a full bottle; where one never deigned to carry bills of a denomination lower than \$100; and where cross-country travel followed a set itinerary—from New York's "21" to the Twentieth Century Limited, to a refreshment stopover at Chicago's Pump Room, thence to the Super Chief and finally to dinner at Chasen's in Los Angeles. It is this world of fine food and drink that constitutes the main course of *The Lucius Beebe Reader* (Doubleday), an epicurean tribute—served up by Duncan Emrich and Charles Clegg—to the superbly good life and to the man who lived it to the last mouthful. The high point of the book, for any save the most dyspeptic, must be the fabulous four-day dining-and-wining tours Beebe made (on generous expense accounts) in New York, London and San Francisco. A typical tiffin began with Terrapin Maryland and a bottle of Bollinger, followed by individual baby roast pheasant nesting on a bed of *foie gras* toast (with a Château Margaux '47), topped off by a vanilla soufflé Grand Marnier, coffee and a snifter of 40-year-old cognac. One word of warning: Do not read on an empty stomach.

In *The Vale of Laughter* (Little, Brown), Peter De Vries tells "the tale that dogs the wag." A compulsive clown named Joe Sandwich (ham on wry?), who came out of the womb with a lamp shade on his head, learns that if life is just a joke, then its punch line must be death. Far from a hero, Sandwich has two characteristics in addition to obsessive levity: infallible failure and frustrated lechery. A fledgling broker, he gets seasick watching the tape (his market recommendations are soon called "laughing stocks"); a leering amorist ("Got an opening for me?" he asks the lady in personnel), he ties a cord to his penis and tells his wife to "ring for service." Not satisfied to be the life of the party, he wants to make a party out of life. "Stop it!" people shriek at his jokes in paroxysms of laughter—but soon they're saying it with a straight face. The novel concludes at its wii's end—and jest in time, too, because it begins to run out of *gaffes*. But De Vries will never have to go on comic relief: In his surrealistic sex fables, he's a kind of ribalding sugar Dada; in his mockery of psychiatry, suburbia and mass culture, he laughs off the fads of the land. Nor does he ignore

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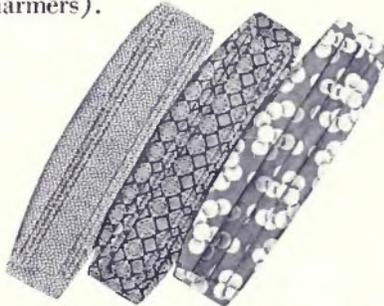


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the humanity behind the jokes; though he finds life a vale of laughter, he also reveals that strait-faced is the gate. His novels, for all their absurdity, are finally a *reductio ad hominem*.

Scopophobia is the clinical term for a curiously contemporary affliction: the morbid fear of being looked at. Can you blame anyone for being scopophobic these days, when we find out that college professors, union leaders, students and possibly even our local playground directors are working for the CIA? Can you blame David Wise and Thomas Ross for feeding on the national scopophobia in *The Espionage Establishment* (Random House), a spin-off from their book on the CIA, *The Invisible Government*? By far the most provocative chapters of their new book are devoted to the Soviet and British espionage establishments. The Russians, we learn, employ the two-platoon system—the KGB, which is the civilian spy organization, and the GRU, which is the intelligence arm of the Red Army. And we learn, too, Ian Fleming fans, that there really was a SMERSH. It was a Soviet agency, active in World War Two, that intercepted enemy paratroops and caught deserters. SMERSH was dissolved in 1946 and is now but a division of KGB, keeping its eye on the armed forces. But the Russians can still grab you with such gimmicks as the old gun-in-the-cigarette trick. That was a noiseless electric gun that looked like a cigarette pack and fired bullets containing potassium cyanide. It was used effectively in the Fifties to pop off assorted enemies of the people. The British have been no less subtle, but, as the authors point out, they are in a bad slump. We are left with the feeling that if only M.I.5 and M.I.6 could interest more heterosexuals in coming to work for them, it would be Rule Britannia once again.

In *Twenty Letters to a Friend* (Harper & Row), Svetlana Alliluyeva offers a backstairs-at-the-Kremlin view of Russia's monumental fallen idol, her father, Josef Stalin. The effort is closer to a sketch than a portrait; but anything is better than nothing, if it helps reveal—however dimly and myopically—what made the awesome dictator tick. The major difficulty is that Svetlana doesn't always seem to be telling it like it was—for one reason, because, in her words, "I've never been an actor on the stage. All my life was spent behind the scenes." The other reason lies in Svetlana's understandable ambivalence toward her remote, vaguely affectionate and eventually paranoid father. She faces up to the gruesomeness of his ends-justifying-means political purges, but, in the classic old-Russian manner, cannot resist implying that Dad was often sold a bale of wooden rubles by "degenerate" Lavrenti Beria, boss of the secret police (who later



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suffered a purgative shot in the head himself). For all that, Svetlana does not shrink from recounting the foul record of arrests and political assassinations that struck onetime friends and even family in-laws. In so doing, she is sure to catch the attention of professional Kremlinologists in search of further evidence, if any was needed, that Stalin encouraged the creation of a secret-police apparatus and state bureaucracy so webbed and wanton that in the end not even he was absolutely free of its evil eye.

New American Library has brought back *New World Writing*, the distinguished paperback-book-magazine of the Fifties, under the title *New American Review*. It is to be published three times a year; and if the first issue is any indication of the quality we can expect, it is, indeed, a welcome event. *N. A. R.* number one begins with a moving short story by Victor Kolpacoff about far-off but immediately pressing Vietnam and ends with William Gass' *Spoon River*-like evocation of an American Midwestern small town. And in between, there is an assortment of editorial riches: Stanley Kauffmann's painfully honest account of his tenure as drama critic of *The New York Times*; Benjamin De Mott's humanistic defense of the homosexual in art; Theodore Roszak's sharp attack on the abnegation by intellectuals of their moral responsibilities. Other short stories range from an account of a Wagnerian *Walpurgisnacht* in old Dixie to a tale of the flying of "the ultimate kite" by some New York East Side hippies; from a rich exercise in black humor, British style, by Mordecai Richler to some poignant memoirs of a Newark boyhood by Philip Roth. The roster of contributing poets includes Alan Dugan, Anne Sexton, John Ashbery, Robert Graves and Richard Eberhart. Perhaps the two outstanding essays are Keith Botsford's exploration of the generational gap between himself at 38 and a chick half his age and Conor Cruise O'Brien's brilliant discussion of Edmund Burke and Karl Marx. *New American Review* number one is more than just a son of *New World Writing*. Under the editorial aegis of Theodore Solotaroff, it has its own timely character and cultural personality—and it is a winning one.

Like many black intellectuals of his generation, Stokely Carmichael, once a nonviolent integrationist, has become a hell-fire-and-brimstone preacher of black power "by any means necessary." This phrase ominously connotes violence among those means; but in *Black Power* (Random House), Carmichael and co-author Charles Hamilton have not written a primer on guerrilla warfare in American cities. Instead, they focus on the political means by which American Negroes can achieve decision-making power

over their lives. With Hamilton, chairman of the Department of Political Science at Roosevelt University in Chicago, Carmichael presents a sober—and sobering—argument in favor of black separatism for some time to come. With no foreseeable breakup of the ghettos, the authors contend that blacks must organize themselves—in order to take control of the ghettos. "Let any ghetto group contemplating coalition," the authors counsel, "be so tightly organized, so strong, that—in the words of Saul Alinsky—it is an 'indigestible body' that cannot be absorbed or swallowed up." Only after the black community is fully organized, they assert, will it be possible to consider specific alliances with whites for specific goals. This thesis is buttressed by distillations of past and recent history, including instructive chapters on the defeat of the Mississippi Freedom Democrats at the 1964 Democratic Convention, the birth pangs of the Black Panther Party in Lowndes County, Alabama, and "the politics of deference" practiced by the black majority in Tuskegee. What is missing is a probing exploration of precisely *how* to get the masses of blacks in urban ghettos to organize themselves—the key problem in moving black power beyond rhetoric and riots and into constructive reality. That vital omission aside, this book should end whites' mystification about what black power means to these eloquent spokesmen.

## RECORDINGS

It's been another good month for the Commonwealth. *A Hard Road* (London), the second album by John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, finds the English quarter in excellent form. Peter Green, on vocal and lead guitar, has proved a fitting replacement for better-known Eric Clapton; and Mayall's singing and multiple instrumentalizing (organ, piano, harmonica, five- and nine-string guitars) is at its usual high level. Also, as on the first LP, the best tunes tend to be Mayall's own—especially *A Hard Road*, *Another Kinda Love* and *Living Alone*. One of the best and biggest single hits of the year, *A Whiter Shade of Pale*, leads off the premiere LP by *Procol Harum* (Deram). The quintet sustains the same high level on the remaining nine songs, all originals, as it romps behind the crisp singing of leader Gary Brooker. The latest outing for Herman's Hermits, *Blaze* (MGM), is a startling breakthrough, as the tightly organized quintet tackles its most ambitious material to date, including its hit version of Donovan's *Museum*. Other winners are *Upstairs, Downstairs; I Call Out Her Name; One Little Packet of Cigarettes; Last Bus Home* and the big *Don't Go Out into the Rain*. Similarly, *Flowers* (London) is the

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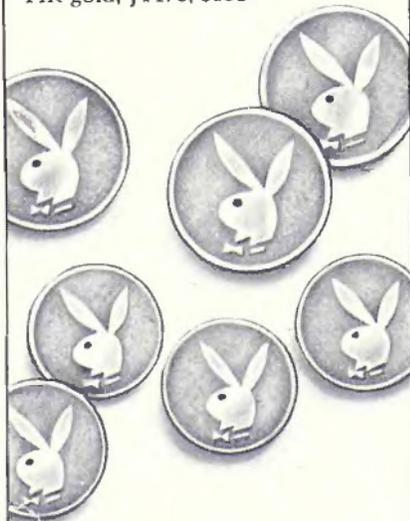
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best-balanced release so far by the Rolling Stones, though it does contain several numbers available on previous LPs. Standouts include *Backstreet Girl*, *Mother's Little Helper* and *Ride On, Baby*. Meanwhile, Eric Burdon and The Animals are stirring up *Winds of Change* (MGM) in an album that is characterized as fully by failure as by success. Mick Jagger's *Paint It Black* and Burdon's own apropos introduction for it, *Poem by the Sea*, both featuring intense backup from John Weider's electrified violin, lead highlights that encompass the blues-based *Hotel Hell* and *Anything* and the upbeat *Good Times* and *It's All Meat*. The quintet has taken to composing most of its own material and, though highly tuneful and well arranged and executed, the offerings mostly suffer from weak lyrics. Still, this is a promising LP and well worth hearing.

Onward and upward with Lana Cantrell. *Another Shade of Lana* (Victor), her second LP, is even more commanding than her debut recording. Variety and versatility are the keynotes as she opens the session with a jaunty rendition of the ancient *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*. There are two beautiful ballads from *A Man and a Woman—Love Is Stronger Far than We* and *The Shadows of Our Love*—the latter made particularly sound-effective by arranger-conductor Chuck Sagle's use of an introductory heartbeat to set the tempo. The high point for us, however, is Lana's pitch-perfect handling of the poignant Lennon-McCartney opus *She's Leaving Home*, in which the amazing Miss Cantrell harmonizes with herself by means of overdubbing. A vinyl encore that rates bravos.

Duke Ellington's *Far East Suite* (Victor) contains some of the best work done by the orchestra in recent years. Based on impressions gathered by the Duke and the late Billy Strayhorn on the band's State Department-sponsored tour of the Near and Far East, the *Suite* is filled with lovely melodic lines, lush solo work by Hodges, Brown, Hamilton, et al., and that orchestral sound that so long has made Ellington synonymous with greatness.

*Away We Go!* (Reprise) is a Buddy Greco spectacular. Seldom has Buddy displayed such well-rounded vocal capabilities. Here he may be heard caressing Antonio Carlos Jobim's lovely bossa nova *Dindi*, getting down home on Buck Owen's *Love's Gonna Live Here Again*, belting on *Born Free*, and so on. In any groove, Greco's a delight.

Vibist Cal Tjader's preoccupation is Latin-American jazz and it is one he handles with imaginative expertise.

*Along Comes Cal* (Verve), the latest in a long line of topflight Latin-oriented LPs recorded by Tjader & Co., finds Cal playing within the context of two small combos charted and conducted by Chico O'Farrill. One of the groups features the piano of Chick Corea and the organ of Derek Smith, both of whom beautifully complement Tjader.

A Peter, Paul & Mary etching is always an adventure, and *Album 1700* (Warner Bros.) is no exception. P. P. & M. radiate good fun as they tackle some fine material, such as Eric Andersen's *Rolling Home*, Bob Dylan's *Dream*, their own *The Song Is Love* and a funny parody—of the Mamas and the Papas, Donovan and the Beatles—titled *I Dig Rock and Roll Music*. Also in the folk idiom is *Triangle* (Warner Bros.) by The Beau Brummels, one of the best discs of the year. The strangely absorbing, tenor voice of lead singer Sal Valentino holds sway over a uniquely moving collection of originals, of which the standouts are the brooding *Keeper of Time*, the sad *It Won't Get Better* and the ambivalent *And I've Seen Her*. And *Old Kentucky Home*, one of the two tunes not composed by the group, is a head-back, chest-out, swinging arrangement that wraps up a recording destined to please pop and folk fans alike. Pearls Before Swine, a folkish quartet, indicate on *One Nation Underground* (ESP-Disk) that they have been influenced almost equally by traditional folk balladeering and the rock 'n' roll of Bob Dylan. If they can shake the Dylan influence—which approaches the level of unconscious parody—they could turn into one of the top folk-rock outfits around. In the meantime, the material is better than average and there are several groovy moments, notably on *Another Time*, *Ballad to an Amber Lady* and *The Surrealist Waltz*.

Take heed, all you lovers of music to cringe to. Tony Randall is back with another superlative assortment of songs from an era now happily past. *Warm & Wavery* (Mercury) takes in such delights as *You Remind Me So Much of My Mother that You Stole My Heart Away* and *When Banana Skins Are Falling (I'll Come Sliding Back to You)*. Need we go on? It suffices to say that Terrible Tony's voice is more than a match for the plethora of moldy oldies on hand.

As we listened to *Bee Gees' 1st* (Atco), the initial album by the most interesting group to come out of Britain in more than a year, we were struck by the quintet's eclecticism. Here are the blends of post-*Revolver* Beatles, the intensity of a Gene Pitney or a Spencer Davis, the rock-solid swing of Motown, the big-band sound of the 1930s and the delicate renderings of baroque music. But as



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we listened to the richly sensuous *One Minute Woman*, the insistent *In My Own Time*, their smash *New York Mining Disaster 1911*, the *Eleanor Rigby*-like *Cucumber Castle* and the driving *I Can't See Nobody*, we were struck by an even more insistent influence present in the Bee Gees' work—that of the Everly Brothers. The point was brought home when we heard *The Everly Brothers Sing* (Warner Bros.), the latest vinylizing by this vital duo. Here are the same beautiful vocal stylings now combined with up-to-date ditties and arrangements. Listeners will delight at the put-down of a teaser in the bouncy *Do You*, the tough hard-rock of *Somebody Help Me*, the Gospel feel of *Deliver Me* and the warmth of their own remarkable invention, *I Don't Want to Love You*. It's great to have the Everly Brothers back; it's hard to remember their ever having been away.

Stand back, baby, here comes the *Monk / Straight, No Chaser* (Columbia). Thelonious, in the good company of tenor man Charlie Rouse and supported by a stout rhythm section, once more offers total allegiance to no man. Stride piano, bebop, avant-garde, mainstream—all are grist for Monk's mill. Be they standards such as *I Didn't Know About You* and *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* or a recent bit of Monk alchemy, *Japanese Folk Song*, Thelonious manages to pull surprises out of his seemingly bottomless bag.

A class singer is Morgana King. Her *Gemini Changes* (Reprise) bears this out and then some. In her choice of material, in her tasteful approach to both melody and lyric, Miss King is invariably bull's-eye. Here, in a go-round orchestrated by Don Costa, Morgana makes the most of *I Have Loved Me a Man*, *Sunny*, *Once I Loved*, *Walk On By* and others of similarly superior ilk.

**Bravo! Brubeck!** (Columbia) represents an all-conquering foray by the Brubeck Quartet south of the border. Recorded in concert in Puebla and Mexico City, Brubeck, Desmond, Morello and Wright, augmented by a Mexican percussionist and guitarist, rack up a rousing chorus of *Olés!* The items take in such Latin standards as *Cielito Lindo*, *Bésame Mucho* and *Allá en el Rancho Grande*, as well as *Nostalgia de México*, which Brubeck penned especially for the occasion.

**The Mitchell Trio/Alive!** (Reprise) is another triumph by the long-lived folk trio. Some of the funniest moments include a knock at the G. O. P. (*What This Country Really Needs Is Another Movie Star*) and a spoof of Congress and Adam Clayton Powell on *Adam's Rib* ("He stole a



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lot, so what! Either you're a Congressman or you're not."). Also included is *Leaving, on a Jet Plane*, a fine new ballad by Mitchell Trio member John Denver. By contrast, the new Chad Mitchell effort, *Love, a Feeling Of* (Warner Bros.), is a disappointment. Mitchell's singing has become increasingly stylized in a fake 1930s German-cabaret melodramatic mode. The only cut to rise above the massive mediocrity of the LP is Mitchell's reading of his hit *Suzanne*, by the brilliant young Canadian poet-novelist-songwriter, Leonard Cohen.

We can't think of any better way to swing into the spirit of the yule than with Kenny Burrell's *Have Yourself a Soulful Little Christmas* (Cadet). The master guitarist has cast out all the clichés associated with *White Christmas*, *My Favorite Things*, *Twelve Days of Christmas* and the like and come up with a whole new set of ideas, at once fresh, tasteful and inventive. Burrell's cup of Christmas cheer runneth over.

*Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Johnny Mercer Song Book* (Verve) gives due credit to one of the most successful wordsmiths in popdom. Backed by Nelson Riddle, Miss Fitz waxes wondrously lyrical with such Mercer masterworks as *Early Autumn*, *Skylark*, *Travelin' Light* and *Midnight Sun*, the last, one of Johnny's most moving yet strangely neglected odes.

David Amram, a young composer of considerable merit, is represented by a pair of current Washington LPs that should make worthwhile additions to the record library of any chamber-music fancier. Amram, whose background is jazz-filled, has incorporated much of that idiom in his music. One recording is made up of his *Shakespearean Concerto*, performed by two French horns, oboe and viola, and a piano sonata played by Mitchell Andrews. The other LP contains Amram's *Dirge & Variations*, with The Marlboro Trio, and a sonata for violin (Seymour Wakschal) and piano (Lalan Parrott). Amram's compositions are marked by fresh points of view clearly communicated.

*The Blues Project Live at Town Hall* (Verve) showcases a fine young-white-electrified blues band. While the singing on the LP lacks authority, the instrumental work is highly imaginative and technically outstanding. The best cut, however, is not one of the Project's r&b efforts but *(Electric) Flute Thing*, a whimsical, jazzy and joyful romp.

One seldom hears Chuck Berry sides on the format stations nowadays; more's the pity, since the elder statesman of rock is groovier than ever. *Chuck Berry in Memphis* (Mercury) is an admirable aggregation of evergreens (*Ramblin'*

*Rose and My Heart Will Always Belong to You*) plus new Berry noteworthies such as the biting *Back to Memphis*, the plaintive *I Do Really Love You* and *Goodnight Well It's Time to Go*, which Chuck usually sings at the close of a concert. All of the 11 selections are performed with sensitivity, finesse and the solid Berry beat.

Another sterling example of the marriage of rock and jazz is furnished by *Duster* (Victor), featuring the Gary Burton Quartet. Jazzmen Burton, Steve Swallow and Roy Haynes are joined by rock guitarist Larry Coryell, who is very much at home. Coryell is a marvel, combining the gutsy virility of rock with a virtuoso technique (dig *One, Two, 1-2-3-4*); and Burton, of course, is one of the best young vibists around. Together, they make *Duster* a dramatic triumph.

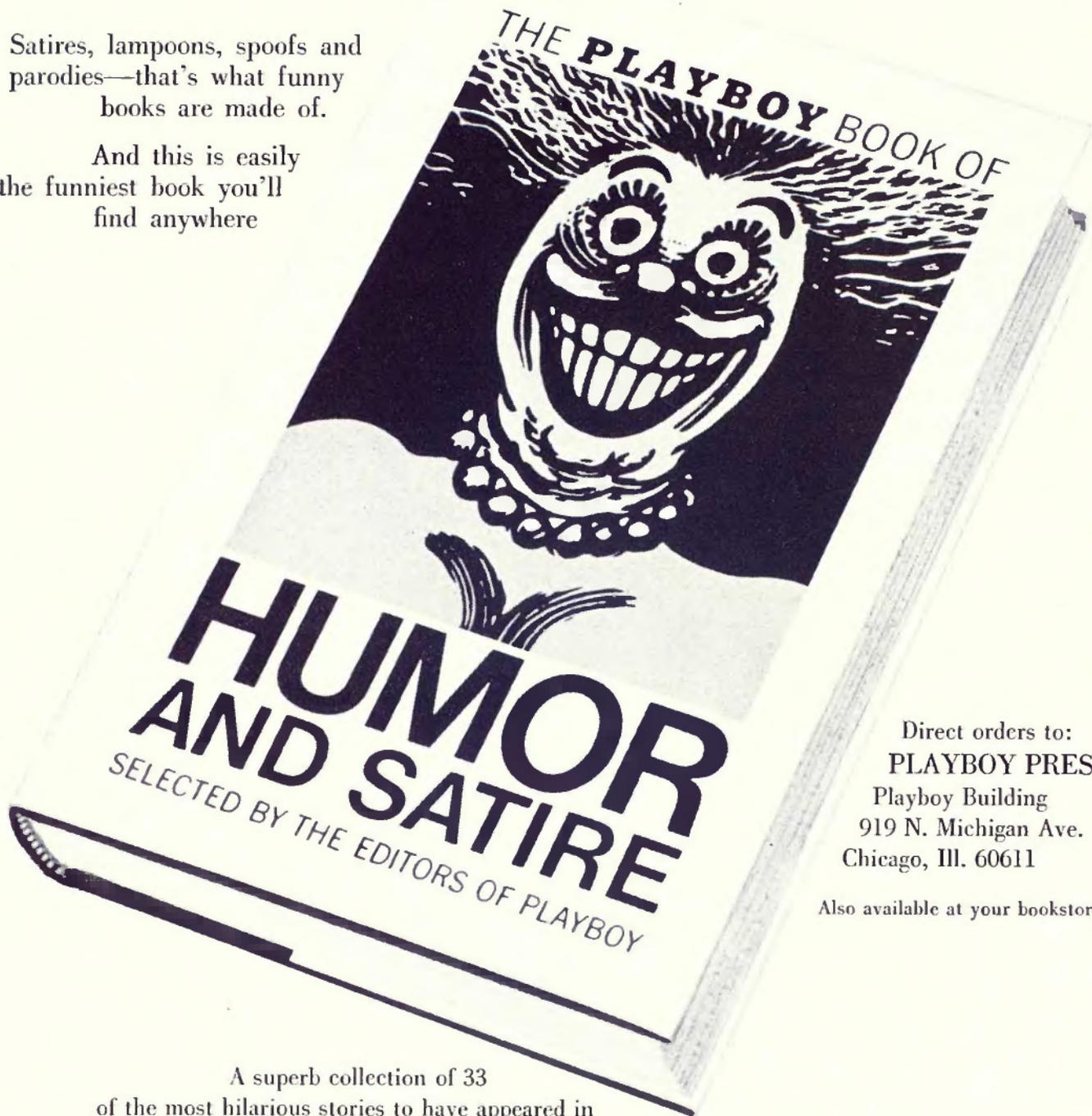
*The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem in Concert* (Columbia) is a tumultuous experience, as the four cocky Irishmen, as aggressive as the Notre Dame backfield, systematically break up a willing audience with their boisterously funny songs of Eire—made especially effective by some well-placed moments of tenderness, as in *Blackwater's Slide* and *Winds of Morning*.

*Big Brother and the Holding Company* (Mainstream) is the disappointing first fling by the foremost blues combo on the West Coast. The group has not made full use of its greatest strength, lead singer Janis Joplin; she's featured on only about half the tunes. The error is compounded by occasionally adding a distracting echo. The faulty recording carries over to the instruments, too; the drums, for example, sound like bricks being slapped together. But Miss Joplin, whose phrasing is as natural as Bessie Smith's and whose voice is as lusty as Ma Rainey's, is turned loose on a superb threesome. On the rocking *Bye, Bye Baby*, her own intense *Intruder* and the bitter *Women Is Losers*, she turns in performances that alone are worth the price of admission. *Underground* (Reprise), the second session by the experimental rock group The Electric Prunes, is considerably better than their first. Some of the heady showstoppers include *The Great Banana Hoax*, the hip *Capt. Glory* and the very tender *I Happen to Love You*. Their vocalizing has improved and they have jelled instrumentally into a tight, cohesive, experimental hard-rock sound.

*Doc Severinsen . . . The New Sound of Today's Big Band* (Command) has a lot more going for it than the booming hi-fi reproduction for which the label is noted. Severinsen, on trumpet and Flügelhorn,

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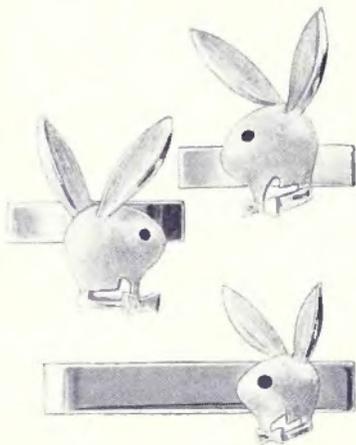
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and such illustrious sidemen as Dick Hymen, Ernie Royal, Romeo Penque and Vinnie Bell transmit an excitement that transcends electronic gimmickry. The ensemble work is powerful and polished and the soloists strictly first chair as the aggregation outdoes itself on *Monday, Monday: One, Two, Three; Soul and Inspiration*; and nine other nifties.

If **Steve Gillette** (Vanguard) had been released three years ago, singer/songwriter Gillette would now be one of the big names in pop-folk. The performer displays a clear, expressive voice on a delightful set of fresh odes, including eight written by himself. *The Evlking* is a classic folk tragedy. *Back on the Street Again* is ironic self-analysis. *A Number and a Name* sounds like a good Tom Paxton and *You Don't Know Her Like I Do* is an effective foray into folk-rock. Bruce Langhorne and Dick Rosmini, two of folk-rock's foremost guitarists, provide sterling backdrops. Two other recent albums provide some indication of where it's at in pop-folk songwriting these days. Gillette's *Darcy Farrow* sets the tone on *Folksy* (Victor) by George Hamilton IV. The gentle country singer runs through a fine collection that includes Gordon Lightfoot's *Go Go Round*, Donovan's *Colours*, Joni Mitchell's *Urge for Going* and John D. Loudermilk's *Break My Mind*. Joan Baez' eighth LP is a change of pace for the queen of folk music, as she brings her pure approach to songs as disparate as the traditional *Greenwood Side* and Paul Simon's *Dangling Conversation*. Also included on *Joan* (Vanguard) are works by Donovan, McCartney and Lennon, Jacques Brel, Tim Hardin, Richard Fariña and that past master of the topical opus, Edgar Allan Poe, whose *Annabel Lee* is a high point of the LP.

When somebody makes old Muddy Waters feel young, the results are sensational. On *Super Blues* (Checker), the dean of Chicago's blues shouters collaborates with Bo Diddley and Little Walter. The eight indigo classics—including *Long Distance Call*, *My Babe* and *You Can't Judge a Book by Its Cover*—are vehicles for interaction, as the stars interrupt, flatter and berate one another. The competition is intense, but as Waters puts it, he's the champ.

*The Willy Nilly Wonder of Illusion* (Epic), by The Back Porch Majority, is pure fun. The Majority's milieu is light-hearted satire, and they bring it off with literate lyrics, uninhibited singing and corny rhythms out of the Dixieland-ragtime-skiffle-band tradition. They can even make you laugh at *Jack the Ripper*.

*The Dynamic O. C. Smith* (Columbia) is a debut album of special merit by the

former Basie singer. Accompanied by an all-star combo and encouraged by an appreciative audience, Smith swings through *That's Life*, *Georgia Rose*, *Here's That Rainy Day* and eight others. The album places O. C. in the front rank of an increasingly rare breed—male jazz singers.

Sonny Rollins always sounds like a man in pursuit of something he can never quite attain. An echo of melancholy pervades Rollins' tenor work, even at its most robust, and *East Broadway Run Down* (Impulse!) is no exception. It's Sonny's striving for the unattainable that makes his work so consistently inventive, personal and really the epitome of what jazz is all about. With Rollins are drummer Elvin Jones, bassist Jimmy Garrison and that splendid trumpet man, Freddie Hubbard. A fine recording.

Glen Campbell is a fluent singer-guitarist whose style is basically country and western, with a pop flavor; what's more, he sings good songs, which makes *Gentle on My Mind* (Capitol) a capital disc. *Gentle*, by John Hartford, is a uniquely lovely tone poem; most of the ten other selections, including Donovan's *Catch the Wind*, sustain the lyrical mood.

Stevie Wonder, Motown's child prodigy, is growing up—and becoming one of the best soul singers around, as he proves on *I Was Made to Love Her* (Tamla). Besides the title hit, the dozen numbers include the moving—and difficult—soul standards Bobby Bland's *I Pity the Fool*, James Brown's *Please, Please, Please*, Lloyd Price's *Send Me Some Lovin'* and a flock of familiar Motown oldies. Our only complaint is the scarcity of Stevie's puckish harmonica.

*Little Games* (Epic) by the always exciting Yardbirds demonstrates that the group now has a gentler sound, obviously influenced by some of the freedom and tenderness that have lately characterized The Rolling Stones and The Who. The title lilt is about growing up and features a fine lyric and a toplight arrangement; *White Summer* is a remarkable combination of Near Eastern and folk music; *Only the Black Rose* is haunting folk-rock; and the off-key trumpet on *Little Soldier Boy* is an ironic comment on war.

Ray Charles he isn't, but on *Bill Cosby Sings/Silver Throat* (Warner Bros.), the crack comic more than holds his own in the vocal department. The mood is soul and Cosby demonstrates a marked ability to get to the nub of the nitty-gritty on the likes of *Little Ole Man* and *I Got a Woman*. A pleasant surprise.





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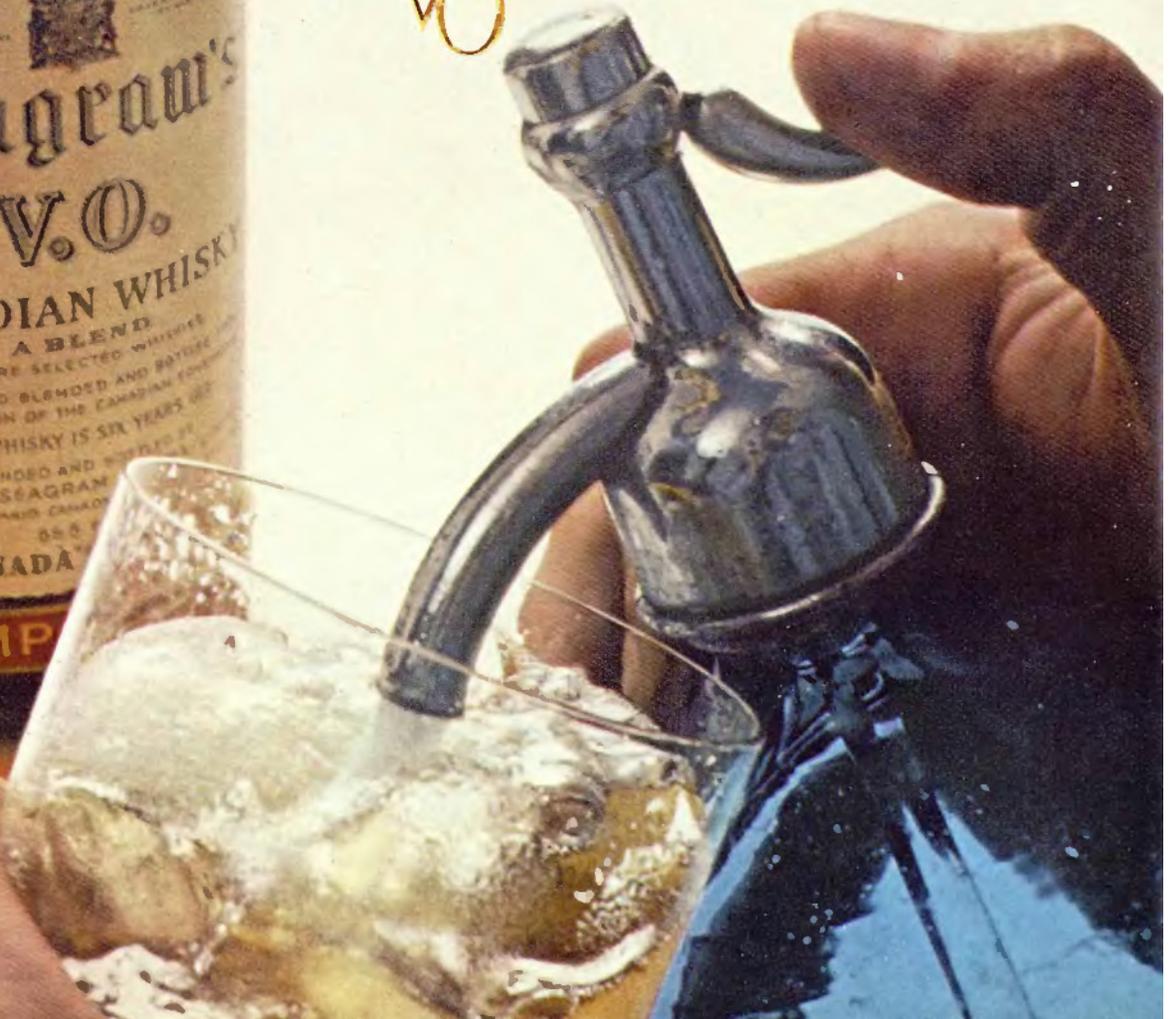
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V.O.



## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been going with my fiancée for six months, but we did not make love until last Saturday night. We had come back to her apartment from a party at which we'd had a lot to drink. Because of that and our excitement, we failed to take the necessary precautions (in spite of the fact that she was at the height of her fertility cycle). Early the next morning, we decided that some precaution was "better late than never," so I picked up some vaginal suppositories that are supposed to kill sperm after intercourse. My question is this: Who should get the Green Stamps the druggist gave me with the purchase?—L. O. J., San Francisco, California.

*Save the stamps for a layette. There's no such thing as a retroactive spermicide.*

Last Christmas I was given a reproduction of an English drinking vessel called a yard of ale, which, of course, is a yard tall. What's the purpose of this unwieldy glass—other than its being a conversation piece?—C. L., Bronxville, New York.

*The yard-of-ale drinking glass, one of the tallest vessels known to bibbing man, was used primarily in England during the 17th and 18th Centuries. Then, it served a twofold function: (1) Roadside tavern keepers kept the glass handy so that pint-sized barmaids could easily pass a long, cool drink up to stagecoach drivers who preferred to remain aboard and keep control of the horses; (2) brave quaffsmen celebrated proclamations of national or local importance by heroically chugaluging its contents.*

My position would be considered enviable by most of my peers. I'm a college senior who is very friendly with an attractive airline stewardess. She has suggested that we spend a week together at a secluded Arizona resort.

My problem is that although she's the most stimulating and affectionate woman I've ever known, I have not gotten over my last affair, in which I was brutally jilted. Every time I make love with this girl, I think of my last love; and no matter what she does for me, I feel bitter and can't fully respond. I like her very much, but the ghost of the past is always coming between us. Do you think the proposed trip would help me overcome the problem, or do you think it would only aggravate it?—D. T., Boulder, Colorado.

*The trip can only help. No amount of will or concentration will obliterate the memories of your last affair. Quite the opposite: It will keep the memories alive. Time itself will ultimately do the job.*

*But you can help it along by deepening your new relationship; and nothing will accelerate that process better than a week together at a secluded resort.*

Recently I inherited a handsome portfolio of common stocks; therefore, quite suddenly I've become an interested reader of the financial pages. Although I can interpret the daily figures about my own stocks, I would like to know precisely what the Dow-Jones Industrial Average is.—J. K., Chicago, Illinois.

*The Dow-Jones Industrial Average reflects the average price of certain industrial stocks. Of the many published stock indexes, the D. J. I. A. is the oldest and the most watched—by investors trying to see what the market as a whole is doing. The components of the Average are 30 widely owned and heavily traded industrial stocks, mostly of the blue-chip variety. The figure is compiled hourly by Dow Jones and Company, which owns The Wall Street Journal and runs a financial news service. Critics of the D. J. I. A. say it doesn't give a real picture of what all stocks are doing. This is partly true; the 30 stocks in the D. J. I. A. comprise only 2.7 percent of the 1100-plus stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange. However, this 2.7 percent accounts for about one third of the market value of all shares on the exchange. The Average has been computed since 1897, but only one stock—General Electric—has remained on the list all along, since the make-up of the Average has been changed from time to time to keep up with changes in American industry.*

My little daughter is very affectionate and is always crawling onto my lap for a hug or a kiss. I thought this was natural and proper, but a friend tells me that little girls who receive too much cuddling from their fathers grow up to seek such warm-body contact everywhere—that is, they become sexually promiscuous. Is this true?—B. D., San Mateo, California.

*If anything, the opposite is true. Not only is physical affection harmless for your child but there is definite harm in depriving the child of that affection. Perhaps your friend was stating a confused version of a well-known psychological finding—that women who have the fewest repressional hang-ups are predominantly those who freely received physical affection as children. He apparently doesn't understand, however, that these women are not usually distaff Don Juans; on the contrary, their sexual relationships tend to be unusually deep and long-lasting, making them choice candidates*

# A man named Getz.

In jazz, styles change, trends live and die, performers rise and fall. Occasionally, however, an artist comes along who breaks all the rules and creates his own special status. An artist esteemed by his fellow artists and yet apart from them by virtue of the security of his talent, his strength, his inventiveness. Such a man is Stan Getz. In his own words, Stan is "just a melody player." But he has won more polls and awards than any saxophonist in the history of jazz.

Verve Records is proud to present Stan's fantastic album...



V/V6-8693

This is what one reviewer had to say about it:

"Sweet Rain." ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Downbeat

... Getz is one of the great jazz players when he really wants to be, which is certainly the case on this record. ... Call it exploratory, if you will, but not in the sense that Getz is trying something just for the hell of it—he isn't; he knows exactly where he's going but he doesn't take obvious routes to get there. And it's an almost-psychedelic trip. Nor is all this at the expense of lyricism, of which Getz is a master. Within those convolute, heated improvisations are passages of astonishing lyrical beauty—but never the sort that can be predicted; everything is new.... This is a remarkable album."

Don DeMichael

The Sound of the Now Generation is on



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## If the Irish had invented skiing, what would they have invented to drink afterward?

Irish Mist Coffee. Made with Irish Mist Liqueur®.

Add a jigger to black coffee. Top with whipped cream, and sip slowly through the cream. It's as different from regular Irish Coffee as flavor is from fire. When you come in from the cold, have an Irish Mist Coffee. And be happy the Irish have a taste for indoor sports.



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HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER. U.S.A.

for successful marriage. The compulsively promiscuous woman, on the other hand, is almost always a fractured female whose ability to accept genuine affection was stifled by cold and rejecting parents.

**W**hile dining at an expensive restaurant not long ago, a slightly embarrassing situation occurred. My fiancée had ordered a medium steak (I ordered lobster); however, when her meat arrived, it was very rare. Does etiquette require that I stop eating and wait for her meat to be cooked longer or should I continue with my meal while she waits?—A. R., La Crosse, Wisconsin.

*Rather than spend uncomfortable minutes stalling over your lobster, simply return it with the steak and let the chef keep it warm for you.*

**T**here are times when I'm necking or petting with a girl and she tells me—usually without any great conviction—to stop. Such moments are always a problem for me. I figure this means one of three things: 1. She really wants me to stop. 2. She is testing my masculine assertiveness and hopes I won't stop. 3. She thinks she wants me to stop, but deep down she really doesn't and would yield if I ignored her request. To sum up, I've been confused by the old saying "A woman's no always means yes." I don't want to be an obedient chump; neither do I want to come on like a rapist. How do you suggest I ascertain what the naysaying young lady really wants?—B. S. F., Dodge City, Kansas.

*Certainly not by asking her. Be firm but not forceful. 1. If you persist and she really wants you to stop, she'll let you know with conviction; in that case, yield to her wishes. 2. If she's testing your masculine assertiveness, you'll have passed the test splendidly. 3. If she thinks she wants you to stop but really doesn't, you'll have made the decision for her; "deep down" she'll probably thank you, because girls who are ambivalent about sex generally need and want a confident male to lead the way.*

**I**'ve heard that the major airlines maintain "million-miler" clubs for people who travel a great deal by plane. Members may use the private lounge at the air terminal and generally are treated like VIPs. Can you tell me the names of some of the clubs and the criteria for acceptance?—A. S., Santa Barbara, California.

*The best-known clubs are the Admiral's Club (American), the Club 2000 (Air France), the President's Club (Continental), the Ambassador's Club (TWA), the Clipper Club (Pan American) and the 100,000 and Million Mile clubs (United). Membership requirements vary from one company to another. Probably*

*the most exclusive is Air France's, which limits its list of members to 2000 eminent international commuters who fly consistently on Air France aircraft. Most other clubs extend membership to customers who meet a minimum mileage requirement. You can obtain specific membership information with a call to the airline of your choice.*

**W**hat is "bottleneck" guitar? Are there any available recordings by artists who specialize in this technique?—B. R., Hudson, New York.

*Originated decades ago in the deep South by Negro blues musicians, "bottleneck" guitar playing involves tuning the instrument to an open chord, then sliding a bottleneck, a lipstick cap or a metal bar up and down the keyboard to produce different notes. The bottleneck style doesn't allow for much complexity, harmonically or melodically, but can produce remarkably penetrating tones. Today the tradition is perpetuated mostly by folklorists and by little-known blues shouters who have kept the country styles alive in the big-city ghettos. Some of the most authentic musicians who have been recorded using the bottleneck style are Robert Johnson, Bukka White, Son House, Elmore James and Muddy Waters—who wears a ringlike piece of metal on his pinkie so he can achieve a bottleneck sound while fingering his instrument.*

**I**m a college freshman and last month I pledged for the prestige fraternity on campus. All the brothers are great guys, except for one—and because of him, I have to split the scene. You see, he's a homosexual, and he has made advances to me. In the small town where I grew up, such deviant behavior didn't exist, and I just don't know how to handle it in a cool way: I've got to get out. My problem is that I don't want to hurt the reputation of the fraternity. How can I resign after only a month without creating a wave of curiosity and suspicion on the campus?—D. Z., Berkeley, California.

*Did you say he was a homosexual or an ax murderer? The alarmed tone of your letter makes it sound like the latter. It's doubtful that this fellow will make passes at you again, having been rebuffed; but if you feel so threatened by his presence, resign for personal reasons. We're sure the Berkeley campus is both sophisticated enough and concerned enough with real problems not to let your resignation cause an uncontrollable wave of "curiosity and suspicion."*

**I**m planning a trip to Australia of indefinite duration and wonder if American styles—button-down shirts, traditional

loafers and other items with which I'm well supplied—will be appropriate. Or should I plan on a new wardrobe, to be dictated by styles there?—D. R., Asheville, North Carolina.

*Your American wardrobe will be correct in Australia.*

**C**an you settle an argument I'm having with my girl? I maintain that the "chastity belt," to prevent a woman from having intercourse, once actually existed, but she insists that the whole thing was a myth created by writers such as Chaucer and Boccaccio. Who's right? If I am, please tell us something about the practice and its history.—M. L., Denver, Colorado.

*You're right. The chastity belt actually existed and was in sporadic use from the 15th to the 19th Centuries. Samples are on display in museums throughout the world. A much cruder method of enforcing female chastity was practiced even earlier, in Africa and the Orient. This was infibulation, or sewing up of the vaginal labia (lips) at puberty. The stitches were cut by the husband after marriage—and resewn if he went on a trip. Historians speculate that contact with this custom, via the Crusades, led Europeans to invent the more ingenious "girdle of chastity," which usually consisted of a metal device with openings large enough to allow the eliminative functions but too small for sexual penetration. The first mention of such a contraption occurs in an Italian manuscript of 1405. There was theoretically only one key, held by the husband; but it wasn't long before humorous stories began circulating, most of them involving treacherous locksmiths and duplicate (or triplicate) keys. Use of this cruel device declined with the rise of rationalism; but as late as August 10, 1897, the U. S. Government granted a patent (number 587,994) to one Michael McCormick of San Francisco for a "male chastity belt" for fathers to put on their adolescent sons in order to prevent masturbation. The only similar chastity device still in use, called "doggie breeches," is employed by breeders of pedigreed dogs. It is fastened upon the hindquarters of a female to keep her from unpedigreed impregnation—or, as one crude wit said, "to ensure that no son of a bitch born in this kennel will be a bastard."*

*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.*



## These are Corbin exclusive Country Harvest Trousers

Country Harvest is a handsome, soft, yet hardy, fabric in a variety of plaids, district checks, herringbones and interesting mixtures. The distinctive colourings capture the feel and warmth and look of the fall harvest season. See them now at your Corbin store.

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In essence: this is the fragrance that brings out the playmate in her, turns on the playboy in you! Half-ounce of Playboy's own pow-perfume, \$15 ppd. Code T200.

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# Introducing a crazy gimmick that makes sense.

The Gimmick is called Automatic Tuning. And it goes on a whole new different kind of Panasonic Radio.

Instead of twisting, turning, dialing or sliding to tune the Panasonic Automatic Tuning Radio, all you do is press your finger down on the tuning bar and watch the radio "home in" on the station you're looking for.

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Of course it is. But you'll hear some of the finest sound you've ever heard on any radio anytime or anywhere.

Because the Panasonic Automatic Tuning Radio picks up the most powerful signal from any station. Leaving you

with nothing to do but listen to beautiful music. Or beautiful news. Or a beautiful ball game.

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Here are four of the Automatic Tuning (Radar-Matic®) Radios in the Panasonic line.

First, there's the Power-Mate. The most versatile automatic tuning radio you can buy. It's more than a portable. It's a car radio, too, with FM, AM and Marine Bands. You can be riding along listening to a Beethoven symphony, and when you leave the car take the symphony with you.

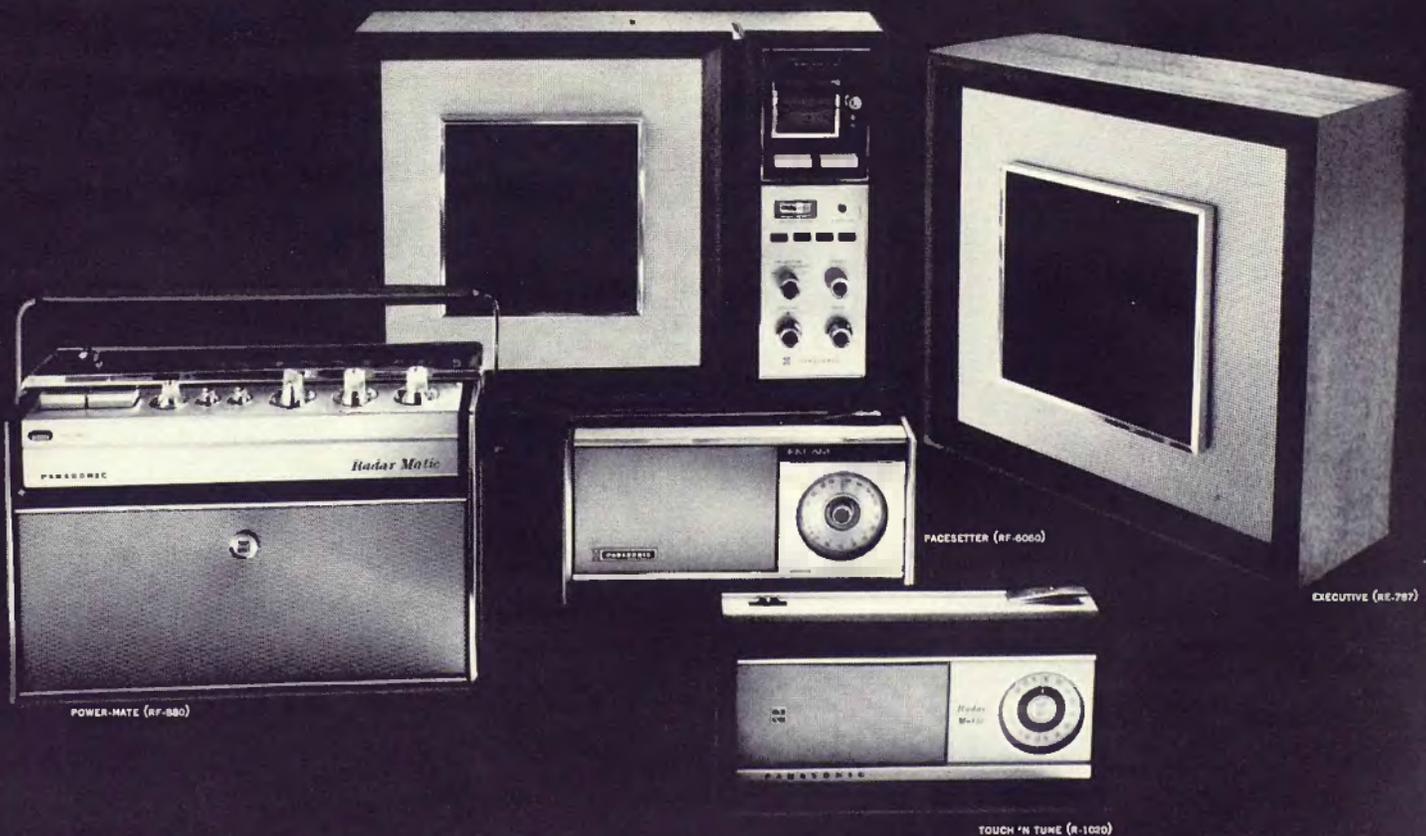
Then comes the 4-speaker Executive. The first FM/AM and FM stereo radio with automatic tuning.

Following that comes the Pacesetter. It's an FM/AM portable with automatic tuning.

If you're looking for a small automatic tuning radio that you can take with you wherever you go, you may consider the Touch 'n Tune.

So, go into any store that carries the Panasonic line and ask to see the Automatic Tuning Radios.

We have a funny feeling that you'll admit there's finally a machine that can do something better than you can do.



**PANASONIC**  
200 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017

## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU'VE only recently decided to attend the Tenth Winter Olympic Games in Grenoble, France, from February 6 to 18, you'll still be able to acquire accommodations within easy commuting distance of Olympic sites. The Alpine towns of Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry—both about an hour's drive from Grenoble—plan to provide daily transportation to the games. If you're a ski buff, head for France's famed Alpine winter havens of Courchevel, Val d'Isère and Tignes—all of which will be sending buses into Grenoble for the Olympically inclined. If you'd rather be based in a sizable, swinging city, plan to stay in Geneva, Switzerland, 90 miles northeast of Grenoble; During the Olympics, a high-speed train will make daily runs to Grenoble (and back) in less than two hours.

Located on the western shore of Lake Geneva, Switzerland's most cosmopolitan city is so serenely picturesque that it may seem almost antiseptic; it isn't. Many of Geneva's night spots remain open until four a.m., and so companionable and complaisant are Genevese women that only a very few prostitutes will ever be found strolling the streets. There's just no demand for their services.

The easiest way to meet a Swiss miss is to wander into the Grand Casino, a lively ballroom where, after putting your best foot forward on the dance floor, you'll be able to try your luck at boules, Switzerland's own variation of roulette. New-found *femme* in hand, you'll enhance your acquaintance by taking her on a tour of the city's brighter after-dark attractions. The huge, three-tiered Moulin Rouge, La Tour and Le Grillon all present floorshows and *discothèque*-style dance music. For jazz, visit the Blue Note, which regularly features top European and American artists.

If you still have your girl in tow the following day, ask her to show you the jewelry shops of the Rue du Rhône and Rue du Marché; it will be hard to resist the bargain prices offered on such well-wrought wrist watches as those produced by Piaget, Audemars-Piguet, Girard-Perregaux and Jaeger-Le Coultre.

When evening arrives once more, you'll be well advised to sample the protean pleasures of dining in Geneva. The majority of the city's restaurants feature French food; Le Gentilhomme, Au Fin Bec and Le Béarn are among the most-favored meccas for Gallic gastronomes. Geneva's array of first-rate international restaurants is no less Lucullan. For Spanish cuisine—as well as for a spirited flamenco show following dinner—visit

the Don Quijote. Roberto's serves up the best Italian food in town, and Chinois and Au Dragon d'Or dispense appetizing Oriental fare.

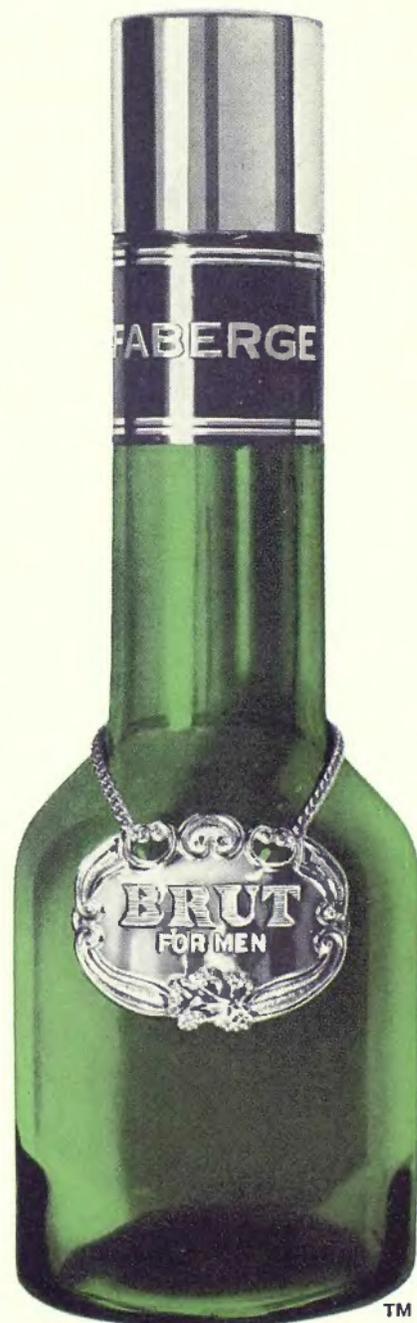
When the Olympiad has run its course and you return to the U. S., you might want to top off your holiday at the Lake Geneva—in Wisconsin, where the second Playboy Club-Hotel (the first in America) will open this spring. Situated just 75 miles northwest of Chicago and 45 miles southwest of Milwaukee, the new \$9,000,000, 900-acre hutch will be a manor in the grand manner for knowledgeable vacationers.

Upon arrival, you'll be shown into one of the resort's 300 fully air-conditioned rooms. The seven-building hotel complex offers seven different types of opulently appointed accommodations—including such sybaritic accouterments as fireplaces and well-stocked bars. Once ensconced, you may want to browse through the shopping arcade for a wide variety of vacation needs before venturing outdoors to sample the Playboy playground's year-round sporting life. Springtime will offer an almost Olympic assortment of athletic options: horseback riding over 20 miles of wooded bridle paths; tennis on four championship courts; sailing on Lake Geneva or the 25-acre lake created for the Club-Hotel; fishing for largemouthed bass; swimming in either the indoor or outdoor pool, and skeet and trapshooting, to mention but a few. The lure of the links, however, will be Playboy's outstanding warm-weather attraction for weekend sportsmen. The Club-Hotel's lavishly landscaped 18-hole golf course is a 7100-yard par-72 layout as eye-catching as it is challenging. And next winter, skiers will schuss down Playboy-prepared slopes—the best in the Midwest—at the bottom of which a luxurious lodge will be dedicated to the pleasures of *après-ski*.

Throughout your action-packed day and night, eight Playboy dining-and-drinking establishments—from the easy informality of the Living Room to the elegant *ambiance* of the VIP Room—will be available to every guest, depending on his mood, appetite and attire. And after-dinner *divertissements* will be just as varied and plentiful, ranging from *disco* dancing in the Bunny Bar to first-run films in the Little Theater to top show-business stars appearing in the Penthouse. In short, Playboy has planned its newest Club-Hotel as a complete retreat for the sophisticated city dweller; see you there this spring.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

# after shave, after shower, after anything...



Brut by Fabergé...  
if you have any doubts about yourself,  
try something else.

## Revlon's great gift to 20<sup>th</sup> Century Man may be his hair

Look for a man who says he doesn't care about his hair. And you'll probably find a man who isn't telling you the truth. Because of this universal male concern, Revlon scientists have worked for years to improve the condition of the hair and scalp. And now, the announcement can be made of a remarkable discovery. A unique medical agent combined with a method of treatment that truly alleviates dandruff.

New ZP<sup>11</sup> Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing. A hairdressing created by the laboratories of Revlon, that doctors report has brought actual, visible results in 3 out of every 4 cases tested.

Will ZP<sup>11</sup> positively work for you? The odds are all in your favor. Eminent dermatologists have tested ZP<sup>11</sup> on hundreds of dandruff cases, both simple and severe. ZP<sup>11</sup> was the answer in 3 out of every 4 cases tested. After regular use of ZP<sup>11</sup>, even severe cases of flaking, scaling, itching, burning and crusting were under control.

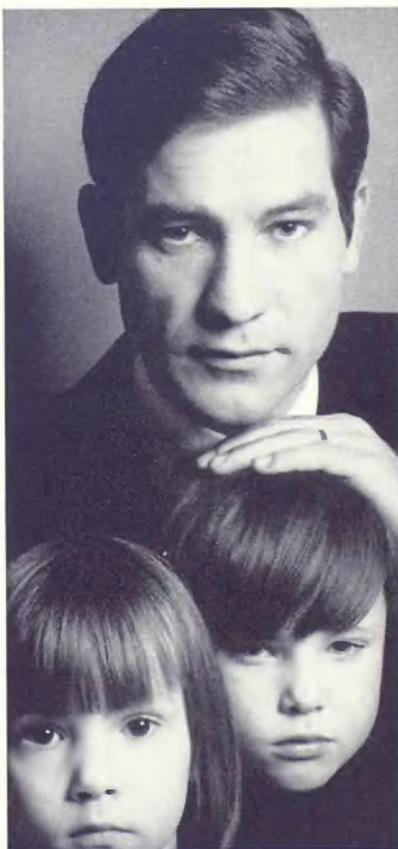
Why is ZP<sup>11</sup> so successful? Because it is the first continuous action anti-dandruff formula.

The remarkable anti-dandruff agent that it contains has been combined with a fine, non-greasy hairdressing. A hairdressing any man would enjoy using daily. And regular use is the key. ZP<sup>11</sup> succeeds because medication stays on your scalp day after day. None is lost, as in wash-away shampoos.

How soon could ZP<sup>11</sup> work for you? Doctors noted that in most cases, maximum benefits were obtained in from one to three weeks. And once your dandruff is under control, ZP<sup>11</sup> can actually keep it under control indefinitely.

Even if it couldn't do a thing about dandruff, you'd like what ZP<sup>11</sup> does for your looks. It's a pleasantly unobtrusive, non-greasy cream hairdressing with a fresh, clean masculine scent. And while it holds your hair, new ZP<sup>11</sup> works on dandruff the way no weekly shampoo ever can.

Find out about ZP<sup>11</sup>, the first Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing. It's guaranteed by the Men's Division of the world renowned Revlon Research Laboratories.



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## PLAYBOY AND LAW REFORM

The Idaho Legislative Council Committee on Criminal Law is currently engaged in a comprehensive study designed to recodify and modernize the criminal statutes of this state. One of the primary areas of concern of the committee will be the statutes dealing with sexual offenses. As a source of background material, we would like to obtain copies of a complete set of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Myran H. Schlechte, Director  
Idaho Legislative Council  
Boise, Idaho

Done.

## CLERGY AND LAW REFORM

The clergy seem more and more to be joining Hefner in his crusade against archaic and unfair sex laws. Recently, the Episcopal Diocese of California urged the abolition of all state laws governing sexual relations in private between consenting adults. The chairman of the Diocesan Committee on Sexual Problems, Mrs. Donovan Cooke, pointed out, as Hefner has so often done, that, according to present laws, "most of us—including married couples—are living in some kind of sin."

C. Boothe  
San Francisco, California

## CANADIAN LAW REFORM

Here in Canada, the battle for sexual freedom is being won slowly but surely. The government has promised to revise our antiquated divorce laws and to repeal the law against birth-control devices and drugs. Almost all religious groups, including the Roman Catholic bishops, support these measures. A proposed abortion bill is running into some opposition, but it has the support of the Canadian Medical Association, the Canadian Bar Association and several powerful women's groups. There is talk of a revision of the obscenity statutes of the Canadian Criminal Code, and the long-taboo subject of homosexuality is being publicly discussed.

More and more people in high places have the courage to speak out on the side of sanity in such matters. I feel that *PLAYBOY* can take a great deal of the credit for this.

John D. Kenney  
Windsor, Ontario

## PLAYBOY IN PRISON

In the February *Playboy Forum*, the Reverend Thomas E. Sagendorf urged the Ohio Penitentiary to allow inmates legal access to *PLAYBOY*, on the grounds that its fiction and articles are excellent and that its "pinups can serve the function of providing a more healthy heterosexual outlet in lieu . . . of the bondage to a homosexual outlet, which this institution, by its very nature, both fosters and perpetuates." When a contraband copy of that issue reached me—*PLAYBOY* had also been forbidden in the Maryland House of Correction—I was prompted to write to the Maryland Commissioner of Correction, Joseph Cannon. I argued that the Reverend Sagendorf's recommendation that *PLAYBOY* be considered approved reading matter, though rejected in Ohio, might be implemented in Maryland. Last night, I received an answer from the warden's office: I may now legally subscribe to *PLAYBOY*.

I am sure the legal access to *PLAYBOY* will be a tremendous morale booster, will provide an educated approach to liberal ideas and will, to some extent, decrease the homosexuality problem here.

My request for a subscription is enclosed.

Edward H. Parry  
Maryland House of Correction  
Jessup, Maryland

## HOMOSEXUAL CURE

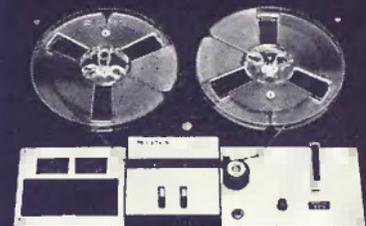
*PLAYBOY* is to be commended for discussing homosexuality as frankly as it discusses heterosexuality.

Several years ago, I was a homosexual. I sought and received the help of a psychiatrist and, as a result, I have led a normal life for the past three years. Soon I will marry a very wonderful and understanding girl.

In spite of my successful "cure," there will be cases where psychiatrists will not be able to change a homosexual's orientation. I would like to stress that an individual should have the right to conduct his life as he desires and to make his own decisions. In a sane society, homosexual and heterosexual individuals should be able to live and work harmoniously, without fear or hatred.

(Name withheld by request)  
Indianapolis, Indiana

## PROFESSIONAL PLAYMATES



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The brilliantly professional Sony solid-state 350 stereo tape deck recorder is the ideal way to add the superior performance of tape to your component system. With an instant connection to your stereo system, the versatile two-speed 350 places at your pleasure a full array of professional features. Three heads for tape-and-source monitoring. Vertical or horizontal operation. World-famous Sony stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps. Dual VU meters. Auto shut-off. And a set of specs designed to put your speakers to the test of excellence. Frequency response: 30-20,000 Hz. S.N. ratio: minus 52 db. Flutter and wow: under 0.09%. The 350's black and gold decor is complemented by a handsomely luxurious walnut-grain base. It's all yours to enjoy for under \$199.50. Should you want to add portability to your 350, there's the 350C, mounted in a dark gray and satin-chrome carrying case, at less than \$219.50. For further information write, *Superscope, Inc.*, 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, Calif.

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ON TAP ALL THE TIME WITH

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Turn tap water to sparkling club soda . . . anytime, anywhere. A quart and a half of the perfect mixer for 15¢. Holds 50 per cent more than conventional syphons. No bottle openers, no empties to drag back to the store. Fresher, too. And so easy . . . fill Sparklet with tap water, replace cap, insert one Sparklet cartridge . . . it's ready. Mixed beverages, ice cream sodas, phosphates. The perfect bar accessory . . . the ideal gift. Suggested list price \$22.95 at better department, liquor and drug stores everywhere. (Standard one quart model, \$18.50.)

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Box of ten Sparklet bulbs \$1.50

## BISEXUAL INSECURITY

A society that makes a crime of an act without a victim is far sicker than the perpetrator of that act. As a 24-year-old veteran, a productive member of society and a bisexual, I resent the constant threat of exposure that hangs over my head because I occasionally indulge in homosexual relations. I happen to be engaged in so-called classified work, but I am no danger to my country's security. I am bitterly aware that, were I required to choose between personal exposure and betrayal of my country, I would choose without hesitation to let my homosexual behavior be revealed—and that my country would repay my fidelity with persecution.

(Name and address withheld by request)

## HOMOSEXUAL ARRESTS

After reading several letters in *The Playboy Forum* regarding police entrapment of homosexuals, I feel that it's time for a few words from someone on the other side. I have been a police officer for seven years, and recently was given a six-month assignment with the homosexual detail. The police department had received numerous complaints of homosexual activity in the public rest room of a large shopping center. Heterosexual men were being propositioned verbally and physically—this is all we wanted to eliminate. Both my partner and I dressed conservatively, in Levis, sport shirt and loafers. We never employed verbal advances or other enticements to aid in making our arrests—all of which were made because the subjects reached under a partition to grope our legs or grabbed our genitals at the urinal.

I have no complaint if homosexuals enjoy themselves in private; but when they begin to extend their activities to public rest rooms, they should be arrested.

James P. Wittenberg  
San Jose, California

*Unhappily for homosexuals, not all police officers conduct themselves with the commendable restraint practiced by you and your partner. See the following letters.*

## "SAVE A QUEER FOR ME!"

I am a human being, a creature of flesh and blood. I have a heart; I have family and friends and share whatever I have with them. I work hard and have been successful. However, although I do not rob or kill or defraud, I am a criminal, because I am a homosexual.

I remember last New Year's Eve. The Los Angeles police raided a small, friendly "gay" bar and beat and kicked some of the customers into submission. One cop kept yelling, "Save a queer for me!" Why should innocent people enjoying the company of their own kind be subjected to such brutality?

I have lived my 33 years honestly and

have dedicated myself to helping others. I served in the U. S. Navy and received an honorable discharge. I hold the Purple Heart for service in Korea.

If I am a criminal (and the law says I am), I guess I can look forward to a jail sentence some day or other. If this happens, will the country be better off? Who or what am I harming merely by my existence?

(Name withheld by request)  
Los Angeles, California

## HELL IN PARADISE

Here in Honolulu, as in every other major city throughout the United States, the local vice squad is actively engaged in entrapments; and, since the cops always work in pairs and continually lie for each other, the courts take their word against that of the accused.

I am a veteran of the Korean conflict, with an honorable discharge, and I contribute in every way possible to my community. My problem? I happen to be homosexual.

A few months ago, a young man followed me into a public latrine on Waikiki beach and stood very close to me at the urinal. He proceeded to reveal himself in my direction in such a manner that I could not help but look. Now, if a lovely young girl stood very near to you and revealed her naked breasts, would you not become aroused? This happened to me. Then the young man flipped out a badge and said that I was under arrest. A police van was called. In court, I pleaded not guilty, but when my trial came up, the arresting officers lied and said that I was masturbating at the latrine in full public view. After the judge said "Guilty," my whole life changed. I lost my job and now find it difficult to find another in my field.

Hawaii likes to call itself "the tropical paradise," but the vice squad has turned it into a tropical hell for me.

(Name withheld by request)  
Honolulu, Hawaii

## LAVENDER BLUECOAT

Add this to your file on police handling of homosexuals. Our present laws not only encourage blackmail and entrapment but also create episodes such as the following. While waiting at a bus stop, a police officer, in uniform but in an unmarked car, stopped and asked me if I wanted a ride. I am decidedly effeminate, and it was obvious that he recognized my sexual orientation. I declined his offer, telling him I was waiting for the bus. He drove away, but merely circled the block and returned to ask again if I wanted a lift. Again I declined. When he returned for the second time, I accepted the lift. He then drove to a secluded spot and asked me to remove my trousers. I was reluctant and declined. However, when he told me that if I didn't submit, he would take



## The watch for calendar collectors who don't know what day it is.

It's pretty tough to sell a military man on a new kind of calendar. But we're going to try anyway.

First of all, our Day 'n' Date watch keeps *itself* up to date. There aren't any pages to tear off every day. (And if you've got a date that night, it reminds you all day long that you've got to get back to the barracks early to shower and shave.)

Second of all, our Day 'n' Date watch is a great watch with a 17-jewel



movement in a waterproof,\* shock-resistant case that'll go through tough maneuvers without a whimper.

Third of all, our Day 'n' Date watch is made by the Caravelle® Division of Bulova. (If you never heard of Bulova you can stop reading now.)

Fourth of all, our Day 'n' Date watch is great-looking—not as great-looking as the art collection on your wall, but would you believe *almost*?

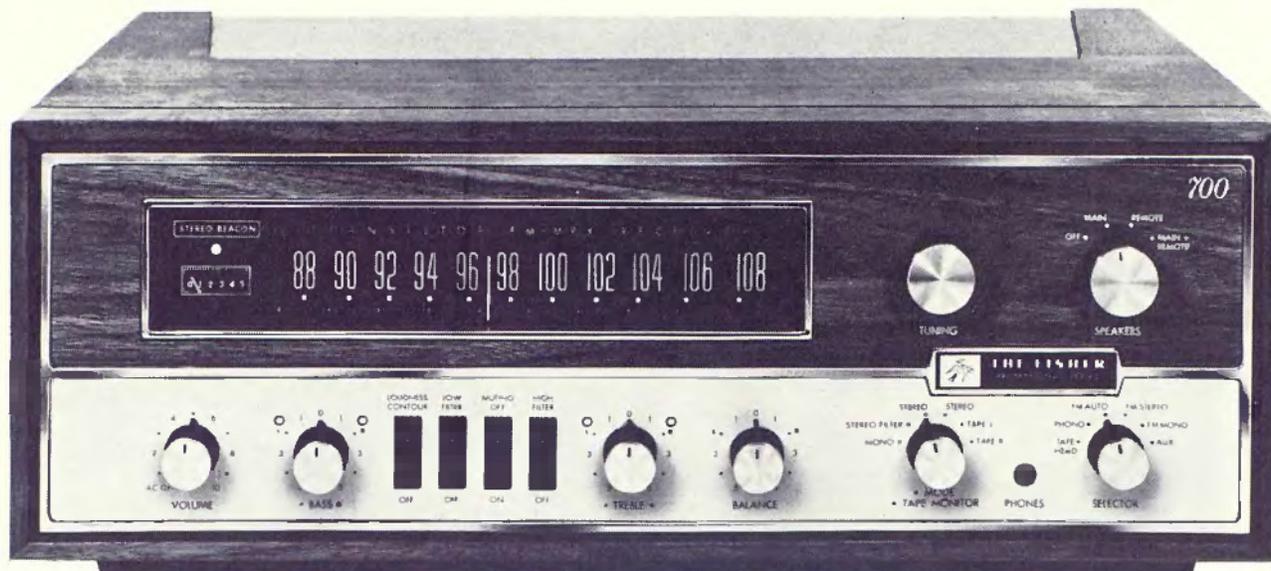
**CARAVELLE®** Division of BULOVA

\*WATERPROOF WHEN CASE, CRYSTAL AND CROWN ARE INTACT.



# instant replay

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON



## The most extraordinary high fidelity stereo receiver ever made!

The new Fisher 700-T solid state receiver is totally unprecedented in performance.

With an FM stereo tuner of radar-like sensitivity (1.8 microvolts), an exceptionally powerful stereo amplifier (120 watts!) and a complete stereo control center, the 700-T is equal to *any* musical assignment.

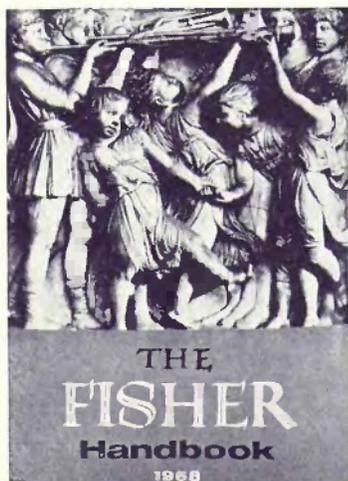
In America, the Fisher 700-T is rather expensive. It had to be.

But for servicemen and U.S. Government employees stationed overseas, Fisher's new overseas sales program offers tremendous savings.

And now, Fisher's unique equipment protection plan, too. *An exclusive tour-of-duty warranty (up to 3 years)* that assures you trouble-free service wherever you're stationed. *Plus an additional 90 day warranty after you return to the states!*

Mail the coupon for complete details, today.

For information on a SPECIAL program for personnel serving in Vietnam, contact Getz Bros. & Co., Inc., 181-185 Tran Hung Dao, 1st floor, Saigon • Tel. 21002.



### Free hi-fi book plus big overseas military discounts.

Free! \$2 Value! Mail this coupon for The Fisher Handbook, an entirely revised and enlarged edition of the famous Fisher high fidelity reference guide, and for complete details about Fisher's overseas sales program that offers tremendous savings on Fisher stereo components.

**Fisher Radio International, Inc.**  
11-41 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

A.P.O./F.P.O. \_\_\_\_\_

If air mail reply desired, please enclose \$1.00.

8712

# Ron Rico. Wasn't he the top kick who introduced The Panther Tango at the Officers' Club?



An understandable error. Ronrico is smooth, seductive, Latin. So you might connect it with the tango. Even the Panther Tango.

But Ronrico's a rum. The lightest, driest-tasting rum made in Puerto Rico (where the light, dry rums come from).

One sip and you'll never again mistake it for anything else.  
Cha cha cha.



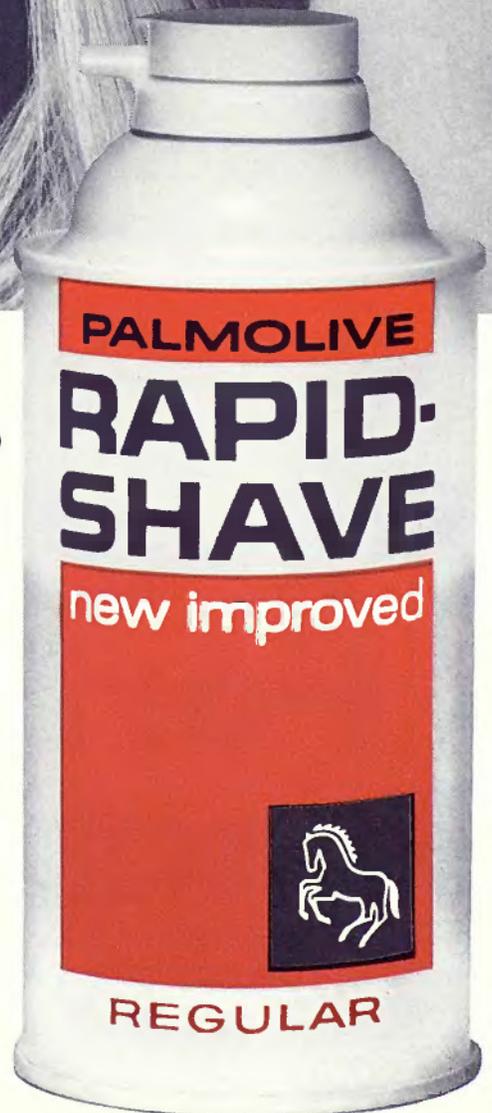
## Ronrico. A rum to remember.

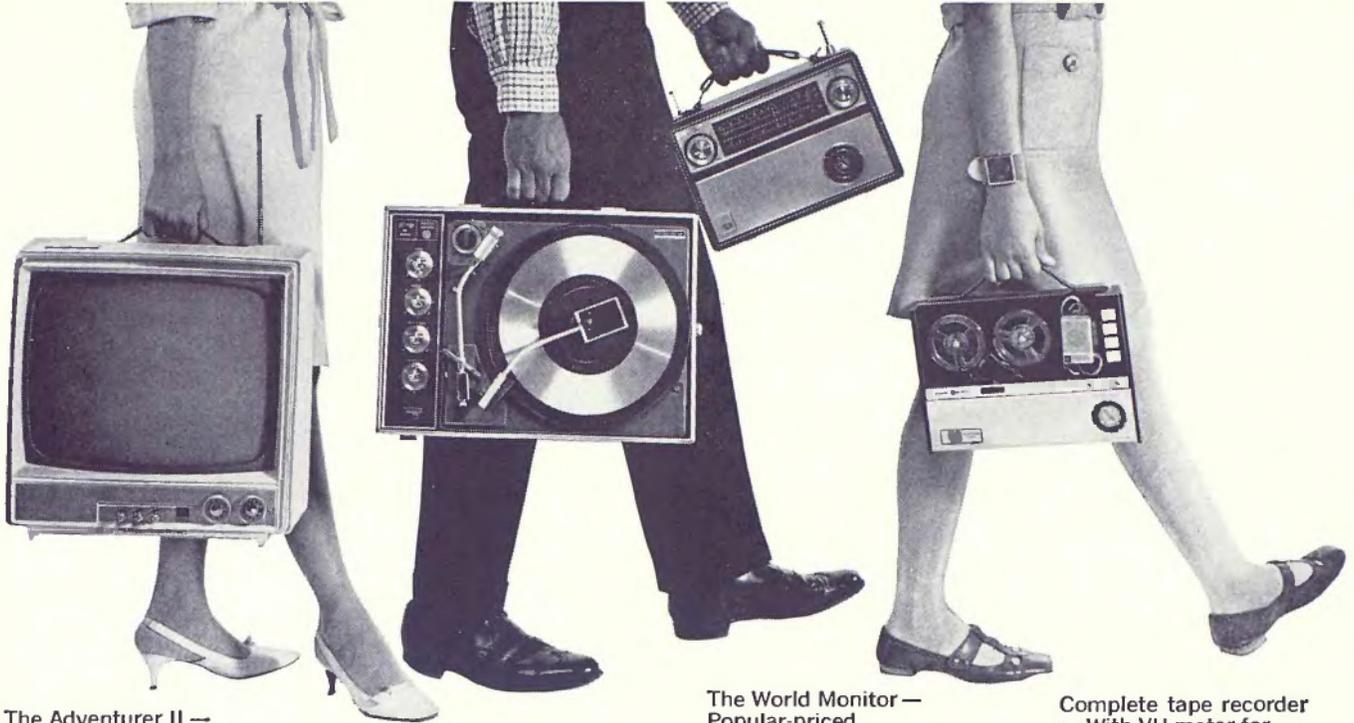


## Does a girl go with every can of New Improved Rapid Shave?

No, but girls certainly go *for* the men who use it. They notice how *smooth* and *inviting* it leaves a man's face. And no wonder. Rapid Shave has a great new formula which combines a really rich, creamy lather and 17 beard softeners — all working double-time to give those tough G. I. beards the closest, smoothest shaves you've ever seen. Ask for *new improved* Rapid Shave at your PX, now in three formulas: Regular, cooling Menthol, and exciting new Lime, the tangy fragrance that makes shaving a tropical breeze. And try Palmolive After Shave Lotion too . . . soothes in seconds, refreshes for hours.

©Colgate-Palmolive Co., 1966





The Adventurer II — 125-sq.-in. picture, solid-state rectifier, precision-etched circuit, front controls and front sound, VHF-UHF reception. Weighs only 19½ lbs. High-impact polystyrene cabinet, in ivory.

Superb stereo portable components—With 8-in. and 3-in. speakers in each wing, automatic 4-speed changer, 4 audio controls, auxiliary input-output jack, transparent dust cover. In walnut-grained vinyl, on steel.

The World Monitor — Popular-priced multi-band radio, with 4-in. speaker, 17-transistor chassis, long-range pull-in power, electronic fine tuning, optional AC power converter. Leather-look vinyl case.

Complete tape recorder — With VU meter for accurate recording, footpedal jack, and complete gift pack including AC converter, batteries, earphone, extra tape. Solid-state design, capstan drive. Sturdy polystyrene case, with metal grille.

# PX-ellent gifts! Portables by General Electric!

You'll like giving them for Christmas. You'll like buying them for yourself. And you'll like the low PX price tags on these very affordable portables from General Electric. They're great performers, all. And they make great presents for the folks back home! **GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

She's hoping for a big one some day!

# Send her the diamond that can grow!

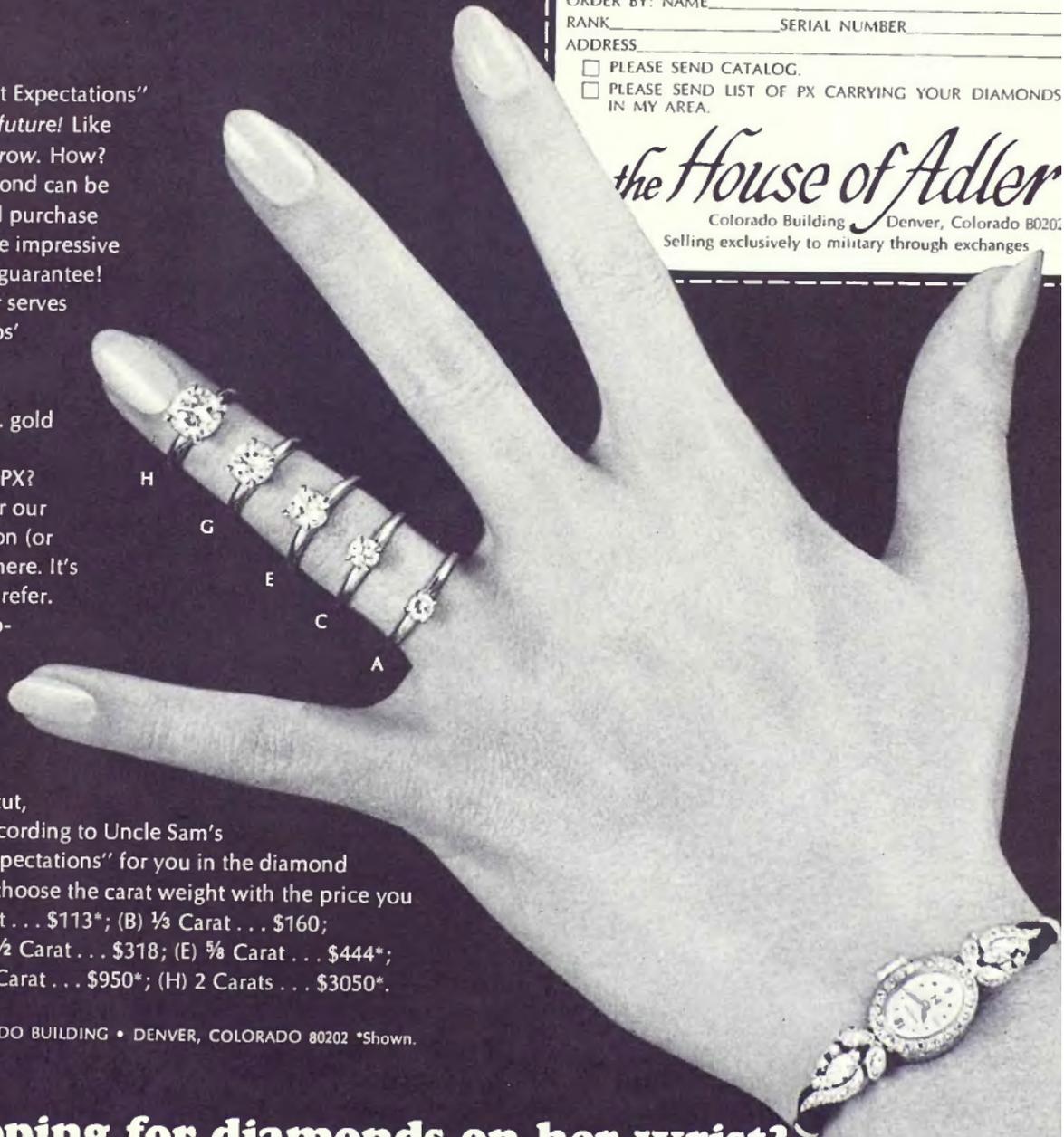
It's House of Adler's "Great Expectations" diamond. And it has a big future! Like love and income—it can grow. How? Every House of Adler diamond can be traded in anytime at its full purchase price toward a bigger, more impressive diamond. That's a lifetime guarantee! No wonder House of Adler serves military exchanges and ships' stores. Visit one soon. See this exquisite diamond solitaire in its elegant 14 Kt. gold Tiffany setting.

No House of Adler in your PX? Ask the officer in charge for our catalog. Or, order by coupon (or letter) the setting pictured here. It's the style most dream girls prefer. Will your girl be "the exception"? Relax. Exchanges are permissible.

What's more, House of Adler, third generation diamond merchants, guarantees every diamond for cut, clarity, color and weight according to Uncle Sam's standards. There's "great expectations" for you in the diamond that can grow. Order! Just choose the carat weight with the price you can now afford; (A) 1/4 Carat . . . \$113\*; (B) 1/3 Carat . . . \$160; (C) 3/8 Carat . . . \$225\*; (D) 1/2 Carat . . . \$318; (E) 5/8 Carat . . . \$444\*; (F) 3/4 Carat . . . \$600; (G) 1 Carat . . . \$950\*; (H) 2 Carats . . . \$3050\*.

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(Clip here)

**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

ITEM (RING OR WATCH) \_\_\_\_\_  
 IF RING: CARAT SIZE \_\_\_\_\_  
 TYPE OF GOLD: YELLOW \_\_\_\_\_ WHITE \_\_\_\_\_  
 FINGER SIZE \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND RING OR WATCH TO:**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
 ENCLOSED IS \$ \_\_\_\_\_ FOR MY SELECTIONS ABOVE.  
 ORDER BY: NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 RANK \_\_\_\_\_ SERIAL NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

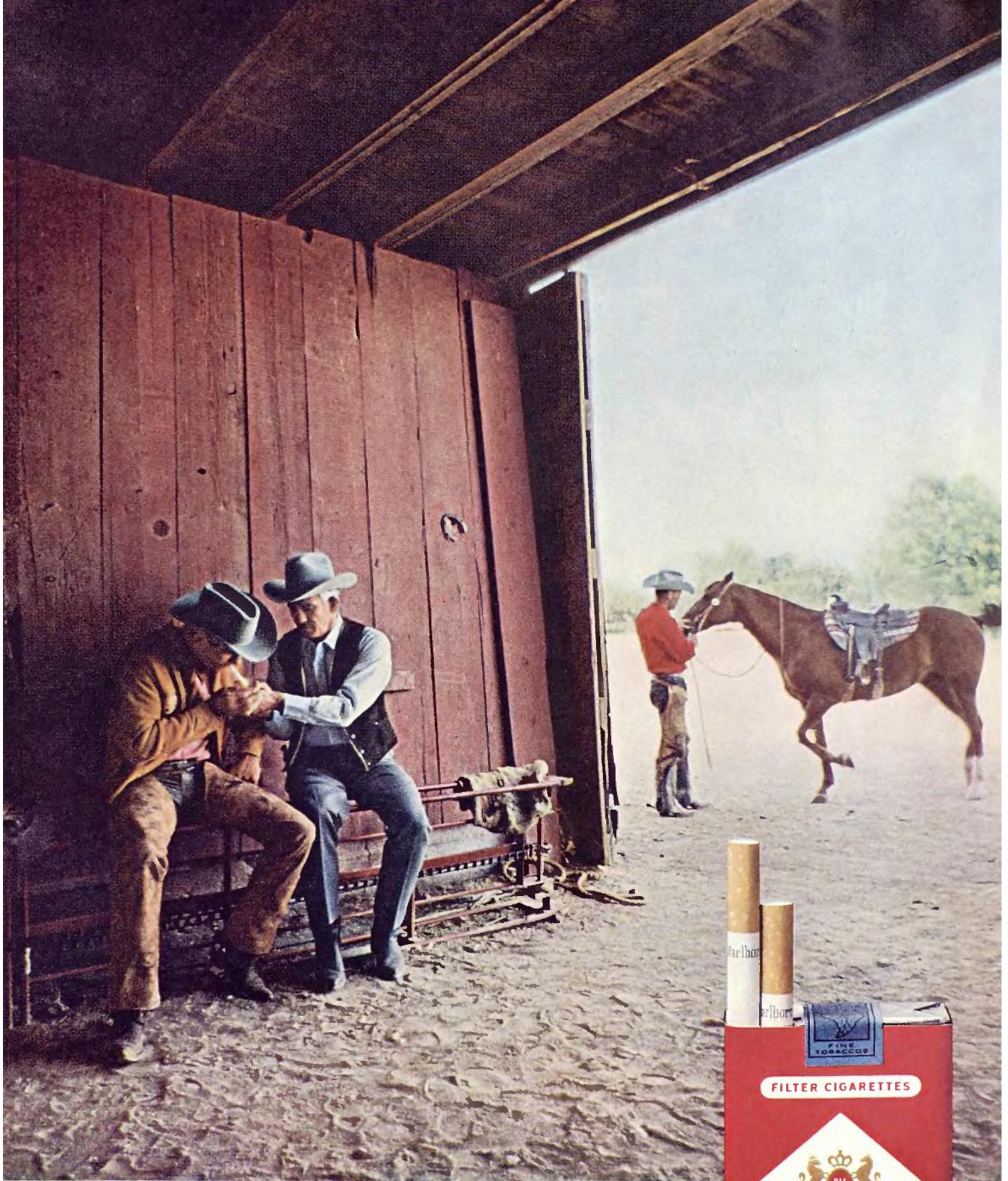
PLEASE SEND CATALOG.  
 PLEASE SEND LIST OF PX CARRYING YOUR DIAMONDS IN MY AREA.

*the House of Adler*  
 Colorado Building Denver, Colorado 80202  
 Selling exclusively to military through exchanges

## Or is she hoping for diamonds on her wrist?

Send a glittering HAMILTON WATCH! 22 Jewel High Precision Movement, 2 Carats Total Weight, 44 Diamonds in 14 Kt. White Gold Case . . . \$1125.

 HAMILTON WATCHES



**Come to where the flavor is.  
Come to Marlboro Country.**

You get a lot to like with a Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box.



LET HIM INTO THE MAN'S WORLD  
OF THE PLAYBOY CLUB®

give him the  
fabulous Triple Gift—  
Playboy Club Key,  
bottle of champagne,  
LeRoy Neiman® painting—  
all three gifts for the  
price of the Key,  
just £8-8-0

Last Christmas 39,000 men in the U.S. received the Playboy Triple Gift. Here's your chance to give the same thrilling gift to the most important men on your list, a gift that continues to give enjoyment year after year, that assures fun-packed days and nights all year long. Playboy's Triple Gift package will be the most exciting gift your friends, relatives and business associates receive this season.



New member offers his playmate a champagne toast beneath LeRoy Neiman oil.

**THIS CHRISTMAS, UNLOCK A GALA WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE FAVORED MEN ON YOUR LIST—PLAY SANTA WITH THE TRIPLE GIFT—NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME OFFERED IN EUROPE!**

Here's what the lucky man will get:

1. His Personal Key to The Playboy Club. This famous symbol of the good life will admit him to every Playboy Club in the world. As new Playboy Clubs are opened (17 Clubs are now in operation and more are in the planning stage), his key will provide entry to each. The key constantly becomes more valuable and brings to mind your thoughtfulness.
2. A Bottle of Fine Champagne. Upon his first visit to The Playboy Club the new keyholder will be presented a bottle of champagne by a beautiful Bunny, with your compliments. He'll begin his life as a playboy in our famous festive atmosphere with a sparkling reminder of your good taste.
3. LeRoy Neiman Print. Neiman's 24" x 30" oil painting *Hunt of the Unicorn* actually served as the study for the 52-foot mural he painted for the new Playboy Club-Hotel in the United States. This work, inspired by the great Unicorn Tapestries of France, brilliantly combines the traditional motif of landscape, beast and sportsman with contemporary colour, technique and excitement.

If you are a member yourself, or have ever been to The Playboy Club as a guest, you already know the numerous advantages unlocked by the coveted key:

- The gentlemanly pleasures of relaxing in your very own Club
- Man-sized potables, brewed with double portions of the finest liquors and served to you by the Playboy Club Bunnies
- Outstanding entertainment by such stars as Tony Bennett, Della Reese, Dave Allen, Woody Herman, Mort Sahl, Dizzy Gillespie

The man's world of Playboy is yours to bestow with the Triple Gift offer—BUT YOU MUST ORDER NOW. And if you don't have a Playboy Key yourself, now is the time to get in on the nightly festivities at the world's most distinguished key club.

Each gift key, accompanied by certificate entitling the recipient to champagne and reproduction of a LeRoy Neiman painting, is mailed to the recipient in a personalized package . . . including a pop-up Christmas card signed with your name, as you direct. Imagine his delight at being able to celebrate New Year's Eve in Playboy's exciting clubrooms!

The lucky new member may use his key in all Playboy Clubs. Certificates may be redeemed any time during 1968.



The £8.8.0 Triple Gift Fee includes the Charter Initiation Fee of £3.3.0 and the first year's Annual Membership Subscription of £5.5.0. Applicants from the Continent may enclose Triple Gift Fee in equivalent funds of their own country in cheque, money order or currency.

**APPLY FOR TRIPLE GIFT NOW**

This offer definitely will not be made after Christmas. Orders received up to December 19 will be filled in time for the new member to begin using his key during the holiday season. To order Triple Gift Keys, use the application at right.

**ONE KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL CLUBS**

London • Atlanta • Baltimore  
Boston • Chicago • Cincinnati  
Detroit • Jamaica • Kansas City  
Los Angeles • Miami • Montreal  
New Orleans • New York • San Francisco • St. Louis • Phoenix



Bunny croupiers call the turn at the Playboy gaming tables as members and guests try their luck.

**CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY**

TO: Membership Secretary  
THE PLAYBOY CLUB, 45 Park Lane, London W.1, England

Here is my order for:  
 Triple Gift order only     personal Triple Gift only     personal and Triple Gift order

Enclosed is my cheque for £ \_\_\_\_\_  
OR  
charge to my Playboy Club Key number \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME (PLEASE PRINT) \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

If ordering personal Triple Gift membership only, you need not complete portion below

SEND TRIPLE GIFT MEMBERSHIP TO (PLEASE PRINT) \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CHECK ONE:  
 Send Triple Gift to recipient with gift card signed \_\_\_\_\_  
 I wish to present Triple Gift personally. Send package and unsigned card to me.

Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift keys. 289-E

me in for making an indecent proposal, I cooperated and he had his way.

He did not ask for money nor did he try to entrap me; he merely wanted to satisfy his own homosexual desires. Contrary to the popular stereotype of the "promiscuous faggot," we do have some selectivity and like to pick our own sex partners. It is degrading to be forced.

(Name withheld by request)  
Honolulu, Hawaii

#### PSYCHOPATHIC HOMOSEXUALS?

The July *Playboy Forum* included a letter from a homosexual who was afraid he might be deported from the U. S. if his sexual preferences were discovered.

I entered the U. S. as an immigrant in 1959 and obtained an executive job in a large hotel in the East. As a homosexual, I subscribed to two homosexual magazines published in the U. S. In Europe, such publications are sold openly, and I had been accustomed to reading them.

It was quite some time before I noticed that my mail had been tampered with. Then I noticed that I was being shadowed, both by car and on foot. My apartment was broken into and, though there were quite a few valuables in it, only a camera and a number of private papers and letters were taken. Soon I received a telephone call from the Immigration Service, telling me to come in for a "hearing."

At the hearing, I was confronted with evidence that could have been obtained only as a result of this burglary. There were also photostatic copies of my letters to an American friend, who was then in the Army. His belongings had been confiscated and the letters found. These letters clearly revealed that I am homosexual.

I was questioned by psychiatrists in a military hospital, who concluded unanimously that I was a psychopath because I was homosexual. My own psychiatrist testified that, although I might have other problems, I was not a psychopath. He was overruled by Immigration authorities and I was deported within the month.

The entire situation was handled in the same way that the Gestapo handled things in my country during the War.

(Name withheld by request)  
Oslo, Norway

#### HOMOSEXUAL EROTICA

Because of PLAYBOY's consistent opposition to censorship, readers will be pleased to learn of a significant decision in favor of a free press.

Early this year, the operators of Directory Services, Inc., a Minneapolis firm that sells photographs, movies and a magazine appealing to homosexuals, were arrested for using the mails to distribute "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy and vile" material. They were indicted on 29 counts—15 for mailing materials

depicting male nudes and 14 for mailing improper advertising circulars.

The prosecution's position was simple, though primitive and unenlightened. Using the criteria laid down by the Supreme Court, the prosecuting attorney argued that the DSI materials (1) appealed to the prurient interests of homosexuals, (2) exceeded the limits of candor set by contemporary national standards, (3) were utterly without redeeming social value and (4) were advertised in such manner as to pander to salacious interests. More imaginatively, the Government argued that since society (meaning the average man) considers homosexuality morbid, does not tolerate it and looks upon the activities of homosexuals as shameful, it follows (1) that anything appealing to the sexual interests of homosexuals is regarded as obscene by the average person and (2) that the test for obscenity is not whether the material appeals to the prurient interest of the homosexual group for which it is intended but whether *society thinks* such materials appeal to the prurient interest of homosexuals.

The defense argued (1) that the four criteria prescribed by the Supreme Court had not been violated, (2) that nudity and homosexuality—two things not in themselves obscene—could hardly constitute obscenity when combined and (3) that the heterosexual majority should not be permitted to tyrannize over the homosexual minority by dictating what homosexuals may or may not read or look at in the privacy of their own homes.

Altogether, 26 witnesses testified before the court over a two-week period. Prosecution witnesses ranged from a 31-year-old Dallas man who, though claiming to be heterosexual, testified that the materials he had ordered from DSI caused him to have a homosexual experience he would not otherwise have had, to a 42-year-old mechanical engineer from Ohio who gave the trial an unexpected turn when he declared, under examination by the defense, that he was an unwilling witness and that postal inspectors had threatened to expose him as a homosexual to his employer unless he "cooperated."

For the defense, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, a psychologist formerly of the Kinsey Institute, testified that the DSI material would not be sufficient to induce a heterosexual male to make homosexual contacts and it would not stimulate an individual to commit illegal acts; that there is no "critical period" at which boys are particularly likely to be influenced into homosexuality; that there is less sexual activity between adult homosexuals and children than between adult heterosexuals and children; and that attitudes toward homosexuals are changing and homosexuals are more and more being accepted.

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, famous medical

columnist, doubted that the DSI material would harm a child (including the doctor's grandchildren), could "hardly imagine" a person with latent homosexual tendencies being stimulated into overt homosexuality by the material and believes the suppression of printed matter depicting male nudes "will do more harm than good." The Reverend Ted McIlvenna, Director of the National Young Adult Project of the Methodist Church, said he considers it "helpful" for children (including his own) to see photographs of nude males, though he does not want them to see pictures of violence and brutality. A private investigator, who had checked out the names of people on the DSI mailing list, testified that they represent a "cross section" of the community—including high school principals, policemen and public officials.

Judge Earl R. Larson called in Dr. Donald Hastings, head of the department of psychiatry at the University of Minnesota Medical School, to testify as an impartial expert. Dr. Hastings said the DSI material was not prurient and further explained that the appeal to homosexuals of nude male pictures is "not fundamentally different" from the appeal to heterosexual males of the nude female pictures in PLAYBOY. (At this trial, PLAYBOY was generally cited as representing acceptable contemporary national standards regarding the publication of sexually oriented material.)

The defendants were found not guilty on each of the 29 counts and Judge Larson concluded that none of the tests for obscenity set down by the Supreme Court had been violated. In short, homosexuals (like heterosexuals) have a right to purchase material that appeals to their erotic interests, and erotic is not synonymous with prurient or obscene. The court added the following meaningful statement: "The rights of minorities expressed individually in sexual groups or otherwise must be respected. With increasing research and study, we will, in the future, come to a better understanding of ourselves, sexual deviants and others."

Harold L. Call, President  
Mattachine Society, Inc.  
San Francisco, California

#### ZIPPY MAIL

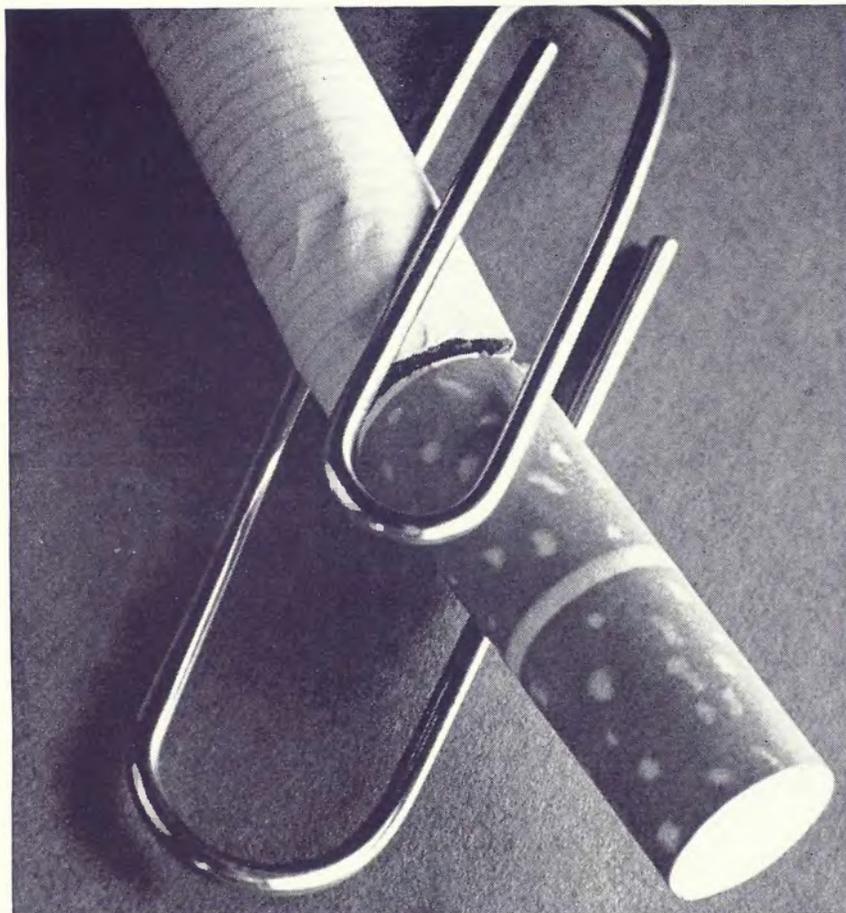
I can't understand the Post Office's contradictory attitude toward "racy" photographs. They beg us to put a little "Zip" in our mail, don't they?

Herman Galler  
Baltimore, Maryland

#### TEXAS TURMOIL

I was under the impression that what I read and what stirred my libido was my own damn business; however, recently a copy of *Freedom Talk*, a Life Line radio broadcast, was sent to me. The freedom that Melvin Munn, commentator on

**If you could put  
Tareyton's charcoal filter  
on your cigarette,  
you'd have  
a better cigarette.**

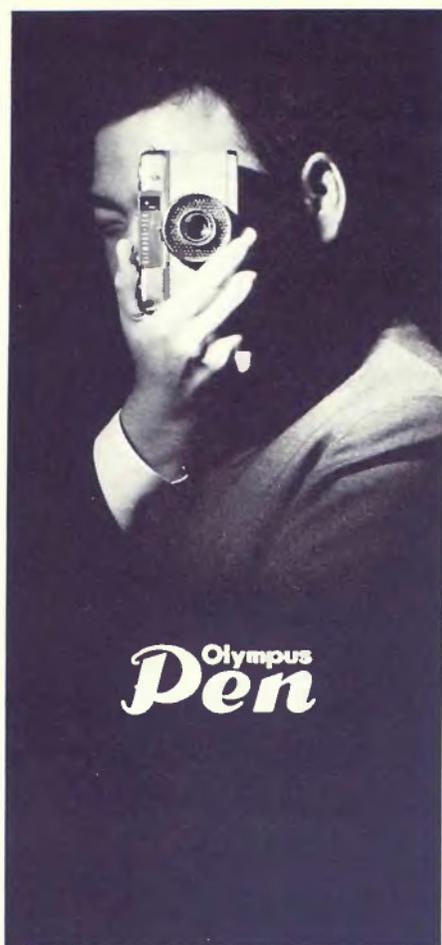


**Of course we can't guarantee it'll smoke as smooth as a Tareyton.**



**New Tareyton 100's with the charcoal filter.**

*© R.J. American Tobacco Company*



Olympus  
**Pen**

## The sneak photographer's favorite weapon

What makes the Olympus Pen-EES such an effective candid camera is 1) its easily concealed dimensions, 2) its automatic shutter speed/aperture combination system, and 3) easy to focus lens.

All you do is find a likely target and point in that direction. Then click! A moment preserved that only you know about.

Another advantage of the Pen-EES, of course, is that it's a half-frame. This means you get twice as many pictures on a roll of standard 35mm film. So the danger of finding yourself out of film just when the right subject comes along is reduced considerably.

You'll find the Pen-EES at fine camera stores everywhere. See it today, and good hunting!

**Olympus** TOKYO

OLYMPUS OPTICAL CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan

OLYMPUS OPTICAL CO. (Europa), GmbH,  
2 Hamburg 1, Steindamm 105.

*Freedom Talk*, refers to is my freedom to read: and he wants to take it away from me, under the guise of "defending" me against pornography. This reminds me of a woman in Fort Worth, Texas, who was raising hell over a road sign that read TWO DAMS. (Of course, there were two dams nearby.) This enlightened Christian became so vehement over the possibility that children would see this sign that she wrote to the editors of her local newspaper, demanding that it be taken down.

Richard E. Garnett  
Fort Worth, Texas

*Mr. Munn's "Freedom Talk" has as its chief sponsor H. L. H. Products, owned by multimillionaire H. L. Hunt. (Mr. Hunt had personally financed the radio program, until its tax exemption was canceled in 1965.) You are not the first one to note that Munn and Hunt seem more interested in abolishing than in protecting freedom.*

### FREEDOM TO READ

Some time ago, the Citizens for Decent Literature sprang up here in Cedar Falls, Iowa. The members showed an incredible film, *Pages of Death*, at one of their meetings, and I was one of about a dozen rational people who attended the showing, together with about 60 of "them."

The film purports to show how a bookish boy (instrument of the Devil, books!) rapes a Sweet Young Future Mother of America and leaves her body in the city dump, after he has read "dirty magazines."

After the showing, a few skeptical persons tried to point out that there is no causal connection between sexually oriented material and sex crimes.

The meeting instantly turned into a riot. People screamed. I had read about occurrences like this, but I had never been involved in one. It was a frightening experience. Those of us who did stand up and ask pointed questions got answers from so far afield that it was like hearing the question answered in Chinese. There was no communication with those people. None. The CDL quickly became aware, naturally, that there was opposition present; and the meeting got so noisy and out of hand that the leaders abruptly adjourned it, rather than let any of us ask any more questions or make any more statements.

I telephoned 36 people that weekend, and on Sunday the "original 19" met at my house. We had college faculty members, university department heads, librarians, public school teachers, housewives, a minister, a bookstore manager, etc. The upshot of the discussion was that we elected a provisional planning committee of five to prepare for a public meeting and a permanent organization.

We are now official: the Freedom to Read Organization of Black Hawk

County, a nonprofit association for the purposes of informing and educating a free public regarding a free press and the right to read.

Our board of directors includes two state legislators, a psychiatric social worker, a clinical psychologist, a theater owner, a dentist, a school librarian, a Girl Scout executive, a State College of Iowa department head and the college librarian of the State College of Iowa.

Patricia Samson  
Cedar Falls, Iowa

### EROTICA AND NEUROTICA

A friend showed me a publication titled *Operation Yorkville Newsletter*, which is devoted to proving that obscene literature is a grave and present danger to the survival of America. On page four of this sheet, there is a diagram showing a seesaw with three men on one side and one on the other. The caption reads, "Three out of four psychiatrists say, 'Effect of obscenity on personality is bad. . . .'" There is no evidence given to support this rather startling statistic. Can you tell me: Have there been any statistical surveys of psychiatric opinion on this subject, and would the results support *Operation Yorkville's* claim?

Henry Foote  
New York, New York

*There has been such a survey, undertaken in 1966 by the New Jersey Committee for the Right to Read, and it contradicts Operation Yorkville's statement. The responses of 203 New Jersey psychiatrists and psychologists revealed the following statistical breakdown of opinion:*

*On the question of whether, in their experience, sexually oriented literature provoked antisocial behavior, the experts voted 16 to 1 that it did not; on the question of whether such material might be beneficial to some readers by providing a vicarious outlet, they voted yes two to one.*

*Furthermore, on the question of whether censorship itself was beneficial to young people, they voted six to one that it was not.*

*Finally, asked whether censorship itself is harmful, they voted two to one that it is. Some of the comments of the New Jersey psychiatrists and psychologists polled are illuminating. A clinical psychologist specializing in children and adolescents wrote:*

*I have for the past 12 years worked extensively with adolescents—emotionally disturbed, delinquents, brain injured—the whole range. I have yet to encounter a single case where harm was done to a child because he was reading pornographic material. . . . [Some] started to get better when they began to read pornography.*

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simple life  
at  
Jamaica Playboy...



Simply  
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About all there is to do is swim, scuba, snorkel, skindive, fish the deep sea, paddle a boat or just float. Of course, there are shops to visit, movies to watch, trips to take, ska parties to enjoy and an 800-foot white sand beach to wander. As they say, it's no place like home. Unless, of course, you happen to have an Olympic-size pool, sunken Grecian baths, meeting rooms, bi-level suites with private patios and breathtaking views. Plus a night club, gourmet cuisine and a bounty of beautiful Bunnies to wait on you hand and foot. If this isn't the simple life as you know it—try it!



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Chicago, Illinois 60611



Give me the simple life and rush me the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel's free color brochure.

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**THE JAMAICA PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL**

*A clinical psychiatrist commented:*

*I do not recall a single case examined by me or presented at staff conferences by any other member of the staff in which sexually oriented publications, photographs, films or other materials played a discernible part in the development of the youngster's disorder.*

*Another clinical psychiatrist stated:*

*The sexual offenders I have seen in 20 years of practice have been, without exception, shy, ignorant, bumbling middle-aged men, active in church, scouts or some such organization stressing a sort of ideal conduct.*

*A clinical psychologist had this to say:*

*In clinical practice, the literature read has nothing to do with the emotional difficulty. Basically, the conscious as well as the unconscious difficulties arise from the inter-familial directly, and indirectly from those influences such as church and school, etc., and lastly the books or films he or she may see.*

*The last two statements, in particular, support the theory, generally accepted among psychologists, that those who attempt to deny and suppress their sexual needs, for religious or for moral reasons, are more apt to break down and give expression to these needs through uncontrollable, antisocial behavior than are those who guiltlessly accept the sex drive as a healthy, normal part of life.*

#### PROTECTING CHILDREN

Recently, *The Detroit Free Press* carried the story of a police chief in West Hartford, Connecticut, who ordered an art-gallery owner to remove a picture of a nude woman from her display window. He justified this demand by claiming that children passed the art gallery on their way to school. As a *Free Press* columnist said: "Why should children be shielded from the anatomical facts of life? It is far better that their curiosity be satisfied at an early age than suppressed to explode later." This sort of censorship not only infringes on our rights, it succeeds in protecting no one—in fact, it warps the same young minds for which it claims concern.

Dave Shane  
Flint, Michigan

#### PORNOGRAPHIC BABY DOLL

While listening to the radio the other day, I heard a lady who was telephoning a popular "talk" program in this area complain about a new baby doll about to be introduced in the U. S. by the Creative Playthings toy stores. Her complaint was that this boy doll is anatomically accurate; it is equipped with penis and

testicles, just like a real baby boy. She described this doll as "pornographic" and said that people were already banding together to prevent its sale in the U. S. The purpose of her call was to alert the public to the menace of this doll.

Apparently it never occurred to this woman or to the people she claims are in agreement with her that a representation of a human being without sex organs could well be considered an obscenity. In my opinion, hiding the sex organs or pretending they do not exist does permanent damage to the mind of a child. What could be a more graphic demonstration to an impressionable child that there is something wrong with the sex organs than to give it a doll that is anatomically accurate in all respects except that there is a blank where the genitals should be?

No one is forcing these prudes to buy the doll; why must they try to prevent enlightened parents from obtaining this toy for their children? If such activity is not unconstitutional, it should be.

Arthur Seldon  
Chicago, Illinois

#### MENACE OF NUDITY

PLAYBOY stresses that children should be taught that sex is natural and beautiful, not something to be hidden or denied. This is fine, but you neglect to add a most vital rule: "Do not expose a child to that which he cannot handle." Some "liberal" parents will interpret your dicta to mean that it is good to allow children to see the nude body. That is like putting a child in the driver's seat of a car. Young children, up to the age of puberty, are not emotionally equipped to view the nude body nor to handle the overwhelming sensory flood that results from such a sight. They cannot cope with it: To handle it, they repress and block. And, as many psychoanalysts point out, they may grow up more neurotic than those children who come from puritanical homes.

David F. Feingold  
Columbia University  
New York, New York

*We disagree. The psychoanalytical theory to which we assume you refer is based on the rather improbable (and certainly unproved) assumption that a little boy, viewing the nude female body, will think that the girl once had a penis that has been amputated and will begin to worry that this will happen to him, too (castration anxiety), while a little girl, viewing the nude male, will feel inferior because she does not possess a phallus (penis envy). As "The Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior" points out, even psychoanalysts who accept this theory caution "that attempting to keep from children the knowledge of sex differences by concealment is a naïve and futile gesture and that the emotional emphasis with*

*which this is usually done, viz., going to extraordinary lengths to maintain sexual modesty when revelation would be the simple natural concomitant of a domestic activity, serves only to intensify the castration anxiety and penis envy." Most non-Freudian psychologists reject the theories of castration anxiety and penis envy entirely and insist that the child who has not been adversely conditioned by excessively prudish parents will react to the naked human body without any special anxiety.*

*For example, A. S. Neill, headmaster of the successful Summerhill school, has written:*

*Nakedness should never be discouraged. The baby should see its parents naked from the beginning. However, the child should be told when he is ready to understand that some people don't like to see children naked and that, in the presence of such people, he should wear clothes. . . .*

*The very fact that the law does not permit exposure of the sex organs is bound to give children a warped attitude toward the human body. . . .*

*The "overwhelming sensory flood" that results from viewing the naked body is without question a culturally conditioned response; many Victorians experienced it at the sight of an exposed ankle. But times have changed, and the same process that has made ankles acceptable is gradually being applied to the rest of the human body. Dr. Benjamin Spock, the eminent psychiatric pediatrician, points out:*

*In half a century, Americans have made a full swing from the excessive modesty of the Victorian period to the partial nudity of sports clothes and to complete nudity in quite a few homes today. Most people agree (and I certainly do) that today's casual attitude is a lot healthier. Nursery school teachers, children's psychiatrists and psychologists generally agree that it's wholesome for young children of both sexes to see each other undressed at times in the home and at the beach.*

*The findings of anthropologists confirm that there is nothing intrinsically shocking about nudity. Margaret Mead, after studying a group of adolescent girls in a Polynesian community, wrote:*

*Samoan children have complete knowledge of the human body and its functions, owing to the custom of little children going unclothed, the scant clothing of adults, the habit of bathing in the sea, the use of the beach as a latrine and the lack of privacy in sexual life. They*

also have a vivid understanding of the nature of sex.

*There is no evidence that Samoan children grow up, as your theory would lead one to expect, inordinately neurotic. To the contrary, Miss Mead found that sex and the human body are integrated parts of their lives and raise fewer problems than in a prudish society.*

*It seems to us that the attempt to unnaturally and unnecessarily hide the human body from children must have precisely the same effects as the attempt to conceal sexual information from them—that is, to create a sense of shame, mystery and fear, in which false ideas and neurotic feelings can flower into a terrible maturity.*

#### HEALTHY SEX EDUCATION

I have a healthy attitude toward sex, due to my background: I was raised and educated in Europe and Australia, and my parents were very understanding, permissive and mature. All of my questions pertaining to sex were truthfully answered; moreover, the whole family frequently bathed nude at the beach.

I support *PLAYBOY'S* stand favoring better sex education for American children. A liberal and rational approach to sex would vastly decrease the number of sex crimes committed in the U.S. But children are not the only ones who need to be educated. Newspaper articles, court decisions and various state laws all lead me to recommend a crash program of sex education for the entire American public—especially for legislators, judges, doctors, writers and clergymen.

Juge Huber

Los Angeles, California

#### V. D. PREVENTION

Congratulations! The July *Playboy Forum* surpassed the *Party Jokes* in humorous content. You and Dr. Margaret Mead want to make the pill available to the teenage set in order to cut down the illegitimacy rate. What do you propose to do about the rise in the V.D. rate? Pass out penicillin tablets? The problem has already reached epidemic proportions; or hasn't anyone told you?

Knowing your line of reasoning, your rebuttal will be, "Passing out the pills is a good idea."

D. W. Englade

New Orleans, Louisiana

*If penicillin tablets were an effective vaccine against syphilis or gonorrhea, passing out these pills would be a good idea. But they are not and, at present, there is no preventive vaccine against venereal diseases. There are quick-and-easy cures, however, that might have wiped out the diseases years ago, had it not been for the persistent notion—caused by puritan antisexuality—that the victim of V. D. is sinful. "The people of the United States have never*

*felt venereal disease is anything that concerns them very much," says William F. Schwartz, educational consultant to the venereal-disease branch of the U.S. Public Health Service. "They have, unfortunately, the attitude that syphilis is something that nice people don't get and shouldn't do anything about and shouldn't even talk about. A lot of people believe that if you have venereal disease, you somehow deserve it, and this is in spite of the fact that literally thousands of cases are contracted in ways that are morally, legally and socially acceptable."*

*The allies of venereal disease are not birth-control pills but ignorance, prudery and shame. It is these that prevent better sex education in the schools, keep private physicians from reporting cases in order to avoid social repercussions for the patient, make it difficult to raise funds for research and censor information in the mass media.*

#### ABORTION REJECTED

My husband and I have a 17-month-old daughter whom advocates of liberal abortion would not have in this world, because she is retarded. As I write this, I am in the ninth month of my second pregnancy. A committee of three doctors would certainly testify that my mental health has been upset during this pregnancy with the fear that this child may also be retarded. Under liberalized abortion laws, I could have been relieved of the baby that I am now carrying, if I had wanted to.

How little the would-be liberalizers of abortion understand! We adore our daughter, even if she is retarded, and we look forward to the new baby with optimism. Barring conclusive evidence that we shouldn't have more children, we will have them.

I believe that my willingness to have children is the soundest attitude toward sex in marriage, since sex has two purposes—procreation and gratification. Unless an effort is made to achieve both, sex will be unnatural and perverted and the love of husband and wife will fail.

As for those who conceive children out of wedlock, I do not feel the lives of innocent babies should be sacrificed to minimize their difficulties. How can a liberal-minded person logically propose killing babies as a means of alleviating suffering? I see a further lack of logic in the inability of liberals to see where their advocacy of birth control and abortion is taking us. First we try to prevent conception, then if that fails, we fall back on abortion. But abortion is not safe after the third month of pregnancy; therefore, we need another safeguard to protect the mother from the problems of the unwanted child. If our first two lines of defense fail, there seems little else to do but to kill the child after it is born. This can be justified on the same grounds as abortion—that we are spar-

ing the mother the suffering of having to raise a deformed or retarded child, a child with some social stigma attached to it or a child who is a financial burden. This line of reasoning may seem absurd, but legalization of abortion was generally considered unthinkable not long ago.

Mrs. John R. Parisian  
Bowling Green, Ohio

*Your letter is a moving document and we admire the courage shown by both you and your husband. We presume that your doctor has already explained to you that many factors not related to heredity can cause retardation and that the chances of your second child's being perfectly normal are not necessarily diminished by your previous experience.*

*However, we must also add that you misunderstand the advocates of liberalized abortion laws and do them an injustice by saying that they "would not have" your daughter in the world. They are in favor of your right to decide when and how often you will bear children and, on the same grounds, they favor the right of any other woman to terminate a pregnancy—without the state interfering in any way with either of you. Your fear that abortion will lead to infanticide is groundless. The very fact that abortion is not classified as homicide in nations where it is illegal indicates that everybody knows, and always has known, the difference between a fetus and an infant.*

*Finally, we would like to suggest that the courage you possess so markedly would be even more admirable if it were accompanied by the virtue of tolerance. To describe willfully childless couples as "unnatural and perverted" is to make the very provincial mistake of identifying "different from me" with "inferior to me."*

#### ABORTION NIGHTMARE

I am a 24-year-old divorced woman with three children. Three months ago, a man broke into my home and raped me, while my five-month-old son watched helplessly. As soon as the rapist left, I called the police, and they picked up a man a few blocks from my house. However, because I was in a state of shock, I could not make a positive identification. The suspect was released and the case was closed. As a result, the man who raped me is still walking around free.

Meanwhile, what has happened to me, the victim? I have gone through hell—thanks to the antiquated abortion laws that some writers to *The Playboy Forum* are still defending. Driven to a near breakdown by worry about the effect of this experience on my son, who saw everything, I also had to face the fact that the rapist had made me pregnant. I went to a psychiatrist, expecting to receive kindness, understanding, some form of therapy for my nervous condition and, especially, aid in obtaining a therapeutic abortion. Instead, he gruffly

informed me that abortion was against his religious ethics and told me to find another psychiatrist. Fearing that I would face the same callous "moralism" elsewhere, I began making inquiries about sources of illegal abortion. This came to the attention of the police detective who had handled my rape case, and he warned me that, under state law, I could be convicted of murder for having the operation illegally. (I subsequently learned that, although such a prosecution is legally possible, lawyers believe that a conviction is most unlikely.)

I was half insane at this point—driven by anger against the law that seemed more concerned with hounding the victim than with punishing the criminal; fearful that I was losing my mind; and bitter at the thought of bringing into the world a child I could never love, a child who would always remind me of his lunatic-criminal father and the outrage committed against me. I attempted self-abortion—without success, but without harming myself seriously, either, thank God. I then decided on suicide, but resolved to make one more attempt to obtain therapeutic abortion first. To make a long story short, this time I was lucky. I met two very understanding psychiatrists, who arranged the operation at a local hospital on the grounds that the pregnancy was "hazardous to my life." They believed I was teetering on the edge between suicide and insanity, ready to fall either way. I am now in therapy with one of these psychiatrists, who is a kind and wonderful man and who has convinced me that this tragedy need not cloud my life forever.

(Name withheld by request)  
Tacoma, Washington

#### A PREGNANT GIRL'S VIEWPOINT

Since I am eight weeks pregnant and a college senior, PLAYBOY readers might be interested in my opinion of abortion. I have no opportunity to obtain a legal abortion. The one doctor I was referred to told me that he no longer performs the operation.

My next step was to try to induce a miscarriage. I've taken dozens of quinine-sulphate capsules, castor oil with baking soda, birth-control pills and anything else I could think of. Nothing has worked.

Though the child's father and I respect and love each other and have much in common, marriage is not the solution. We both have college to complete, and the draft is but a couple of weeks away for him. We have no money. Most important, we both believe that we should not marry until we are older and more sure of ourselves and what we want from life.

I ask myself, "What next?" Must I undergo the agony of a self-induced abortion, with the risk of death? Or must I be a social outcast, break my parents'

hearts, bear an illegitimate child? We knew the risks when we made love, but I still feel that there is something terribly wrong with a society that offers us no real alternatives.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### FUNERALS FOR MISCARRIAGES

In a recent interview for my Cleveland radio show, *Bill Gordon on the Scene*, I discussed abortion with the Reverend Lester Kinsolving, an Episcopal priest who writes a column on religion for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He is an advocate of liberalized abortion laws. When asked how he reconciles legalized abortion with the theory that destruction of the fetus is the taking of human life, Father Kinsolving replied: "I will go along with that theory as soon as they begin holding funerals for miscarriages." *Touche!*

Bill Gordon  
Sausalito, California

#### RELIGION AND THE WORD

With hosannas I greet a church publication's using what is generally conceded to be the strongest four-letter word in English. Entitled *Sex as Gift*, this book has gone on sale in the British Isles. It was published under the auspices of Scottish Churches' House, which carries out projects for nine Scottish religious denominations. Scottish clergy have a reputation for austerity, but in this book, by Dr. Ian M. Fraser, Warden of Scottish Churches' House, there is a chapter, entitled "Having It," that discusses in plain English the emotional meaning of the sex act and its effect on human relationships. In attempting to discover what intercourse means to people, Dr. Fraser writes: "We made some progress by considering the word 'fuck' . . . Whatever content the word 'fuck' is capable or not capable of bearing, anything that is more than animal copulation or mere physical linking must get across the idea of a relationship being established, of which the sex act is at least some expression and confirmation." As Dr. Fraser points out, you can learn a great deal about people from the meaning they attach to certain words and from the degree of freedom or restriction with which those words are used. The appearance of this formerly forbidden word in a religious publication is symptomatic of a growing trend in clerical circles to make religious thinking more relevant to real life.

Charles Tyrell  
London, England

#### JUDAISM AND THE DEATH OF GOD

Like the June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*, Rabbi Rubenstein's *Judaism and the Death of God* (PLAYBOY, July) was quite interesting.

The article's ambiguities, in particular, impressed me. This is not a criticism: Such ambiguities are evidence that clergymen are still searching for a language that will express in contemporary terms the great facts of religion, morality and the good life.

The radical theologians of the death-of-God school began a legitimate undertaking: to describe the nature of God in our time. They departed from the orthodox trinitarian formula to affirm a "Christian atheism." They declared the death of God and the death of the Holy Spirit, but they held onto Jesus.

Rabbi Rubenstein is doing something similar. For him, the God of the Old Testament is alive in the institutions of civilization, but he proclaims the absence of God in the form of the Holy Spirit and the death of God in the form of Christ.

Oddly enough, these death-of-God theologians refer back to Tillich for their religious knowledge. I may have misread Tillich; but to me, his idea that God is the "ground of being" does not kill God but, rather, broadens the range of His influence beyond orthodox definitions.

And so the dialog continues. Thanks to PLAYBOY for its part in it.

Charles McDermott  
Diamond Hill Methodist Church  
Fort Worth, Texas

I do not belong to the death-of-God camp described by Rabbi Rubenstein in the July issue of PLAYBOY. If we feel that we are living in a time of the death of God, it is because prior to this, we believed in a God who denied man freedom of action. Auschwitz was horrible, but it happened not because an omnipotent God *made* it happen but because God created man with free will and man in turn misused his freedom to make Auschwitz. God could have prevented Auschwitz only by taking away man's freedom of will, making him a marionette. This is the framework in which God is all-powerful—He limits His omnipotence for the sake of man's freedom.

H. Richard Rasmusson, Director  
University Presbyterian Church  
Purdue University  
West Lafayette, Indiana

#### DEATH OF RELIGION

I think Rabbi Rubenstein's *Judaism and the Death of God* (PLAYBOY, July) is great. He turns me on more than does either Hamilton or Altizer.

However, *none* of the death-of-God theologians has been able to face the one remaining, unthinkable thought confronting all of us: We are living in the time of the death of our religions. Both Christianity and Judaism are finished. The God of the Bible has gone the way of

(continued on page 240)



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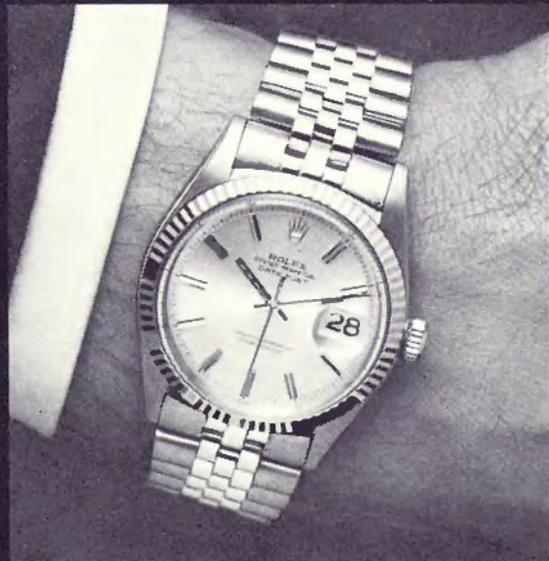
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*{Times change. So do flight times.  
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We're really particular about this. Let us give you an example.

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You could, we say. We don't insist you read that particular story. Maybe you know of another 50-minute story that's equally breath-taking and time-consuming. Would you tell us the title?

Or maybe you can't think of one at the moment. But you might know the right story for one of our other flights:

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- a) We thought one might take place in the country you're just flying over. Or the author might be from there. (If both, so much the more exciting.) Example: Paolo Paoli, The Fox of Venice, when you're flying from Zurich to Athens.
- b) We thought it might give you an odd sort of feeling to be flying to the city where the story is laid. And the author would be from the same town. There aren't many stories that offer both, but we do know of one: Eduard Fiker's Fish in the Net when you're heading for Prague.

c) We thought it would be exciting if the scene of the story was your point of origin or destination. Or both. And then to cap the climax, if a Swissair plane was involved. Example: Ian Fleming's 007 arrives in Geneva from London. On Her Majesty's Service. (Though this one is only for awfully, awfully fast readers.)

Perhaps you actually know of some stories that fall into one of these three categories. Do tell us about them, so that we can decide whether we have the right reading matter for passengers on all our flights. Stories timed to measure. To make the time simply fly.

*P. S. Naturally we've thought about our guests from overseas, from Africa, the Near and Far East. But this is rather complicated. We don't believe anyone would want to read an eight-hour-and-fifteen-minute story or a sixteen-hour-and-forty-minute story at one sitting.*

*After all, you spend a good deal of time eating. So we think it will be quite enough to look for stories that reach from one Swissair stop to the next. Say from Tokyo to Manila, from Bangkok to Calcutta, from Santiago to Buenos Aires, from Chicago to Montreal.*

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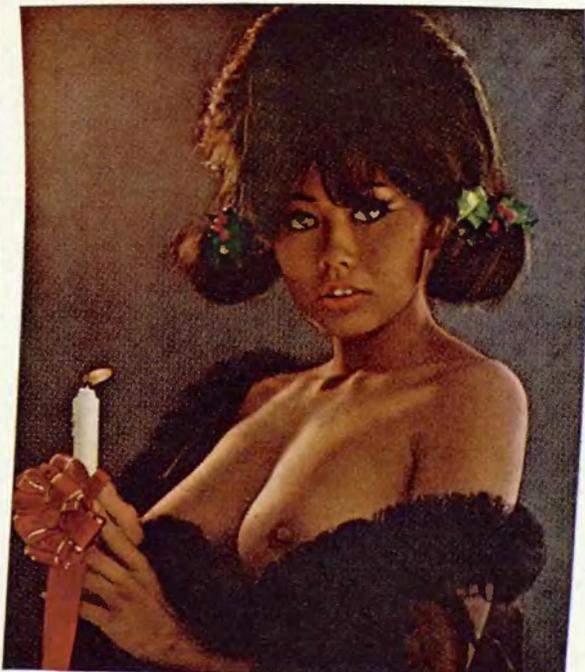
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31					

GWEN WONG



*Happy Christmas*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# JOHNNY CARSON

a candid conversation with television's foremost host, clown prince and raconteur

There are few television personalities as engaging—and none as paradoxical—as Johnny Carson, the suave, boyish, 42-year-old star of NBC's "Tonight Show." Five nights a week, for 90 minutes—under the scrutiny of nearly 10,000,000 viewers and a studio audience of 234—Carson wittily and assuredly converses with guests ranging from Bobbie Gentry to Bobby Kennedy, in a style so ingratiating that the average viewer, according to one psychologist, feels he belongs to the "Tonight Show's" "family" and is taking an active part in the proceedings. Out of the camera's range, however, Carson maintains a passionately private life that has earned him an unenviable reputation as an up-tight, lonely misanthrope. The puckish star, who often affects a whimsical naïveté while on the air, also proved himself to be an exceedingly tough hombre in his celebrated walkout last April: convinced that NBC had violated his contract by showing reruns during an AFTRA strike, Carson refused to go back to work when the strike ended and won a new contract that reportedly guaranteed him an income in excess of \$1,000,000 for the following three years.

Despite occasional charges that the

"Tonight Show" is "verbal Muzak" or that Carson deliberately skirts controversial subjects, the program attracts a hefty 40 percent of the late-evening audience. Recent challengers, such as Joey Bishop on ABC and Bill Dana on the short-lived United Network, have run far behind Carson not only in the Nielsen ratings but in the judgment of the critics. Time has called his show "the most consistently entertaining 90 minutes to be seen anywhere on television." The main drawing card of the program is Carson himself; a gracious, tolerant host and a quick-draw, sharpshooting ad-libber, he is able to eke laughs even out of mishap—as when a mechanical device refuses to work or when a guest fails to maintain the lively, cocktail-party repartee that is the "Tonight Show's" stock in trade.

Carson's mastery of his craft is the polished product of almost three decades as an entertainer. At the age of 14, as "The Great Carsoni," Johnny was earning three dollars an engagement for entertaining the Elks and Rotarians of Norfolk, Nebraska—his home town—with card tricks and other feats of magic; in high school, he was class historian—and an imaginative practical joker. After a two-year stint in the Navy (he once

entertained Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal for several hours with his card tricks), Johnny entered the University of Nebraska, where he earned money off-campus as a comedian and radio announcer, met his first wife, Jody Wolcott, and wrote a thesis on comedy. Following a year in Omaha, where he acquired local renown as an offbeat radio personality, he moved to Hollywood and hosted a Sunday-afternoon television show called "Carson's Cellar." In 1954, while writing gags for Red Skelton, he got his first major break: Called upon to substitute for his boss after Skelton was injured in a rehearsal, he won plaudits for his performance—and his own nighttime-TV show on CBS; but "The Johnny Carson Show" lasted only 39 feverish weeks. The producer attributed its failure to Carson's lack of "power"; Johnny felt that too many people had been trying to give him advice.

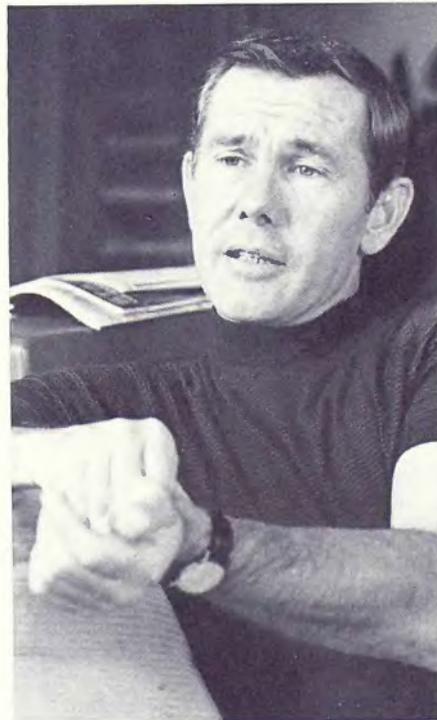
After this setback, Carson acquired a manager, Al Bruno, and was promptly hustled off to New York. In the course of the next five years, as host of a daytime quiz show, "Who Do You Trust?," he learned to improvise risqué but socially acceptable double entendres and to coax humor out of lady wrestlers, snake



"You could gut Harlem today and rebuild it tomorrow—but unless we do something to uproot the injustices that created the ghetto, all we'll have built, at a cost of billions, is a nicer cage."



"Everybody I meet in public seems to want to audition for me. If I ask a guy what time it is, he'll sing it to me. Everywhere I turn, there's somebody's niece who does ballet with skindiving flippers."



"It's ludicrous to declare that sex is wrong if you're not married. It's happening millions of times every day. If the laws against it were enforced, we'd have to build prisons for four fifths of the population."

charmiers and the matrons who comprised the bulk of his viewers and guests. The rest of his time was filled with a heavy schedule of personal appearances on the Ed Sullivan, Perry Como and Dinah Shore shows, stints as a guest panelist on "What's My Line?" and "To Tell the Truth" and even feature acting roles on "Playhouse 90" and "The U.S. Steel Hour." When Jack Paar decided to step down as ringmaster of the grueling "Tonight Show" in 1962, he named Carson—who had successfully subbed for him on several occasions—as the only man who could fill his shoes. NBC agreed, but many observers wondered if the new man was really up to Paar. He was—and then some; since he took over "Tonight," Carson has eclipsed his predecessor's popularity; the show is the biggest money-maker on television, with both advertisers and studio tickets S.R.O.; and its host has become the biggest star in television.

In the opinion of many, however, Carson's success has made him cocky; and his reputed highhandedness has led colleagues to refer to their boss only half-humorously as "The Prince." True to the image, when he secured his prodigious salary hike last April, he also demanded—and got—a free \$1,000,000 insurance policy and more autonomy in the production of the show. One of his first acts after returning to work was to fire producer Art Stark, a friend for 11 years, whose ideas were reportedly too conservative for the star's taste.

Whatever else success has done to Johnny Carson, it has not made him sociable. In the past, he occasionally went out on the town and—according to some reports—showed up for work hung over from what an associate called "insecurity binges." Today, however, he and his petite second wife, Joanne, rarely leave their \$173,000 duplex in the United Nations Plaza Tower—a posh co-op that also houses such public personalities as Robert Kennedy, David Susskind and Truman Capote. They dine out about twice a month, see an occasional play and attend Giants games during the pro-football season. Carson's remaining off-camera hours are spent in pursuit of a multitude of extracurricular interests—astronomy, archery, motion-picture photography, scuba diving and flying; he also plays guitar and drums. Recently, to acquire a short film clip for the "Tonight Show," he even spun around the track at Indianapolis in Andy Granatelli's turbine-powered racing car, allegedly banned from the "500" because it was too fast for the competition. On vacations—which add up to a quarter of the year—he plays to record night-club audiences at a reputed \$10,000 a week.

Reporters, eager to capitalize on the

irony that such a willing performer should be such a reluctant celebrity, have often characterized Carson as a withdrawn, unaffectionate, even hostile man. One "Tonight Show" guest has bluntly called him a "cold fish." Even his old friend announcer Ed McMahon has said that he "packs a tight suitcase." Though others have risen to his defense—notably, Mrs. Carson, who explained to a writer at some length that Johnny cares very much about people but doesn't find it easy to verbalize his feelings—few succeed in glimpsing his private life, let alone in reaching him on a personal level.

We decided to interview Carson early this fall, when he was riding high on the wave of public interest that followed his dispute with the network. Always wary of reporters, he regards the public's curiosity about him as a tiresome irritation that "just goes with the territory." But during his conversations with PLAYBOY interviewer Alex Haley—which were conducted daily, over the course of a week, both at Carson's home and in his NBC office—he overcame his reticence and provided us with by far the most candid interview he has ever granted. "At first," Haley reported, "he was evasive, but by the end of our talks, I had come to like and respect him as a man with the guts to be stubborn about his convictions in a profession where the most common concern is to swing with the 'in' crowd, whatever the personal compromise." Haley opened the discussion by asking Carson about his offscreen image as a loner.

**PLAYBOY:** Recent newspaper and magazine articles about you have focused on the contrast between your affable television image and what they claim is your dour, antisocial personality in private life. Writing in *TV Guide*, Edith Efron even went so far as to say that "Johnny Carson is a dual personality; pure sweetness and light on the screen—and offscreen, plunged into some Dostoevskyan murk." How do you feel about this kind of armchair psychoanalysis?

**CARSON:** I couldn't care less what anybody says about me. I live my life, especially my personal life, strictly for myself. I feel that is my right, and anybody who disagrees with that, that's his business. Whatever you do, you're going to be criticized. I feel the one sensible thing you can do is try to live in a way that pleases you. If you don't hurt anybody else, what you do is your own business.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course. But off the air—even to many of those who know you well—you seem withdrawn and even hostile. According to reports, longtime associates on the show say that you scarcely speak except as business demands, that you

have almost no friends in or out of show business, that you hardly ever go out socially, that you shrink from your own public. Why?

**CARSON:** I think I owe one thing to my public—the best performance I can give. What else do they want from me? As for being sociable, I hate the phoniness in the showbiz world. I know this will be taken wrong, but I don't like clubs and organizations. I was never a joiner. I think most groups are hypocritical, restrictive and undemocratic. I don't run with anybody's herd. I don't like crowds. I don't like going to fancy places. I don't like the whole night-club scene. Cocktail parties drive me mad. So I do my job and I stay away from the rest of it. Isn't that my right? Am I not entitled to prefer the enjoyment of my home? Am I not entitled to a private life? I can't go anywhere without being bugged by somebody. I'd love to just hike out down the street, or drop in a restaurant, or wander in the park, or take my kids somewhere without collecting a trail of people. But I can't. When you get successful, you just have to quit going out in public as often as you used to. Whenever you go, some clown grabs you and demands an autograph: it's a pain in the butt. I've had a guy in a urinal ask me for an autograph!

**PLAYBOY:** Don't all entertainers have to put up with that kind of thing?

**CARSON:** Of course. But it doesn't stop there. Everybody I meet in public seems to want to audition for me. If I ask a guy what time it is, he'll sing it to me. Everywhere I turn, there's somebody's niece who plays the kazoo or does ballet with skindiving flippers. I'll never forget coming out of a restaurant one night, when this hand reaches from an alley and literally turns me completely around. It was this woman. "I want you to hear my son sing," she says. And out she shoves this kid—"Sing, Albert!" And he did—right there in the street. I've had cab drivers pull over to the curb to tell me about some relative who ought to be on the show. That's why I've got cabophobia—the fear of being talked to death in an enclosed space. But you haven't heard the worst of it. One night, Ed McMahon and I dropped into a night club; we wanted to catch an act there. We had barely sat down when some drunken bruiser comes over and hauls me up by the arm. Right there, I was ready to rip into him; I didn't care how big he was—but I kept saying to myself: "Don't!" I could see the headlines if I did. He all but drags me to his table of maybe 15 or 20 friends and he yells to the band to stop so I can entertain them. I told him I was sorry, I was very busy. I had to get up early. Now he's insulted. "Come on—I promised my friends." Well, I walked

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\*as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact.



away; Ed and I had to leave—and I'd made some enemies. You can't win. So you stay away from public situations.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you changed since you became a star, or have you always felt this strongly about guarding your privacy?

**CARSON:** In other words, has success spoiled Johnny Carson? No, I don't think so. I don't think it's *you* that changes with success—it's the people around you who change. Because of your new status, they change in relation to you. Let me give you an example. I loved the towns I grew up in as a boy, and after I became a celebrity, I went back several times. I would have had the time of my life seeing the old places and the old faces again, but the attitude of those same people was, "I guess you're so big we bore you now." What was I supposed to say to that? Agree with them? They'd be furious. But if I said I was enjoying myself, they'd say I was being condescending. You see what I mean?

There was a "Johnny Carson Day" for me at the last Nebraska Centennial in Columbus, Nebraska. I went. I enjoyed most of it. It was a great honor, and I sincerely mean that. But I have since decided not to go back home again. It's just too much of a strain. My folks will have to come to New York to see me. I guess people will find all kinds of things wrong with my saying that; they'll say I'm conceited and egocentric—but I'm just being honest.

**PLAYBOY:** To be honest, *are* you conceited and egocentric?

**CARSON:** Find me any performer anywhere who *isn't* egocentric. You'd better believe you're good, or you've got no business being out there. People are brought up to think, "It's nice to be modest. It's nice to hide your light under a bushel." Well, bullshit! I've never bought that. In my business, the only thing you've really got is your talent; it's the only thing you have to sell. If you want to call that conceit, go ahead. I don't know where you'll hear that word more than in show business—but it's often not conceit at all. Often it's a public compensation for shyness. That's certainly the case with me. From the time I was a little kid, I was always shy. Performing was when I was outgoing. So I guess I *am* a loner. I get claustrophobia if a lot of people are around. But there's a big difference between being a loner and being lonely. I'm far from lonely. My day is full of things I enjoy, starting with my show. Any time my work is going well and I have a relationship with a woman that's pretty solid, that does it for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Last April, you won a healthy pay raise by going on strike against NBC. Is that one of the reasons you say your work is going well?

**CARSON:** Since when has it been wrong to ask for a pay raise? Have you seen carved in stone anywhere that it's unfair to bargain for a better deal for yourself? It was made to look as if I'm Jack the Ripper. Some of the columnists figured I was too greedy for a nice, small-town Nebraska boy. Like one letter asked, "How can you *do* that with people in the world starving?" What in the hell is the logic of that? I explained, time and again, carefully, why I stayed out—but nobody wants to believe you when you take a personal stand about something. The whole thing got written and talked far out of proportion. Look—the reason was simple; at least to me it was. *Tonight* was and is the biggest money-making show NBC has. It brings in \$25,000,000 a year, cold cash; but NBC treated *Tonight* like some bastard stepchild. We had a ridiculous budget. I hadn't liked that setup long before the strike. But that still wasn't the specific issue with me. The specific issue was that NBC directly violated our contract during the strike: They used reruns of the *Tonight* show without any effort at all to negotiate. My contract stated clearly that any reruns would be negotiated in advance in good faith, to arrive at equitable fees. They knew why I stayed out. They sent me a check for the reruns and I sent the check right back. But finally, NBC and I came to terms. I'm satisfied. I think they are. The show's doing fine. That's that.

**PLAYBOY:** Not quite—if you don't mind our pursuing the subject a bit further. It's been reported that your new contract will earn you more than \$4,000,000 in the next three years. Is that true?

**CARSON:** I won't tell you—for two reasons. One is that a term in the new contract specifies that neither NBC nor I will make public the details of the contract; I intend to abide by that agreement. Another reason is that in Nebraska, I was raised to consider that it's not good manners to ask anyone, "How much money do you make?" All I will say is that the new contract calls for an increase in the monies that I receive for doing the show.

Look—do you know that Dean Martin makes a lot more, maybe half again, at least, than I do? But all that means nothing whatever to me. I have no use for 8 houses, 88 cars and 500 suits. I can't eat but one steak at a time. I don't want but one woman. It's silly to have as one's sole object in life just making money, accumulating wealth. I work because I *enjoy* what I'm doing, and the fact that I make money at it—big money—is a fine-and-dandy side fact. Money gives me just one big thing that's really

important, and that's the freedom of not having to worry about money. I'm concerned about *values*—moral, ethical, human values—my own, other people's, the country's, the world's values. Having money now gives me the freedom to worry about the things that really matter.

But I wouldn't call myself a great deal happier now than when I was earning \$47.50 a week in Omaha. You could live on that in 1949 in Omaha. The guys at the station and I used to sit around and yak about how great it would be if we could earn \$150 a week. We couldn't have *believed* what I make now. We couldn't have believed where I live now, the job I have—none of it. But I'm still sleeping in a bed: it cost a lot more, but I don't sleep any better than I did then. And I still like hamburgers—but in all of New York City, you cannot buy one as great as I used to buy at the Hamburger Hut in Norfolk, Nebraska. You see what I mean? Believe me, it's all relative.

**PLAYBOY:** During your year in Omaha, you often worked six and seven days a week almost around the clock. Doesn't it please you to be earning a great deal more than you did then, for a great deal less work?

**CARSON:** Maybe it looks easy to a lot of people, but sitting in that chair will take more out of you than if you were chopping down trees all day. I spend seven and a half hours on the air every week. I think anyone who does this show ought to get an Emmy just for showing up. I'm serious. It's not the physical strain: it's debilitating mentally. In fact, I'll tell you something: My biggest anxiety is about the day I'll know I've reached a point where I can't bring the show anything more than that's new. I was 42 this October, see? Physically, I have no concerns; but mentally, it's one of those shows where you're working from wake-up in the morning until you go to bed, and then even in bed. The pressure is to keep it from getting dull. I believe we give more honest humor and entertainment in one week than most prime-time shows in a season. But think about trying to keep that up, five nights a week, and maybe you'll appreciate the strain. And that's just strain about the over-all planning; then you add the strain of each show when you're on the air. When that red light goes off at the end, I get up from that chair already planning the show for the next night. If it looks easy, I'm doing my job. It both bugs me and pleases me when people tell me how relaxed I make the show look. Great! Maybe the public figures I'm getting well paid for it, but it's the toughest job in television. Listen—understand that I'm not complaining. I love the show; otherwise, I wouldn't be there. I'm just saying it's tough.

**PLAYBOY:** You said your workday begins

**If you gave him a  
watch last Christmas,  
this year give him  
something to time.**



**The 7 Minute Cigarette**  
**Pall Mall Gold 100's**

when you wake up. Would you describe a typical day for us?

**CARSON:** Well, I get out of bed at nine or ten in the morning. And I'm not one of those who spring up yelling, "Yippee! Another day!" I'll grumble and sulk around a couple of hours, reading newspapers and trying to pick out an idea I might do something with on the show. But I don't really start functioning until noon or later; then about two I go to the studio and the pace begins to quicken. Planning the time slots for this guest, that guest, rehearsing the skits, trying to anticipate what could go wrong with some physical participation I want to do—like the time I duelled with a fencing master. Or the time I did a snake dance with Augie and Margo. Or when I try out gadgets or toys. Or the times I've done exercises with Debbie Drake. She's great fun. One of my good lines came with that. Debbie and I had just lain down on the exercise mats, side by side, and it popped into my head to ask her, "Would you like to leave a call?"

**PLAYBOY:** Are all of your ad libs spontaneous and unrehearsed?

**CARSON:** Very few of them are. Ad-libbing isn't very often the instant creation of a good line. More often it's remembering something you've used before and maybe making a quick switch to fit a fresh situation. Once I had Red Buttons on and he was getting into an involved analysis of politics, so I told him finally, "You're kind of a redheaded Dr. Schweitzer tonight, aren't you?" and Red started being his funny self again. Now, that's a situation bit I've used many times. Every comedian has a bag full of them. I remember once a woman on *Who Do You Trust?* telling me at great length, *too* great length, about a pregnant armadillo. She was about to bore the audience, so I asked her, "How come you know these things if you're not an armadillo?" They're usually old bits, but they work like brand-new if people laugh. Like the time we had this Latin Quarter showgirl on the show. She walked on in one of those poured-in dresses, with her hair done up in some exotic style. I said, "I suppose you're on your way to a 4-H Club meeting," and the audience cracked up. That's the humor of the ludicrous, of extreme contrast. I've used it many times before and I know I will many times again.

**PLAYBOY:** Apart from the skits and your participation bits and, in a sense, some of the ad libs, how much preparation is involved in each show?

**CARSON:** The minimum that's safely possible. That's part of the formula. I have little or no advance contact with guests,

for instance, unless they're involved in some skit. And the writers prepare my opening bit—that first ten minutes after I walk on. But I edit what they give me until I'm entirely comfortable with it, using something topical I've found in the papers, if I can. Then the necessary staff people and I plan a run-down of the show. By the time all this is done, it's six P.M., and we start taping the show at 6:30. Then I'm on my own. So the objective is spontaneity within a planned framework; but for the most part, we're winging it. My job isn't to hog the show. Ideally, I'm the audience-identification figure, the catalyst. When I've got a guest who's going great on his own, I let him go. If he looks good, I look good. Sometimes, of course, the chemistry isn't right, or something will go wrong, and I'll have to change the pace or pull a switch during a commercial or a station break. Like one time Peter O'Toole came on. I think everyone was sure he was drunk. I thought he was, too. I'd ask him a question and he'd reply something incoherent or completely unrelated, as if he was off in some other world. So I put on a commercial, and while it was running I asked Peter if he was OK, and I found out the trouble. He had just flown in from London to do the show and, because of that long haul, he was just blind with exhaustion. So while the commercial was still on, I said, "Well, Peter, why not just cut?" He agreed and left without another word. When I came back on, I explained it to the audience and everything was OK. But that sort of thing is a rarity, thank God.

All too often, though, a guest will either clam up or be vapid and bland, and I'll have to cut it short and come on next with a bullwhip demonstration, or some skit I can do on a moment's notice, to wake us up—or wake up the audience. Sometimes I can get us going again by coming up with a good gag keyed to what a guest is talking about. Like once during the New York World's Fair, I got off one that the Moroccan Pavilion had a belly dancer, but the Fair's business was so bad she had a cobweb in her navel. Another time, Mr. Universe was on, explaining the importance of keeping yourself fit and trim. That sort of thing can get deadly dull, of course, and I was feeling for a good gag when he told me something like, "Remember, Mr. Carson, your body is the only home you will ever have." And I said, "Yeah, my home is pretty messy. But I have a woman come in once a week." Can you imagine the mail I got on that one? But nearly anything you say, you can't help offending somebody out there. If I say "naked," if I use the word "pregnant," I'll get probably 500 letters com-

plaining that I'm hastening national immorality. A lot of them are from nuts—you can tell that—but many are from perfectly sincere people who happen to think that practically anything is immoral. Let me do a sketch about the President or about a rabbi and there'll be a storm of criticism.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you let this kind of reaction affect your choice of material?

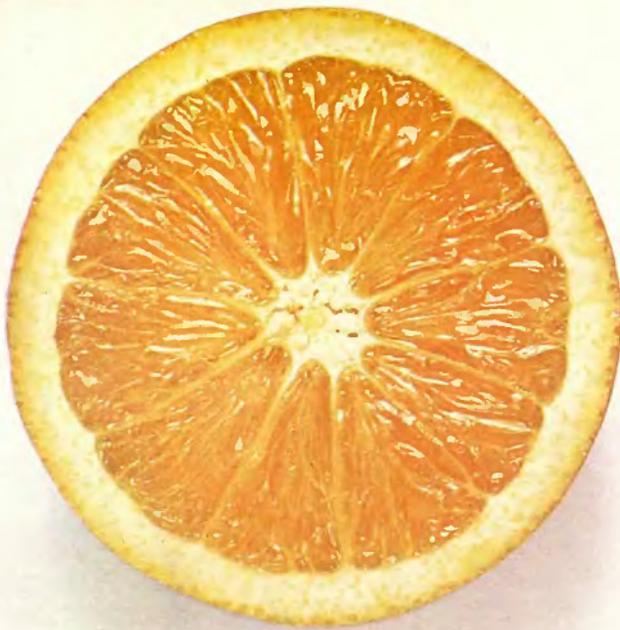
**CARSON:** You can't afford to. The only time I pay attention to audience mail is when it contains something I find possible to use for the show's benefit. You can't let an audience run your show for you. If you do, soon you won't have any audience.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel the same way about television critics?

**CARSON:** I try never to let them bug me—but I'm not always successful. Nobody likes to be zinged; but whatever they say, I will continue to do what I think our show should do. I see little that I feel is constructive in what most TV critics write—about my show or anybody else's. One of the main reasons is that few television critics really know much about television. Too many of them are ex-sportswriters and ex-gardening columnists, completely unfamiliar with the medium. They haven't bothered to learn what makes it work. There are a few TV critics I respect: Jack Gould here in New York; and on the Coast, Hal Humphrey. But most of them are on a level with Sidney Skolsky, who once wrote that I wasn't Jack Paar. I could have told him that. I felt like wiring him that neither was he any H. L. Mencken. I often feel that I'd like to give all the critics just three hours a day of TV time and say, "All right, you're so bright, now you fill that three hours, every day." You'd hear less from them about what's wrong with television.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your reaction to Newton Minow's celebrated indictment of television as a vast wasteland?

**CARSON:** Sure, there's a *lot* of chaff on television. No doubt of it. But let's not forget a fundamental fact about this medium. It starts in the morning, about six A.M., and goes off anywhere from one to three A.M. Where are you going to find the people to write consistently fine material 19 to 21 hours a day, 365 days a year? A Broadway play that's going to run for 90 minutes can take a year or more to get written, by the biggest playwrights in the business; then it can spend months and months on the road, being tested every night and changed daily; they can bring in the best script doctors in the country—and yet that play can still open on Broadway and bomb out the first night. How can you expect television to do any better—or even as well—



Whatever you add to your vodka drinks...  
start with the patent on smoothness.



Only  
Gordon's Vodka  
has it.



when it's showing more in a week than appears on Broadway all year? I'm not defending the medium just because I'm in it; I'm just trying to explain that television has an impossible task. Why should it be the job of television to educate or edify or uplift people? This is an entertainment medium. I have never seen it chiseled in stone tablets that TV is philanthropic. Is it television's job to improve people's minds—when the libraries are full of empty seats? Are we supposed to provide instant education?

There are lots of things I'll knock the industry for—including the fact that there's too much junk on the air. But there are a lot of fine programs, too. And I think television is steadily working to improve its programming: the competition is so hot, it guarantees that. Another thing people so often entirely overlook when they're criticizing is that this still is a very young industry. My first TV broadcast was when I was at the University of Nebraska. I was playing a milkman in a documentary called, believe it or not, *The Story of Undulant Fever*. You know what the broadcast range of that show was? The cameras were in the university theater's basement and the screen was up in the auditorium—and that was the first television at the university. And that was in 1949; *that's* how young television is. So I don't go for this general rapping of the television industry. How long, how much longer, have the newspapers and the magazines and the movies been around? Does television offer any more junk than they do? Does television feed its viewers anything *like* as much rape and lurid details? Yet television is always being knocked in newspaper and magazine editorials. I'm not against the press, but that sort of attack is not only unfair but hypocritical.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you share, at least, the general view of the press that television's *commercials* could stand both improvement and diminution in number?

**CARSON:** Well, I wouldn't say there are too many commercials. After all, the time has got to be paid for. The stations must make some money in order to continue programming, and the only way to do this is by selling products for sponsors. I think we have to recognize that and live with it. Every half hour we have just three one-minute network commercials; the others are within local station breaks. My gripe with commercials is that so many irritate me with their haranguing and shouting and overselling; and I think some commercials violate good taste. I go up the wall every time I catch that commercial with the kids bragging about "twenty-two-percent fewer cavities"! I happen to like and use the toothpaste, but I hate their commercial. And

I'm sick, sick, sick of stomach acids going drip, drip, drip. Nor do I feel TV is the place to advertise relief for hemorrhoid sufferers. If I ran an agency that made commercials, my credo would be, "Be enthusiastic, but be quiet—and honest." I would love to see believable soap ads, like: "This soap won't get you a girlfriend, boyfriend, wife or husband—but it'll get you pretty clean!" I really think that would sell trainloads of soap. The advertising agencies should be called to task when they make phony claims and violate good taste and when they overemphasize sex and social-acceptance pitches, and status and snob pitches. Television advertising can't be avoided, but it could be a hell of a lot more honest—and more palatable.

**PLAYBOY:** For most TV sponsors, the fate of a show is decided by its popularity rather than its quality, by means of rating systems that have been widely attacked not only for their life-or-death importance to network programmers but for the inadequacy and inaccuracy of their audience samplings. How much stock do you place in them?

**CARSON:** I'm reminded of the story about this gambler in a small-town saloon who is taken aside and told that the wheel he's playing is crooked. He says, "I know, but it's the only wheel in town." The industry seems to want a yardstick, and I guess the ratings are the only one they can find. I don't know how accurate they are, but I'd hate to think that a random sampling of 1200 viewers gives a true national picture. I'm certain that people aren't watching what they tell the pollsters they watch. People often want to project themselves as some kind of intellectuals, so they'll say they watched the news, or some forum, or the National Educational Network show, when, in fact, they watched *Bonanza* or *The Flying Nun*. You know? One thing I'm sure of: Ratings certainly don't indicate if people are buying the sponsor's product. But I'm glad I have the ratings I get—accurate or not. Anybody would be. I don't concern myself too much about them, though, because one show will be up, another one down. If you start worrying about a particular show, chances are you'll do worse the next. What really counts is how your ratings average out over, say, six months. I never worry about an individual program after it's over. That was yesterday; what's tomorrow?

**PLAYBOY:** *The Joey Bishop Show* went on opposite you several months ago. Do you feel that Bishop represents a threat to the *Tonight Show* popularity?

**CARSON:** To tell you the truth, I don't think anything about it. I don't worry

about what Joey Bishop is doing. When his show was ready to open, people asked me about it, and I told them I knew it would be the noble thing for me to say that I wished him much success; but honesty compelled me to admit that I hoped he would fall on his face. That's how *any* performer feels about his competition; and if you hear anybody say different, he's lying in his teeth. I think people will have much more respect for you if you're honest. But no competition is going to bother me in the sense that I'll lose any sleep over it. I look at it as professional golfers do. When he's out there in some tournament, Palmer isn't worrying about Nicklaus, or any of the rest. Any pro golfer will tell you that's the surest way to lose. I give all my concentration to what *I'm* doing. Some viewers will go for Mike Douglas, some for Merv Griffin, some for Bishop, some for me. Nobody is ever going to walk away with the whole television audience; there's plenty for everyone.

**PLAYBOY:** In many cities, the *Tonight* show competes with one or more of the controversial new talk shows that are emceed by combative, opinionated moderators such as Tom Duggan, Alan Burke and Joe Pyne. Do you ever watch them?

**CARSON:** I am not a fan of those shows. I think their format, their whole approach, is a substitute for talent. They insult people. They're rude. It embarrasses me to watch that kind of prodding and goading. I don't think they'll last, because the public will get fed up with them. People will see the deliberate controversy for what it is.

**PLAYBOY:** The *Tonight* show, under your control, has been criticized for deliberately *avoiding* controversy. Is there any truth to that?

**CARSON:** Well, bullshit! That's my answer. I just don't feel that Johnny Carson should become a social commentator. Jack Paar got into that, being an expert on everything happening. So did Dave Garroway and Steve Allen and Godfrey. Who cares what entertainers on the air think about international affairs? Who would want to hear me about Vietnam? They can hear all they want from people with reason to be respected as knowledgeable. Controversy just isn't what this show is for. My number-one concern, and the concern of NBC, is a successful *Tonight* show. I'm not the host of *Meet the Press*. I think it would be a fatal mistake to use my show as a platform for controversial issues. I'm an entertainer, not a commentator. If you're a comedian, your job is to make people laugh. You cannot be both serious and funny. One negates the other. Personally, I want to be a successful comedian. Audiences have proved time and again

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that they don't want a steady diet of any entertainer airing his social views—especially if he's a comedian. When a comic becomes enamored with his own views and foists them off on the public in a polemic way, he loses not only his sense of humor but his value as a humorist. When the public starts classifying you as thoughtful, someone given to serious issues, you find yourself declassified as a humorist. That's what happened to Mort Sahl. He was one of the brightest when he began; then he began commenting humorlessly on the social scene in his shows. How many shows has Mort lost now? I think he realizes this now—and he's starting to get funny again. Like most people, of course, I have strong personal opinions. I might even be better informed than the average person, just because it's my business to keep up on what's happening. But that doesn't mean I should use the show to impose my personal views on millions of people. We *have* dealt with controversial subjects on the show—sex, religion, Vietnam, narcotics. They've all been discussed, by qualified guests, and I've taken stands myself. But it's only when the subject rises naturally. I won't purposely inject controversy just for the sake of controversy. It would be easy, if that's what I wanted. I could get in the headlines any day by attacking a major public figure like Bobby Kennedy or by coming out in favor of birth control or abortion. But I just don't see it, and I don't play it that way. I won't make this show a forum for my own political views.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it possible for you to air your social and political views without abandoning your role as a comedian? Can't you comment humorously and satirically rather than seriously on current issues?

**CARSON:** It should be—because that's the essence of comedy at its best—but that's not the way it works in practice, at least not on television. Americans, too many of them, take themselves too seriously. You're going to get rapped—by the viewers, by the sponsors and by the network brass—if you joke about doctors, lawyers, dentists, scientists, bus drivers. I don't care who. You can't make a joke about Catholics, Negroes, Jews, Italians, politicians, dogs or cats. In fact, politicians, dogs and cats are the most sacred institutions in America. I remember once somebody stole the car of Mickey Cohen, the racketeer, with Cohen's dog inside, and I said on Steve Allen's show that the police had recovered the dog while it was holding up a liquor store. Well, the next day this joker telephoned and said, "I don't want you should joke about Mickey Cohen," and I told him the joke was about his dog,

"That compounds the felony," this character said. "You just better watch your step." Look—a comic has got to tread on some toes to be funny, but he's got to be careful how *many* toes he steps on, and who they belong to. I think the biggest rap mail I ever got was once when a girl said on the show that we should send Elvis Presley to Russia to improve our Soviet Union relations, and I said, "I don't know about Russia, but it might improve relations here." Presley fans tore me up. You can't say anything about practically anything that can be considered someone's vested interest. Once I planned to air a joke about how the Government ought to be run like Madison Avenue would run it. Write ads like, "You can be *sure* if it's the White House." But I was told, "No, can't kid the Government." Well, why *not*? Another time I was intending to kid the phone company a bit, and I couldn't—because the *Bell Telephone Hour* was on the same network. If you plan to stay in television, you just have to adjust to these taboos, however ridiculous they are. But I must say that the timidity of the censors really floors me sometimes. For instance, it's touchy, touchy if you say "damn" on TV. Once, in 1964, somebody brought a dog on my show that actually said "Hello." It stunned me so that I blurted, "The damn thing talks!" Well, that word got blooped from the sound track before the show was aired. I say that any adult who gets offended at hearing "damn" or "hell" ought not to be watching television—or reading books. These same people, interestingly enough, seem to have no similar objection to the amount of violence on TV; otherwise, you wouldn't see so much of it. I've come to the conclusion that it's OK to kill somebody on television as long as you don't say "damn!" as you strike your victim down.

**PLAYBOY:** In its recent cover story about you, *Time* magazine clucked editorially about what it felt was your taste for bathroom humor. Do you feel that's a justified criticism?

**CARSON:** That's one of the two things in that whole article that I resented. The other line I didn't like was that I had divorced my first wife. I didn't; she divorced me. I didn't initiate it. The way they put it made it sound like I was the kind of guy who made it big and then got rid of the one who had stuck with him all the way. Anyway, about that bathroom-humor bit, I think the writer didn't use the word he intended; I think he meant *double-entendre* jokes—because toilet humor I don't like at all, not from me or from my guests.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you do indulge in *double-entendres*?

**CARSON:** Occasionally, yes—but without

striving for it and without violating what I consider good taste.

**PLAYBOY:** The rap letters you've said you receive from viewers imply otherwise.

**CARSON:** There's a lot of hypocrisy in audiences. I'd never dream of telling even on a night-club stage, let alone my show, some of the jokes that are told in a lot of the living rooms from which we get those letters! If you can't talk about anything grown-up or sophisticated at midnight without being called immoral and dirty, then I think we're in trouble. After all, by the time we go on the air, the children are supposed to be in bed asleep. I can't just prattle about what I had for lunch and expect people to tune in every night. We'd be dead soon if we got dull enough *not* to get letters; we have to get in something now and then that's provocative. Take comics. You can't have Sam Levinson on all the time, talking about kids and school. You have to liven things up occasionally with somebody like Mel Brooks. Mel can get close to the line, on the line, or he'll edge beyond it; he may offend, but when he's going great, really winging, he's near a genius. There are some guests, of course, who make a fetish of blue material. But if I once feel that, you won't see them on my show again. Nor will I let a guest say something blue that I can sense in advance—especially if it's just to be blue. But I'm not going to worry about it if something happens to slip—and it can just as well be me as a guest. Even when no double meaning is intended, that pious bunch out there in the audience will make up its own and write in about it. That's more of a commentary about them, in my opinion, than it is about us.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of those same people, and their journalistic spokesmen, seem to feel that the sexual suggestiveness—and overt erotica—they perceive on television, in movies, magazines and books is evidence of a moral decline in society at large. What's your reaction?

**CARSON:** Well, if you're talking about sexual morality, I wouldn't agree that it's declining; but it's certainly changing. Young and old, we are very much in the process of taking a fresh look at the whole issue of morality. The only decline that's taking place—and it's about time—is in the old puritanical concept that sex is equated with sin. You hear the word "permissiveness" being thrown around; right away, in so many people's minds, that translates to "promiscuity." But it just ain't so. You read about college administrators deploring the dangers of too much permissiveness on campus. The fact is that the biggest problems in this area are being experienced at colleges that are persisting in the old



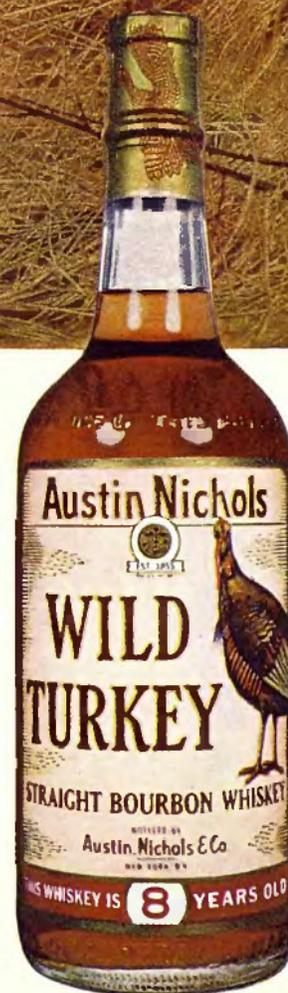
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tight disciplines and trying to oversee every student activity that might hold any potential for sexual contact. It doesn't work, of course. At one school I know about, in the men's dorms, they're permitted to have female visitors only for one to two hours in the early evening. All that means is that if a couple wants to go to bed, they can't do it in the afternoon. On campuses with very little administrative supervision, there are no problems at all. Giving students latitude for personal freedom doesn't result in everybody jumping into the hay with everybody else. They're still just as selective about whom they have sex with. It's not promiscuity; it's just that private behavior is left up to the individual. I'm for that. Whether you agree or disagree with Madalyn Murray on the subject of atheism, you've got to admit she has a point when she said in her PLAYBOY interview, "Nobody's going to tell me I've got to get a license to screw." It's ludicrous to declare that it's wrong to have sex with anyone you're not married to. It's happening millions of times every day. If the laws against it were enforced, we'd have to build prisons to hold four fifths of the population.

**PLAYBOY:** When you talk about the ludicrousness of laws and mores forbidding sex outside marriage, do you mean pre- or extramarital sex?

**CARSON:** Premarital. Some may consider it old-fashioned, but I feel that very few people can have sex elsewhere and still maintain a good marriage. It's tough enough to keep up a good, solid marital relationship even when both partners are completely faithful.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about such groups as the Sexual Freedom League?

**CARSON:** For some, they seem to work; but for me, I pass. I simply couldn't imagine engaging in anything like that. At the same time, I recognize there are all kinds of sexual deviations in this world; they are real *needs* for a lot of people, or they wouldn't be doing whatever they do. As long as it's this way, I think we ought to come to grips with the fact that there never can be any successful legislation against private, nonexploitive sex. I don't want to start sounding like some boy philosopher, but our sex laws seem to be predicated on the puritanical assumption that all sex—especially any variations from the marital norm—is dirty and should be suppressed. At the same time, our national obsession with sex seems to be predicated on the belief that sex constitutes the entire substance of the relationship between man and woman—and that's just as sick as feeling that it should have *no* part in human relationships. It's a damn healthy *part* of a good relationship, that's for sure. But it's

just a part, and we seem bound and determined to make it unhealthy.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you suggest we go about ridding society of these hang-ups?

**CARSON:** We need to start with the kids. We need to completely overhaul not only our own neurotic values but the abysmal sex education in our schools. When anthropologist Ashley Montagu was on my show not long ago, he said—and I couldn't have agreed with him more—that in any sexual relationship, adult or otherwise, married or unmarried, the key word is *responsibility*. We have to teach our young people to ask themselves, "Am I ready to assume the *responsibility* of a sexual relationship?" Even the clergy are openly saying this to youth now. They've quit, most of them, trying to sweep sex under the rug, as if it doesn't happen. Look at the high school girls who are getting pregnant. It's a little late to give them a good sex education. That's why I feel that it should start early, say in the fourth grade. I don't mean the whole clinical picture then, but a stress on the responsibility involved. When I was a kid, they called it "hygiene." They talked about sperm and vulva, and everybody giggled. No teacher ever said a word to us about the complex role of sex in our life with other people. Nobody told us it wasn't dirty, that it could be and should be pleasurable and that sex is a vital necessity to most people. It's the lack of this kind of open and honest education about sex that causes so many kids to grow up with sexual hang-ups. As it is, they're having to find things out by themselves—largely in rebellion against parental example. Kids are experimenting sexually and discovering that they don't wake up rotted or damned in the morning, like they've been told by their parents and their clergyman. Young people see adults wife-swapping and philandering, and yet piously maintaining that sex is sacred and counseling them hypocritically about the "sinfulness" or "immaturity" of intercourse outside marriage. Like their parents, kids flock to see James Bond and Derek Flint movies—outrageously antiheroic heroes who break all the taboos, making attractive the very things the kids are told they shouldn't do themselves. Well, they're figuring "Why *can't* I?" and they're not buying the adult advice anymore. Why should they? They're seeing a war that nobody wants, and the frightening prospect of a World War Three that would incinerate us all. If anybody is capable of doing that, it's the adults, not the young people. The vast majority of us don't want to face the fact that we're in the middle of a sweeping social revo-

lution. In sex. In spiritual values. In opposition to wars no one wants. In opposition to Government big-brotherhood. In civil rights. In basic human goals. They're all facets of a general upheaval. **PLAYBOY:** One of the most conspicuous facets of that upheaval has been the exodus of thousands of young people out of society and into hippie communities. Do you feel they've chosen a viable alternative to the square society they find unlivable?

**CARSON:** No, I don't. They seem to be involved in some kind of search for identity, but I don't think they're going to find it—not in Haight-Ashbury, anyway. Most of them, to me, seem lost and floundering. They've removed themselves from society, yet we see that they continue to expect society to provide them with necessities like medical help and food.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of them are provided for by the Diggers. Don't you find that a reassuring evidence of self-reliance?

**CARSON:** How sustained do you think that will be? Aren't they doing it as a kind of kick? Let me see them continue looking after the hippies for a few *years*; then maybe I'll look at it differently.

**PLAYBOY:** The hippie movement is linked in the public mind with usage of psychedelic drugs. How do you feel about this trend?

**CARSON:** I think it's one of the most frightening things youth, or anybody else, could possibly get involved in. We just don't have enough authoritative information yet about how dangerous it is to tamper with the mind—but even what little we do know should be enough to give them pause. Don't they know about the high ratio of genetic defects—known already, *this* early? These drugs are so new that research has just barely scratched the surface of the damages they can cause. Already, we know about chromosome debilitation. We see hospital emergency wards filling with young people, some not yet 20 years old, completely wiggled out! Nobody ever tells them the facts. All they hear about is how they can take these chemicals and *expand* themselves, *find* themselves. Bullshit! Who have we yet seen emerge from the drug culture with any great new truths? Timothy Leary? A brilliant man, obviously. But what's the philosophy he expounds? "Tune in, turn on, drop out." I wouldn't let him on my show. I wouldn't let him spout that nonsense.

**PLAYBOY:** In condemning the use of chemical turn-ons, do you classify marijuana along with LSD and the other psychedelics?

**CARSON:** No, I don't put marijuana in

the same bag with LSD or any of the hard narcotics. People are wrong when they say marijuana isn't addicting, though. I've known people who use it, known them all my adult life, and I know they are at least psychologically addicted. But it's just a mild stimulant, actually. And I think that the laws against its use are repressive out of all proportion. But that doesn't mean I'd want to try it myself—or any of the other hallucinogens: it's tough enough to navigate in this world *without* drugs. It may not seem like *much* of a world to the kids, but it's the only one we've got, and dropping out of it isn't going to solve anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Many young people, of course, far from dropping out, have become activists in the student-protest movement, intent on changing society rather than abandoning it. How do you feel about this kind of rebellion?

**CARSON:** I feel that any of us has the right to dissent from what we don't like. But to what extreme do we wish to carry it? I think students ought to have the right to protest, but not to the point of anarchy—like that Berkeley situation. I got the impression that they often didn't know just what it was they were protesting against. Essentially, there was just a small, hard-core leadership throwing around words like "Freedom!" and "Rights!" What rights are they talking about? What about *other* people's rights? When they brandish four-letter placards and shout "Fuck!" at free-speech rallies, what the hell are they proving except how sophomoric they are? As for the burning of draft cards, I think it's stupid and pointless—though no more stupid and pointless than the war itself. It's unlike any war we were ever in. An undeclared war. An unpopular war. And it keeps going on and on. I'm a father with a boy coming out of high school next year, and I don't look forward to his marching off over there. I don't think anybody dissenting against this war has any business being called "un-American," but I still don't see burning draft cards. I'm all for the right to dissent; lots of things need to be changed. But I think we have to respect some boundaries, some limits, if we don't want to wreck the country. It can happen a lot quicker than people think if too many dissents and rebellions get out of perspective—and out of hand.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the Negro riots pose that kind of danger?

**CARSON:** They certainly do—if we don't do something to end them once and for all; and I don't mean with more tanks. The big thing on television now is show after show, special after special, about

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the reasons for the riots. Presidential commissions are formed, committees of mayors and police chiefs convene, to investigate the causes and the culprits. That's ridiculous. The *why* of the black revolution is no great mystery. What's sparked it all, of course, is *desperation*; and it's tragic that most whites can't seem to grasp that simple fact. Negroes saw the Civil Rights Act passed ten years ago—yet they haven't really seen much since then in the way of enforcement. Why? Because too many whites are in favor of integration and equality only so long as it never touches them, only until some Negro makes a move to buy into their block, until they find themselves competing with Negroes for the same jobs. This isn't to say that there hasn't been *some* progress in the past decade; but it's been too little and too slow—just enough to give Negroes a taste of freedom and equality, but not enough to make either a reality. So the discontent and frustration erupt into violence. It's understandable, but we all know it's not going to solve anything. The exhortations of extremists like Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael—urging Negroes to arm themselves and get Whitey—may not be designed to win friends and influence people, but they're not going to win freedom for the Negro, either. They're just going to result in massive retaliation by whites and ghastly carnage on both sides. So-called moderate leaders like Martin Luther King deplore these tactics, too—but what does he propose as an alternative? A guaranteed annual income of \$3200 for all Negroes. He says it's a compensation, an overcompensation, to make up for what's been done to the Negro, for what the Negro has been deprived of, in this country. That's all well and good, but where's that money going to come from? If anybody is given any sum, somebody else has got to *provide* it. Black or white, if you're not working and *I am*, then if you receive \$3200, *I'm* providing it. That's just replacing one injustice with another. Negro leaders call on the Government to appropriate 50 billion dollars to "erase the ghettos"—but that's not going to solve anything, either, not by itself. You could gut Harlem today and rebuild it tomorrow—but unless we do something to uproot the injustices that *created* the ghetto, all we'll have built, at a cost of billions, is a nicer cage. This obsessive emphasis on money, money, money—just money—simply isn't the answer. And neither is this pressure that's being applied by civil rights organizations, when a job is open for which a Negro and a white are equally qualified, to give that job automatically to the Negro, just

*because* he's a Negro. Fundamentally, that's both condescending and subtly demeaning to that Negro. The problem isn't going to be solved by reverse favoritism any more than it is by giveaways. It comes down to just one basic word: *justice*—the same justice for *everyone*—in housing, in education, in employment and, most difficult of all, in human relations. And we're not going to accomplish that until all of us, black and white, begin to temper our passion with compassion, until we stop thinking in terms of more guns and more money and start listening to more realistic and responsible leaders—leaders who will begin, however belatedly, to practice what they preach: equality for all.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of political leaders practicing what they preach, what was your reaction to the widely publicized transgressions of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell and Senator Thomas Dodd?

**CARSON:** Well, whatever else they did, they became victims of an ethical double standard: the public's pious condemnation of its elected officials for conduct it condones in private life. However unjustly and hypocritically, people expect those in positions of public trust to be as spotless as a minister. I certainly think we have the right to expect our politicians to uphold their vow of office with honesty and integrity—but only if we apply those same ethical standards to ourselves. As long as we shrug at the kind of corporate espionage and financial hanky-panky that goes on in business, as long as we take for granted the kind of tax-loophole sleight of hand and expense-account padding that goes on in everyday life, we'll get exactly the kind of public officials we deserve.

**PLAYBOY:** In the three years since President Johnson's re-election, a great deal has been said and written about the credibility gap—particularly in regard to the disparity between his professions of peaceful intentions in Vietnam and his continued escalation of the war. How do you feel about it?

**CARSON:** Well, I have to admit that at times I find myself with the very uncomfortable feeling that the public isn't getting all the information it ought to, that we're not being told what's really happening—but not just in Vietnam. I'd say it started, at least for me, with the U-2 incident. The Government denied and denied and denied—and then the truth came out. The most recent instance, of course, was the revelation of CIA spying on college campuses by hiring students as undercover agents to report on so-called subversive activities. I get the feeling that George Orwell may have

been right when he predicted that Big Brother might be watching all of us someday. It's not very reassuring about the ideals of those we entrust with the power to promote and protect the interests of this country.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about the *qualifications* of those who run for public office. How do you feel about the trend toward ex-show-business personalities in politics—men who, like George Murphy and Ronald Reagan, win elections almost entirely on the strength of their affable screen images?

**CARSON:** I couldn't care less about a candidate's previous occupation, as long as it was something respectable. I don't care if a hot-dog vendor gets to be President. He had to be voted in there by the people, who had other choices. We've had doctors, lawyers, automobile executives, even ex-haberdashers in public life and I haven't heard any complaints about *their* backgrounds. What makes them any more or less qualified than an actor? Why should a movie star be treated as if he's diseased or something just because he decides to run for office? He could have the *clap* and it wouldn't necessarily affect his abilities as a political leader. A politician should be judged by his performance in office, not by his former livelihood. If he does an incompetent job, the public can always throw him out. The night after Shirley Temple announced her candidacy for Congress, we did a skit on the show about "The Good Ship Lollipop" and had a little fun at her expense; but I certainly don't think the fact that she once played *Little Miss Marker* should disqualify her for office. Who knows? She might make a pretty good Congresswoman—certainly no worse than *some* we've seen.

**PLAYBOY:** On your show a few months ago, New York's Governor Rockefeller suggested that you consider running for Congress yourself—as a Republican candidate for the Senate against Bobby Kennedy. What do you think of the idea?

**CARSON:** No, thanks! Even if Governor Rockefeller hadn't been saying that with tongue in cheek, I wouldn't have the slightest interest in running for public office. I'd rather make jokes about politicians than become one of them. Once on the show, somebody asked me where tomorrow's *comedians* were coming from, and I told him, based upon my recent observations, from the Democratic and Republican parties.

**PLAYBOY:** Your own origins as a comedian could hardly be more unlike the familiar showbiz story that begins on the Lower East Side and ends on the Great White Way, with stop-offs en route on the

(continued on page 256)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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*fiction* **By IRWIN SHAW**

ONE LIGHT shone late in the dark bulk of the Vogel-Paulson Research Laboratories. Mice of all colors and genetic backgrounds slept in their cages. Monkeys dozed, dogs dreamed, classified albino rats waited predictably for the morning's scalpels and injections. Computers hummed quietly, preparing gigantic responses on shadowed floors for the morning. Cultures spread like geometric flowers in shrouded test tubes; city-states of bacteria vanished in aseptic dishes washed by scientific night; surprising serums precipitated obscurely to dash or reward the hopes of daylight. Chemicals secretly traded molecules behind pulled blinds, atoms whirled unobserved, cures and poisons formed in locked rooms. Electromagnetic tumblers guarded a million formulas in safes that reflected a gleam of steel in stray rays of moonlight.

In the one brightly lit, scrubbed room, a figure in white moved from table to table, pouring a liquid into a shallow glass receptacle, adding a puce-colored powder to the contents of a beaker, making notes on a baby-blue work pad. This was Collier Mannichon. He was medium-sized, plump, his face was melon-round, melon-smooth (he had to shave only twice a week), his high forehead, melon-bulged. Looking at him, it was impossible not to be reminded of a smooth-skinned cantaloupe, ripe, but not particularly tasty, and equipped with thick glasses. He had teapot-blue eyes, with the expectant expression of an infant whose diapers have been wet for some time. There was a blondish fuzz on top of the melony forehead and a small watermelon of a paunch. Collier Mannichon did not look like a Nobel Prize winner. He was not a Nobel Prize winner. He was 29 years and 3 months old. He knew that statistics showed that the majority of great scientific discoveries had been made by men before they reached their 32nd birthday. He had two years and nine months to go.

His chances of making a great scientific discovery in the Vogel-Paulson Laboratories were remote. He was in the Detergents and Solvents department. He was assigned to the task of searching for a detergent that would eventually break down in water, as there had been several unpleasant articles in national magazines recently about frothing sewers and running brooks covered with layers of suds

in which trout died. Mannichon knew that nobody had ever won the Nobel Prize for inventing a new detergent, even one that did not kill trout. In one week, he would be 29 years and 4 months old.

Other men in the laboratory, younger men, were working on leukemia and cancer of the cervix and compounds that showed promise in the treatment of schizophrenia. There was even a 20-year-old prodigy who was assigned to do something absolutely secret with free hydrogen. All possible roads to Stockholm. They were called in to high-level staff meetings, and Mr. Paulson invited them to the country club and to his home and they drove around in sports cars with pretty, lascivious girls, almost like movie actors. Mr. Paulson never came into the detergent department, and when he passed Mannichon in the corridors, he called him Jones. Somehow, six years ago, Mr. Paulson had got the idea that Mannichon's name was Jones.

Mannichon was married to a woman who looked like a casaba melon and he had two children, a boy and a girl, who looked like what you might expect them to look like, and he drove a 1959 Plymouth. His wife made no objections to his working at night. Quite the opposite.

Still, it was better than teaching chemistry in a high school.

He was working at night because he had been confronted by a puzzling reaction that afternoon. He had taken the company's standard detergent, Floxo, and added, more or less at random, some of the puce-colored powder, a comparatively simple mixture known familiarly as dioxotetramercphenoferrugene 14, which was known to combine freely with certain stearates. It was an expensive chemical and he had had some unpleasant moments with the auditing department about his budget, so he had used only one gram to a pound of Floxo, which cost \$1.80 a ton to produce and was sold at all your better supermarkets for 47 cents the convenient household economy-size giant package, with Green Stamps.

He had put in a piece of white cotton waste, stained with catsup from his luncheon lettuce-and-tomato sandwich and had been disappointed to see that while his control solution of pure Floxo

had completely removed the stain from a similarly prepared piece of cotton waste, the solution with dioxotetramercphenoferrugene 14 had left a clearly defined ring on the cloth, which looked just like what it was, catsup.

He had tried a solution with one milligram of dioxotetramercphenoferrugene 14, but the result had been exactly the same. He had been working on the project for 16 months and he was understandably a little discouraged and was about to throw both samples out when he saw that while the pure Floxo was sudsing away in its usual national-magazine-disapproved manner, the treated mixture now looked like the most limpid mountain spring water.

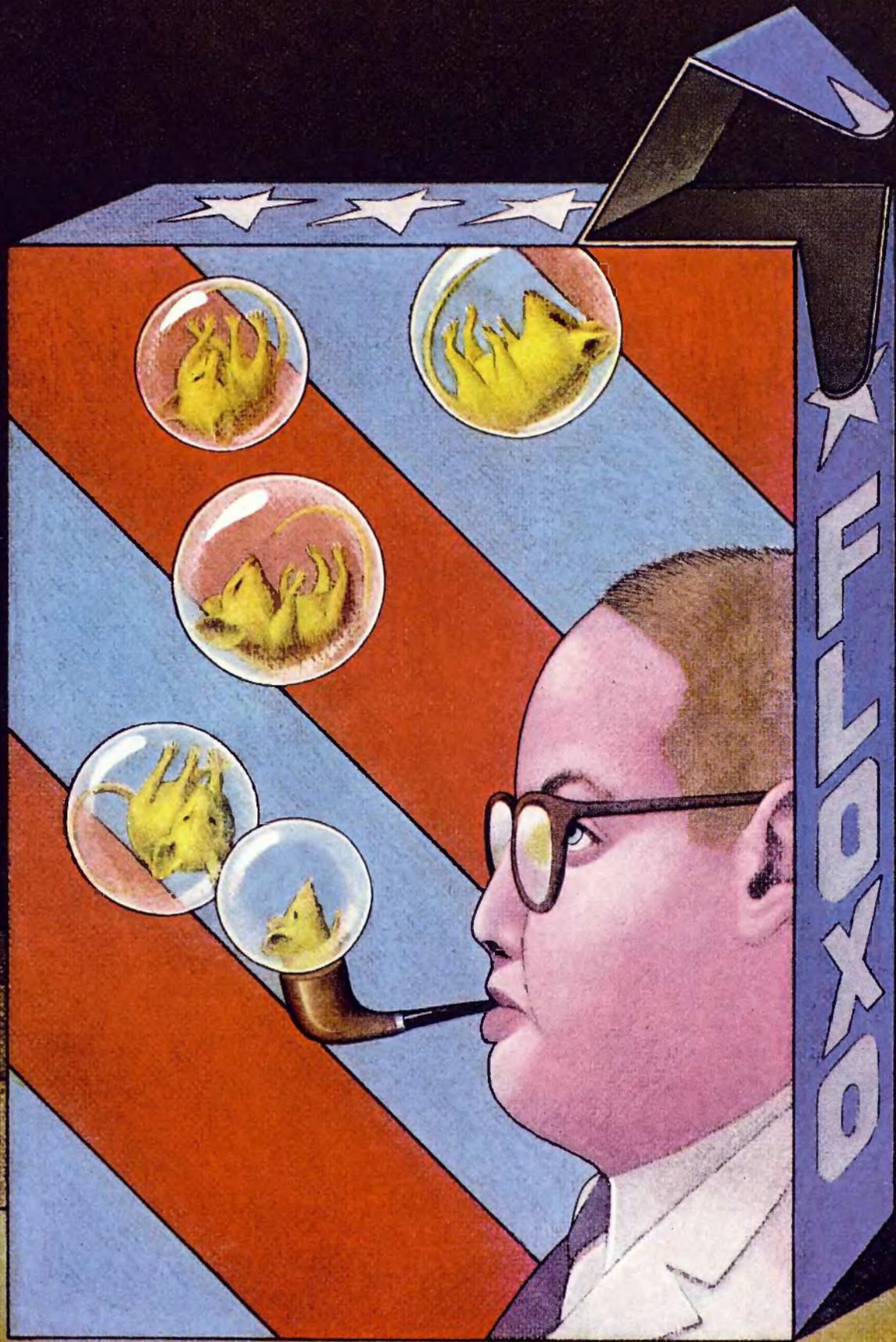
When he realized the enormity of his discovery, he had to sit down, his knees too weak to carry him. Before his eyes danced a vision of sewers that looked just like sewers in 1890 and trout leaping at the very mouths of conduits leading from thickly settled housing developments. Mr. Paulson would no longer call him Jones. He would buy a Triumph. He would get a divorce and get fitted for contact lenses. He would be promoted to Cancer.

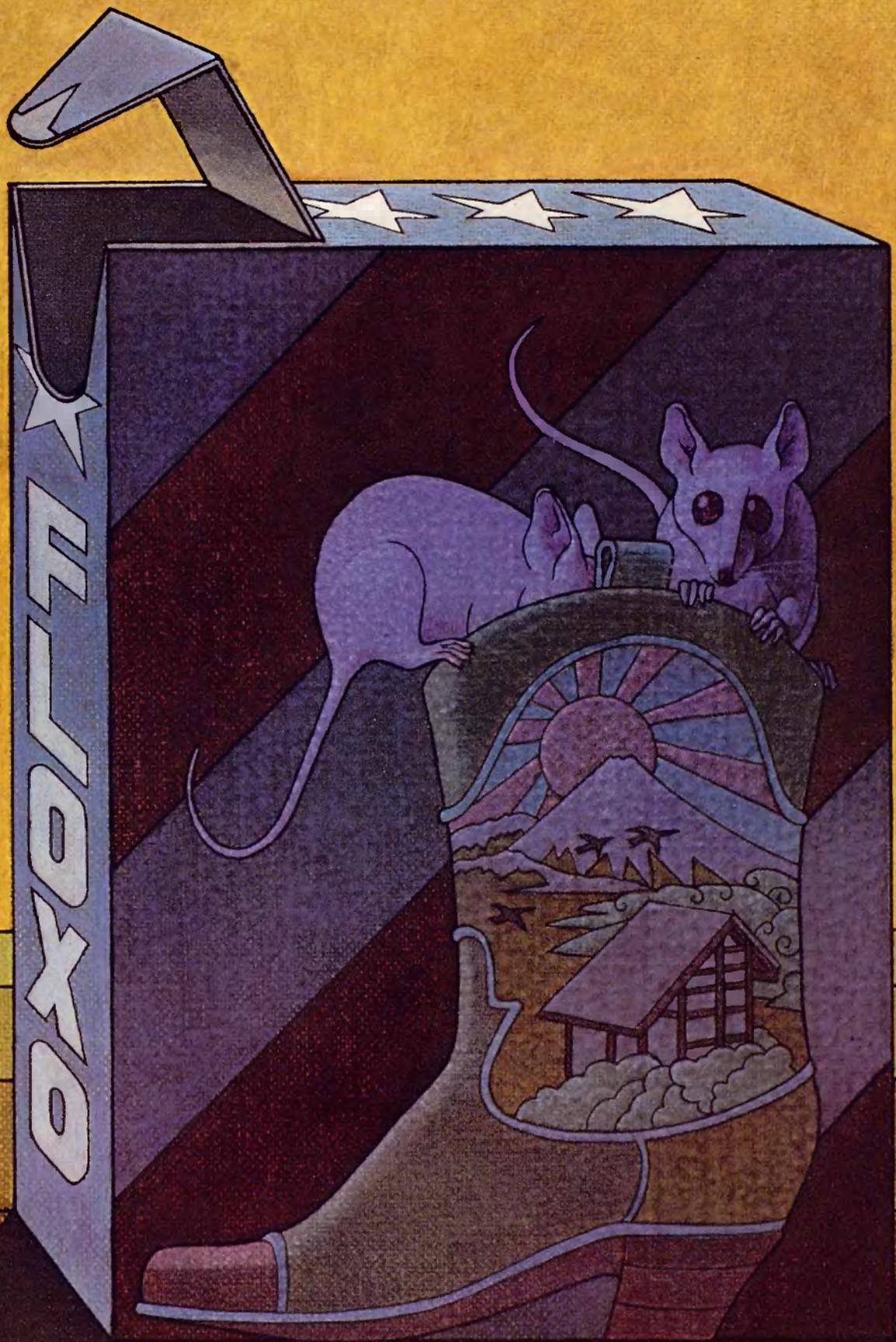
All that remained to be done was to find the right proportion of dioxotetramercphenoferrugene 14 to Floxo, the exact ratio that would not produce post-operational suds and at the same time not leave rings and his future would be assured.

Trained researcher as he was, he set about methodically, though with quick-beating heart, making one mixture after another. He was lavish with the dioxotetramercphenoferrugene 14. This was no moment for penny-pinching. He ran out of catsup and used tobacco tar from his pipe instead. But all through the afternoon, all through the lonely vigils of the night (he had called his wife and told her not to wait for dinner), the results were always the same. The telltale ring remained. It remained on cotton. It remained on linoleum. It remained on plastic. It remained on leatherette. It remained on the back of his hand.

He did not despair. Erlich had tried 605 combinations before the magic 606th. Science was long, time nothing.

He ran out of inanimate testing materials. He took out two white mice from





OXO

a batch that had been given to him because they obstinately refused to grow tumors. Vogel-Paulson was running a campaign to induce dog owners to wash their animals' coats with Floxo, because Floxo was lagging in the household field behind its greatest competitor, Wondro, and new avenues of exploitation were being called for. The results on the mice were the same as on everything else. One mouse came out as white as the day it was born and the solution it had been washed in frothed normally. The other mouse looked as though it had been branded, but the solution Mannichon had used on it clarified within five minutes.

He killed the two mice. He was a conscientious man. He didn't use second-run mice. In killing the second mouse, he had the impression of being bitten. He prepared a new solution, this time with a millionth of a gram of dioxotetramercphenoferrugene 14, and went to the cages and reached in for two more mice. He had a mixed lot in the cages. Since he got the mice that were considered scientifically useless everywhere else in the laboratories, he had mice that suffered from gigantism, blind mice, black mice, piebald mice, mice that ate their young, freakish yellow mice, gray mice with magenta spots and mice that dashed themselves to death against the bars of their cages upon hearing the note A-flat on a tuning fork.

Gingerly avoiding their fangs, he extracted two mice from their cages. The room in which the cages were kept was in darkness, in deference to the auditing department's views on the extravagant use of electric current in Detergents and Solvents, so Mannichon didn't see the color of the mice until he brought them into his laboratory. They were yellowish in tone, almost like an off-breed golden Labrador or an unwell Chinese laundryman. He stained the mice carefully with tobacco tar. He had been smoking furiously to produce enough tobacco tar and his tongue was raw, but this was no time to balk at sacrifice.

He put one mouse in an inch of Floxo and distilled water and washed it carefully, after running alcohol over his hands. The mouse splashed brightly, seeming to enjoy its bath, as the stain vanished and the suds fizzed. He put the other mouse into a similar mixture and added a millionth of a gram of dioxo-

tetramercphenoferrugene 14. He washed his hands again in alcohol. When he turned back to the second mouse, he saw that it had fallen over on its side into the solution. He bent over and peered at the mouse. It was not breathing. It was dead. He had seen enough dead mice to know a dead mouse when he saw one. He felt a wave of irritation with the organization of the laboratory. How did they expect him to get any serious work done when they gave him mice that collapsed at the first touch of the human hand?

He disposed of the dead mouse and went into the next room for a fresh one. This time, he turned on the light. The hell with those bastards in Audit.

Moved by one of those flashes of inspiration that reason cannot explain but which have made for such leaps forward in the sciences, he picked out another yellowish mouse, a sister of the one that had died. Defiantly, he left the light on in the mouse room, which began to tweak at about eight decibels.

Back in the laboratory, he carefully anointed the new mouse with tobacco tar, noticing meanwhile that the first mouse was still happily frisking in its invigorating suds. He put the mouse he was carrying down in an empty glass dish, its sides just a little too high for jumping. Then he poured some of the mixture with dioxotetramercphenoferrugene 14 in it over the new mouse. For a moment, nothing happened. He watched closely, his face six inches from the glass pan. The mouse sighed and lay down quietly and died.

Mannichon sat up. He stood up. He lit a new pipe. He went to the window. He looked out the window. The moon was sinking behind a chimney. He puffed on his pipe. Somewhere here, he sensed with his scientist's trained intuition, there was a cause and there was an effect. The effect was fairly evident. Two dead mice. But the first mouse, the white mouse, that he had put into practically the same solution, had not died, even though the stain had remained in its fur. White mouse, yellow mouse, yellow mouse, white mouse. Mannichon's head began to ache. The moon disappeared behind the chimney.

Mannichon went back to the table. The dead yellow mouse in one pan was already stiffening, looking peaceful in

the clear, clean-looking liquid. In the other pan, the other yellow mouse was surfing on the pure Floxo suds. Mannichon removed the dead mouse and put it into the refrigerator for future reference.

He went back into the mouse room, now tweaking at 11 decibels. He brought back with him a gray mouse, a black mouse and a piebald mouse. Without bothering to stain them, he put them one by one into the solution in which the two yellow mice had died. They all seemed to relish the immersion and the piebald mouse was so frisky after it that it attempted to mate with the black mouse, even though they were both males. Mannichon put all three control mice back into portable cages and then stared hard and long at the yellow mouse, still basking in its miniature Mediterranean of foamy, never-failing Floxo.

Mannichon gently lifted the yellow mouse out of the suds. He dried it thoroughly, which seemed to irritate the beast. Somehow, Mannichon got the impression that he had been bitten again. Then he carefully let the yellow mouse down into the pan in which his two yellow brethren had died and in which the three varicolored control mice had sported.

For a moment, nothing happened. Then, in his turn, the yellow mouse in the middle of the pan sighed and lay down and died.

Mannichon's headache made him close his eyes for 60 seconds. When he opened them, the yellow mouse was still dead, lying as it had fallen in the crystal-clear liquid.

Mannichon was assailed by a great weariness. Nothing like this had ever occurred to him in all the years he had been serving the cause of science. He was too tired to try to figure out what had been happening, whether it was for the better or for the worse, whether it advanced detergents or put them back 100 years, whether it moved him, Mannichon, closer to Cancer or back to Floor Wax and Glues, or even to severance pay. His brain refused to cope with the problem any longer that night and he mechanically put the dead mouse next to its mate in the refrigerator, tabbed the gray mouse, the black mouse and the piebald mouse, cleaned up, wrote his notes,

put out the lights and started for home.

He didn't have the Plymouth tonight, because his wife had needed it to go to play bridge and all the buses had long since stopped running and he couldn't afford a taxi, even if he could have found one at that hour, so he walked home. On his way, he passed the Plymouth, parked in front of a darkened house on Sennett Street, more than a mile away from his home. Mannichon's wife had not told him whose home she was playing bridge in and he didn't recognize the house and he was surprised that people would still be playing bridge at two o'clock in the morning and with the curtains so tightly drawn that no beam of light shone through. But he didn't go in. His presence when she was playing bridge, his wife said, upset her bidding.

. . .

"Collect your notes," Samuel Crockett was saying, "and put them in your briefcase and lock it. And lock the refrigerator." There were now 18 dead yellow mice in the refrigerator. "I think we'd better talk about this someplace where we won't be disturbed."

It was the next afternoon. Mannichon had called in Crockett, who worked in the laboratory next door, at 11 A.M. Mannichon had arrived at the lab at 6:30 A.M., unable to sleep, and had spent the morning dipping everything yellow he could find into the solution, which Crockett had begun calling the Mannichon solution at 2:17 P.M. It was the first time anything had been called after Mannichon (his two children were named after his father-in-law and his mother-in-law) and Mannichon was beginning, dimly, to see himself as a Figure in the World of Science. He had already decided to get himself fitted for contact lenses before they came to photograph him for the national magazines.

Crockett, or "Crock," as he was called, was one of the young men who drove around in an open sports car with lascivious girls. It was only a Lancia, but it was open. He had been top man in his class at MIT and was only 25 years and 3 months old and he was working on voluntary crystals and complex protein molecules, which was, in the Vogel-Paulson hierarchy, like being a marshal on Napoleon's staff. He was a lean, wiry Yankee who knew which side his experimental bread was buttered on. After the long morning of dipping bits of yellow everything (yellow silk, yellow cotton, yellow blotting paper) into the solution, with no reaction whatsoever, and executing more than a dozen yellow mice, Mannichon had felt the need for another mind and had gone next door, where Crockett had been sitting with his feet up on a stainless-steel laboratory table, chewing on a cube of sugar soaked in LSD and listening to Thelonious Monk on a portable phonograph.

There had been an initial burst of irritation. "What the hell do you want, Flox?" Crockett had said. Some of the younger men called Mannichon "Flox" as a form of professional banter. But then Crockett had consented to come along, after Mannichon had sketched out the nature of his visit. Enlisting Crockett's help had already paid off handsomely. He had had the dazzling idea at 1:57 P.M. of introducing drops of the solution orally to various colored mice, ending up with a yellow mouse, nearly the last of the batch in Mannichon's cages. The white mice, the gray mice, the black mice, the piebald mice, had reacted with vigor after a few drops of the solution, becoming gay and belligerent. The yellow mouse had quietly died 28 minutes after its drink. So now they knew the solution worked internally as well as externally. However, Crockett had not yet come up with any ideas on how to erase the telltale ring that remained after the solution was used to take out stains. He didn't seem to be too interested in that aspect of the problem. But he had been impressed by the way even the smallest proportion of dioxotetramercophenofrogene 14 had reduced the stubborn Floxo suds and had complimented Mannichon in his terse Yankee way. "You've got something there," he had said, sucking on an LSD sugar cube.

"Why can't we talk here?" Mannichon said, as Crockett made preliminary moves to get out of the laboratory. Mannichon punched in and punched out and he didn't want the personnel department coming asking him why he had taken half a Thursday afternoon off.

"Don't be naïve, Flox," was all Crockett said by way of explanation. So Mannichon put all his notes in his briefcase, arranged on shelves all the apparatus and supplies they had been using, locked the refrigerator and followed Crockett out into the corridor.

They met Mr. Paulson near the front gate. "Crock, old Crock," Mr. Paulson said, putting his arm fondly around Crockett's shoulder. "My boy. Hello, Jones. Where the hell are you going?"

"I—" Mannichon began, knowing he was going to stutter.

"Appointment at an optician's," Crockett said crisply. "I'm driving him."

"Aha," said Mr. Paulson. "Science has a million eyes. Good old Crock."

They went out the front gate.

"Aren't you taking your car, Mr. Jones?" the parking-lot attendant asked Mannichon. Four years before, he had heard Mr. Paulson call Mannichon "Jones."

"Here," Crockett cut in. He gave the parking-lot attendant a cube of LSD sugar as a tip. "Suck it."

"Thanks, Mr. Crockett." The parking-lot attendant popped the cube into his mouth and began to suck it. The Lancia

swooped out of the lot onto the highway. Italian, the Via Veneto, national magazines, the Affluent Society, open to the sun, wind and rain. Ah, God, Mannichon thought, this is the way to live.

. . .

"Now," said Crockett, "let's add up the pluses and the minuses."

They were sitting in a dark bar, decorated like an English coaching inn, curled brass horns, whips, hunting prints. At carefully spaced intervals along the mahogany bar, three married ladies sat in miniskirts, waiting for gentlemen who were not their husbands. Crockett was drinking Jack Daniel's and water. Mannichon sipped at an alexander, the only alcoholic drink he could get down, because it reminded him of a milk shake.

"Plus one," Crockett said. "No suds. Enormous advantage. The polluted rivers of the world. You will be hailed as a Culture Hero."

Mannichon began to sweat, pleasantly.

"Minus one," Crockett went on, waving for another Jack Daniel's. He drank fast. "Minus one—residual rings. Not an insuperable obstacle, perhaps."

"Question of time," Mannichon murmured. "With different catalysts, we might—"

"Perhaps," Crockett said. "Plus two. Distinct affinity, as yet unclear, to yellow living organisms, so far essentially confined to mice. Further experiment clearly indicated along this line. Still, a breakthrough. All specific chemical affinities with diverse particularized organisms eagerly sought after. Definitely a breakthrough. You will be praised."

"Well, Mr. Crockett," Mannichon said, sweating with even more pleasure, hearing language like that from a man who had been first in his year at MIT, "it certainly is—"

"Call me Crock," Crockett said. "We're in this together."

"Crock," Mannichon said gratefully, thinking of the Lancia.

"Minus two," Crockett said, accepting the fresh Jack Daniel's from the waiter. "Solution seems to be fatal to organisms for which it shows affinity. Question is—is it really a minus?"

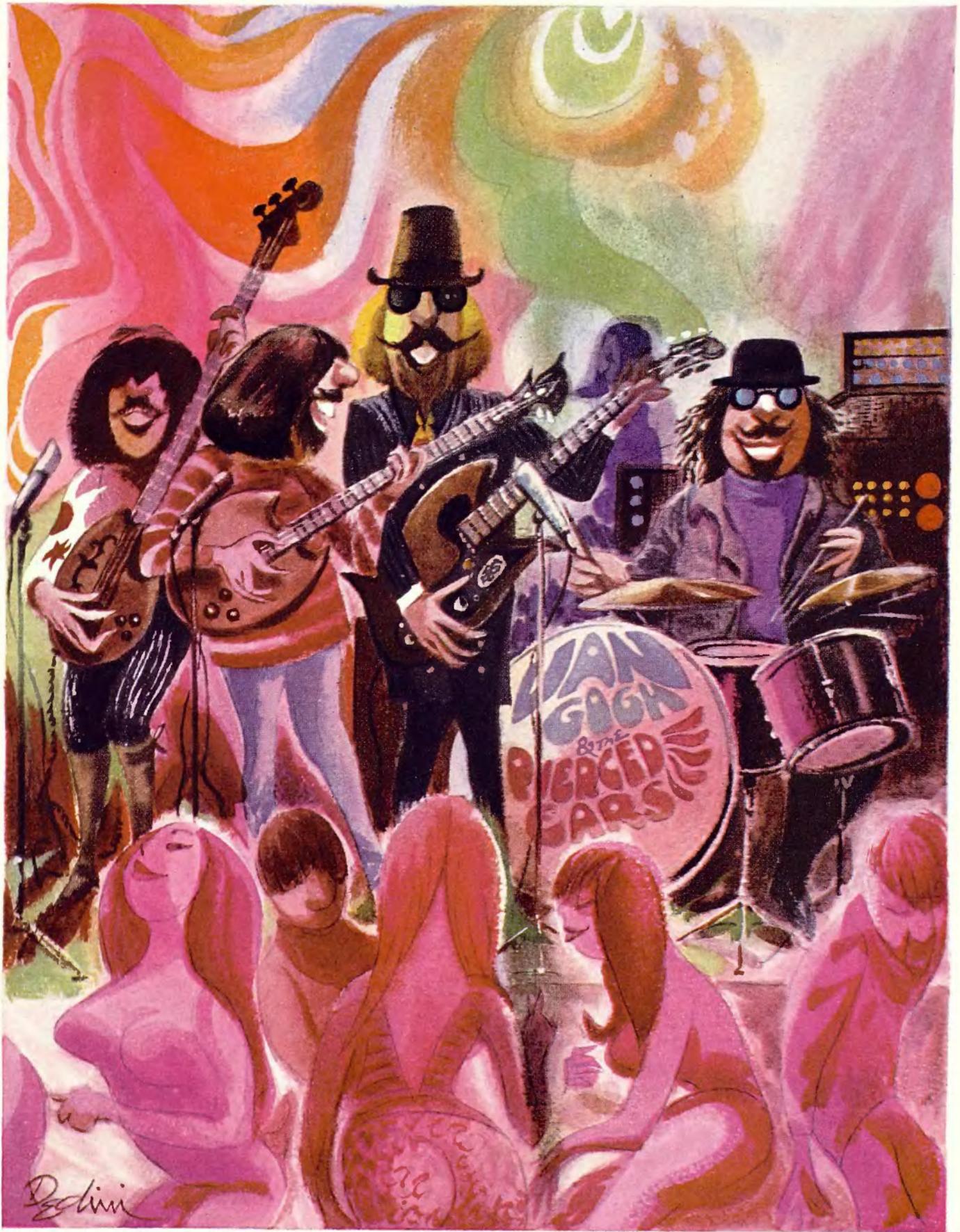
"It's . . . well . . . unsettling," Mannichon said, thinking of the 18 rigid mice in the locked refrigerator.

"Negative reactions sometimes positive reactions in disguise. Depends upon point of view," Crockett said. "Natural cycle one of repair and destruction. Each at its own time in its own place. Mustn't lose sight."

"No," said Mannichon humbly, determined not to lose sight.

"Commercially," Crockett said. "Look at DDT. Myxomatosis. Invaluable in Australia. Overrun by rabbits. I didn't like that goldfish, though."

They had borrowed a goldfish off the



“Si...i...i...lent...night...?”

desk of a receptionist and at 12:56 P.M. had put it first in pure Floxo and then in the Mannichon solution. It couldn't be said that the goldfish had seemed to enjoy the Floxo—it had stood on its head at the bottom of the pan and shuddered every 36 seconds—but it had lived. After 20 seconds in the Mannichon solution, it had expired. It was in the refrigerator now, with the 18 mice.

"No," Crockett repeated, "I didn't like the goldfish. Not at all."

They sat in silence, regretting the goldfish.

"Recapitulation," Crockett said. "We are in possession of formula with unusual qualities. Breaks down tensile balance of otherwise cohesive liquid molecules at normal temperatures. Laughably cheap to manufacture. Mineral traces in minute quantities almost impossible to identify. Highly toxic to certain, specific organisms, benevolent to others. I don't know how—yet—but somewhere here, there's a dollar to be made. I have a hunch . . . a hunch. There may be a place we can . . ." He stopped, almost as if he couldn't trust Mannichon with his thoughts. "Yellow, yellow, yellow. What the hell is yellow that we are overrun with, like rabbits in Australia? We answer that question, we can clean up."

"Well," said Mannichon, "I suppose we would be in for a raise at the end of the year from Mr. Paulson. At least a bonus at Christmas."

"A bonus?" Crockett's voice rose for the first time. "A raise? Are you mad, man?"

"Well, my contract says that everything I develop is the property of Vogel-Paulson. In exchange for— Doesn't your contract read the same?"

"What are you, man?" Crockett asked disgustedly. "A Presbyterian?"

"Baptist," Mannichon said.

"Now you see why we had to get out of the laboratory to talk?" Crockett demanded.

"Well," said Mannichon, looking around at the bar and at the three wives in miniskirts, "I suppose this atmosphere is cozier than—"

"Cozier!" Crockett said. Then he used a rude word. "Don't you have a company, man?"

"A company?" Mannichon said, puzzled. "What would I do with a company? I make seventy-eight hundred dollars a year and what with withholding taxes and child psychiatrists and insurance. . . . Do you have a company?"

"Four, five. Maybe seven," Crockett said. "Who keeps track? One in Liechtenstein, two in the Bahamas, one in the name of a divorced nymphomaniac aunt with a legal residence in Ischia. Do I have a company?"

"At your age," Mannichon said admiringly. "At the age of twenty-five and three months. But what are they for?"

"Oh, I throw Paulson a bone from time to time," Crockett said. "A low-temperature treatment for polyesters, a crystallization process for storing unstable amino acids, bagatelles like that. Paulson slobbers in gratitude. But for anything big, man, you don't think I go trotting up to the front office, wagging my tail like a bird dog with a quail in its jaws. Christ, man, where've you been? Man, I have four patents in a company's name for the hardening of glass fibers in Germany alone. And as for low-grade bauxite. . . ."

"You don't have to go into detail," Mannichon said, not wishing to seem inquisitive. He was beginning to understand where the Lancias and Corvettes and Mercedes in the laboratory parking lot came from.

"We'll set up a company in Guernsey," Crockett said. "You and I, and whoever else we need. I'm well placed in Guernsey and the bastards speak English. And for any subcompanies that come along, we can use my aunt in Ischia."

"Do you think we'll need anybody else?" Mannichon asked anxiously. In the space of ten minutes, he had acquired the first healthy instinct of a capitalist, not to share wealth unnecessarily.

"I'm afraid so," said Crockett, brooding. "We'll need a first-rate pathologist to tell us just how the Mannichon solution links up with the nuclear material of whatever cells it has an affinity for and how it penetrates the cell wall. We'll need a crackerjack biochemist. And an expert fieldworker to examine how the product behaves in a free environment. This is big, man. No use wasting time on bums. And then, of course, the angel."

"The angel?" Mannichon was at sea. Up to then, religion hadn't seemed to be an integral part of the operation.

"The moneybags," Crockett said impatiently. "All this is going to cost a packet. We can use the laboratory for a lot of things, but finally, we have to set up on our own."

"Of course," Mannichon said, his vocabulary as well as his vision enlarged.

"First, the pathologist," Crockett said. "The best man in the country is right in the shop. Good old Tageka Kyh."

Mannichon nodded. Tageka Kyh had been top man in his year at Kyoto and then top man at Berkeley. He drove a Jaguar XK-E. Tageka Kyh had spoken to him. Once. In a movie. Tageka Kyh had said, "Is this seat taken?" Mannichon had said, "No." He remembered the exchange.

"OK," Crockett said. "Let's go catch Kyh before he goes home. No sense in wasting time." He left a ten-dollar bill on the table and Mannichon followed him toward the door, feeling the attractiveness of wealth. He passed the three wives at the bar. One day soon, he

thought, a woman like that will be waiting for me at a bar. He shivered deliciously.

On the way to the laboratory, they bought a goldfish for the receptionist. They had promised to bring her fish back. She was attached to it, she said.

"Interesting, interesting," Tageka Kyh was saying. He had riffled quickly through Mannichon's notes and taken a flat, Oriental glance at the 18 mice in the refrigerator. They were in Mannichon's lab. Crockett was sure that his room and Tageka Kyh's were bugged and that Paulson ran the tapes every night. They all agreed that nobody would bother bugging Detergents and Solvents, so they could speak freely, although in lowered voices.

"Interesting," Tageka Kyh repeated. He spoke perfect English, with a Texas accent. He had put on "no" plays in San Francisco and was an authority on tobacco mosaic. "The cut is as follows. If there ever is a cut. All partners share equally and I have exclusive rights to Guatemala and Costa Rica."

"Kyh," Crockett protested.

"I have certain connections in the Caribbean I have to consider," Tageka Kyh said. "Take it or leave it, pardner."

"OK," Crockett said. Tageka was a lot closer to the Nobel Prize than Crockett and had companies in Panama, Nigeria and Zurich.

Tageka Kyh offhandedly slipped the tray of dead mice out of the refrigerator and the single goldfish on a flat aluminum shovel.

"Excuse me," Mannichon said. A thought had just occurred to him. "I don't like to interfere, but they're yellow—the mice, I mean—" He was sweating now, and not pleasurably. "What I'm trying to say is that up to now, at least, the . . . uh . . . the solution. . . ." Later, he would be able to say the Mannichon solution without blushing, but he wasn't up to that yet. "That is," he went on, stuttering, "the solution so far has been toxic only to . . . uh . . . organisms whose dominant, as it were, pigment, in a manner of speaking, might be described as . . . well . . . yellowish."

"What are you trying to say, pardner?" Tageka Kyh said, wintry-Texas and pre-Perry samurai at one and the same time.

"It's just that, well," Mannichon stammered, sorry he had started this, "well, there might be certain dangers. Rubber gloves, at the very least. Complete asepsis, if I might presume to advise. I'm the last man in the world to dwell on racial . . . uh . . . characteristics, but I'd feel guilty if anything . . . well, you know, if anything happened, as it were. . . ."

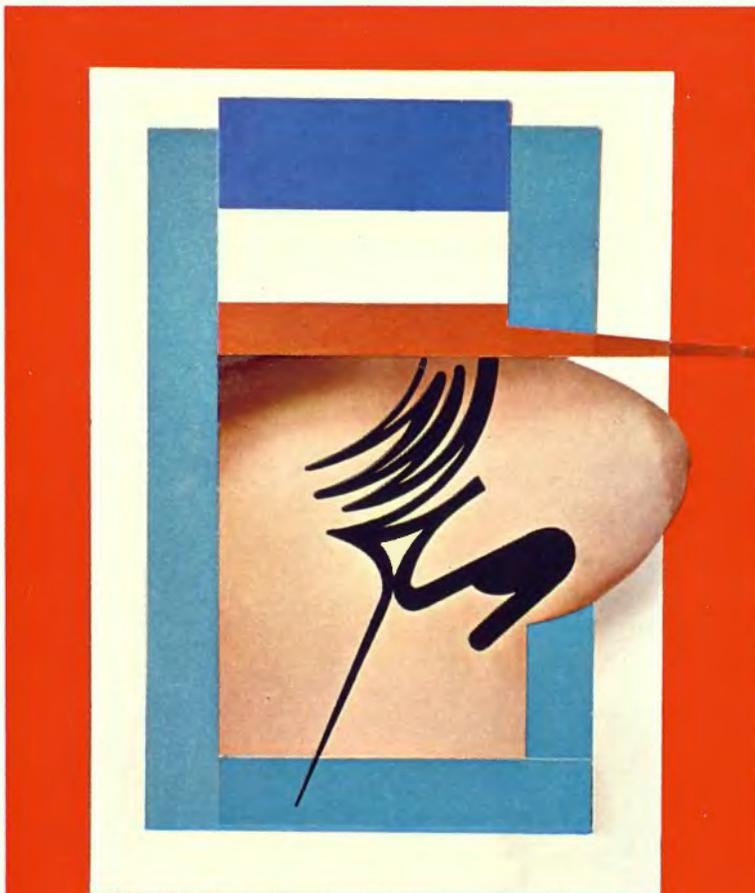
"Don't you worry about your little yellow brother, pardner," Tageka Kyh said evenly. He went out carrying the tray

(continued on page 122)



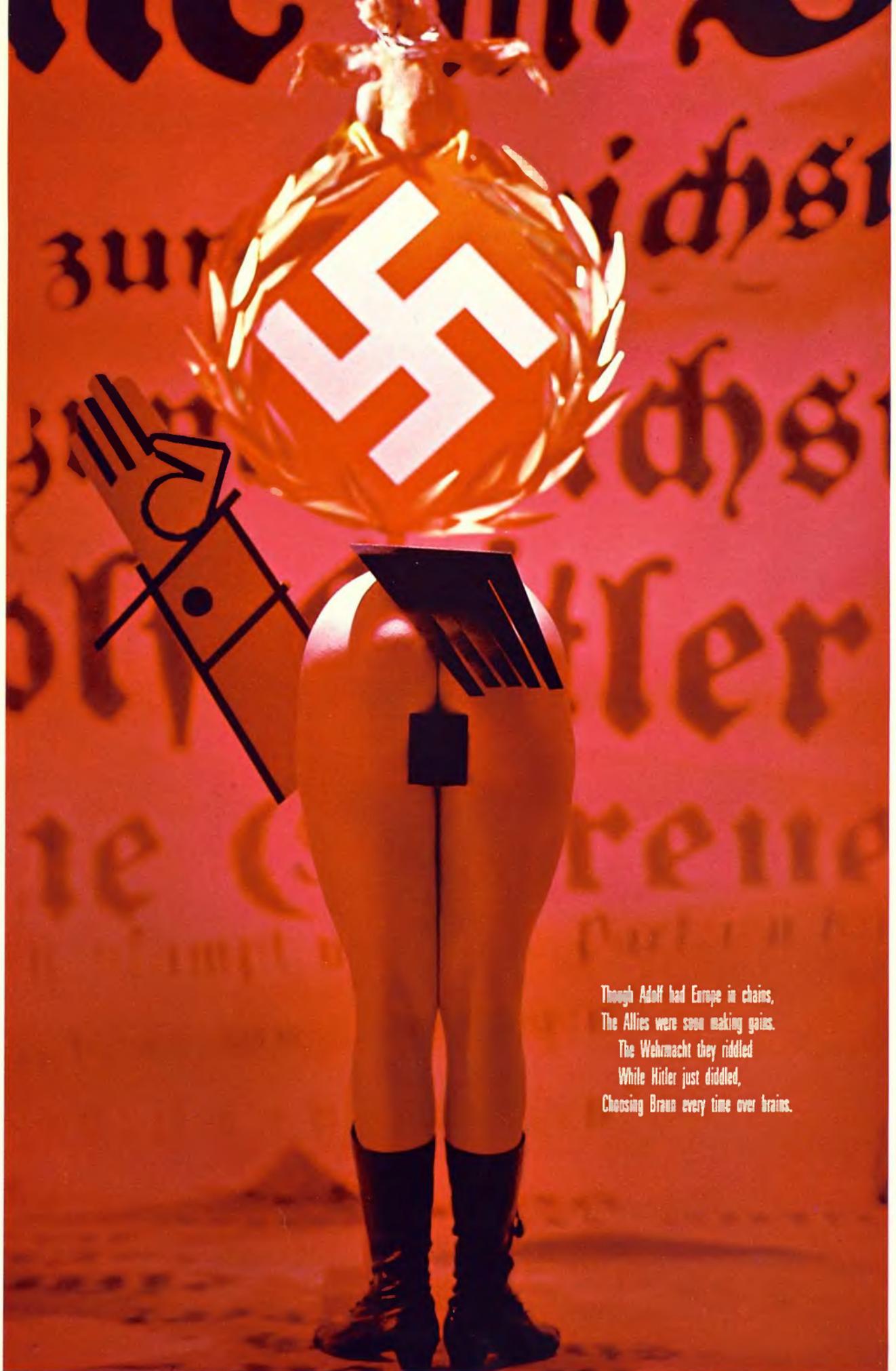
## BODIES POLITIC

*pictorial* By **EUGENIO HIRSCH** a flock of female forms fashioned into famous and infamous heads of state

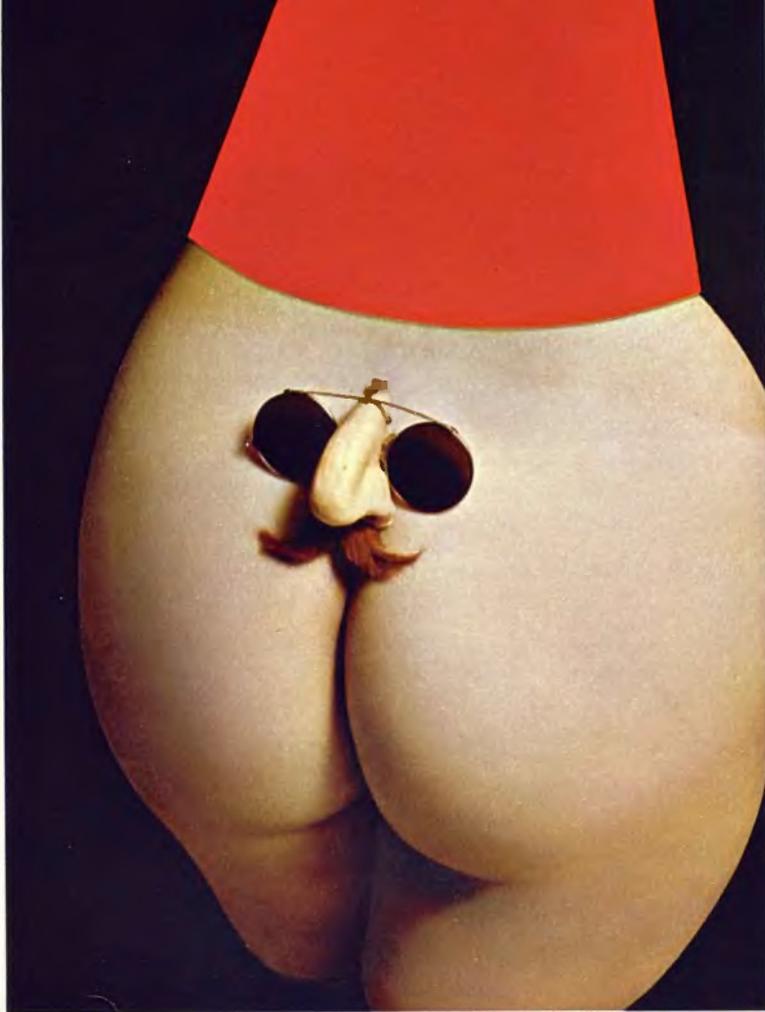


Napoleon made love with a zest  
That gave his amours little rest.  
But he said to his queen,  
"Not tonight, Josephine,  
I've got my hand stuck in my vest."

A titular head is De Gaulle.  
He's Gallic and also has gall.  
From Vietnam to Quebec,  
He sticks out his neck,  
And delights in the subsequent squall!



Though Adolf had Europe in chains,  
The Allies were soon making gains.  
The Wehrmacht they riddled  
While Hitler just diddled,  
Choosing Braun every time over brains.

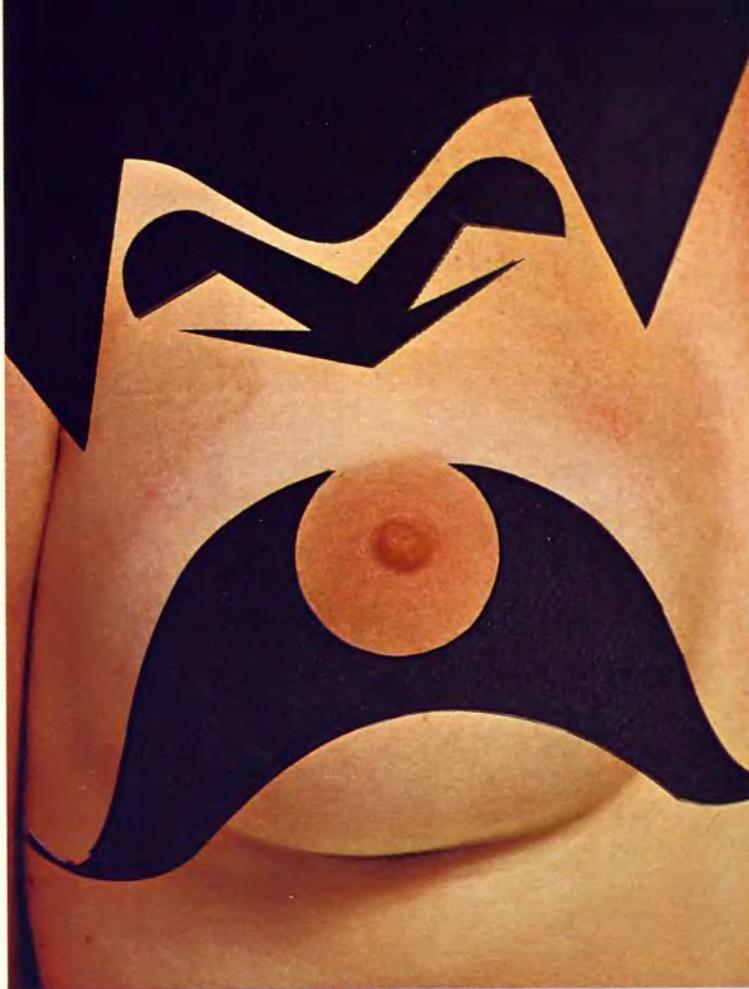


Farouk, a king of great wealth,  
Through lechery ruined his health.  
With women he frequently  
(Often times piquantly)  
Made quite an ass of himself.



The Italians, despite all calamity,  
Are a people of brilliance and amity.  
So this counterfeit Caesar  
They put in the freezer,  
Restoring their country to sanity.

Stalin means steel in the Russian,  
And Joe's foes received quite a crushin';  
But not much is said  
About Stalin in bed,  
Though it's rumored his style was percussion.



In the People's Republic right now,  
The girls find life boring, and how!  
For it's no fun in bed  
With a lover whose head  
Is filled with the maxims of Mao.





An ex-treacher player, Fidel,  
Thought ICBMs were just swell.  
He liked Stokely, too,  
At Peking he'd con.  
But barbers made Fidel rebel.

and the aluminum shovel debonairly, like an old judo trophy.

"Grasping bastard," Crockett said bitterly, as the door closed behind the pathologist. "Exclusive rights to Guatemala and Costa Rica. The Rising Sun. March into Manchuria. Just like the last time."

As he drove home, Mannichon had the impression that Crockett and Tageka Kyh, though confronted with the same data as himself, somehow were leaping to conclusions still very much hidden from him. That's why they drive Lancias and Jaguars, he thought.

. . .

The telephone rang at three in the morning. Mrs. Mannichon groaned as Mannichon reached blearily over her to pick it up. She didn't like him to touch her without warning.

"Crockett here," said the voice on the phone. "I'm at Tageka's. Get over here." He barked out the address. "Pronto."

Mannichon hung up and staggered out of bed and started to dress. He had heartburn from the alexander.

"Where going?" Mrs. Mannichon said, in a nonmelodious voice.

"Conference."

"At three in the morning." She didn't open her eyes, but her mouth certainly moved.

"I haven't looked at the time," Mannichon said, thinking. Not for long, oh, Lord, not for long.

"Good night, Romeo," Mrs. Mannichon said, her eyes still closed.

"That was Samuel Crockett," Mannichon said, fumbling with his pants.

"Fag," Mrs. Mannichon said. "I always knew it."

"Now, Lulu. . . ." After all, Crockett was his partner.

"Bring home some LSD," Mrs. Mannichon said, falling asleep.

Now, that was a funny thing for her to say, Mannichon thought, as he softly closed the door of the split-level behind him, so as not to awaken the children. Both of the children had a deeply rooted fear of sudden noises, the child psychiatrist had told him.

. . .

Tageka Kyh lived downtown in the penthouse apartment of a 13-story building. His Jaguar was parked in front, and Crockett's Lancia. Mannichon parked the Plymouth behind his partners' cars, thinking, Maybe a Ferrari.

Mannichon had to admit to himself that he was surprised when he was let into the apartment by a Negro butler in a yellow striped vest and immaculate white shirt sleeves with large gold cuff links. Mannichon had expected a severe modern decor, perhaps with a Japanese touch—bamboo mats, ebony headrests, washy prints of rainy bridges on the walls. But it was all done in pure Cape

Cod—chintz, cobbler's benches, captain's chairs, scrubbed pine tables, lamps made out of ships' binnacles. Poor man, Mannichon thought, he is trying to assimilate.

Crockett was waiting in the living room, drinking beer and standing looking at a full-rigged clipper ship in a bottle on the mantel.

"Hi," Crockett said. "Have a nice trip?"

"Well," Mannichon said, rubbing at his red eyes behind his glasses, "I must confess I'm not completely on the *qui vive*. I'm used to eight hours' sleep and—"

"Got to learn to cut it down," Crockett said. "I do on two." He drank some beer. "Good old Tageka'll be ready for us any minute. He's in his lab."

A door opened and a lascivious girl in tight silk off-mauve pants came in with some more beer and a plate of chocolate marshmallow cookies. She smiled lasciviously at Mannichon as she offered him the tray. He took a beer and two cookies for her sake.

"His," Crockett said.

"You bet," said the girl.

Oh, to be a Japanese pathologist, Mannichon thought.

A buzzer rang dimly. "Captain Ahab," said the girl. "He's ready for you. You know the way, Sammy."

"This way, Flox," Crockett said, starting out of the room.

"Got some, Sammy?" the girl asked.

Crockett tossed her a sugar cube. She was lying down, with her off-mauve legs high over the back of a ten-foot-long chintz couch and nibbling on the sugar with small white teeth before they were out of the room.

Tageka Kyh's laboratory was bigger and more elaborately equipped than any at Vogel-Paulson. There was a large operating table that could be rotated to any position, powerful lamps on pulleys and swivels, banks of instrument cases, sterilizers, refrigerators with glass doors, a gigantic X-ray machine, stainless-steel sinks and tables and basins, stroboscopes, the lot.

"Wow!" Mannichon said, standing at the door, taking it in.

"Ford," Tageka said. He was dressed in a surgeon's apron and he was pulling off a surgeon's mask and cap. Under his apron, Mannichon could see the rolled-up ends of blue jeans and high-heeled, silver-worked cowboy boots. "Well," Tageka said, "I've been teasing away at our problem." He poured himself a tumbler of California sherry from a gallon jug in a corner and drank thirstily. "I've dissected the eighteen mice. Yellow." He smiled at Mannichon with a gleam of samurai teeth. "I've looked at the slides. It's too early to say anything definite yet,

Mannichon; all I can offer is an educated guess, but you've hit on something brand-new."

"Have I?" Mannichon said eagerly. "What is it?"

Tageka Kyh and Crockett exchanged significant glances, the born big-leaguers noting with pity and understanding the entrance of the born bush leaguer into the locker room. "I'm not quite sure yet, pardner," Tageka Kyh said gently. "All I'm sure of is that whatever it is, it's new. And we live in an age in which being new is enough. Remember Man Tan, remember the hula hoop, remember No-Cal, remember the stereoscope glasses for three-dimensional films. Fortunes were made. In the space of months." Mannichon began to pant. Tageka shed his apron. Under it he was wearing a Hawaiian shirt. "My preliminary conclusions," he said briskly. "A nontoxic substance, to be designated, for the sake of convenience, as Floxo, combined with another known nontoxic substance, dioxotetramercphenoferrone 14, shows a demonstrable swift affinity for the pigment material of eighteen yellowish mice and one goldfish—"

"Nineteen," Mannichon said, remembering the first yellow mouse he had thrown into the incinerator.

"Eighteen," Tageka said. "I do not work on hearsay."

"I'm sorry," said Mannichon.

"Examination of cells," Tageka went on, "and other organs leads to the observation that in a manner as yet undiscovered, the solution unites with the pigmental matter in the cells, whose chemical formula I shall not at this moment trouble you with, to produce a new compound, formula to be ascertained, that attacks, with great speed and violence, the sympathetic nervous system, leading to almost immediate nonfunctioning of that system and subsequent stoppage of breathing, movement and heartbeat." He poured himself another tumbler of sherry. "Why are your eyes so red, pardner?"

"Well, I'm used to eight hours of sleep a night and—"

"Learn to cut down," Tageka said. "I do on one."

"Yes, sir," Mannichon said.

"What practical use can be made of this interesting relationship between our solution and certain organic pigments is not within my province," Tageka said. "I'm merely a pathologist. But I am sure a bright young man can come up with a suggestion. Nothing is useless in the halls of science. After all, the Curies discovered the properties of radium because a key left overnight in a darkened room with a lump of refined pitchblende allowed its photograph to be taken. After all, nobody is much interested in taking photographs of keys, are they, pardner?" He giggled unexpectedly.

(continued on page 282)

# A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE

*the knowledge that his betrothed's blustery old uncle would never tolerate tobacco might have crushed a weaker man, but not brave Lancelot—he was merely cowed*



## *fiction* By P. G. WODEHOUSE

WHEN LANCELOT BINGLEY, the rising young artist, became engaged to Gladys Wetherby, the poetess, he naturally felt that this was a good thing and one that should be pushed along. The sooner the wedding took place, in his opinion, the better it would be. He broached the subject to her as they sat dining at the Crushed Pansy, the restaurant with a soul.

"What I would suggest," he said, "if

you haven't anything particular on next week, is that we should toddle around to the registrar's and have him do his stuff. They tell me these registrar fellows make a very quick job of it. The whole thing wouldn't take more than ten minutes or so and it would be off our minds and there we would be, if you see what I mean."

A look of pain came into Gladys' face.

"I'm afraid it's not so simple as that."

"What's your problem?"

"I was thinking of Uncle Francis."

"Whose Uncle Francis?"

"My Uncle Francis."

"I didn't know you had an Uncle Francis."

"I've had him for years. He was my mother's brother. Colonel Pashley-Drake. Have you ever heard of him? He's retired now, but he used to be a famous big-game hunter."

"And how does he get into the act?"

"My mother always looked up to him very much, and when she died, she left him a chunk of money that he was to

hand over to me when I married."

"I see no objection to that."

"But only if he approved of the man I was marrying. And he won't approve of my marrying an artist."

"Why not?" said Lancelot a little stiffly. "Artists are also God's creatures."

"He thinks they spend all their time having orgies in studios."

"Ridiculous."

"Or painting princesses sitting on leopardskins in the nude."

"So you think he won't give you your money?"

"The betting's against it."

"Then let's do without it. I've plenty," said Lancelot, who was more fortunate than most artists in having a nice private income.

Gladys shook her head.

"No," she said. "I need that money and I won't marry without it. I'm not going to be one of those pauper wives who have to come and plead brokenly with their husbands every time they want the price of a new hat. My pride forbids it."

And though Lancelot argued eloquently with her all through the *poulet rôti au cresson* course and later during the after-dinner coffee, she was not to be moved from her decision. It was a gloomy young brush-and-easel man who saw her home to her residence in Garbidge Mews, Fulham, and then went off and got plastered in a series of pubs. What, he was asking himself, would the harvest be and where did he go from here?

His hangover on the following day precluded all thought of anything except bicarbonate of soda; but after that, anguish and despair took over and he sat brooding in his studio, listless and incapable of work. If a nude princess had looked in, wanting her portrait painted, he would have had her out of it in under ten seconds. All he could do in the way of alleviating the agony that seared his soul was to play the accordion, always his solace in times of stress; and he had worked his way through *Over the Rainbow* and was preparing to tackle *Ol' Man River* when the door flew open and Gladys bounded in, her manner animated and her eyes shining, it seemed to him from a quick glance, like twin stars.

"Put away that stomach Steinway, my Prince Charming," she cried, "and listen to me, for I bring news that will make you go dancing about London like a nautch girl. I've just had a letter from Uncle Francis."

Lancelot was unable to see why this should be considered a cause for rejoicing.

"So what?" he said.

"He's asked me to find him an artist to paint his portrait, to be presented to the

Explorers Club. You get the job. Don't you see what this means? You'll be closeted with him day after day; and if you can't fascinate him under those conditions, you're not the king among men I've always thought you. By the end of a couple of weeks, I confidently expect you so to have wrought upon him that he can deny you nothing. You then tell him we're going to be married and he gives you his blessing and reaches for the fountain pen and checkbook. Any questions?"

"None. I like the setup."

"I thought you would."

"It's the most wonderful— Oh, my God!"

"Now what?"

A thought had occurred to Lancelot. As an artist, he belonged to the ultra-modern school, expressing himself most readily in pictures showing a sardine can, two empty beer bottles, a bunch of carrots and a dead cat, with a large eye gleaming somewhere in the background, the whole intended to represent Paris in springtime. He doubted his capacity to work in another vein.

"Would I be any good at a portrait?"

"Good enough for a gaggle of explorers. All explorers have weak eyes through staring at the sunrise on the lower Zambesi. They won't notice a thing."

"Well, if you say so. Then what's the drill?"

"Uncle Francis has a house at Bittleton down in Sussex. You go there tomorrow, complete with brush and paints. I'll phone him to be expecting you."

Another thought occurred to Lancelot.

"I suppose I'm in for a thin time as regards meals. Don't big-game hunters live on pemmican and native maize and that sort of thing?"

"Uncle Francis doesn't. He has the most sensational cook. Every dish a poem."

"That sounds all right," said Lancelot, brightening. Being an artist, he usually made do of an evening with the knuckle end of a ham or something out of a can; but he was by no means incapable of appreciating good cooking and had often wished that the *poulet rôti au cresson* at the Crushed Pansy had been a bit better *rôti*. "I go tomorrow, you say?"

"Better, perhaps, the day after tomorrow. That'll give you time to mug up Uncle Francis' book, *My Life with Rod and Gun*, so that you can draw him out about wapitis, moose, zebus and mountain goats and the other things he used to shoot. He gave me a copy at Christmas, when I was expecting at least a wrist watch."

"That's how it goes," said Lancelot sympathetically.

"Yes, that's life," Gladys agreed. "And

the best offer I got from a secondhand bookshop was threepence, so the volume is still in my possession. You can come and fetch it this afternoon."

"And I leave the day after tomorrow?"

"That's right. I'll come and see you off at the station."

. . .

As Lancelot sat in his compartment at the appointed time waiting for the train for Bittleton to start and gazing at Gladys, who was standing on the platform, he was thinking how much he loved her and what a dreadful thought it was that they were to be separated like this. He was to learn that there were other dreadful thoughts going around. She now gave utterance to one of them.

"Oh, by the way, captain of my soul," she said, "there's one other thing. I almost forgot to tell you. Uncle Francis is rabidly opposed to smoking, so you'll have to knock it off for the duration."

A strong shudder shook Lancelot. He was a heavy smoker, in spite of having two aunts who belonged to the Antitobacco League and kept sending him pamphlets showing what the practice does to those who indulge in it. His jaw fell a couple of notches.

"Knock off smoking? For weeks and weeks? I couldn't."

"You'd better, or——"

"Or what?"

"Else," said Gladys, and the train moved off.

It was one of those trains that have not become attuned to the modern spirit of speed and hustle, and as it sauntered through the sunlit countryside, Lancelot had ample opportunity to weigh Gladys' parting words in his mind and examine them. And the more he weighed and examined, the less he liked the sound of them. Nor is this surprising. There are probably no words in the language that a lover more dislikes to hear on the lips of his loved one than those words "or else." They have a sinister ring calculated to chill the hardiest.

He mused. One cannot say that he was standing at a man's crossroads, for he was sitting, but it was plain to him that he was confronted with the most serious decision of his lifetime. If, on the one hand, he obeyed her behest and refrained from smoking, every nerve in his body would soon be sticking out and starting to curl at the ends and the softest chirrup of the early bird tucking into its worm outside his window would send him shooting to the ceiling, as if some fun-loving practical joker had exploded a bomb beneath his bed. He had once knocked off smoking for two or three days and he knew what it was like.

If, however, on the other hand, he took a strong line and refused to keep

(continued on page 138)

# FAR-FLUNG FLING

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO *potables and prandials from the earth's four corners to give your holiday dinner party a festive international flair*

FORTUNATELY FOR ALL FORWARD-LOOKING HOSTS mapping out a food-and-drink party, the so-called shrinking world has steadily grown into a world without end. There was a time when every holiday menu was carefully meshed into old unchanging grooves: the roast gobbler with the chestnut stuffing, the doughy goose with the inevitable apples, the steamed plum pudding with the brandy. Four and twenty blackbirds could sing only after they were baked under a conventional piecrust. Today, men who've feasted on chukar partridges, Alaskan bear and Scotch grouse and who've regularly explored gourmet centers, whose shelves are loaded with Indian pappadums, African mangoes and (text continued on page 128)

A wealth of worldly good cheer. Left to right: potent il Magnifico (Italy); piquant Yellow Plum (Yugoslavia); well-blended Frozen Aquavit (Denmark); exotic Pink Sake (Japan); and rich Raki Milk Punch (Turkey).



A bountiful buffet of international dishes colorfully set upon specially made flag place mats attracts a host of hungry partygoers. Atop the Gallic tricolor are two tasty Brioche Grand Mar-nier desserts from France's Caribbean colony, the island of Martinique.



Placed upon Thailand's horizontal stripes is a brimming bowl of Shrimp Dumplings topped with a tangy ginger sauce. Our center piece de résistance is the Danish specialty Roast Beef Smørrebrød served open face with a well-chilled side dish of Onions in Red Wine.

The sunburst symbol of Formosa holds a teeming tureen of the honorable Oriental delicacy Winter Melon Soup. Greece's blue and white stripes are the proper place setting for a succulent offering of Lamb with Peas Avgolemono served with a side order of Rice Pilaf.



Atop Italy's red-white-and-green is a piping-hot panful of Crispellini served back-home style with fresh-from-the-oven baked bread ready for slicing. Brazil's green-and-yellow banner marks the spot for a rich ring of the South American specialty Avocado Mousse.

Portuguese anchovies, know that at this time of the year the world is, indeed, their oyster.

A menu of many lands doesn't have to be stretched, like the Japanese New Year, into a full month. But it's tremendous fun, especially at the holidays, to sketch out a party that allows Turkish raki to be sipped before the Chinese winter melon soup and Thai shrimp dumplings to appear on the same table with Brazilian mousse of avocados. And it certainly makes for unusual end-of-the-year festivities to have both your decor and your food and drink reflect the flavor of foreign lands.

A host with an eye for exotic cuisines will naturally call the play on dishes best suited to his own revels. There's a Bedouin feast in which a whole camel is slowly roasted after having been stuffed with a sheep, which in turn was stuffed with chickens, stuffed with fish, stuffed with eggs. A moral goes along with the roast camel: Bigness isn't necessarily sumptuousness. An 80-pound steamship roast is big enough. But the much smaller roast shell of prime beef, cut into slices for Danish open beef sandwiches, garnished with cold Béarnaise sauce, dilled cucumbers and onions in red wine is sheer holiday bliss. Everything good about the Danes—their straightforwardness, their impressive simplicity of taste, their imagination, their rich hospitality—seems to go into their modest-looking but magnificent smørrebrød.

Gourmets-at-large soon learn that the best of foreign cuisines continuously overlap and borrow from one another and meld into new delightful forms. The Greeks claim not only to have invented the chef's tall white hat but to have discovered white sauce and brown sauce and to have taught the Romans how to cook peacocks, crabs and cranes. It may all be true, but the thing that they *didn't* invent but of which they are now formidable masters is the lemon. The Greek style of cooking soups and stews called *avgolemono*, a creamy sauce made with lemon juice and egg yolks, is a rich holiday diversion for American hosts. Thailand offers small shrimp dumplings made of ground raw shrimp, which seem like first cousins of the Chinese shrimp balls. But the Thais have a flamboyant way with spices, and the sauce accompanying the Thai version is flavored with a species of hot peppers that they affectionately call "tiny torpedoes." Along with pickled ginger, the peppers produce an incendiary effect on the palate. In American hands, the same delicate shrimp dumplings are covered with a ginger sauce that proclaims all is calm, all is bright.

One of the coziest of all soups concocted by the Chinese is their winter melon soup. Winter melon is a fruit eaten like a vegetable, available both summer and

winter. At ostentatious tables in this country, the soup is sometimes served from the whole melon steamed until tender—a long, rather clumsy cooking process. Actually, the best version is the native one, in which the raw melon is cut into small pieces and cooked quickly, so that the melon emerges both crisp and tender. Obviously, one needn't acquire a special visa to China to make winter melon soup. If you're near a Chinese food store, you'll have no difficulty in scooping up a wedge of the large winter melon. If there are no Chinatowns nearby, the firm Spanish melon, when in season, is a good pinch hitter.

While the French claim proprietary rights to the word crepe, thin pancakes are found all over Europe. One of the most succulent versions is the Italian cheese-stuffed *crispellini*, a specialty of the town of Ravello off the Amalfi Drive. France, of course, has culinary outposts *tout le monde*. It's not startling, therefore, to find feathery, butter-rich French brioches in Quebec, Haiti and Martinique. Brioches, in the Caribbean, are happily crossbred with orange and rum flavors into a cherubic holiday dessert.

There are some fresh foreign dainties that can't be duplicated—like the Brazilian frogs that grow to the size of holiday geese and whose outside legs would hardly meet the tastes of frogs'-legs fanciers hereabouts. But there are compensations. The canned Brazilian heart of palm is just about the most perfect salad ingredient we can imagine for indulging one's holiday fancy. The Brazilian avocado mousse in which the heart of palm appears is another dish that can be as fiery with pepper or as affably mild as you like to suit your own commensal taste.

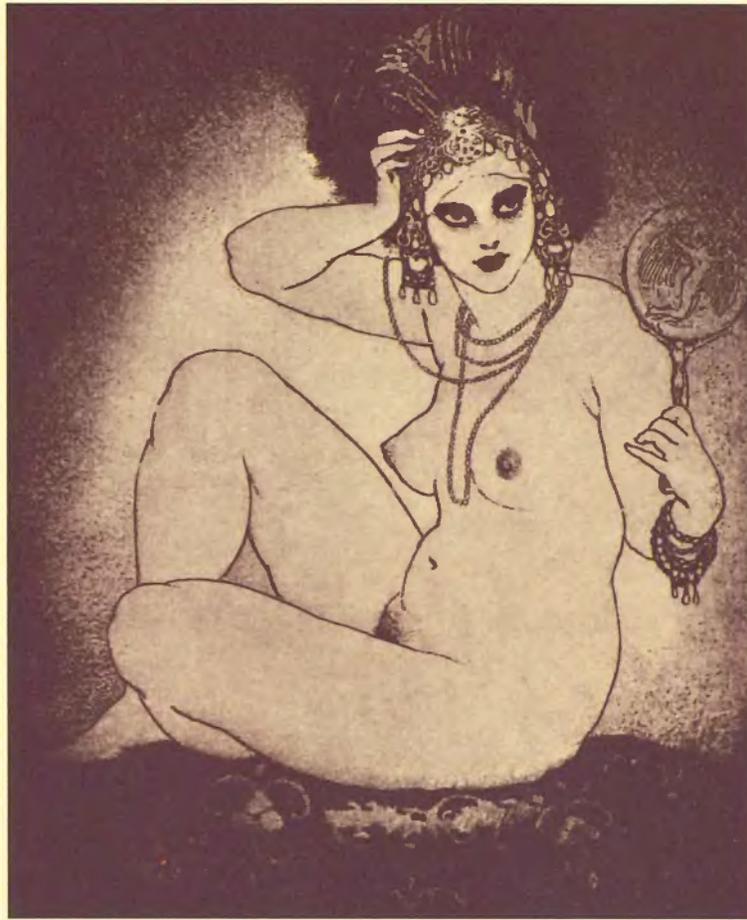
All feasts, whether domestic or foreign, should be feastlike. And the first way to catch the eye as well as the palate on a holiday buffet is to fill a generous-size hors d'oeuvre dish with the immense booty from overseas. Hot hors d'oeuvres should be kept hot over a chafing-dish flame or on a hot tray; cheeses reach their acme of flavor at room temperature; everything else should be nipping cold. A holiday hors d'oeuvre line-up should include caviar—the fresh Iranian, if possible. Among the multitudinous forms in which *pâté de foie gras* is offered, we like the mousse of *foie gras* that is easily sliced with a sharp knife dipped in hot water, and the center of which is bejeweled with a row of black truffles. The midget Italian mushrooms in oil, Scandinavian herring in succulent wine sauces, paper-thin Westphalian ham, quail eggs from Japan, English and Continental cheeses, including the Swiss ready-to-eat fondue—all of these require only astute foraging through so many jars, bottles, cans and packages.

Unreconstructed bibbers in the habit of settling down each night with the same old bottles of whiskey and brandy they've leaned upon all year long should be reminded at the yuletide of the Greek god who started it all—Dionysus. Young Dionysus' mentor was the cheerful and wise Silenus, who, although seldom sober, taught Dionysus how to cultivate grapes and to convert their rich juice into wine. Even more important, he taught Dionysus the enchantment of travel—the glory of spreading the gift of the vine, in its many forms, throughout the known world. In a sense, he was the world's first and certainly its most distinguished traveling liquor agent. There were those who challenged Dionysus, like the Tyrrhenian pirates who seemed to have been naïvely unmindful of the power of the grape. They tied him to their mast, only to find the knots suddenly untied, a huge vine wrapped around the mast, clusters of grapes hanging from the sails and the whole sea around them suddenly changed into claret. The piratical crew jumped into the sea and were immediately turned into lusty dolphins. Restless Dionysus spread his philosophy in Phrygia, where Dionysian rites became a yearly drinking festival. He took the good word to Syria. Later he fought the Amazons. That he didn't subdue them through the device of a simple cocktail party seems to have been a tactical error. With a tiger in his tank—we're told he actually rode *on top* of the tiger given to him by Zeus—he traveled to India, returned via Egypt and Libya and finally settled down among the immortals at Olympus. To honor Dionysus and the pleasures of what the Greeks charmingly call their "yearly renewal," we offer an international menu as well as drinks made up of the potables of other peoples. All food recipes serve eight.

#### WINTER MELON SOUP

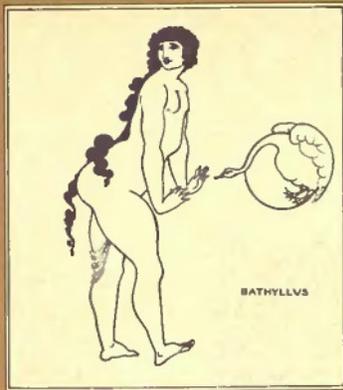
- 2 large black dried mushrooms
  - 4 large fresh mushrooms
  - 1 single breast chicken, raw
  - 8 water chestnuts, fresh if possible
  - 2 quarts chicken stock
  - 6-oz. can lotus roots, drained
  - 3 cups Chinese winter melon, 1/2-in. cubes
  - Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- Soak black mushrooms in warm water for 1 hour. Drain and cut into thin slivers. Cut fresh mushrooms into thin slivers. Remove skin and bones from chicken and cut into 1/2-in.-thick cubes. Peel water chestnuts, if fresh, and cut into thin slices. Bring stock to a boil. (If stock seems watery, add instant bouillon powder to taste.) Add mushrooms, chicken, water chestnuts and lotus roots. Simmer 10 minutes. Add winter melon and simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt.

(continued on page 264)



## ART NOUVEAU EROTICA

*victorianism's overt prudery bred a covert and perverse preoccupation with sex that gave birth to a genre of voluptuous sensuality*



THE WORKS OF FIVE ARTISTS—England's Aubrey Beardsley, Australia's Norman Lindsay, Austria's Gustav Klimt and Germany's Franz von Bayros and Franz Christophe—comprise this PLAYBOY portfolio of vintage erotic art. Like the

turned-on art of today's hippies, *art nouveau* began as a reaction to the up-tight moral and aesthetic values of "square society." Lindsay's rococo creations—drawn during the Twenties in Australia, where the antisexual vestiges of Victorianism outlived its influence in Europe—are among the most outstanding and erotic examples of this hothouse genre. But the baroque and whimsical devisings of Beardsley, which are enjoying a psychedelically inspired renaissance in popularity, perhaps most extravagantly epitomize the sensuous fever-dreamworld created by these underground artists of their day. Aware from adolescence that he would die young of tuberculosis (he did, at 26), Beardsley determined to be a *succès de scandale* and carried dandyism to such parodic lengths that Oscar Wilde called him "the most monstrous of orchids." Yet he was a masterful, revolutionary decorative illustrator. For all of Beardsley's archness and grotesquerie, and that of his colleagues, *art nouveau's* erotic masterpieces possess a frenzied beauty that belittles—and yet humanizes—the repressive society that spawned and then banned them.



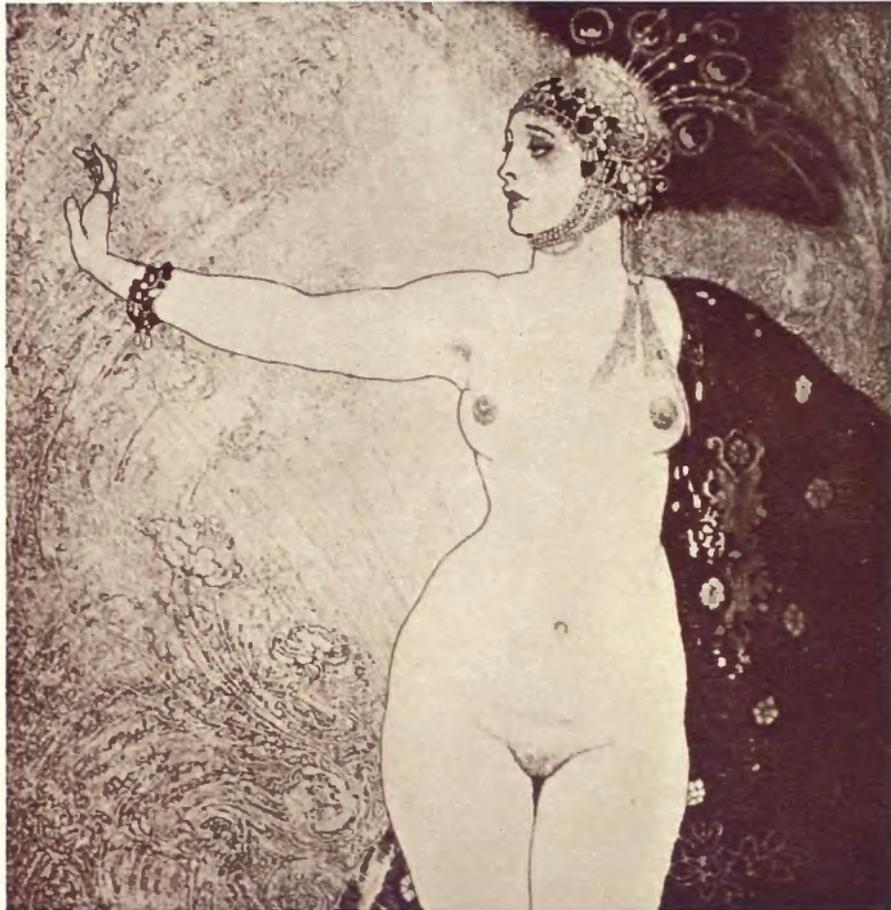


Norman Lindsay's "The Mirror" (on the opening page of this portfolio), "Julia's Monkey" (bottom, opposite page) and "She Arrives" (above) proceed from stylized realism through fantasy to full-blown grotesquerie. Lindsay—who was born in 1879—began to draw for a Melbourne newspaper at 16. For many years, he was chief cartoonist for the "Sydney Bulletin," his country's leading literary magazine. Among the many Lindsay-illustrated works are lavish editions of *Theocritus*, *Boccaccio* and *Casanova*, as well as his own novel, "The Cautious Amorist." The small Beardsley drawing at the top of the opposite page is "Bathyllus' Swan Dance," an illustration for Juvenal's "Lucian's True History."



Languorous femininity suffuses Beardsley's frontispiece for "Lysistrata" (above), and "Fishblood" (below), by Gustav Klimt, master of Viennese art nouveau.





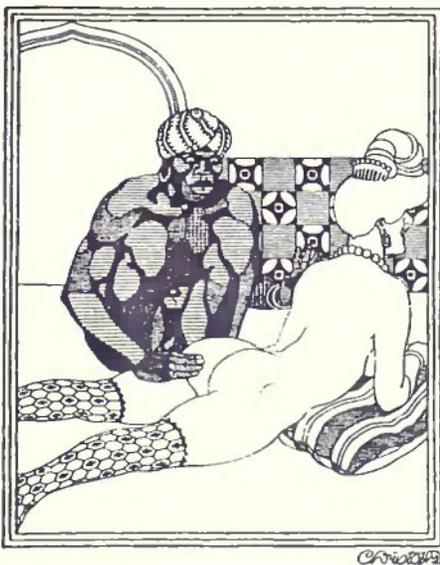
*Lindsay etchings such as "The Ring" (above) and "The Apex of Life" (below) are more elaborate and realistic than the Beardsley and Klimt works opposite, but equally infused with art nouveau grace.*





*"Lesbianism Under a Hostile Moon" by F. V. Bayros, portrays the seduction of Nedina by Hector after she suggests that he disguise himself as a woman. Lindsay's "The Dance" (below) is wildly parodic.*





The last Victorians—whether in Europe at the turn of the century or in Australia two decades later—parodied their fathers' hypocritical idealization of women by surrounding them with perfervid exotica, as in Lindsay's "The Sortie" (above). It was to such drawings that Julian Ashton referred in a 1919 review of Australian art: "That remarkable genius, Norman Lindsay, now burst upon us with a series of pen-and-ink drawings, which . . . would have stirred fresh life and interest in the most bored of exhibitiongoers. These drawings whipped the smooth conventions of society until Lindsay was fairly encompassed by furious and acrid criticism." Franz Christophe's illustration (left) for the 1907 "The Blooming Gardens of the Orient" also revels in convention-flouting subject matter.



The rare combination of antiwar sentiment and ribald comedy developed in Aristophanes' "Lysistrata"—she forces peace between the men of Athens and Sparta by cajoling their women into a sex strike—has held audiences for 2400 years. On these two pages, Beardsley and Lindsay portray the scene in which Lysistrata proposes her scheme. In the Beardsley drawing (above), the ladies show distress at the thought that to deny the men they must deny themselves, too, whilst Lindsay captures Lysistrata's delight at the "armaments" of one of her warriors.



## A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE

*(continued from page 124)*

away from the box of 50 excellent cigars that he had brought with him, there would, he knew, be for him no wedding bells or whatever registrars substitute for them. Gladys was, as near as made no matter, an angel in human shape, but she was inclined to be imperious and of a trend of mind to resent anything in the nature of what might be called rannygazoo. And that she would class as rannygazoo a deliberate flouting of her orders was sickeningly clear to him. She would return the ring, his letters and what was left of the bottle of scent he had given her on her birthday within minutes of learning of his disobedience.

Two lines of an old poem flitted into his mind. "A woman is only a woman," the bard had said, "but a good cigar is a smoke"; and for one awful moment, he found himself agreeing with him. Then he was strong again; and it was with the resolve that at all costs he must retain her love that he alighted at Bittleton Station and a short time later was meeting the man whose rugged features he was about to record on canvas.

They were features, particularly the two chins, of an undisguised opulence Colonel Pashley-Drake was a stout man. Indeed, the thought flashed through Lancelot's mind that if he did not subject himself to a rigorous system of diet, he would shortly burst. He knew from reading his book that the colonel, when hunting big game, had frequently hidden behind a tree. To conceal him in this, the evening of his life, only a sequoia would have served. And when later they sat together at the dinner table, Lancelot got an inkling as to how this obesity had come about.

The dinner was a long one and in every respect superb. It was plain to Lancelot from the first spoonful of soup that here, as Gladys had stated, was a cook in a thousand. He mentioned this to his host, and the latter, a look of holy ecstasy in his eye, agreed that Mrs. Potter—for such was the gifted woman's name—was at the very head of her profession. After that, he did not speak very much, being otherwise occupied.

Coffee after the meal was served in a study or library, a small room tastefully decorated with the heads of various fauna that had had the misfortune to encounter the colonel when he was out with his gun. As they seated themselves, he gave Lancelot a searching look.

"I am afraid I cannot offer you a cigar," he said, and Lancelot waved a deprecating hand.

"Had you done so, I should have been obliged to refuse it, with thanks, of course, for the kind thought. I do not smoke. Smoking," said Lancelot, remem-

bering a pamphlet sent to him by one of his aunts, "causes nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, headache, weak eyes, asthma, bronchitis, neurasthenia, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, loss of memory, impaired will power, lack of ambition, red spots on the skin and falling out of hair. I wouldn't smoke so much as a cigarette to please a dying grandfather. My friends often rally me on what they consider my finicky objection to having red spots on the skin, but I remain firm."

"You are very sensible," said Colonel Pashley-Drake with such enthusiasm that Lancelot felt that the task of fascinating him would prove even easier than Gladys had predicted. He looked forward with bright confidence to the moment—at no distant date—when he would have the old buster rolling on the floor with his paws in the air like a tickled dachshund.

The love feast became intensified as the time went on. The colonel expressed himself delighted that Lancelot had read and enjoyed his little book and spoke fluently and well on the subject of tigers he had met and what to do when confronted with a charging rhinoceros, together with many an anecdote about the selected portions of gnus, giraffes and the like that ornamented the walls. At long last, he stifled a yawn and said he thought he would be retiring for the night, and they parted in an atmosphere of the utmost cordiality.

The dinner, as has been said, had been a long and heavy one, and it and the session in the study after it had left Lancelot with a sense of repletion that only fresh air could relieve; and before going to bed, he felt the prudent thing to do was to take a half-hour stroll in the garden. He proceeded to do so; but what with the beauty of the night and the thinking of long, loving thoughts of Gladys Wetherby, he exceeded that time by a considerable margin. It was some two hours later when he felt that he ought to be turning in and he made his way back to the house—only to discover when he reached it that in his absence some hidden hand had locked the front door.

It was a blow that might have crushed a weaker man, but all artists are resourceful and the idea of trying the back door occurred to him almost immediately. He found that, too, securely fastened, and it became evident that unless he was prepared to pass the remainder of the night in the open, it would be necessary for him to break a window. This, as noiselessly as possible, he did and, climbing through, found himself in what from the smell of it he took to be the kitchen. And he was about to grope his way through the darkness in the hope of

finding the door when a voice spoke, a harsh, guttural voice that jarred unpleasantly on his sensitive ear, though the most musical voice speaking at that moment would equally have given him the illusion that the top of his head had parted from its moorings.

"Who are you?" it said.

Suavity, Lancelot saw, was what he must strive for.

"It's quite all right," he said obsequiously. "I was locked out."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Lancelot Bingley. I am staying in the house. I am an artist. I am here to paint Colonel Pashley-Drake's portrait. I would not advise waking him now, but if you inquire of him in the morning, he will endorse—"

"Who are you?"

Annoyance began to compete with Lancelot's embarrassment. If voices asked you questions, he felt, they might at least take the trouble to listen to you when you answered them.

"I have already informed you in a perfectly frank manner," he began rather stiffly, "that my name is Lancelot Bingley and that I am staying—"

"Have a nut," said the voice, changing the subject.

Lancelot's teeth came together with a sharp click. Few things are more mortifying to a proud man than that he has been wasting his time being respectful to a parrot, and he burned with resentment and pique. Ignoring the bird's suggestion—in the circumstances, ill-timed and lacking in taste—that he should scratch its head, he continued groping for the door and eventually found it.

After that, everything was simple. Bounding silently up the stairs, he flung open the door of his room and, not bothering to switch on the light, flung himself on the bed. Or, rather, not precisely on the bed but on some yielding substance inside it that proved, on investigation, to be Colonel Pashley-Drake. Pardonably a little overwrought by his recent exchange of ideas with the parrot, Lancelot had mistaken his host's room—first on the left along the corridor—for his own, which, he now recalled, was the second on the left along the corridor.

The colonel was plainly emotionally disturbed. He spoke for some moments in what Lancelot thought might possibly be Swahili.

"What the devil?" he inquired at length, returning to his native tongue.

Inspiration descended on Lancelot.

"I came to ask you about the portrait. I was wondering if you wanted it full length or just head and shoulders," he said, and was interested to note that his roommate was quivering like someone doing one of the modern dances.

*(continued on page 272)*

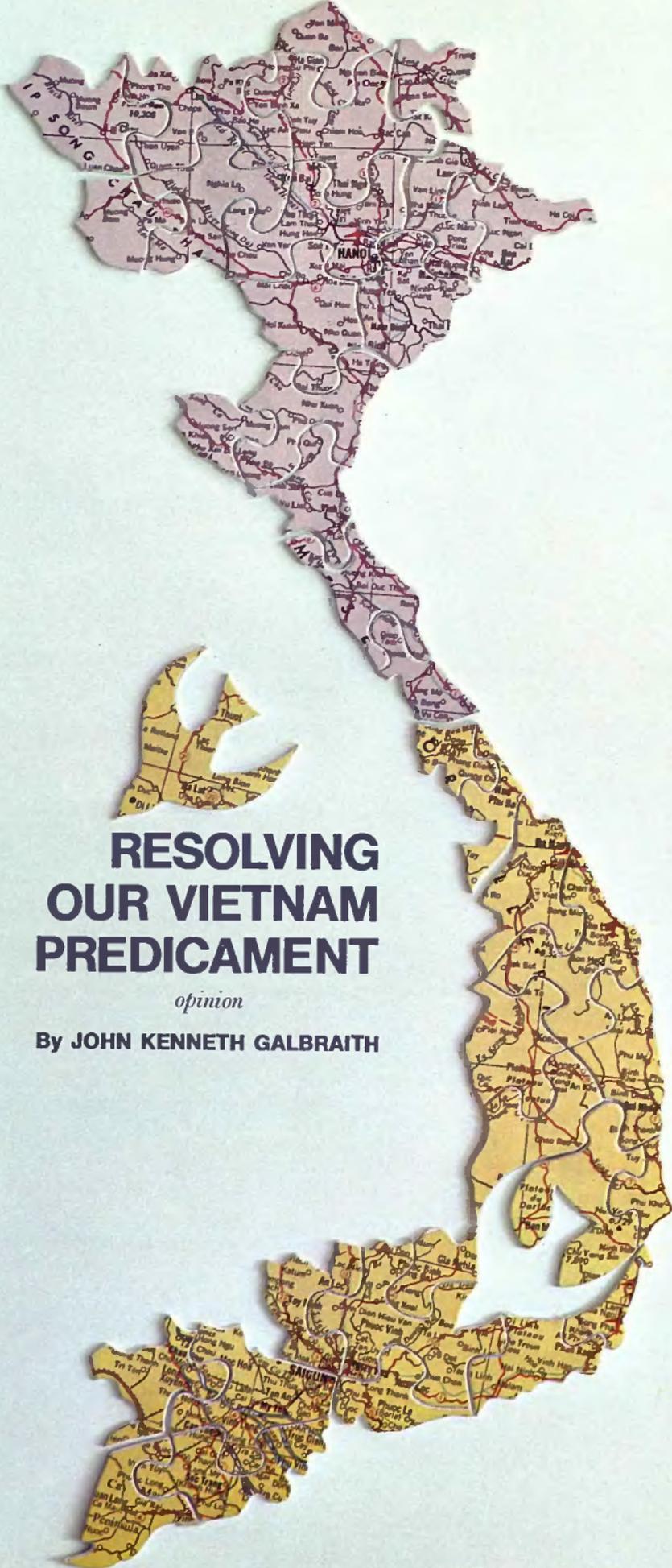
*an authority on world affairs  
expands and explains his recent  
proposal for honorable  
disengagement in southeast asia*

A SINGULAR and well-observed feature of war is for the view in retrospect to depart radically from that which attended the beginning. Dangers that at the outset of hostilities seemed to justify the most sanguinary steps, in the perspective of years seem slight, sometimes frivolous. And prospects that at the beginning of conflict seemed easy and brilliant come to measure only the depth of the miscalculation. The case of men who in the past 30 years have planned expeditions against Moscow, Pearl Harbor and Pusan—not to mention Haifa and Tel Aviv—sufficiently establishes the point. At the same time, war turns reason into stereotype. Acceptance of what in the beginning is an estimate of national interest becomes an article of faith, a test of constancy, a measure of patriotism. At least while it lasts, war has a way of freezing all participants in their original error.

The war in Vietnam, by various calculations, has now gone on for more than half a decade and with mounting intensity for three years. It has shown these classical tendencies. The march of history has massively undermined the assumptions that attended and justified our original involvement. No part of the original justification—I do not exaggerate—remains intact. More remarkable, perhaps, very few of the assumptions that supported our involvement are any longer asserted by those who defend the conflict. Yet the congealing intellectual processes of war have worked to the full. Action that is not defended is still adhered to as a dogged manifestation of faith.

Let me be fair. Those who are committed not to support of this venture but to opposition have also shown a tendency to become frozen in fixed positions. For the first time since 1815, we are engaged in a conflict to which a very large part of the population is opposed. The unanimity rule that has previously characterized our national conflicts does not exist. Both those who defend and those who attack have lost some of their capacity to accommodate their thoughts to new evidence.

My purpose in this article is to see if, however slightly, I can rise above these rigidities. I do not wish to pretend to view our situation in Vietnam with any special insight or wisdom. I would like merely to inquire how this conflict will look when minds, those of supporters and adversaries alike, are no longer subject to the congealing influences of war. And I would like then to propose the course of action— (continued on page 142)



## RESOLVING OUR VIETNAM PREDICAMENT

*opinion*

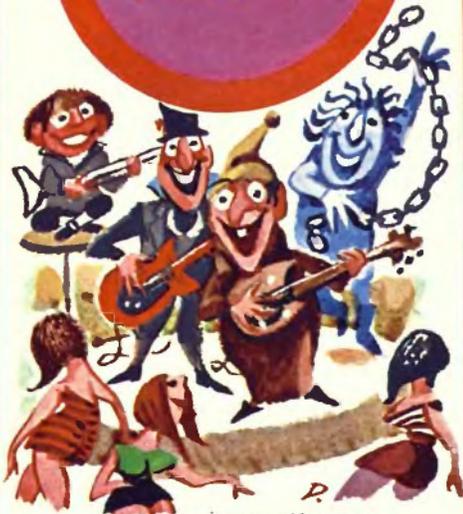
By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

TO  
MARSHALL  
MC LUHAN



We hope that you won't mind us  
Deviating from your rule!  
The medium here is PLAYBOY  
And the message—"Happy yule."

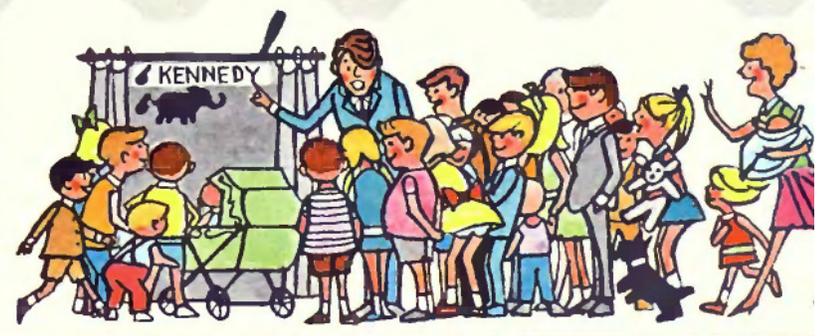
TO  
CHARLES  
DICKENS



Variety announced this scoop:  
THE BRITISH LAUNCH NEW VOCAL GROUP!  
E. Scrooge and Co. are real crowd pleasers;  
They call themselves the Ebenezers.  
There's Jacob Marley's cool refrains  
(He's featured on electric chains).  
And Tiny Tim is just too much:  
A teeny bopper blowing crutch.  
Your Carol now is hiply done  
And so, Mod bless us, every one!

Merry Christmas to your kids;  
They're daily growing cuter.  
Mother can keep track of them  
But only by computer.  
Some big clans form baseball teams,  
But not your famous flock.  
As every year you chalk one up  
For Daddy's voting bloc.

TO BOBBY  
AND ETHEL



# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

VERSE BY JUDITH WAX

*missives and missiles for the jolly season*

## TO FASHION'S PAWN



You were our Playmate of all months  
We worshiped and adored you.  
But then came Twiggy on the scene;  
Her Cockney chic just floored you.  
You dieted and starved yourself;  
Your barber cut your hair.  
You painted funny lashes on  
And learned a big-eyed stare.  
You found a special doctor  
Who, for a mighty fee,  
Reduced your perfect figure  
To an all-round 23.  
Our big romance is over, kid.  
Let none have any doubts.  
'Cause if we wanted boys around,  
We would have joined the Scouts

## TO A HIPPIE



Though others on  
our Christmas list  
Are destined to receive  
(Fear not, you shan't)  
Some potted plant;  
Dear chap, how could  
you e'er resist  
This gift that we believe  
Will hit the spot—  
Some planted pot.

## VIETNAM PREDICAMENT

I venture even to call it the moderate solution—that emerges from such a view.

Many will think that in labeling this a "moderate solution" I have made an unhappy choice of words. Moderation in these days is not in high repute. The term itself, in some degree, has come to imply pompous and comfortable and well-padded inaction. Thus, it rightly arouses suspicion. And increasingly, men are divided between those who want the catharsis of total violence and those who want the comforts of total escape. Yet if our national mood opposes moderation, history favors it. It does not vouchsafe us sharp, well-chiseled solutions. It gives us blurred edges and dull lines. Whatever the ultimate bang or whimper, we can be sure that in between there will be only compromises.

Let me begin with the terrible treatment that history has accorded our original justification for the Vietnamese conflict.

We are in Vietnam partly as a result of a long series of seemingly minor steps. Each of these steps, at the time, seemed more attractive—less pregnant with domestic political controversy and criticism—than the alternative, which was to call a firm halt on our involvement. The aggregate of these individual steps—more weapons, more advisors, a combat role for our men, progressive increases in our troop strength, bombing of North Vietnam, a widening choice of targets—is larger by far than the sum of the individual parts. The resulting involvement on the Asian mainland is not a development that all who asked or acquiesced in the individual actions wished to see or even foresaw.

But back of these individual steps, and especially the earlier ones, was a political and military justification that once seemed compelling. This justification was the assumed existence of a united, homogeneous and militantly evangelical communism that has chosen South Vietnam as the weak point for a probe. Speaking to the National Press Club some six months after he assumed office, Secretary of State Rusk gave an explicit formulation of the view of the world crisis in which Vietnam played a part. He said:

The central issue of the crisis is the announced determination to impose a world of coercion upon those not already subject to it . . . it is posed between the Sino-Soviet empire and all the rest, whether allied or neutral; and it is posed on every continent. . . .

This was an accepted view at the time. Few would have thought Mr. Rusk's formulation other than commonplace. He and others repeated the thesis—the doctrine of a centrally controlled

(continued from page 139)

and disciplined power guided from Moscow—dozens of times. Implicit therein was a pattern of policy and of action. This had immediate relevance to Vietnam.

Thus, to assume a unitary and evangelical force was inevitably to urge a policy of resistance. And resistance would have to be everywhere on the Communist perimeter. To allow transgression in one place would, most plausibly, be to encourage it elsewhere. And here we have the foundation for the analogy to Munich that for a long time played such a dominant role in the Vietnam discussion. The Sino-Soviet power being imperial and coercive, it was necessary also to assume that it would never be welcomed by those who might be subject to it. It could not reflect national aspiration; this was a flat contradiction in terms. Communist power might seek to exploit social grievance. But this, it was assumed, would only be a tactic designed to win subservience to the ultimate imperial and conspiratorial purpose. And this being so, no nation should yield to such tactics, even when the grievance—as might often happen—was real. Far better that people stay in a less enduring state of exploitation than to pass forever into this all-embracing system of coercion. This meant, further, that we could not be particular as to whom we might support: even the most nauseous non-Communist dictator was preferable to the enduring Communist imperialism. And even if the Communists had seduced a majority of the population, it was doubtful that we should yield. Rather, we should try to win them back. For this, the liberal strategist in this conflict set great store by ameliorative social action. Conservatives tended to place rather more reliance on a gun.

Given this view of the world struggle—and none, I think, will feel it an unfair summary of official attitudes in the early Sixties—our intervention in Vietnam was wholly understandable. It was unfortunate but not decisive that the governments we supported, in their commitment to democracy and humane and civilized values, left much to be desired. It was unfortunate but not decisive that our intervention was by something less than the popular demand of the people we aided.

Moreover, we had a right, given this view of the world, to expect two further and vital factors to be associated with our involvement. We had a right to expect that its necessity would be appreciated and supported by the American people—as our economic and political intervention in Turkey and Greece and western Europe following World War Two was supported or as our military intervention in Korea in 1950 was

supported. And it was reasonable to expect that the most effective support would come not from those who automatically rally to the flag when the guns sound but from the more introspective, informed and deliberative community—those somewhat ambiguously styled the intellectuals—who would best appreciate the long-run consequences of short-run weakness and appeasement. Such people had given strong support to the Marshall Plan and to the Korean intervention. A generation earlier, they had been in the very forefront of the criticism of Munich, the agreed symbol of surrender. So their support could be expected now.

Finally, given this view of the world, there was every reason to expect that the American initiative in Vietnam would be welcomed by the rest of the non-Communist nations. Previous initiatives had attracted such applause. The closer a nation to the danger, the greater the prospective applause; for who could tell, after all, who was the next on the list? So the United States would both justify and enhance her claim to moral as well as economic and military leadership by assuming a commanding role in combating the common menace in Indo-China.

Merely to state the assumptions that lie behind this conflict is to show how completely they, and the resulting expectations, have been dissolved. History may not vouchsafe us sharp edges, but, obviously, it can be a very effective blunt instrument. The assumptions that lay back of our Vietnam policy, including the concept of a unitary and all-embracing Communist imperialism, were not, in fact, based on any very close knowledge of the subject. They were a formula, in some measure a theology, adopted by lawyers, businessmen, Government officials and military men in the years of the Marshall Plan and NATO. Few of the authors had any firsthand knowledge of communism. Few had much experience of the political left. None had much experience of Asia. All were reacting to the then-current reality of Joseph Stalin. To some extent, it was a way of justifying the alliances, military appropriations, economic and military aid the proponents thought necessary. There is nothing remarkable in the discovery that a doctrine so contrived failed to stand the test of history. History is respectful of truth, but not of official truth.

Here is what has happened to the doctrine that justified our intervention:

1. The Communist world has gone to pieces along national lines. The two great centers, Moscow and Peking, during the past years have, on occasion, been close to diplomatic breach.

2. China, which the proponents of the Vietnam conflict for a while bravely pictured as the *deus ex machina*, is rent within itself. Its assumed puppet in

(continued on page 278)



**THE  
UFO  
GAP**

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*america's leading ufologist—just back from an international  
 astronomers' conference behind the iron curtain—warns that a new soviet investigative  
 approach could cost us the race to solve the flying-saucer riddle*

*article* **By J. ALLEN HYNEK** "RUSSIANS SOLVE UFO MYSTERY." For years, I have opened *The New York Times* with the fear skittering around the back of my mind that I might find that quote. In my occasional dreams, the story under the headline explains that the Russians have found some previously unthought-of, unstartling explanation for unidentified flying objects; or, worse, that they have made first contact with an alien civilization conducting reconnaissance missions to our planet. Either story would shake America so hard that the launching of Sputnik in 1957 would appear in retrospect as important as a Russian announcement of a particularly large wheat crop.

The possibility of a Russian breakthrough on the UFO problem is unlikely, if we believe official Russian statements that the problem does not exist. At last August's XIII General Assembly of the International Astronomical Union in Prague, one of the Russian delegates answered my query about Soviet UFO study with a derisive laugh and the rather absurd comment, "If flying saucers really exist, why aren't they buzzing over Prague right now?" The same man, a senior Soviet astronomer, declined to attend a meeting I had organized to discuss the UFO problem, saying that since the UFOs did not exist, there was nothing to discuss. One of his colleagues slipped and said that Russian scientists were not permitted to discuss unidentified flying objects. Although we have reports of UFO sightings and phenomena from some 70 countries, the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries have not contributed UFO reports.

Judging by past Soviet behavior, this curious silence on a subject of increasing importance to science and government means only one thing: and, indeed, there are some clues to actual Soviet study of the problem. A Russian astronomer admitted in Prague to an American scientist that he believed a problem existed. Another American scientist recently received a note from the secretary of an official Soviet organization for the study of unidentified flying objects. And the Russians announced at Prague that they would participate in a future international conference on interstellar communication.

Even more significant was the recent publication of the first article in a Russian magazine by a Soviet scientist discussing the strong possibility of the existence of unidentified flying objects. That article, in the youth magazine *Cmena*, stated that the Soviet Union is preparing a book-length study called *Inhabited Cosmos*, the chief editor of which will be the vice-president of the U. S. S. R. Academy of Sciences, and that a chapter to be written by Felix U. Zigel (author of the *Cmena* article) will consider the UFO problem. Zigel's article concludes: "There exists almost universally a definite type of phenomenon known as the phenomenon of the UFOs. The nature of this phenomenon is as yet not resolved and none of the existing hypotheses can claim a final solution to the problem. In such a situation, the correct approach appears to be to

**THE  
UFO  
GAP**



submit the puzzling phenomenon of the UFOs to a many-sided, careful scientific investigation."

We know enough now about the way the U. S. S. R. announces its scientific advances—the element of surprise the Russians have built into every step of their space program is one example—to guess that a Soviet writer would hardly call for "a many-sided, careful scientific investigation" of a phenomenon unless such an investigation were already going on.

Late last summer, the *Chicago Sun-Times* ended its story about the discovery—by a Massachusetts Institute of Technology physicist—of very puzzling narrow-band radio signals from space with the sentence, "Reportedly, Soviet scientists have also been active in such searches." Highly directional, single-frequency radio signals, of course, might be remarkable evidence of extraterrestrial life.

Zigel's discussion of UFOs in *Cmena* considers five theories about their nature. The fifth theory—that UFOs are "flying apparatus of other planets, investigating the earth"—is the only one of the five to which he offers no objections.

In sum, what little "hard" information I have—and my intuition—tells me that the U. S. S. R. may have been studying UFOs with dispassionate thoroughness for years. From my own official involvement, I know that the United States is only now beginning to *consider* treating the problem seriously.

In 1948, I was asked by the U. S. Air Force to serve as a scientific consultant on the increasing number of reports of strange lights in the sky. I was then director of the astronomical observatory of Ohio State University and am now the chairman of the astronomy department at Northwestern. I had scarcely heard of UFOs in 1948 and, like every other scientist I knew, assumed that they were nonsense. For the first few months of my association with what is now Project Blue Book—the name of the very small office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, concerned with UFOs—I had no reason to change this opinion. The reports of sightings that came to our attention then were either *identifiable* flying objects (IFOs), such as weather balloons, meteors or planes, or they came to us from patently unreliable witnesses. A few others were hoaxes.

But over the years, cases began to accumulate for which I could find no satisfactory physical explanation. In fairness to Project Blue Book, I can say that nearly all of the cases that I consider unsolved have remained so labeled in Air Force files, despite charges by critics that the Project always found an explanation for a report. On the other hand, the Project *did* acquire the habit of subtly modifying its disposition of particular cases over a period of time. A sighting that the evaluator had said was "possibly" traceable to conventional aircraft at the

time it occurred would appear in the Project's annual report as "probably" traceable to conventional aircraft. More important than such small distortions, however, is the fact that the Wright-Patterson group usually consisted only of a captain, who headed the team, one other officer, a sergeant and myself, as occasional consultant. The fact that the commanding officer was a captain indicates the extent of the Air Force's concern for this investigation.

My complaint here is not primarily against the Air Force—which, after all, is not a scientific investigative agency. But, under the aegis of the Air Force or not, there should have been a large, well-staffed UFO research group in this country since the first waves of reports.

In the past 20 years, I have analyzed more than 15,000 reports of UFO sightings. About 90 percent of these turned out, on quick inspection, not to have been UFOs at all, but readily identifiable objects. Of the remaining 10 percent, I made a further division in my mind between those that came to me from reasonably reliable observers—about 70 percent—and those that came from oddballs of one stripe or another. What this means is that there are at least 1000 UFO reports that remain completely unresolved in my own mind. As a scientist, 1000 perplexing cases strike me as significant enough to warrant professional and thorough investigation. I frankly do not know why the Government has been so slow in coming to the same conclusion.

The popular attitude among scientists in the late Forties was that UFOs were a product of what some called "post-War nerves." Of course, when reports of the sightings continued well into the Fifties—and began to arrive from many regions of the globe—this theory was out. Unfortunately, the attitude that accompanied the theory was retained. How many UFO reports there might have been if the popular and academic attitude toward UFOs were one of neutral inquiry instead of derision will never be known. Even an Air Force major general does not want to be laughed at by an Ivy League professor.

One reason the professors were so contemptuous of the reports was that UFOs, obviously, cannot be studied in the laboratory. Results that can be verified through repeatable, quantitative laboratory experiments are still considered the essence of science. What must be remembered is that much of our accurate, scientific knowledge about the universe was *not* gathered or verified in laboratories—and cannot be. We know much less about tornadoes than we would if we could whip one up whenever we wanted it; but we certainly accept the fact that they exist and, in fact, have some universally accepted theories about their formation, composition and behavior. That information is the result of unscheduled

observation. Similarly, many accepted findings in zoology—our ideas about social structure among wild lions, for example—could come only from patient observation in the field. With UFOs—as with tornadoes, sunspots, animals in their wild state and a host of other aspects of the world—the scientist must mount an attack to suit the phenomena. To select phenomena that meet the demands of laboratory research leads to error in many fields and is impossible with UFOs.

The existing evidence may indicate a possible connection with extraterrestrial life, the probable existence of which is generally accepted. If such life does exist and if there is any possibility of establishing communication with it, our scientific knowledge of that life might even be critical to our survival. Now let us be clear: The existence of extraterrestrial intelligence and the UFO phenomenon may be two entirely different things. But the latter, in itself, poses an interesting scientific problem. How can it be studied? Do we ignore it simply because the evidence we have does not follow the strict rules of scientific evidence?

The question now is not *whether* but *how* to design a truly scientific approach to the UFO problem. When the Air Force last year appointed a special commission to study the UFO problem—the so-called Condon committee, meeting at the University of Colorado and named for its chairman, Dr. Edward Condon—it tacitly recognized the seriousness of the problem. I trust I will not seem to be trespassing on the committee's territory if I outline here a scheme that I think would be a thorough and efficient way to obtain scientific knowledge of UFOs.

Let us suppose we have before us 5000 UFO reports. We appoint two scientific panels, one composed of physical scientists, the other of social scientists. We ask the first panel to examine the reports and assign to each a "strangeness index,"  $\Sigma$ , on a scale of 1 to 5. By "strangeness" we shall mean the difficulty in ascribing a simple scientific explanation for the report, taken at face value. An attempt shall be made by the scientific panel to evaluate the strangeness of the report. Given the report as is, how difficult is it to find a natural, normal explanation for it?

Thus,  $\Sigma 1$  and  $\Sigma 2$  would refer to UFO reports that, even though taken at face value, nonetheless find a ready explanation. They can then be excluded from further consideration. They are IFOs rather than UFOs. Here are a few examples of IFOs: In May 1953, in a small town in Wisconsin, a group of solid citizens excitedly reported that for several nights running, just before sunrise, a bright object, "much too bright to be a star," appeared in the East and "remained there, getting slowly higher and higher

(continued on page 267)



*Plums and Prunes By Terry Southern*

PARDON ME, SIR,  
BUT IS MY EYE  
HURTING YOUR ELBOW?

three mordant one-act plays

by a triumvirate of black

humor's most provocative

practitioners--terry southern,

arthur kopit and jack richardson



*An Incident in the Park By Arthur Kopit*



*Juan Feldman By Jack Richardson*

PLUMS AND PRUNES By TERRY SOUTHERN



EXTERIOR. APPROACHING THE BRAD JEFFERY HOME. DAY.

It is an ideal 'suburbia home' in Westchester: white, with well-kept lawn, shrubs, etc. It is the contemporary and Eastern counterpart of the house in the Andy Hardy pictures. Camera MOVES UP the drive, STOPS ABRUPTLY.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR. A BUICK CAR (OR SIMILAR) IN THE DRIVEWAY. DAY.

BRAD JEFFERY is getting out, briefcase in hand. We realize that the approach has been from his point of view. Brad is a dapper and handsome man of 40-45, a Madison Avenue advertising executive at the top of his profession. There is bouncy anticipation and assurance in his manner as he walks toward the house. We realize that BRAD is very much 'with it.'

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Westchester contemporary; a long, pearl-gray room; fireplace; bar; a couple of smart prints (Braque guitar and Modigliani nude) and a semiabstract original or two; on the wall nearest the door are a pair of African masks, spaced well apart, with a decorative crossbow mounted slightly above and between them. Music from the phonograph is soothingly, harmlessly modern jazz. Door opens ON CUT and BRAD enters. At the far end of the room, by the bar, is DONNA, his wife, gingerly emptying ice cubes into the ice bucket. She is about 38, trim, tanned and very attractive in her hostess-length skirt. Behind her we can see the kitchen area from which she has come. As BRAD approaches, she looks up, giving him a smile filled with warmth and a hint of sexual promise. (Note: Besides the kitchen door and the entrance door, there is another, leading to the downstairs bedrooms and bath. This door is opposite the bar and through it can be seen the staircase as well.)

DONNA

Hello, darling.

There is a confident smile on BRAD's face as he reaches her, places briefcase on floor, puts arms around her.

BRAD

(tenderly sexual, with rich, masculine Princetonian modulation)

Hello, baby.

(continued on page 313)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLO ROTH

*Tommy was Debbie's date; he had a sexually demented leer on his face.*



*Debbie's mother said, "Perhaps you'll wake me with a kiss."*



*Her father followed the provocative twitch of Debbie's pert rump.*



*Debbie herself was 16 and cute as a button.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE PARK By ARTHUR KOPIT



INTERIOR. TELEVISION STUDIO.

Chaos. Except for newscaster (a WALTER CRONKITE), who sits behind his desk waiting to 'go on,' a dazed grin on his face. CRONKITE is gray and ten years older.

(Ad-libbed CONFUSION)

"The enemy remains in control," intoned the dazed announcer.

Suddenly someone snaps a finger and points at him. Silence from the others, HE's 'on the air.'

CRONKITE

Good evening. September 13, 1977, and chaos reigns supreme. Catastrophes have occurred throughout our country. And the enemy remains in control. About the only thing left that could still occur and yet make the situation worse than it is is annihilation. For since the take-over early this morning, no slaughter has occurred. The enemy has been merciful. And tonight the question on everyone's lips is: Why?



A naked arm scooped the President off the ground.

Pause. And then HE's handed a note. HE tears it open.

CRONKITE

Ladies and gentlemen. What we've all been waiting for. A note of hope . . . the President of the United States. And the First Lady. Have just been spotted entering Central Park. . . .



The Indian threw the President across his pinto and galloped through Central Park.

BEAT.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR. CENTRAL PARK. DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT OF PRESIDENT WITH FIRST LADY IN BACKGROUND.

PRESIDENT

(speaking to someone unseen)

I . . . am the President. This . . . is my wife. We have come . . . as instructed. Will you take us to your. . . .

HE looks back at the FIRST LADY.

PRESIDENT

(sotto voce)

It's gonna sound ridiculous.

(continued on page 276)



24 Bucks! The chief delivered the old gag straight. "Here's twenty-four dollars. We want Manhattan back."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HY ROTH

JUAN FELDMAN By JACK RICHARDSON

FADE IN:

EXTERIOR. AERIAL VIEW OF NEW YORK. DAY.

The camera, to the music of a choral arrangement of 'Old New York,' begins with an aerial shot and then moves through a series of vignettes of New York slum life—the worst possible. Finally, it focuses and moves in on a single tenement window.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. TENEMENT BEDROOM. DAY.

The camera roams and we see about a dozen sleeping forms— young, different shapes, sizes and colors—scattered through the room. Rats scamper over the dozing children until an alarm goes off. The rats, on cue, dash back to their holes. 'Old New York' comes to an end and MRS. FELDMAN, a large, attractive Negress, enters.

MRS. FELDMAN

(she speaks with a Yiddish accent)

So what are we all doing still in bed? There's sunshine coming up outside, the day is commencing.

FIRST FELDMAN CHILD

(a little blonde girl with English accent)

Mummy, I didn't have a dream last night.

MRS. FELDMAN

(indicating a swarthy sibling)

So you have to have a dream every night? Sammy will share his with you. He always dreams, don't you, Sammy?

SAMMY FELDMAN

Gosh, Mom, the dream I had was pretty raunchy. I don't know if I should tell Sis.

MRS. FELDMAN looks up in despair as several babies in the room start to cry. The camera then moves in on JUAN FELDMAN, asleep in underwear, hat and dark glasses. He is a typical New York, young, delinquent hippie. He's a little of everything. He stirs, sits up and looks about.

(continued on page 310)

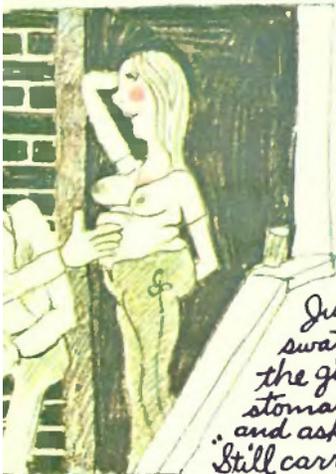
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOMI UNGERER



*He tossed the crying baby out the window. "He was ugly anyway," Juan Feldman blithely explained.*



*Rats scampered through the Feldman apartment.*



*Juan swatted the girl's stomach, and asked, "Still carrying that around?"*



*Some fairy godmother! She was going to give her canary a fix before Juan.*



## LOVE AND HATE IN RENT-A-CAR LAND

*an "in-depth" probe of what goes on in the ad battle between hertz and avis suggests that freud's the one who's in the driver's seat*

*humor* **By HAROLD GREENWALD** IT HAS FINALLY HAPPENED: Corporations are developing conflicts, neuroses and psychoses. In plain language, they are beginning to freak out.

Really, it shouldn't have come as a great surprise. Corporations are regarded by the law, in its tattered majesty, as single individuals. Being individuals, they have personalities. Can there be any doubt that soft, cuddly Maidenform has a different personality from tough, rugged United States Steel or IBM, the corporation that Thinks?

Having personalities and being exposed to the problems of daily living, corporations are developing neurotic relationships. The time has come to look frankly and fearlessly at a relationship between two corporations that is so strange and twisted that it could have been invented by Edward Albee or Tennessee Williams. It is amazing that so many family magazines have opened their virginal white pages to chronicling this perverse relationship.

By now, I am sure the alert reader has guessed that I am referring to the fantastic love-hate

relationship that Avis and Hertz have unblushingly displayed to the world. Fortunately, we have a scientific tool at our disposal—psychoanalysis—that is designed to find out what is hidden in the depths of the unconscious. The question then arises—do corporations have an unconscious? For the sake of our two protagonists, I hope they do—otherwise, they and all the publications in which they have so boldly displayed their perverse fixations may soon have to face the postal authorities, who have been armed by recent Supreme Court decisions designed to halt the publication of obscene material.

However, let us withhold any moral condemnation of this unfortunate pair caught in the grip of an illicit passion; let us, rather, try to understand them by carefully examining their own words in the series of ads they have aimed at each other over the past several years. It could be argued, of course, that the words were written by anonymous copywriters in Madison Avenue think tanks and, therefore, do not reflect the psyches of our corporate patients; but this argument is childishly easy to unmask. The corporations chose the advertising agencies, they certainly conferred about the ads and they paid for them. They have both proclaimed loud and long that each is telling the truth about itself.

Let us start by examining Avis, which for so long bewailed the fact that it was "No. 2." The choice of this epithet reveals two things: first, what Adler would label "a severe inferiority complex" and, second, a profound anal fixation. (To many children, No. 2 means moving the bowels.) As a typical sufferer from an anal fixation, poor Avis is preoccupied with a fanatic devotion to "clean ashtrays" and "wipers that wiped." Not only does Avis complain about being second but it even proves Adler's theory that the inferiority complex often spurs one on to greater efforts by shouting from ads and employees' buttons, WE TRY HARDER.

Why is Avis tortured by its inferiority feelings? An inspection of another ad makes one reason clear. "Little fish have to keep moving all of the time. The big ones never stop picking on them. . . . We'd be swallowed up if we didn't try harder." There is more than a hint of paranoia in its convictions that it is being picked on and may momentarily be swallowed up. It is this fear of annihilation that supplies the anxiety that underlies Avis' inferiority feelings.

Plagued with anxiety and inferiority, how does Avis respond? Does it take arms against its enemies? Never. That is not the way for a person obviously afflicted with a passive feminine identification. It resorts to masochism. It begs and pleads to be attacked in the ad in which it encourages its clients to tear up their credit cards if it goofs.

And what is the Avis response to this

anticipated attack? "We won't take it lying down," it asserts. Aha—finally, a note of defiance. But, of course, the defiance is short-lived. The next sentence undoes the momentary assertion and quickly returns to the masochist position: "We'll bend over backward to get you back." With a feminine identification and an anal fixation, we begin to understand what Avis is up to. Bend over backward, indeed. For what purpose, Avis? In the last sentence, Avis underlines its masochistic offer: "Sure, we'll cry a little." What kind of sentiment is that for a corporation?

Avis is by now in such a masochistic orgy that it cannot stop. In another ad, it proclaims: "And when someone calls us by the wrong name, we turn the other cheek." Now, instead of bending over backward, the offering is the other cheek—or did they mean to say cheeks?

Being a masochist is not easy for anybody and it is probably even harder for a corporation. As any good masochist can tell you, it requires single-minded devotion to suffering and any possibility of pleasure must be strictly repressed. It requires the ability to snatch disaster out of success and defeat out of victory.

In another ad, Avis demonstrated its virtuosity in the art of suffering. Having made an offer to give a quarter to any customer who didn't find his Avis Plymouth in better shape than his own car, our corporate patient had to shell out 184 quarters. Considering that this represents only 1 out of 3700 rentals, it is an impressive record. Does Avis celebrate this triumph? Emphatically not—Avis' determination to suffer is not so easily shaken. Here is the response: "And when we think of all the customers who didn't bother to complain, we really worry." What really bothers Avis is that its customers do not help it suffer.

In any neurotic, we must expect the symptom to appear again and again. In a weak moment, Avis grudgingly admits its success: "Trying harder is starting to pay off." But immediately Avis is back with its familiar whine: "We're worried about the future. It's almost a fact of life that the bigger a company becomes, the more inefficient and impersonal it gets." Trust Avis to find the fly in the ointment and to concentrate on it. Rarely has the fear of success—which is the masochist's and the depressive's hallmark—been so openly expressed.

Showing its collection of buttons in various languages, it starts to worry that this will make it more difficult to evoke sympathy. Now the problem is closer to the surface; again, Avis rushes in to express its fear: "This ad might just ruin our image as the underdog in rent a cars." A little later, it repeats its disclaimer of success: "No. 2 is still what we are." Still fearful that someone might think that it is pleasurable to be represented in 38 countries, our good old

sufferer stresses its difficulties: "We must say we had some trouble translating our Avis button." Never for one moment are you supposed to forget its problems.

Of course, one of the purposes of constantly expressing your misery is to extract sympathy. However, this is an embarrassing admission to make and Avis rushes in with a pseudo disclaimer: "Avis is only No. 2. But we don't want your sympathy." With the characteristic skill of the chronic sufferer, Avis makes even this a subject of suffering: "Have we been crying too much?" it asks us piteously. "Have we overplayed the underdog?" it implores. Now we are asked to feel sorry for its compulsive need to arouse our sympathy.

But, lo, a problem arises. The sympathy is beginning to pay off. (An 11-year-old boy sent 35 cents.) Maybe you are renting Avis cars because you feel sorry. This will never do, because this would mean success and an end to suffering.

Avis has to search for a way to discard the possibility of success; a new tack is in order. "Maybe we ought to eliminate the negative and accentuate the positive," it suggests timidly. Please note that the new tack is taken only when the old one seems doomed to succeed.

It should again be noted that by identifying itself as a second, Avis also assumed an essentially feminine position and boasted about such essentially female preoccupations as supplying clean ashtrays. Avis now makes an attempt to undergo an apparent personality transformation. Without the assistance of a skilled therapist, this transformation is more apparent than real.

To comprehend why this transformation is only skin-deep, you have to understand a common psychological phenomenon known in the couch trade as "reaction formation." A reaction formation occurs when the individual becomes aware of a personality defect and overreacts against it. For example, a frightened lad, whose sister has to save him from being beaten up by the tough boys on the block, becomes a world boxing champion. However, a reaction formation rarely solves the underlying problem and we may expect to find evidence of the unconscious conflict breaking through the carefully erected psychic defense.

Now back to our patient. In the December 10, 1966, issue of *The New Yorker* (among other places), Avis assumes a tough, belligerent, masculine pose by headlining its full-page ad, "IF SHE DOESN'T FILL OUT THAT RENTAL FORM IN 2 MINUTES FLAT, STRIP HER OF HER AVIS BUTTON." Notice that this advertisement is meant to stimulate rape fantasy. Psychoanalysts have long known, even if Avis doesn't, that rapists—

(continued on page 247)



*"You can run along to bed now, Lisa—Mommy will take care of Santa."*

# DEVELOPING PLAYMATE

*as a realtor's girl friday, miss december lynn winchell helps a lot in selling lots by the salton sea shore*



*Diminutive Lynn Winchell—bright-eyed, soft-spoken and knowledgeable—projects undiluted charm in her professional capacity as a sales-girl-secretary; in these unobstructed views of Lynn alone, however, she allows her natural resources to speak for themselves. During her off hours, Miss Winchell finds time to savor most of Southern California's favored pastimes—such as combing the beach (far right), with a double escort, in a dune buggy she helped construct.*

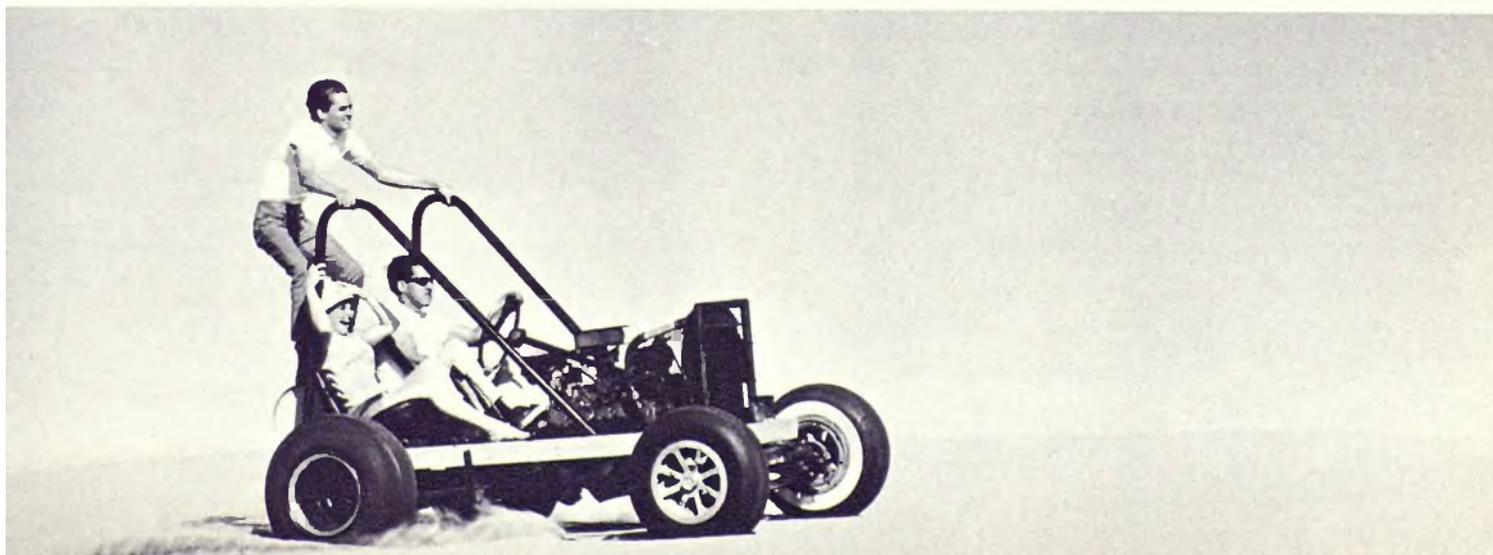




**A**MONG THE STATES, California ranks third in area, second in population—and it's still developing its physical and human resources. Looming large in the latter category is our Christmas Playmate, Lynn Winchell, a 20-year-old San Fernando Valleyite who calls Northridge her home. Lynn combines public-relations activity with salesmanship and secretarial work for the Noram Development Company, which is profitably engaged in creating a residential oasis on the shores of the Salton Sea. A three-hour drive through the desert from Sherman Oaks, where the company's main office is located, the Salton Sea is really a huge, saline lake—"You can't see across, let alone swim the distance, but there is another side." Miss Winchell, a finely developed five-footer, does paperwork during the week and on weekends shows prospective buyers their prospects, accompanying them on a day-long charter-bus tour that includes lunch at a yacht club overlooking the sea. "Sales are going smoothly," says Lynn, "but there's still land available."

Home base for the sizable Winchell family (Lynn has three sisters and a brother) is in Sepulveda; Lynn's father, an auto mechanic, works only a few blocks from the Noram office, and they frequently meet for lunch. Lynn naturally has a better-than-average understanding of how cars are put together, and her savvy stood her in good stead when she was bitten by California's rampant dune-buggy bug: "It's very kicky to be able to drive right over sand dunes, so it's easy to understand why so many people have flipped out over dune buggies. They're also easy to build, if you know what you're doing—you just take an old auto and replace the frame and wheels."

Perhaps because she comes from a largish family (though she says there's no intersibling rivalry), Lynn goes in for easygoing brands of entertainment, such as circulating through Northridge's sprawling shopping centers and bowladromes ("We don't have to mention my bowling scores, do we?"), partying with friends and occasionally driving into Hollywood for a show. She's also at home in the open air, whether speeding



Always alert to the possibilities for pleasure in the world around her, winsome Miss Winchell finds that after-work relaxation is never hard to come by; it may consist of wading with a pair of friends (Lynn is in the middle) into the Salton Sea—after a day of extolling its advantages—or scooping up and cuddling a kitten discovered outside her company's central office in Sherman Oaks.





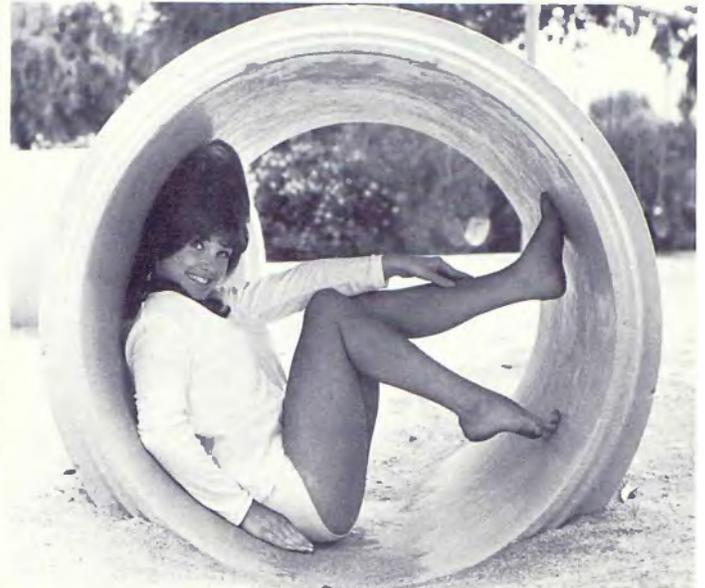
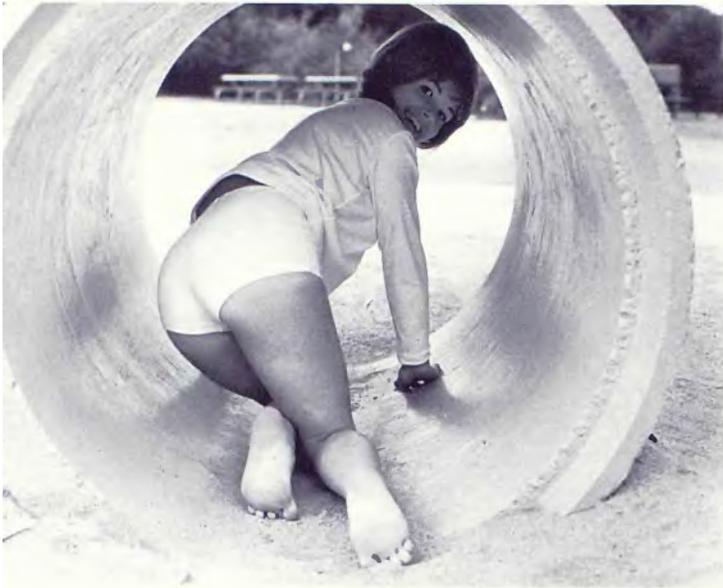
After arriving at the Salton Sea Development in her brother-in-law's Cessna (left), Lynn changes, then expounds on the virtues of the property (with the aid of maps) to an interested couple. "It's mainly the recreational assets, like the opportunities for boating, that I discuss with the people. We don't sell houses, just the land—so a client can build any kind of home he chooses," says Miss December—who learned to deal with the general public as a salesgirl in a Grenada Hills dress shop and as a receptionist for a Bel Air construction firm. Above: Lynn handles a phone call on behalf of her busy boss, Maurice Salomon—chief strategist for the development company.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS DECEMBER

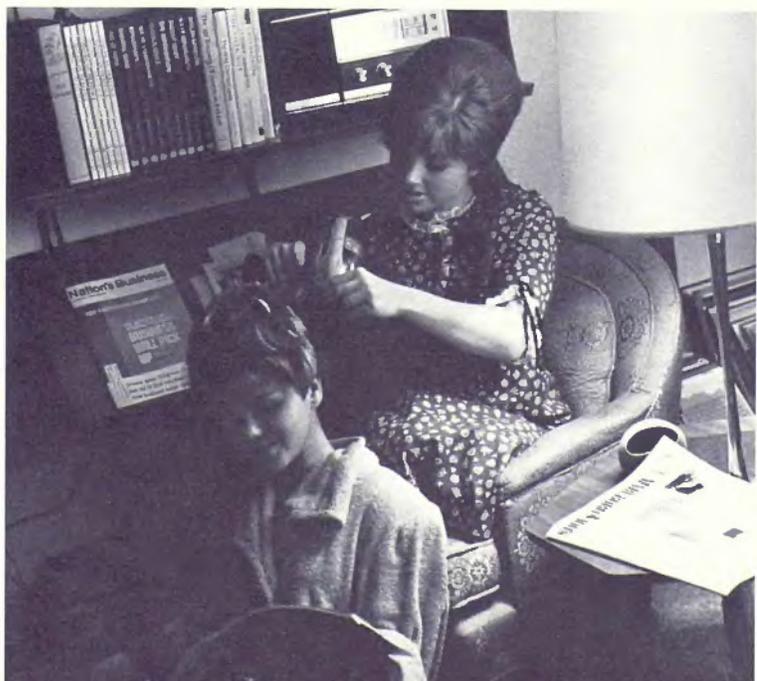


*On a weekend drive, Lynn pauses in Burbank and romps for a while in a public park (above). That evening, she is visited by sister Bobbie: "Of all the kids in the family, she's closest to me in both age and interests." Bobbie brings her young son's hamster with her and turns it over to Lynn, who amuses herself with it while her sister washes her hair; then Lynn plays hair stylist.*

along on water skis or leisurely driving out to explore California's snowcapped mountain ranges. At odd moments, though, Miss December finds herself yearning for a return trip to Hawaii, where she spent a soul-satisfying vacation two years ago. "The Hawaiians were unbelievably friendly—they weren't in a big hurry all the time, as Californians usually are. Every place we went, people waved to us—even though we were total strangers."

For the future, Lynn has several ambitions, one of which is rather lofty—to fly a plane. "My brother-in-law is a licensed pilot who works for an airport, and he takes me up sometimes. Thanks to him, I was able to photograph our land development from the air—just for fun. I'd like to have my own plane someday—but that's strictly blue-sky planning on my part." Lynn also has a more practical and career-centered wish: to return to school and study business management; and with expectations both aerial and earthbound, she's wisely banking her Playmate fee.

The manner in which Lynn became our Holiday Playmate lends some credence to the old saw about history repeating itself: like our reigning Playmate of the Year, Lisa Baker, Lynn was picked as a potential Playmate, at a wedding, by photographer Bill Figge. "I posed with the bride after the ceremony," Lynn recalls, "and later, Mr. Figge asked if I were a model—which, of course, I wasn't. Then he invited me to try it, at his studio—and when he said he was a PLAYBOY contributor, I thought he had to be kidding. In fact, being a Playmate still seems like a beautiful dream—and if it is, I'm not anxious to wake up." We're sure our readers will agree, however, that Lynn is a very real Playmate of the Month, indeed.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Worried about their lackluster sex life, the young wife finally persuaded her husband to undergo hypnotic treatment. After a few sessions, his sexual interest waxed anew; but during their lovemaking, he would occasionally dash out of the bedroom.

Overcome by curiosity, she followed him to the bathroom. Tiptoeing to the doorway, she saw him standing before the mirror, staring fixedly at himself and muttering, "She's not my wife . . . she's not my wife. . . ."



Then there was the Polynesian nymphomaniac who was always longing for Samoa.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *office Christmas party* as the best opportunity for a secretary to get a raise by lying down on the job.

The groom awoke the morning after his wedding to find his bride in tears. "Why are you crying?" he asked.

"Look," she sobbed, pointing to him. "We almost used it all up the first night!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Chinese voyeur* as a Peking Tom.

A hip chick we know gets her kicks by taking LSD with her birth-control pills. She wants to take a trip—but not to Dr. Spock.

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today," a wise man once said, "because if you enjoy it today, you can do it again tomorrow."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *low-class brothel* as a humpty-dump.

The successful financier was so wrapped up in his underwriting work that he had been neglecting his youthful and passionate wife. One day, he arrived home unexpectedly around dinnertime and found her in bed with a stranger.

"What the hell is going on here?" the financier demanded.

"I forgot to tell you, Arthur," said his wife calmly. "I've gone public."

"What would you like for Christmas?" the sophisticated parents asked their young son.

"I wanna watch," he answered, so they let him.

Doctor," explained the frustrated junior exec, "every night I have the same strange dream. Beautiful girls sneak into my apartment and try to seduce me."

"Well, what do you do?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing. I keep pushing them away."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Please, doc," pleaded the man, "break my arms."

After meeting at a *discothèque*, the young couple repaired to a local lovers' lane, where they proceeded to cement their new relationship. Having freed her of blouse and bra, he was helping remove the rest of her clothing when a police car drove by.

"Fuzz," he whispered excitedly.

"What did you expect," she replied, "a ponytail?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *inhibitions* as being tied up in knots.

A bachelor friend tells us the only thing better than the sleep of the just is the sleep of the just-after.

It was a wild office party and—in the darkened mail room—a pair of employees was making the most of it. "Oh, Mr. Baxter," the curvy secretary sighed. "You never made love to me like this before. Is it because of the holiday spirit?"

"No," her partner replied, "it's because I'm not Baxter."



As the two little girls walked hand in hand to kindergarten, one confided: "I found a contraceptive on the patio yesterday."

Asked her friend: "What's a patio?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pessimist* as a man who thinks all women are bad, and *optimist* as one who hopes they are.

Awakening the morning after the orgy, the god of war was stretching sleepily when he noticed a lovely valkyrie standing in the doorway.

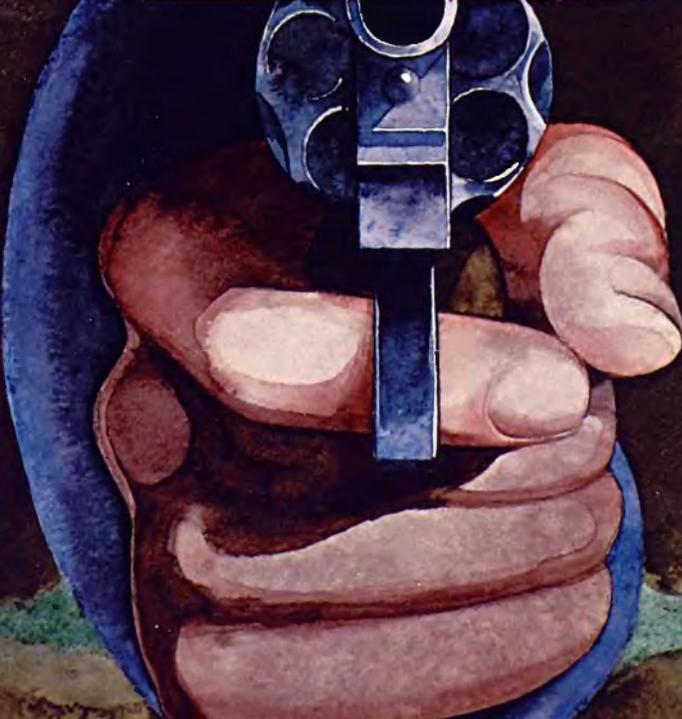
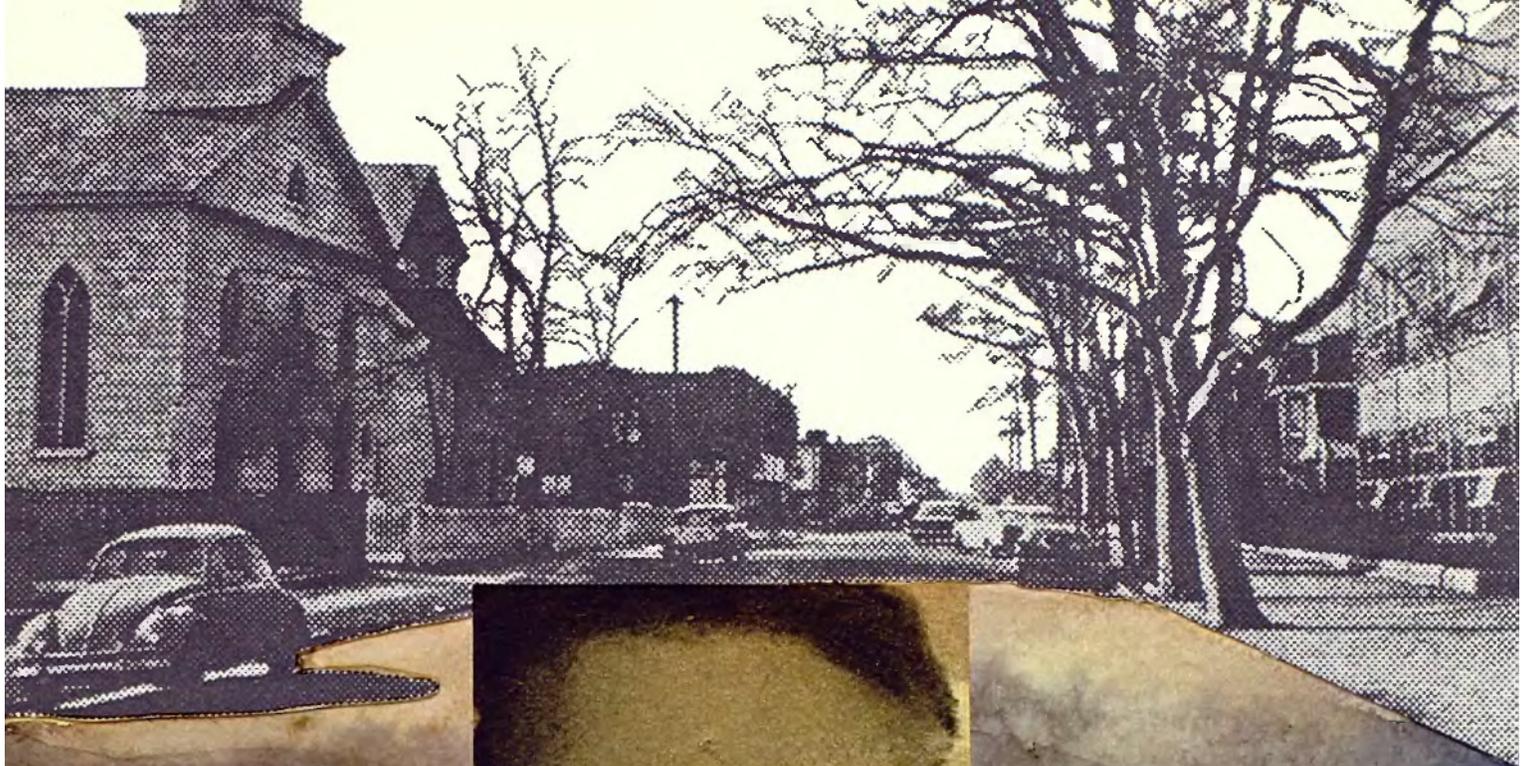
"Good morning," he said. "I'm Thor."

"You're thor?" she replied. "I'm tho thor I can hardly pith."

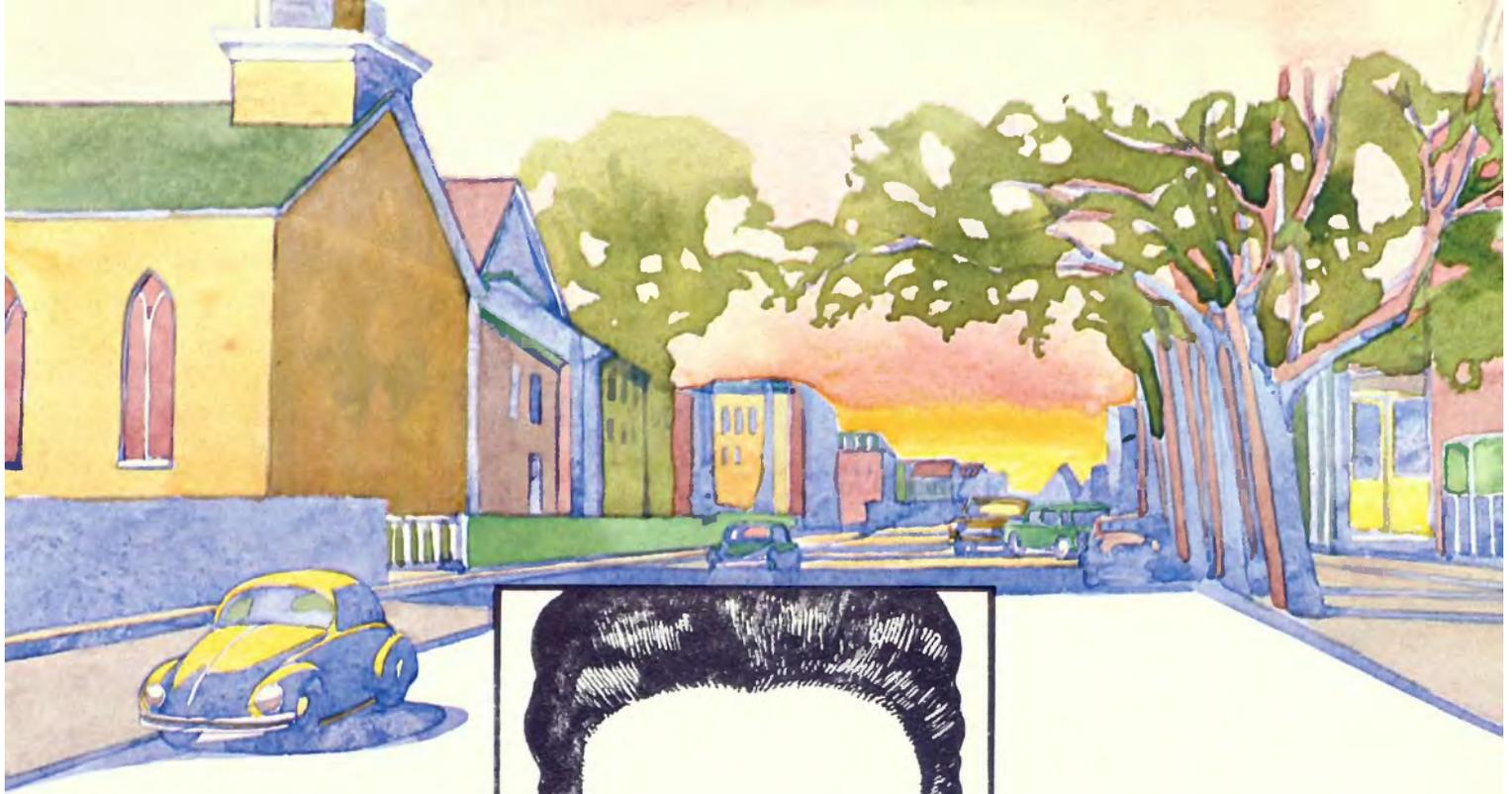
Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"He said the mistletoe was imported from France, so there was a slight difference in the tradition."*



James McMullan



## THE CRIMINAL MENTALITY

*our recent wave of spectacular and senseless mass murders underscores how little we know about the killer instinct in man*

**article By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN** SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES tonight, the chances are a young man is planning to kill several people. He would be in his early 20s, mild-mannered, polite and rather studious. He would likely be married but not satisfactorily. He might be attending college, though on a basis both accelerated and irregular. Once in recent years, he would have spent time in apparently aimless wandering; friends will recall later that, yes, now they remembered he once disappeared for a while. They will also remember that he was "the quiet type," didn't say much; and one, a neighbor who knew him when he was a child, will remember that he did odd things and that there was something vaguely "unhappy" or even "unhealthy" about his home life with his parents. But his mother will tell reporters he was a "perfect" son; his pastor will recall that he sang in the choir; and a grammar school teacher, that he was a "model student." A psychiatrist he visited voluntarily a few years ago will find in his records routine notes: "loveless childhood," "severe anxiety and tension," "low affect," "seems flat," "relates poorly to authority figures," "feels inadequate," "paranoid trends." The records (continued on page 249) 165

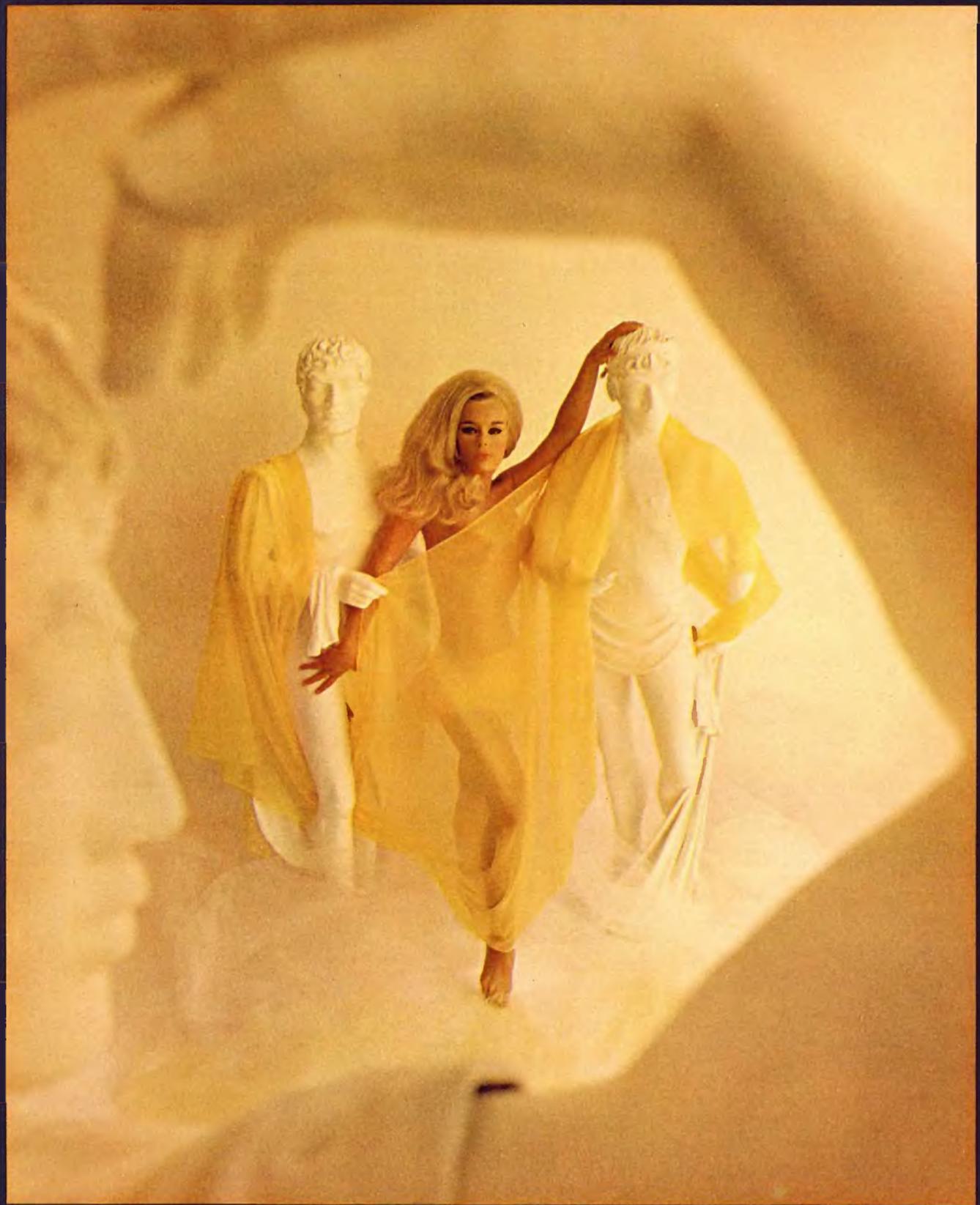
# THE WICKED DREAMS OF ELKE SOMMER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ

*inspired by the title  
of her new action comedy,  
elke sommer takes a tongue-in-cheek tilt  
at freud and the  
misinterpretation of dreams*

**T**he best thing about *The Wicked Dreams of Paula Schultz* is the presence of Elke Sommer in the title role. The weirdest thing about the flick—an upcoming comedy thriller about a *zaftig* East German track star who hops, skips and jumps her way to freedom over the Berlin Wall, not once but twice—is that it includes no dream sequences at all, despite its title. Never a magazine to avoid dispelling ambiguity where we find it, PLAYBOY decided to take a not-too-serious look at the inner reality of Paula Schultz while performing the pleasurable task of exploring the outer reality of Elke—dreamy territory, indeed, first brought to our readers' attention in *The Nudest Elke Sommer*, in September 1964. "During the two days of shooting that produced these photos," West Coast photographer Frank Bez told us, "Elke and I kept Paula's feisty character and hopes for freedom uppermost in our minds. We *did* make a real attempt to illustrate the dreams Paula would most likely have had. Since she is young, beautiful and trapped, the dominant themes in the shots are sex and freedom. On the other hand, neither Elke nor I had any pretensions about making profound Freudian analyses." In that spirit, we can only suggest a vigorous nod to the pleasure principle and a leisurely perusal of the next seven pages. Pleasant dreams.

*Elke's complex  
approach-avoidance posture  
toward the statues that surround her  
fails to hide the fact that she wants an Oscar  
as much as any other actress.*

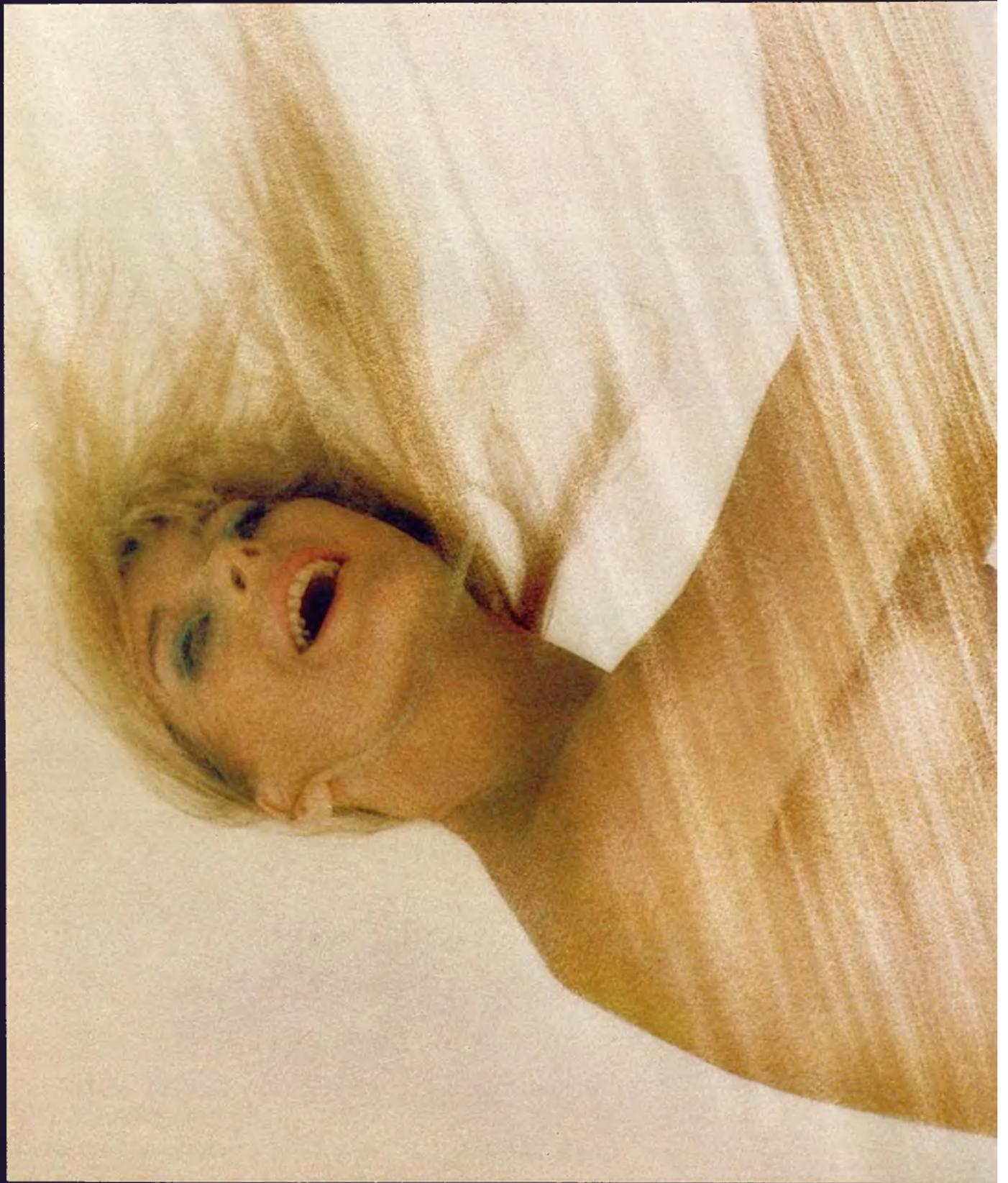


*In this parable  
on the powerful sexuality of trains,  
Elke's expression seems to declare,  
"Make sure the next  
choochoo you catch is Sanforized!"*

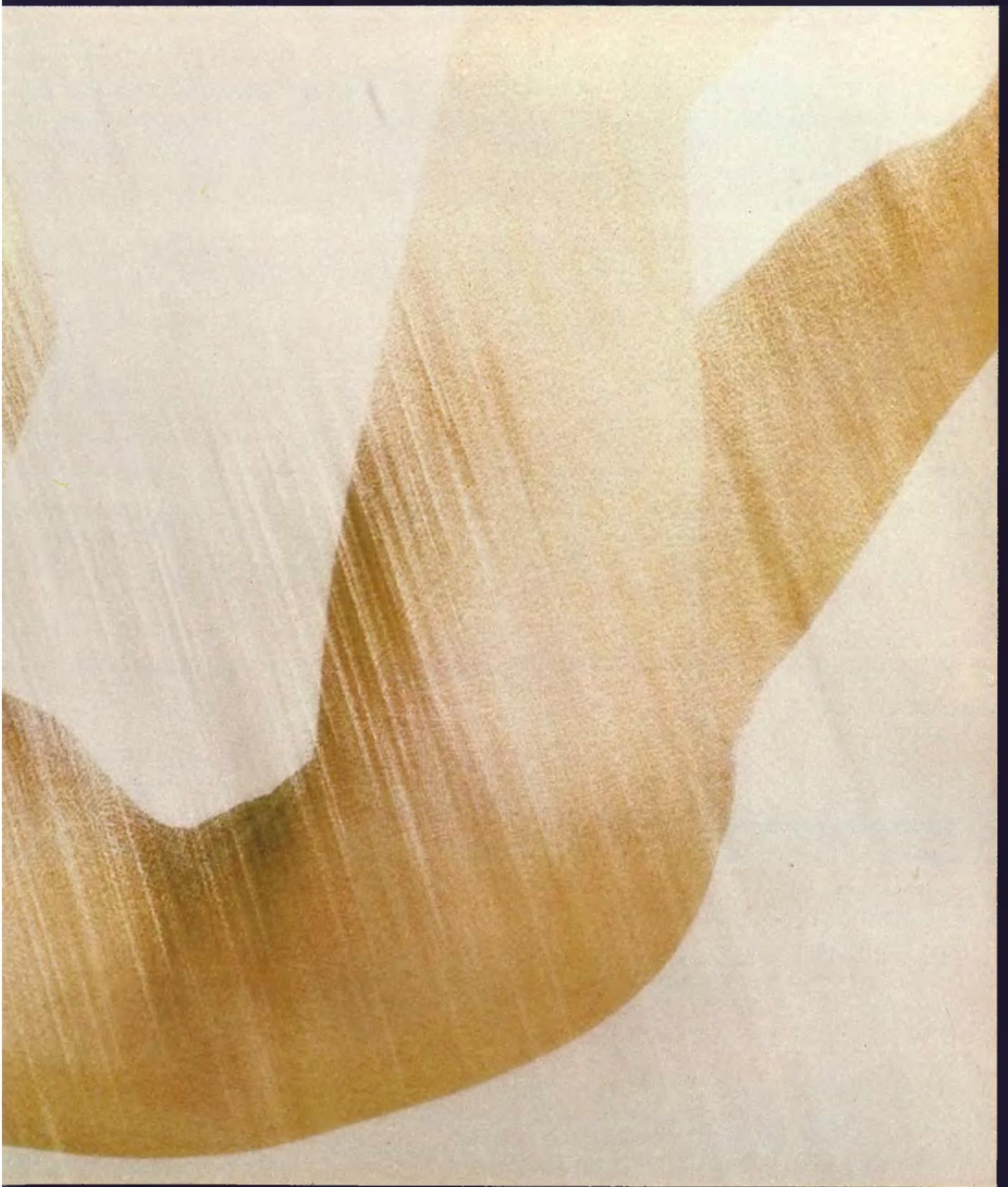


*The clichéd mythicosexual  
content of snake imagery aside,  
this dream simply proves the difficulty  
of fitting a well-rounded Elke  
into an unpadded corner.*

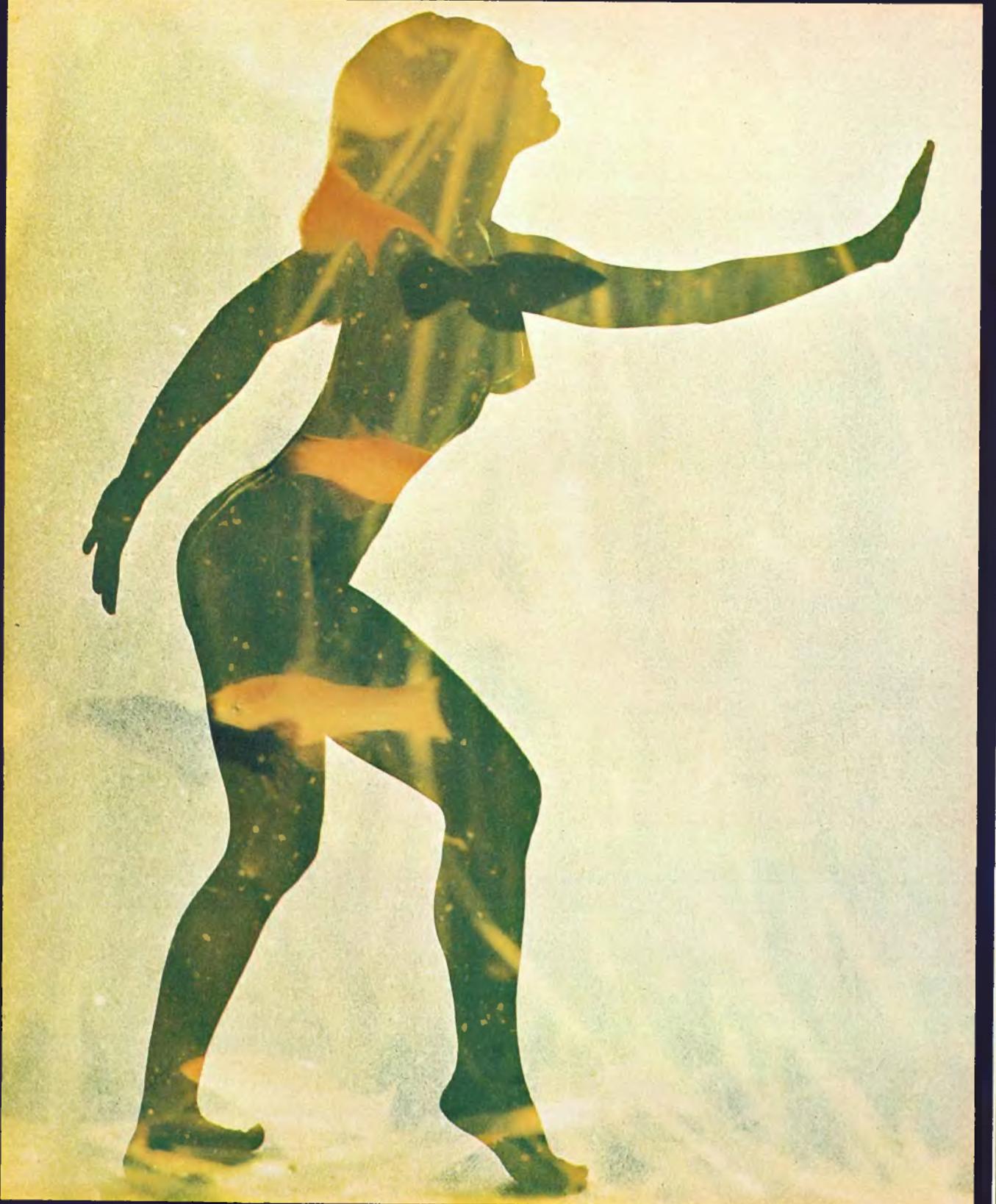




*Is Elke on a trampoline?  
Taking part in a test of weightlessness?  
Is she falling in love?  
Thrice wrong: She's simply expressing a triumph  
of the libido over the superego's repressions.*



*Water, darting fish  
and Elke's near-catatonic pose  
all symbolize her quest  
for libidinal release.  
Either that or she's drowning.*



*Guilt-edged bonds chain Elke to  
hell-fire and brimstone in this regression  
to the imagery of the evangelist;  
but she still manages  
a Jung-at-heart smile.*



# REINCARNATION

A YEAR OR TWO AGO, a London Sunday newspaper read mainly by English working people published a questionnaire in which the editor asked whether they believed (a) in heaven and hell, (b) in reincarnation or (c) did not know. To his surprise, the yes answers for reincarnation led handsomely over those for heaven and hell. Of these readers, except in agricultural areas, hardly one in 20 attended religious services, even irregularly; and if large numbers sent their children to Sunday school, this was mainly to get them clear of the house on an afternoon traditionally sacred to marital rites. The American attendance rate, on the contrary, has risen spectacularly in the past two generations and is now claimed to have reached more like 11 citizens in every 20. Reincarnation, in



fact, has not made much headway in the States, heaven and hell still being an unalterable dogma in church, chapel, synagogue and mosque—with, of course, such generous modifications as purgatory and limbo. American orthodoxy has been encouraged by a gentleman's agreement between business and religion; for most institutions and organizations hold that such beliefs produce a more reliable type of worker in all grades. A small minority of America's reincarnationists, mostly converted by theosophists trading as popular astrologers, were given a boost in 1956 by the publication of *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. This, you will perhaps remember, was the story of how "Ruth Simmons," a young Colorado housewife, gave a hypnotist named Morey Bernstein

*an eminent poet and scholar of mythology  
probes the ancient sources and  
subsequent manifestations of an age-old belief*  
article **By ROBERT GRAVES**



# REINCARNATION



many verifiable details of her previous incarnation as a Belfast Irishwoman living about 150 years before.

A correspondent of *The Christian Century* commented at the time: "I met a man in a Des Moines beanery who had a copy of *The Search for Bridey Murphy* under his arm. I looked up from my plate of beans and asked how he liked the book. He answered, without much enthusiasm: 'All right.' When I asked him if he thought there was any truth in it, he said: 'Well, I don't know,' but added: 'I'd rather believe in it than nothing. Hell, I don't want just to die. I'd like to have a second chance.'

In that, I am sure he spoke for a lot of people and came close to the Christian Gospel and its teaching of eternal life. The interest in Bridey Murphy is an outward

*an eminent poet and scholar of mythology probes the ancient sources and subsequent manifestations of an age-old belief*  
article By **ROBERT GRAVES**



reach for a spiritual world of some sort."

And yet this correspondent greatly understated the case. Admittedly, reincarnation is not a familiar part of Hebrew belief in the hereafter: but a notable exception was made in the case of the prophet Elijah, who, according to *The Second Book of Kings*, had been carried off by a celestial chariot and who, according to *The Book of Malachi IV: 5*, would reappear on earth just before the coming of the Messiah. Hence Jesus, himself, quotes the *Malachi* text, in *Matthew XI: 10-11*, while identifying John the Baptist with Elijah. The crucial importance of this point has seldom been stressed. When Jesus was asked by the captain of the temple guard, shortly before the crucifixion (*Mark XI: 28*), "By (continued on page 233)



*"This year I've decided  
to give something that  
will eliminate all  
the tiresome shopping."*



Vargas

humor **By JEAN SHEPHERD**

"KONGRATULATIONS upon buying such a fine products! You have choosed wisely upon procuring our very fine patented (Pend.) devices. The guarante which accompanies herein is unquestionably good for one year or less. If fuse is not twisted? Note base of green color is not easily found to be crackable. To operate correctly merely plug into standard U. S. (A.C.) two pronged electrics (110 V.). Immediately your Deluxe Yuel A-Go-Go Tuneful Musical Revolving Puncture-Proof Table-Model Aluminum Xmas Tree should begins function. (Deluxe Model 2-A is capable of being folds. If excessive care is observed. This provide storage.)"

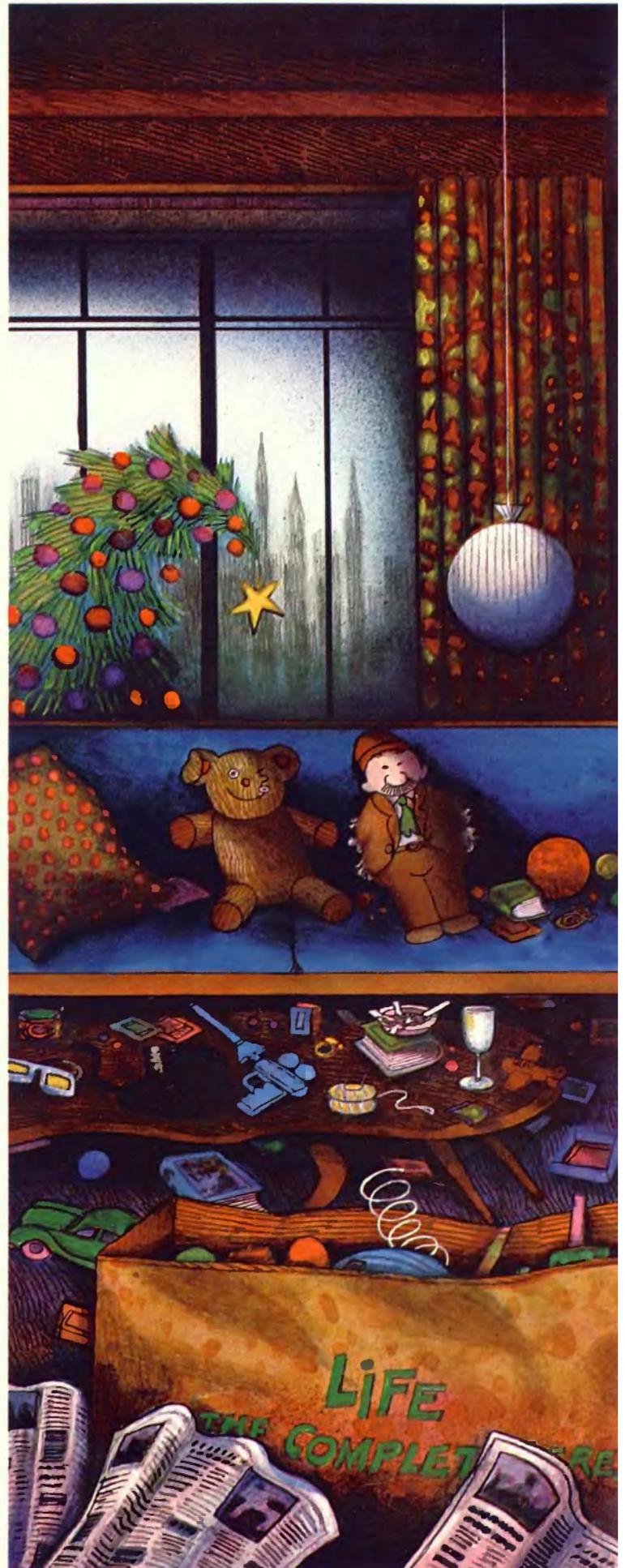
I reread the directions, which must contain somewhere a clue to the technical trouble I was experiencing with my sparkling little Japanese-made aluminum beauty, a triumph of modern science over the tuneless, nonreusable, old-fashioned Christmas tree of yesteryear. The only trouble was, the damn thing squatted there dark, mute and unrevolving in the middle of my winter-streaked picture window overlooking my beloved wasteland of Manhattan, even though I had taken every precaution to make sure it was plugged into the correct electrics. Maybe my Yule A-Go-Go is polarized, I thought, with my usual technical know-how, on which I pride myself as an ex-GI.

Dropping to my knees, I crawled laboriously behind my Danish Folding Swing-A-Ding Coucherama, inching forward toward the only electrical outlet that my entire high-rent, three-and-a-half-room apartment supported. I plunged my hand into the giant rat's nest of three-way, five-way, nine-way extensions and plugs, by dint of which I managed to squeeze out enough electricity from my one outlet to run my entire life. From somewhere in the distance, deep in some murky air shaft, came the faint strains of recorded Christmas music. I jiggled the plugs, reversed the green one from my Yule A-Go-Go and crabbed backward from behind the couch.

Nothing. Returning to the tree, I picked it up and examined it from all sides in the gray light that filtered in from what passes for a winter sun in the big city. There were no knobs, no switches, no unseemly mechanistic protuberances. Aha! Again my brilliant technical mind leaped in excitement as I spotted on the underside of the Christmas-green polyethylene base what appeared to be the head of an embedded fuse. Quickly I scanned again the thinner-than-tissue-paper sheet of instructions. A single phrase leaped out at me: "If fuse is not twisted?" Do they mean to *twist* the fuse or *not* to twist the fuse? Since my Yule

## the return of the smiling wimpy doll

*wherein popeye's pal gangs up with jack armstrong, buck rogers, doctor christian, tom mix, captain midnight, mickey mouse, harold teen, melvin purvis and grumpy the dwarf for a traumatic christmas visitation*





A-Go-Go wasn't yet playing carols and suffusing my apartment with a festive aura of soft Christmas lighting the way the ad said it would, I deduced that they must mean to *twist* the fuse.

Squinting closely at the base, I observed that the fuse was recessed well below the surface. It would require more than my fingernails to do the job. In a frenzy of creativity, I rushed out into my kitchen, where I kept my meager supply of tools, fished out my dime-store pliers and returned to the fray. As I grasped the base firmly in one hand, the pliers in the other chomped solidly onto the head of the fuse. I gave it a smooth and clean twist.

For a single instant I felt the Christmas tree stir under my grasp, its tiny red, yellow, blue and green lights flaring brightly. The high, thin notes of "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" bounced off the ceiling. Then a dull, roaring sensation boomed up my arm, crashed into my shoulder, down my spine, hovered for a moment in my pelvic region and then whinged out through my other arm. For a moment, I stood frozen; then I toppled through a cloud of billowing smoke—striking my head smartly against the arm of my burnt-orange Naugahyde Barcalounger—and lay for a full minute, during which I had the clear impression of being on a skiing trip in the Alps, which is rather odd, since I am resolutely anti skiing. Tentatively, my mind gradually groped back into focus and I knew the worst. I had just voided another guarantee.

I crawled to my feet, my silken dressing gown still smoldering slightly, and staggered over to the couch. I sat down heavily, flicking my wrists, attempting to restore some circulation. It was a little early in the morning for shock therapy, I reflected. Christmas decorations lay scattered about me. Absent-mindedly, I examined a plastic bag containing two sprigs of neoprene mistletoe. In red, Christmasy lettering, PLASTORISS splashed across the gay bagging. Well, at least you don't have to plug this stuff in, I mused.

Little did I realize that this fiasco was but a prelude to an electrifying pre-Christmas trauma that would set the tone for the entire yuletide fortnight. Wisps of blue-gray electrical smoke eddied about my bookshelves. The shock had given me a more than moderately nasty headache, which, piled on top of my usual Saturday-morning hangover, should have been enough hint of impending events. But we live from moment to moment, rarely perceiving the vaster plans that contrive to undo us.

The doorbell rang. My mind, slowed by its unexpected jolt of Con Ed juice, at first did not respond. It rang again. Finally, I heard a disembodied voice that I dimly recognized as mine call out:

"What do you want?"

From beyond the door, I heard the surly, guttural tones of the doorman: "A package."

A package? Instantly the cobwebs fled. There is nothing that brings the roses to the cheeks of a man quicker than to announce he is receiving a package. Leaping to my feet, I lurched forward, barking my shins against my free-form coffee table, and limped to the door, oblivious of the thin crimson trail of blood I left behind me.

LIFE—THE COMPLETE CEREAL. Sweat poured down my brow as I read the green block letters printed on the huge, lumpy, battered cardboard carton as I struggled to drag it over the sill of my apartment door. Slowly I inched the monster burden over my \$700-a-yard, mocha-shaded wall-to-wall carpeting and into the living room, my Sulka dressing gown sopping wet with honest perspiration. Even the monogram drooped.

Painfully, I toppled the hulking mass end upward, hearing from inside a muffled clinking and clattering, a tinkling, rolling, sifting, grating mélange of sound from within the battered carton. Even as I eased myself down into my magnificent alligatorskin Pakistani sling chair to rub my shattered shin, which was now beginning to throb, the box continued to emit muted noises, like sand filtering down through a mess of broken Christmas-tree ornaments. From deep inside came the low whir of a spring suddenly uncoiling. It stopped, ticked twice and was silent. Somehow, that spring and the sound it made were vaguely familiar. Then began a faint, derisive quacking, as of some demented duck calling to its lascivious mate. Instinctively, I struck out at the carton with my clenched fist. The duck quacked once again and the giant carton lapsed into an ominous silence. Only the sound of distant sirens, keeping the citizenry at bay, drifted in from the outside world.

I knew that damn duck! Which is not an easy fact to accept before lunch. Awkwardly, I struggled out of my chair and stood looking down at my prize. For the first time, I noticed that there was an envelope taped to the top. It was addressed to me, hand-written in a familiar script:

Merry Christmas. I was cleaning out the basement the other day and I came across all kinds of junk you had when you were little. I figured rather than throw it out, I'd send it on to you. A lot of it is still good and you might want to play with it, especially the Kangaroo Spring-Shus that Aunt Min gave you for Christmas.

Love,  
Mom

With an involuntary groan, I plumped down on my rickety camel-saddle seat

and read the letter again, finally letting it fall to the floor between my feet. Seven tons of kid effluvia! What a master stroke of sadistic Christmas gift giving! Already my apartment was loaded to the gunnels with *grown-up* mementos—my complete library of first-edition *Peanuts* paperbacks, my matched set of souvenir pillows from 37 Army camps west of the Mississippi, my matchless, nationally known collection of rare swizzle sticks, all personally earned. My life was already overflowing. And now this! I thought briefly of throwing the whole mess down the air shaft.

Then, from deep inside the box came another sound, a faint honking, as of some ancient flivver caught in a long-forgotten traffic jam. It stopped. Maybe it was the duck, maybe the horn, maybe Christmas itself; but I found myself rising slowly from the camel seat, picking up my pair of shears and standing over the vast carton. From some remote apartment came the unmistakable beat of that new smash Christmas hit *The King Wenceslaus Rock* by the Bullwhip Four. Taking a deep breath, I plunged the shears into the top of the box. There was no turning back. As I sawed away, I began to be conscious of a rising twinge of apprehension. What was in this box? After all, as a kid, I had had a lot of things in my possession at one time or another that I would not want my mother to know about. Furthermore, it came as a somewhat nasty shock that this stuff was still in existence.

Finally, the shears chewed through the last strand of baling wire and the top of the battered receptacle stood ready for the final assault. Unflinching, I grasped the flaps and ripped. Instantly, an odd, indefinable odor rose from the muddled moil: musty, basementy, a slight touch of rust. I think I detected even a bit of residual ancient sweat mixed with other scents so subtle and ephemeral as to be unclassifiable.

Inside the cover, my mother had crumpled large sections of the editorial page and want-ad columns from an old copy of the *Chicago Tribune* that she had picked up, probably, from a pile of old newspapers in the basement. One faded headline read: "B-24 SQUADRON HITS SICILY IN DAYLIGHT RAID; REPORT SUCCESS; THREE PLANES LOST." The crumpled panels of a comic strip caught my eye. I smoothed it out and once again was face to face with Harold Teen. He was trying to get Lillums, his little lettuce leaf, to go to Pop Jenks' Sugar Bowl with him. Then Beezie Jenks said something that will be forever lost, since that part of the strip was ripped away. I noticed that Terry had not made second lieutenant yet but was still a struggling air cadet. Ruthlessly, I crumpled the papers, tossed them aside and peered down

(continued on page 222)



SOKOL

*"Ahem, I have a nurse present to help you feel more at ease, Miss Travis."*

I WAS ON MY WAY to Montreal to deliver a lecture. It was midwinter and I had been warned that the temperature there was ten degrees lower than it was in New York. Newspapers reported that trains had been stalled in the snow and that fishing villages were cut off from civilization, so that food and medical supplies had to be dropped to them by plane.

I prepared for the journey as though it were an expedition to the North Pole. I put on a heavy coat over two sweaters and packed some warm underwear and a bottle of cognac in case the train should halt somewhere in the fields. In my breast pocket I had the manuscript that I intended to read. It was an optimistic report on the future of the Yiddish language.

In the beginning, everything went smoothly. As usual, I arrived at the station an hour before train departure and therefore could find no porter. The station teemed with travelers and I watched them, trying to guess who they were, where they were going and why.

None of the men was dressed as heavily as I. Some even wore spring coats. The ladies looked bright and elegant in their minks and beavers, their nylon stockings and stylish hats. They carried colorful bags and illustrated magazines, smoked cigarettes and chattered and laughed with a carefree air that has never ceased to amaze me. It was as though they knew nothing of the existence of world problems or eternal questions, as though they had never heard of death, sickness, war, poverty, betrayal, or even of such troubles as missing a train, losing a ticket or being robbed. They flirted like young girls, exhibiting their blood-red nails. The station was chilly that morning, but no one except myself seemed to feel it. I wondered: Did those people know that there had been a Hitler? Had they heard of Stalin's murder machine? They probably had, but what does one body care when another is tortured?

I was itchy from the woolen underwear. Now I began to feel hot. But from time to time, a shiver ran through my body. The lecture, in which I predicted a brilliant future for Yiddish, troubled me. What had made me so optimistic all of a sudden? Wasn't Yiddish going under before my very eyes?

The prompt arrival of American trains and the ease in boarding them have always seemed like miracles to me. I remember journeys in Poland when Jewish passengers were not allowed into the cars and I had to hang onto the handrails. I remember railway strikes when trains were halted midway for many hours and it was impossible in the dense crowd to push through to the washroom.

But here I was, sitting on a soft seat, right by the window. The car was heated. There were no

bundles, no high fur hats, no sheepskin coats, no boxes and no gendarmes. Nobody was eating bread and lard. Nobody drank vodka from a bottle. Nobody was berating Jews for state treason. In fact, nobody discussed politics at all. As soon as the train started, a huge Negro in a white apron came in and announced lunch. The train was not rattling, it glided smoothly on its rails along the frozen Hudson. Outside, the landscape gleamed with snow and light. Birds that remained here for the winter flew busily over the icy river.

The farther we went, the wintrier the landscape. The weather seemed to change every few miles. Now we went through dense fog, and now the air cleared and the sun was shining again over silvery distances.

A heavy snowfall began. It suddenly turned dark. The day was flickering out. The express no longer flew but crept slowly and cautiously, as though feeling its way. The heating system in the train seemed to have broken down. It became chilly and I had to put on my coat. The other passengers pretended for a while that they did not notice anything, as though reluctant to admit too quickly that they were cold. But soon they began to tap their feet, grumble, grin sheepishly and rummage in their valises for sweaters, scarves, boots or whatever else they had brought along. Collars were turned up, hands stuffed into sleeves. The make-up on women's faces dried up and began to peel like plaster.

The American dream gradually dissolves and harsh Polish reality returns. Someone is drinking whiskey from a bottle. Someone is eating bread and sausage to warm his stomach. There is also a rush to the toilets. It is difficult to understand how it happened, but the floor of the car becomes wet and muddy. The windowpanes become crusted with ice and bloom with frost patterns.

Suddenly the train stops. I look out and see a sparse wood. The trees are thin and bent, and though they are covered with snow, they look bare and charred, as after a fire. The sun has already set, but purple stains still glow in the west. The snow on the ground is no longer white, but violet. Crows walk on it, flap their wings, and I can hear their cawing. The snow falls in gray, heavy lumps, as though the guardians of the Treasures of Snow up above had been too lazy to flake it more finely. Passengers walk from car to car, leaving the doors open. Conductors and other train employees run past; when they are asked questions, they do not stop but mumble something rudely.

We are not far from the Canadian border, and Uncle Sam's domain is virtually at an end. Some passengers begin to take down their luggage; they may have to show it soon to the Customs officials. A naturalized American (continued on page 294)

## THE LECTURE

*he had planned  
so carefully  
for the journey,  
but nothing could  
have prepared him  
for what he  
would find waiting  
for him  
at its end*

*fiction*

By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER





# THE BOPPER BRIGADE

eight freshman commandos from the underbelly of the hippie horde who are destined to rise in the ranks

satire By JACK NEWFIELD and HOWARD SMITH



**THE COOL TYCOON:** A \$250,000 underground epic film is about to be shot in Greenwich Village. Hundreds of klieg lights attached to the great arch cast eerie shadows in the fountain. Microphones hang from the trees. Electrical cables leading from huge generators crisscross the pavement. Over 200 paid extras, dressed in authentic Visigothic armor, fill the benches. One hundred union technicians respond to commands shouted by Andy Anger, the 16-year-old director, through his megaphone. He is standing atop an enormous crane that is dollying into position. Attached to the top of the crane is a tiny, battered pre-War 8mm movie camera.

"Quiet on the set—we're about to shoot," orders the director.

The scene starts. The superstar of the underground, Baby Jane Sedgwick, dressed in a Red Guard cap and jacket, is being chased by a menacing, misshapen pygmy wearing a rubber L. B. J. mask. He catches her under the arch, tears off all her clothes and has her for a full five minutes right before the camera, which is pointed directly at her left big toe.

"Cut!"

The director slides down the 100-foot crane to where Jerry Malingerer, his boy Friday, has his silver-lamé director's chair. The word *GURU* is embroidered on the back.

The film's middle-aged financial backer diffidently approaches the director. "I don't want to interrupt the flow of your creative juices, Andy, baby, but how come you're using all this expensive Hollywood equipment, but only that tiny little camera?"

"It is only through the enigmatic four-dollar narrow-gauge camera that one can approach the Jerry Lewis tragicomic symbolic glaucoma."

"How come there is no lens in the camera?"

"I don't ever want the intrusive lentic quality to stultify the natural existential spontaneity of the filmic medium."

The backer, with mounting trepidation, asks, "But can you see anything when you project it on the screen?"

"Screen? We don't use such a symbol of Hollywood's vulgar commercialism as a screen. We use a psychedelic silk shower curtain. What you see on the curtain doesn't count. What's important is its benevolent, transcendental, stroboscopic light—the raw power of heavenly zap!"

"Tell me this—what's happened with some of the movies you've made?"

"Well, out of the ten I've made, the last three have won the Lavender Fig Newton—highest prize in the pop pantheon. One had an all-transvestite cast. It was about Cinderella. She was played by a drag queen who turned out to be a dyke. Another prize winner was a very poignant film of Madame Nhu scratching her fingernails on a blackboard for eight hours. And my most recent spectacular, which will have its gala premiere next week, is a sixteen-hour split-screen silent musical comedy based on the Candy Mossler murder trial."

"Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Do you dare question me—a filmic disciple of Syngman Rhee, Ezra Pound and Charles (Sonny) Liston?"

"I didn't know those guys made films."

"They don't. It's the kind of movie they'd make if they *did* make one that influenced me."

"I'm still not convinced you know what you're doing. I'd like to reconsider my investment. Send all this equipment back, give me all the film you've shot so far and—"

"Film?"



**THE ULTIMATE SURFER:** The blond-on-bronze buoyant barefoot teenager with chromed surfboard balanced on his head is silhouetted against a forest of oil wells outside Tulsa, Oklahoma. He is wearing pollution-green-flowered bell-bottom jams and has a gold chain around his neck holding a medallion that proclaims A BEAUTIFUL PERSON FOR PRESIDENT IN '68. He has gills and prehensile toes. His surfboard cost \$17,000 (wholesale). It contains: stereo phonograph with earphones; spigots that dispense Coke, Pepsi, root beer, wax and suntan lotion; sunstroke pills; a rack with eight pairs of different-intensity sunglasses; and plastic water wings. His name is Neptune Zimmerman and he is the world's only Jewish surfer.

A county sheriff's car pulls up and an astonished officer gets out. He assumes that anyone dressed so weirdly on Highway 66 must be either a lost Cuban frogman or a nudist civil rights marcher. Neptune puts down his board, being careful not to block the sun's rays, and greets the sheriff with a friendly "Aloha."

"Hey, *nudenik*," the sheriff says. "Where the hell do you think you're going without any clothes on?"

Fondling his \$17,000 board, Zimmerman explains, "I'm surfing my way around the world. I started at Guam and

rode a tidal wave to Malibu. I rode Old Faithful in Yellowstone Park. Now I'm here waiting to ride a big black one."

The sheriff answered, "Ride a big black what?"

"A gusher, man. A gusher."

"I thought you guys skied in the ocean."

"Oceans are for gremmies. I'm over-stoked on curl soup cutout skeg first take-off Banzai Pipeline south swell cross chop mushy. After I catch my gusher, I'm headed East to do some steep body surfing at the Big Niagara. Then it's all outward bound for the great lava flow at Mauna Loa. Gonna be the first mortal to ride from the beach into the water."

"What have you been smoking?"

"Us surf people never smoke. By the way, do you know if there are any sharks in a gusher?" Neptune turns and from a secret compartment in the board, removes a tube of zinc-oxide ointment and spreads it on his nose, the top of his ears, his gills, his lips, his knuckles, his tongue, and then covers the rest of himself and the board with Coppertone.

The sheriff, sure that Neptune has just performed an indecent sex act, starts to place him under arrest. Before he can get the handcuffs on, the earth suddenly begins to tremble and shake and a nearby oil well begins to spout and gush. Neptune grabs his board and, in a full run, yells, "Surf's up!"

When last seen, Neptune Zimmerman was hanging ten on the big black one heading toward Phoenix. The next morning, Tulsa was swamped with 1800 surfers, all squatting by Highway 66, waiting for the ninth gusher.



**THE CAREER PICKETEER:** Pudgy, 13-year-old Terra Tactic stops alongside Highway 61 near Hibbing, Minnesota, to put Clearasil on her acne and be interviewed by the local press. She is in the middle of a solitary protest march to commemorate Mario Savio's 25th birthday.

She wears a Cuban army field jacket, burlap miniskirt, a Spanish loyalist's cap and white go-go boots marked HIS and HERS.

Terra's knapsack is ornamented with fill-in-the-blanks political buttons, whose first words are ABOLISH, DEFEND, HANDS OFF and KILL FOR. The knapsack contains no make-up or clothes. Instead, it is choked with a medium-sized mimeograph machine, 12 reams of paper, a postage meter and a valid American Express credit card stolen from her father's corporation. There is also the following reading material: *The Prophet*, *Human Sexual Response*, *MacBird*, Kropotkin's pamphlet on Lenin's position on women and the last four issues of *Spiderman*.

In response to a reporter's question, Terra chronicles her career, beginning with her birth on a picket line in front of Sing Sing in 1953, the day the Rosenbergs were executed. At age eight, she was in the first freedom ride to Jackson, Mississippi. In 1962, she led the two-month fast in the Hollywood Bowl to protest Nixon's campaign for governor of California. In 1963, she was expelled from Miss Porter's finishing school after an LSD trip-in. In 1964, she led a glut-in in front of the World Health Organization in Geneva to protest the Nile pollution that was killing off crocodiles at an alarming rate. It was during this glut-in that she gained 40 pounds and developed a severe case of acne.

She spent most of 1965 receiving intensive psychotherapy in the \$85-a-day Riggs Institute for the Living. Her parents committed her after an arrest for attempting self-immolation by drenching herself with Coca-Cola and singing "Things burn better with Coke" in front of the Billy Graham pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

She was released after leading a schizophrenics' sing-in on Hiroshima Day. Shortly thereafter, the Ford Foundation awarded her a grant to study prepubescent alienation.

"How have your political beliefs evolved during your five years as a picketeer?" asked one of the reporters.

"Politics is a bunch of crap. A girl like me, fat and with acne, has to do very weird things to be noticed by boys."

"You mean you go on marches for sex?"

"Partly. I figure, with all this walking in the sun, I'll lose weight and clear up my pimples and maybe I'll meet a man who wants me."

She hoists up her gear on hunched shoulders and starts plodding toward Walla Walla. Suddenly, a large black air-conditioned chauffeur-driven Lincoln Continental with a low-number New York license plate comes to a discreet

halt alongside her. Her balding father, fur-coated mother and bearded analyst leap out.

"All right, already," the mother moans. "Enough is enough. Your father's not a well man."

The weeping Terra is swept into the car, which silently tools east toward Great Neck.



**THE YOUNG LION:** "Let me at 'em!" screams Zealot Gunn as he crashes through the door of the Marine Corps recruiting station, waving his green beret. He stops at the entrance and salutes the flag, the sergeant and a recruiting poster. "I wanna join up with you leathernecks!"

The sergeant, thinking that at last he's found a boy who is eager to die for his country, leaps up, pumps the young man's hand and carefully looks him over.

Zealot's Eisenhower jacket is covered with Korean war medals and buttons urging the bombing of Hanoi, Havana, Greenwich Village and Berkeley.

"Why do you want to join up, son?" the sergeant asks.

Zealot rolls up his sleeves to reveal a tattoo of the flag-raising at Iwo Jima on one thickly muscled biceps and corporal stripes tattooed on the other. "We have to stop godless atheistic communism from subverting the free world, fluoridating our water and peddling smut. I dream of fighting in General Walker's brigade, singing *The Marine's Hymn* with Audie Murphy and John Wayne, digging those trenches with Alan Ladd and Dana Andrews, bayoneting with Ronald Reagan and John Hodiak and dying with Robert Mitchum and John Garfield, while planes zoom overhead and hundreds of buglers play taps.

"How old are you, boy?" the sergeant asks.

"Seventeen. I just graduated today 187

from Moral Rearmament Vocational High School."

"Good," the sergeant remarks. He then has Zealot fill out the forms and sends him in to undress for his physical.

A few minutes later, Zealot reappears wearing a white, hooded K. K. K. robe. "Why the hell are you wearing that sheet?" the bewildered sergeant asks.

"If them yellow gooks can fight in their pajamas, why can't I wear my bed sheets?"

Suddenly, Zealot spies something outside. He leaps up and races into the street, where he grabs a small Chinese man. He pummels him, knocks him down with a karate chop and shouts: "V.C.—V.C. I got one." Zealot then brutally tortures his terrified victim to find out where the local Viet Cong positions are located.

Satisfied, Zealot returns to the recruiting station humming *The Marine's Hymn* and again salutes the startled sergeant. "Mission accomplished, General."

"What'd you do that for?" the sergeant asks. "That's only Sun Yat Starch, the guy who owns the hand laundry next door, where I send my shirts."

"But, General—"

"I'm sorry, boy, we're going to have to classify you Section Eight."

Zealot exits, vowing to have Senator Dodd investigate the "liberal pinko homosexual dope-fiend Asiatic-dupe pacifist" take-over of the Marines.

Zealot then sprints to the nearest public telephone and dials the War Resistance League. "Staughton? It worked. I dodged the draft."



**THE LAST SOUL SINGER:** A fruit truck stops in front of the Brill Building, the mecca of pop music. Six-foot-four Blind Lemon Chitlin shambles off the crates in the back of the truck.

"Good luck, kid," the driver says as he hands him his battered, homemade 12-string guitar. "This is the big time."

Chitlin saunters toward the building

humming a tune his mother taught him, called *You've Been a Good Ol' Wagon, but You've Done Broke Down*. He asks a passer-by to lead him to the building directory, where he feels around the raised letters on the board. His finger tips catch the name of the Soul Grits Record Company Ltd.

Filled with blind hope, Blind Lemon confronts the chairman of the board of Soul Grits Ltd.—Irving Gritts.

Irving, an executive at 15, is vibrating gently behind a golden LP-shaped desk in his yeti-fur electrolounger, feet outstretched to exhibit his hand-tooled Day-Glo pink paisley vinyl elf boots. He sports a brocade vest (worn open to allow for the ruffles on the front of his shirt) and opalescent chartreuse bermudas with a platinum key chain fastened at the waist. His straight blond hair cascades to his shoulder blades, framing a sallow, microbiotic face.

He is doodling dollar signs as he talks on three Scandinavian pedestal phones at once to Erik Jacobsen, Tim Leary and his high school geometry teacher. He gestures Blind Lemon to a chair.

Unable to see the gesture, Blind Lemon impatiently shuffles his feet in place as he waits for some word from Irving Gritts.

"Go plug in," Irving demands.

"Plug in, man, I don't even turn on. I just wanna sing my blues." Blind Lemon says, clutching his guitar. "My momma was Bessie Smith, my poppa was Lead-belly, and I can sing my blues."

"Sorry, baby, I'm not familiar with them. Did they ever have anything on the charts?"

"I just hitched up from Greenwood, Mistah Irving, so I can play some delta blues. Ya hear?"

"Well, Simon and Garfunkel are cutting a record this aft'noon and they need a guitarist. Their regular was electrocuted at the last session."

"Simon and who?"

"You don't know Simon and Garfunkel? Man, you got no culchah! No soul!"

"No soul, man? Why, I was pickin' cotton at three, singin' in a sanctified church at five, layin' rail on a chain gang at seven, I went blind at thirteen and started share-croppin' at eighteen. . . ."

"Look, you don't play electric guitar, you don't know Simon and Garfunkel, you even dress funny—and you got cotton balls in your ears. And besides, you gotta have a funkier name than Blind Lemon Chitlin—something like Sop-with Camel, Texas Book Depository Building, Lothar and the Hand People, Rabble Without a Cause or Little Buddha and the Dropouts."

Blind Lemon spends the next four hours in the Brill Building trying to get past the secretaries of the other record companies—Red Beans LSD Music; Carnaby Chain Gang Records; Banana

Ltd.; Surf and Soul Songs; High, Hominy and Harmony; Amps, Ohms and Revolt.

Dejected, he sits on the curb in front of the Brill Building. To his guitar, he moans, "Baby, there ain't no love in a white man's skyscraper."

Dylan Darlin', the 12-year-old king of the Brill Building, gets off his chauffeur-driven Honda and stops in his tracks. "What'd you say, boy?" he exclaims.

"Baby, there ain't no love in a white man's skyscraper."

"That's an oldy but goldy if I ever heard one," shouts Darlin'. "Here's a fifty-thousand-dollar contract."

The youthful genius immediately changes his discovery's name to Realemon and the Bad Seed—a group made up of Blind Lemon and the three youngest children of the notorious Gallo gang.

Within a month's time, true to Darlin's vision, the group is number one on the charts in 18 countries—including South Africa—and pop music is revolutionized by the delta-dago sound.



**THE LITTLE CAMPER:** The following letter was found in the debris of a large Bel Air home that had been destroyed by a fire caused by an explosion in a homemade chemistry lab. A reading of the letter will reveal yet another aspect of the rampant bopper culture.

Dear Mommas and Poppas,

Here at Camp Acid, things are still pretty groovy. There's plenty of grass at Pillbrook and we take two trips every day. My counselor, Ed Sanders, is a nice enough guy—at night, he reads us bedtime stories from the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

The best thing about this place is that the counselors are out of sight. Gerd Stern teaches arts and crafts—you should see my light-pulsation, mandala-shaped, ceramic-tile "roach" holder. Ralph Ginzburg edits the camp newspaper. Norman Mailer is the (continued on page 242

# The Attack on the Right to

*a u. s. supreme court justice expresses his grave concern over the escalating invasion of a basic constitutional guarantee*

THE RIGHT OF PRIVACY, greatly cherished in the American tradition, is fast disappearing. We pay lip service to it and yet dishonor it in practice. As we pile high in apartments, as electronic surveillance increases, as the tentacles of government spread, Big Brother invades the precincts of our homes, audits our conversation and looks more and more over our shoulder.

The right of privacy—the right that Justice Brandeis called “the right to be let alone”—is nowhere expressly mentioned in the Constitution or Bill of Rights. But it is that right that many express guarantees or prohibitions protect.

Police can enter a house and seize certain articles, provided they have a warrant issued by a magistrate who is satisfied that there is probable cause that a crime has been committed. Police can also make arrests on such a showing. But the Fourth Amendment makes a man's home his castle and his person secure against arrests on suspicion or for investigation or for preventive purposes, as is done in some countries. These are important rights of privacy.

There are other constitutional areas of privacy. Every person has the right to free exercise of religion; and no religious test or requirement may be made a requirement for holding a public office. These guarantees in the First Amendment and in the body of the Constitution itself create enclaves that neither the states nor the Federal Government may enter. They may not legislate respecting them; and since they are not legitimate objects of legislation, no legislative committee may explore them nor probe them.

“To what church do you belong?” “Do you attend regularly?” “Do you believe in God?” These and like questions are none of the Government's business; the citizen can refuse to answer with impunity.

Freedom of speech has an aura of privacy. The First Amendment guarantees against Government abridgment of both freedom of speech and freedom of assembly. Nothing is said about freedom of association. It is implied, however. Freedom of assembly connotes a coming together of people—one form of association. Freedom of speech connotes not oral pronouncement alone but a whole congeries of various methods of expression. Joining a social, economic or political group is one method. Subscribing to a paper or a journal is another. Meeting and conversing with people are others. Believing, espousing, endorsing are still others.

“Do you believe in the United Nations?” “What are your views on Medicare?” “Do you endorse socialism?” “Did you vote for Henry Wallace?” “Are you against the segregation of races?” “Did you march in protest to our Vietnam policy?” “Do you read *New Republic* or *Pravda* or the *Daily Worker*?” These are none of government's business and are beyond the pale. For beliefs and reading habits are in the keeping of the individual and outside the reach of Big Brother.

Political parties, social groups, civil rights committees, trade unions, farmers' federations all have membership lists. Their disclosure usually would be harmless to anyone. So, normally, the management and the members would not hesitate to make them public. At times, however,

article By JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS







emotions may run high, the group may be unpopular, the majority's demand for disclosure may be designed in purpose or effect to cause harm to the members. A group may be organized to promote racial equality and to litigate for the desegregation of public schools, parks and beaches. Those from Columbia, Yale, City College and Cornell who go to some areas in our country to contest racial discrimination may be criticized, jostled or run out of town. But since their appearance is transitory, usually no abiding harm is done. But those members who live in the area, giving the movement silent, spiritual help or financial support, may be greatly harassed and damaged if disclosure of their membership is made. They might lose their jobs; their bank loans might be called or not renewed; their club memberships, lost; and the like. The freedom to associate in that cause might then become so downright dangerous as to be worthless.

That is the basic reason disclosure of a membership list is not an absolute prerogative of government. The right to belong is kin to the right to believe. As I said, joining is one method of expressing one's ideas, of affirming one's beliefs, of pledging allegiance to a cause. This right to associate, though nowhere expressed in the Constitution or Bill of Rights, is a phase of the right to privacy, falling within the penumbra of the Bill of Rights, and is as fully protected as free speech itself.

One may ask, what, then, about a criminal syndicate? Are its members also clothed in constitutional immunity? Of course not. And the question and answer mark an important constitutional line.

There was a time when imagining the death of a king, that is, wishing the old boy were dead, was a crime. It was the most heinous of all crimes—treason—and punishable by death. Punishing thoughts, wishes, hopes and beliefs marked one of the bloodiest chapters in Anglo-American history.

Jefferson said that this crime of constructive treason "had drawn the blood of the best and honestest men in the kingdom." Indeed, men were executed merely for uttering treasonable words.

What the politicians did, the theologians did also. Heresy was expressing disbelief in the orthodox view; heresy was dissent; heresy was espousing a nonconformist creed that made the establishment angry.

These chapters on treason and heresy were well known in America when the Constitution and Bill of Rights were drafted and adopted. They were the main reason one's ideas, beliefs, faith and ideology were put beyond the reach of government. Government, Jefferson averred, had no rightful concern with those matters. It could step in only when ideas moved from the realm of thought into the realm of action. Overt acts were all that could be punished.

Jefferson said: "The opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its jurisdiction. . . . It is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order."

Thus, the definition of treason in our Constitution requires proof of overt acts—not one but two to the same act of treason, save for a confession in open court.

This Jeffersonian concept, as applied to criminal syndicalism, for example, has two faces: One may, with immunity, wish, hope and pray that the regime will fall, and campaign to that end. Yet when he moves into action, collects hand grenades, prepares caches of rifles, organizes to assassinate the President, conspires to overthrow the Government by force, and the like, he steps over the line; and the right of privacy vanishes. Then the membership lists and the right to privacy lose their constitutional immunity; for the Constitution sets up no haven for illicit activities.

Those who disagree point to the Self-Incrimination Clause of the Fifth Amendment, which reads, "No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." This clause does create a zone of privacy, even for those suspected of crime; and it has been criticized on that ground. But it also serves a high purpose. It has roots deep in experience. There was a day when the prosecution could make its case out of the mouth of the accused. The man who stood mute when asked to plead was presumed to plead guilty. But his silence often reflected not guilt but contempt for the judicial regime. Torture and other forms of coercion were used to make men confess.

The Persians shaved the suspect's head, locked it in a stock and then poured hot lead on it.

The Chinese, under Chiang Kai-shek, put the suspect on a rack and stretched his legs until he confessed.

Hitler used the dentist chair, drilling through live teeth; and New York City police did the same.

In Washington, D. C., men were stripped, tied to a table and burned with live cigars.

Trujillo in the Dominican Republic set fire to women's hair and burned their arms with live cigarettes.

Texans took men into the woods at night, placed nooses around their necks and hoisted them into trees.

The French in Algeria attached electrodes to the testicles and gave a series of shocks until the desired confession came.

No people have been exempt from these coercive practices.

Torture produces unreliable confessions, as each person has a "breaking point" and can suffer pain only up to that point. We also know that everyone has a "consciousness of guilt." No life is blameless. And at times the sense of guilt—not over the crime being investigated but over some unrelated or remote transgressions—bubbles up and one confesses to a crime he never committed. Moreover, a certain percentage of people have a desire to die, and confessing to a capital offense is an easier course than suicide. (continued on page 244)



*"Who said that blondes have more fun?!"*

# THE BUNNIES OF HOLLYWOOD

*a words-and-pictures appreciation of cinema city's cottontailed hutch honeys*



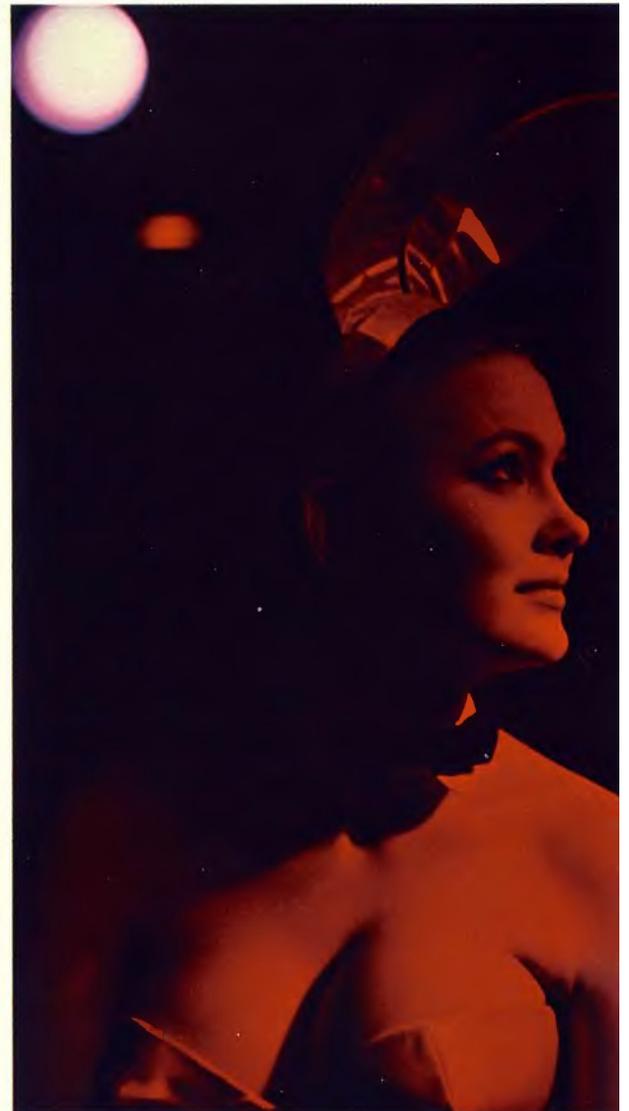
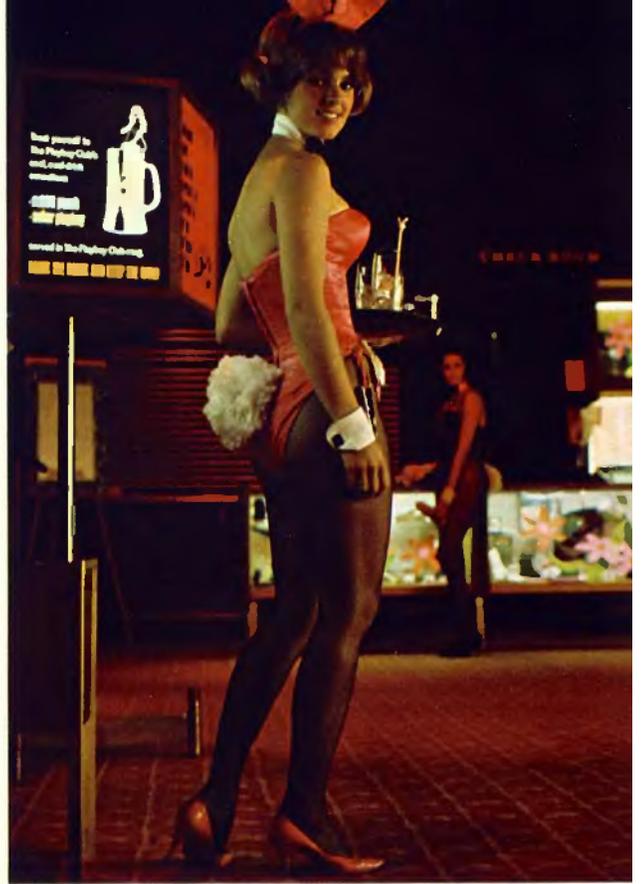
THE FIRST-FLOOR Playmate Bar of the Los Angeles Playboy Club creates a lively sense of *déjà vu* in any PLAYBOY reader. Among the collection of bigger-than-centerfold transparencies set into the room's walnut paneling are most of the dozen-plus past and present Hollywood Playmate-Bunnies—including the nine gatefold girls who currently don satin ears each night. The number, a record among all the Clubs in the key chain, is a testament to the remarkable ability of both the Hollywood hutch and Southern California to attract beautiful girls.

And the unique aura—lent to the southwesternmost outpost of the Playboy Empire by the profusion of Playmate-Bunnies—also attracts dozens of beautiful *non*-Playmates, such as Bunny Kathy Foster. Late in the morning on most days of the week—no matter what the season—Kathy can be found on one of the miles-long stretches of sand in Long Beach, south of L. A. She'll be body surfing, walking or perhaps just gazing out at the Pacific horizon. At three or four in the afternoon, having acquired a yet deeper cast to a tan that makes her pageboy burst of blonde hair as bright as the California sun, Kathy walks 300 yards inland to her surfside home. After donning street clothes, she jumps into her Mustang and—"minutes before the rush hour"—freeways the 35 miles to the Sunset Boulevard site of the West Coast Playboy Building, a cream-and-gray, ten-story tower on a ridge overhanging (text continued on page 289)



Bikined Linda Ridgway loves the ocean (her light mood was caught at Torrey Pines Beach in San Diego), Tolstoy and eating watermelon without a napkin—a trio of affections as disarmingly original as the mood of the whole West Coast today and the Bunnies of Hollywood in particular. Mirror-imaged Kathy Foster is one of the Los Angeles Club's numerous sports-car buffs and body surfers. In their film-career ambitions, international beauty Tanya Terán and silhouetted Bunny Marilyn Kendall typify another Hollywood Bunny characteristic. Tanya played on several South American stages and native Angeleno Marilyn majored in drama and dance at Los Angeles County College. 195

Brooklyn-born De Russell—smiling below and en route to a table of thirsty keyholders—was an East Coaster for four short years but can't imagine going back. "Where else but in Hollywood could I be a Bunny, get a crack at TV and film acting and still go surfing all the year round?" De asks.



Bunny Judy Ryder spent her West Virginia and Indiana childhood following the cue of her surname to become a trophy-winning horsewoman. "I also studied dance for ten years," Judy says, a bit of information that explains the easy grace with which she carries her 37-25-37 figure on Club rounds.



*Poolside Bunny Suzanne McDonald deplaned from a stewardess job for the chance to don Bunny ears. "As a Bunny, I've got the best of both worlds," Suzanne says, "with exciting evenings and all day free for swimming." Enthroned Heidi Becker and sun-struck Pat Wright both made centerfold appearances before joining the Club.*

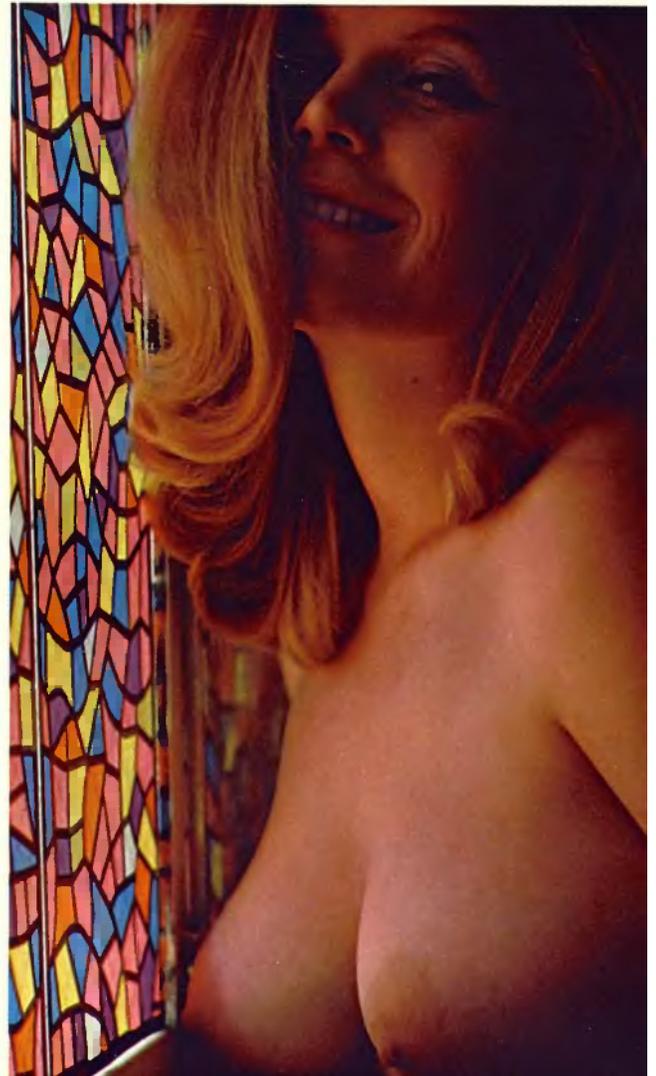


Blonde Chere Davis deserted Las Vegas when the desert proved too dull. "I'm a Long Beach native," Chere says, "and won't leave the ocean again." Making a bright Club debut this fall was British Bunny Sandy Molen, above. Marianna Case, bottom left, tidies her tie in bustling Bunny dressing room.





*Playmate-Bunny Astrid Schulz indulges in luxurious relaxation at home before heading off to her VIP Room duties. Astrid—a champion gymnast in her native Holland—is an enthusiastic scuba diver. Blonde Melba Ogle was working in a butcher shop when she became Miss July 1964, now concentrates on modern dance. Amateur songstress Sophia Sipes has delighted keyholders in both Phoenix and Hollywood.*





Bunny Sam Moorman, pausing beside fountain at the L. A. County Museum of Art, is runner-up to Richard Nixon as Whittier, California's most famous export, moonlights in light opera. Seen at ease on a balcony, at play at the Club, Playmate-Bumper-Pool Bunny Sharon Rogers came West from our Chicago offices.



*Variety is, indeed, the spice of life for Hollywood keyholders and the girls themselves. Pert Lynda McDaniel calls herself a "beach rat," loves the night life of the Club and the California-Nevada resort of Lake Tahoe. The quiet pleasures of chess and softly sung folk ballads fill the free hours of Playmate-Bunny Vicky Valentino; while Donna Haas, relaxing below, is a happily hard-working Bunny and TV model.*





Bunny Ana Lizza's rich beauty complements the LeRoy Neiman originals and velvet banquettes of the Hollywood Club's VIP Room. The three other cottontails here—Christine Williams (above), Nancy Scott (below) and Gwen Wong—all belong to the remarkably large collection of Hollywood Playmate-Bunnies who give a unique quality to the Club. Christine settled in Los Angeles after eight years abroad and a short stint as a Vegas showgirl. When not soaring in a glider, Nancy uses free time to scout for and refinish antiques; while Gwen's out-of-Club hours are highlighted by extended trips to California's deserts and its Big Sur country.







*"We decided that since our husbands are having their Christmas parties at their offices. . . ."*



A POTTER who is a true artist in his work will never create two jars that are exactly alike. According to his materials or his mood, he must always vary the shape, the color, the texture or the glaze. Allah, in his infinite artistry, can likewise never create two things that are exactly alike, and you will thus find that even the villages of distant Anatolia, however monotonously similar their immediate appearance, are all different in some way, if you only take the trouble to study them carefully. The village of Bok Köy, for instance, is thus named "Village of Tunds," like many other such settlements built on the banks of a sluggish, malodorous and evil-colored stream. But the particular village of Bok Köy of which I am now thinking distinguishes itself from all other Turkish villages of the same name in that all its male inhabitants are endowed with quite remarkable physical gifts.

Many young men from our village of Bok Köy have thus wandered far from home and amassed great wealth in distant cities where the women are rich and wanton. One of them, for instance, went as far as Hindustan, where he lived happily and in great luxury for many years as the prince consort of a sacred cow, a curiously neurotic beast that, in a regres-

sive mood, had developed a taste for the human partners to which it had been accustomed in a previous incarnation as a Roman empress, a certain Messalina. But in ceasing to be human and in becoming a cow, the unfortunate empress had also changed her whole proportions, so that only a young man from Bok Köy could now satisfy her nostalgic passion for human partners.

Though that may be legend, the tale that I am about to relate is founded on historical fact and attested by a monument as well as by reliable chronicles and the letters and diaries of contemporary witnesses. It concerns, moreover, a young man from Bok Köy who, in relatively recent times, wandered from his native village in eastern Anatolia as far as El Kahira, the capital of Egypt, before anything truly remarkable happened to him. He arrived shortly before the occupation of the city by the French troops of the Emperor Napoleon, who had gone forth to conquer the lands inhabited by the faithful and who even proposed to set a live pig on a throne, as his viceroy, in the sacred city of Mecca. Fortunately, mad as the ages in which we are destined to live may be, Napoleon never achieved his sacrilegious ambition. But, before being defeated in

Egypt, he added to his personal staff, in menial offices, a certain number of the faithful, among them our young man from Bok Köy, Muzaffer Özalın, born of a family known for its great loyalty and therefore named Özalın, meaning "pure gold."

Menial as his tasks were, Muzaffer, who had daily to shine the emperor's riding boots, soon attracted his master's attention by his modest demeanor and his loyalty. It thus came to pass that the emperor, when he was forced to return to France, took the boy with him to Paris, to be a kind of decorative blackamoor at his court. In Paris, the boy soon became aware of the corruption of the emperor's entourage. As the proverb goes, When the cat's away, the mice will play—and Napoleon was a cat who was very often away on his campaigns to conquer the world.

Muzaffer was then able to observe that his lord and master's wife, the Empress Josephine, was a mouse of a particularly playful nature, the moment Napoleon's back was turned. But he felt that the male mice with which she chose to play were scarcely of a kind that might be considered worthy of the only wife of so great a conqueror. Besides, Muzaffer knew, from his own experience as a

frequent clandestine visitor to certain badly disciplined harems of the wanton city of El Kahira, that he could successfully compete, even at his tender age of 15 summers, with any paramour, whatever the latter's race or religion; also that no Egyptian wife whom he had secretly consoled in the absence of a debauched and wine-drinking husband had ever been led to regret her indiscretions by having to present to her Arab husband a child born with the suspiciously round head and blunt features of the Turkish race, lacking the elongated skull and the sharp features of the Arabs. So Muzaffer began to play with the idea of defending his French lord and master's honor by becoming, in the emperor's many enforced absences, the discreet and harmless paramour of the wanton empress. But the empress, being idle and wanton, facilitated his proposal by her own initiative, long before Muzaffer had decided on any specific plan of action.

It all came to pass as follows. In those days, the officers of the armies of the infidels wore uniforms of a particularly immodest design, with tight doeskin breeches that left nothing to the imagination of the unveiled ladies of the French court. Many of these young officers, not being endowed with the physical charms that might ensure them success with the wives of their superiors and consequent advancement in their careers, relied on their tailors to supply them with artificial padding cunningly inserted in the proper places. One such officer, in every other respect a real broth of a boy, had attracted the attention of the empress, who then summoned him, without further ado, to while away an afternoon with her in her apartments, as her partner in a game of dominoes. On such occasions, it was Muzaffer's duty, shocked as the boy might be by all that he witnessed, to stand by and bring refreshments, such as Turkish coffee, whenever these were required.

All went well that day between the empress and the young captain, who already dreamed of rapid promotion to the rank of general, until the empress, always very bold with her hands, made a surprise attack on her partner's more intimate charms. To her horror, her experienced fingers encountered, however, a mass that she immediately recognized as horsehair instead of flesh. Laughing, she summoned Muzaffer and, to put the young captain to shame, exclaimed: "I bet this boy is a better man than you!" When she reached toward Muzaffer to put her wager to the test, the boy thought at first that he would die of shame on the spot. But male flesh is in some respects weak and he soon responded to the immodest caresses of the empress, who expressed her delighted surprise by dismissing the captain without further comment and retiring to her bedchamber with Muzaffer.

Humiliated by his own discomfiture, the captain kept all that he had witnessed to himself. The French court only noticed that the empress had become overnight more reticent, dignified and modest, while at the same time seeming less restless, more content with her fate as an abandoned wife. Actually, night after night, Muzaffer lay with her in her imperial bed, offering until dawn innumerable satisfactions.

One day, the emperor returned from one of his many victorious campaigns, too weary even to greet the empress. But he soon noticed, in the days that ensued, what was afoot: His wife had failed to greet him with her accustomed list of proposed promotions in the imperial armies and, instead, his young blackamoor Muzaffer, whose demeanor remained in every other respect as modest and respectful as before, was now her constant companion and the owner of innumerable fantastic costumes such as the infidels fondly believe that Moslems wear on daily rounds.

Far from being at all jealous, the emperor was charmed by so much discretion. The poor man had learned, in Egypt, to appreciate the folly of women and the wisdom of Eastern customs. In more progressive lands, the wives of great and powerful lords are quite properly housed like rare birds in harems like golden cages, to protect them against the consequences of their own wanton idleness, while the wives of the less fortunate among the faithful are kept healthily busy toiling in the fields or weaving carpets. Unfortunately, the etiquette of the French court had prevented Napoleon from supplying the empress with two or three other wives and a whole crowd of concubines to keep her mind at work with the usual intrigues of a great harem, all properly supervised by a corps of trusted and experienced eunuchs. Napoleon therefore greeted Muzaffer's fortunes as almost his own, since they were obviously a lesser evil. The emperor said nothing and, having returned to Paris for only a brief visit between two victorious campaigns, decided to devote his nights to much-needed and health-restoring sleep.

But it happened that the emperor, like all usurpers, had many enemies among those fanatical noblemen who were still devoted to the cause of the exiled heirs of the deposed and beheaded French monarchs who had preceded him on the throne. Among these conspiring noblemen there was a former pageboy of the beheaded queen, who knew his way around the palace well enough to escape notice if he managed to obtain admission there. Secretly, disguised as a member of the emperor's personal guard, this man set out one night to murder the emperor. He entered the imperial apartments and was about to steal past the sleeping quarters of the empress in order to creep

into Napoleon's own room, situated farther down the passage, when he heard sounds, emerging from the room where the empress lay, that led him to believe that the emperor was there, fulfilling his duties as a husband. The conspirator therefore penetrated, with catlike tread, into the bedchamber of the empress, and was just able to discern, in the dark, a male figure embracing Her Imperial Highness. In a flash, he stabbed the man in the back, with a thrust that would have killed immediately any man less hardy than one of the Turkish boys of Bok Köy.

Infuriated by this interruption in his dutiful pleasures as much as by the pain of his mortal wound, Muzaffer merely turned his head, snatched the dagger out of his own back and exclaimed, in the immodest and somewhat rustic terms of his native Anatolian dialect such as only camel drivers use: "You scion of a long line of prostituted hags and unknown pork-gobbling fathers interspersed with an occasional mangy donkey, can't you see what I'm doing? Since when is it permitted, in this land of infidels whose begetters are mostly unknown and whose mothers wouldn't be fit to empty pisspots in a respectable harem, to attack a man while he is performing this sacred task?"

Horrified by this torrent of incomprehensible and guttural abuse, the murderer fled screaming from the room, woke the negligent palace guards and was promptly arrested and shot. As for Muzaffer, he calmly continued to give the empress her customary eight satisfactions, then rose, streaming with blood and scarcely able to breathe, from the imperial bed; he picked up the bloody dagger that lay beside it on the floor, staggered out of the room and down the passage, then entered the emperor's room, stumbled over a chair, woke the emperor from his sleep, cast himself at his feet and died there on the spot, begging for forgiveness.

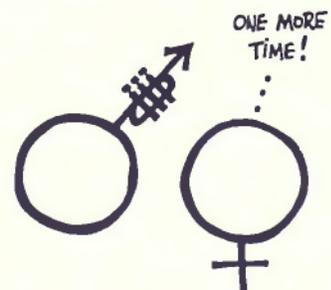
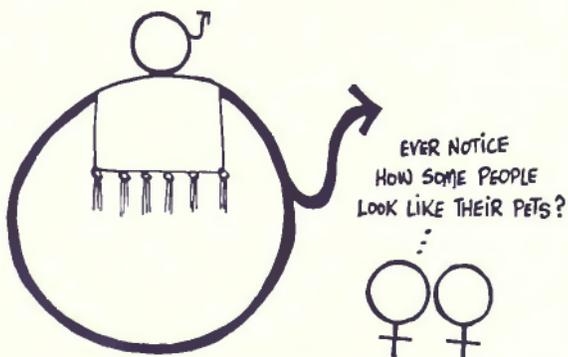
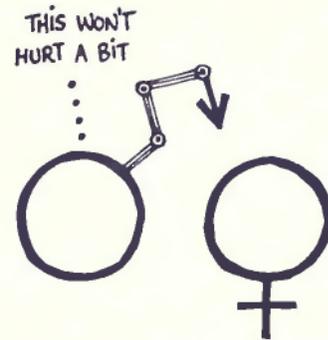
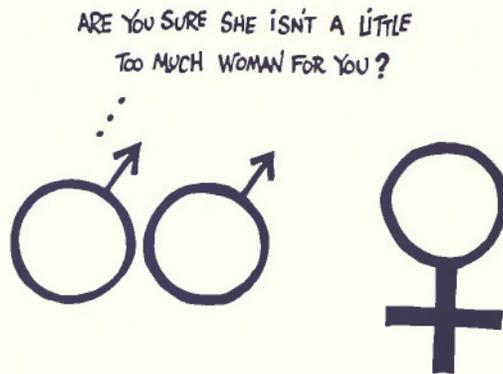
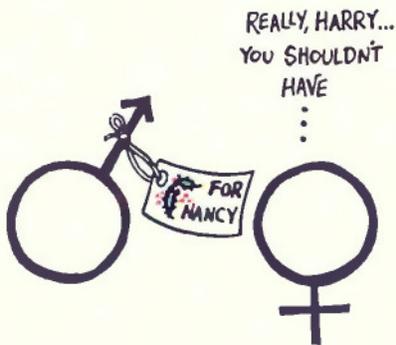
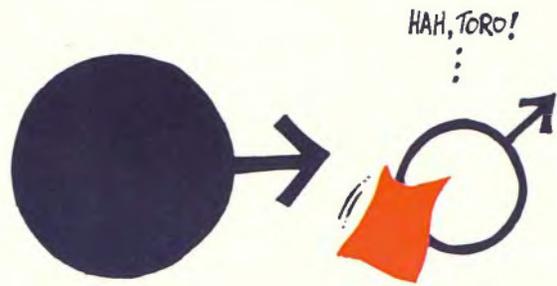
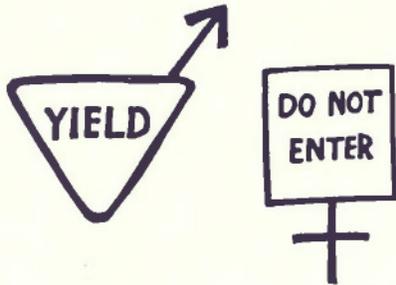
The emperor was so deeply moved by the boy's remarkable endurance and loyalty that he determined to commemorate the incident by erecting, in his capital, a suitable monument. He remembered that an archaeologist had persuaded him to bring back from Egypt at great expense an enormous stone obelisk that had never proven to be of much use. He ordered, the very next day, that it be brought forth from the warehouse where it had been stored, and he arranged to have it erected in a great square in the center of the city, without any inscription that might bring to memory the more amusing circumstances of this tragic tale. Today, innumerable elderly American lady tourists squint through their spectacles at this beautiful monument, without ever being at all aware of the great physical prowess and the tragic loyalty that it commemorates.

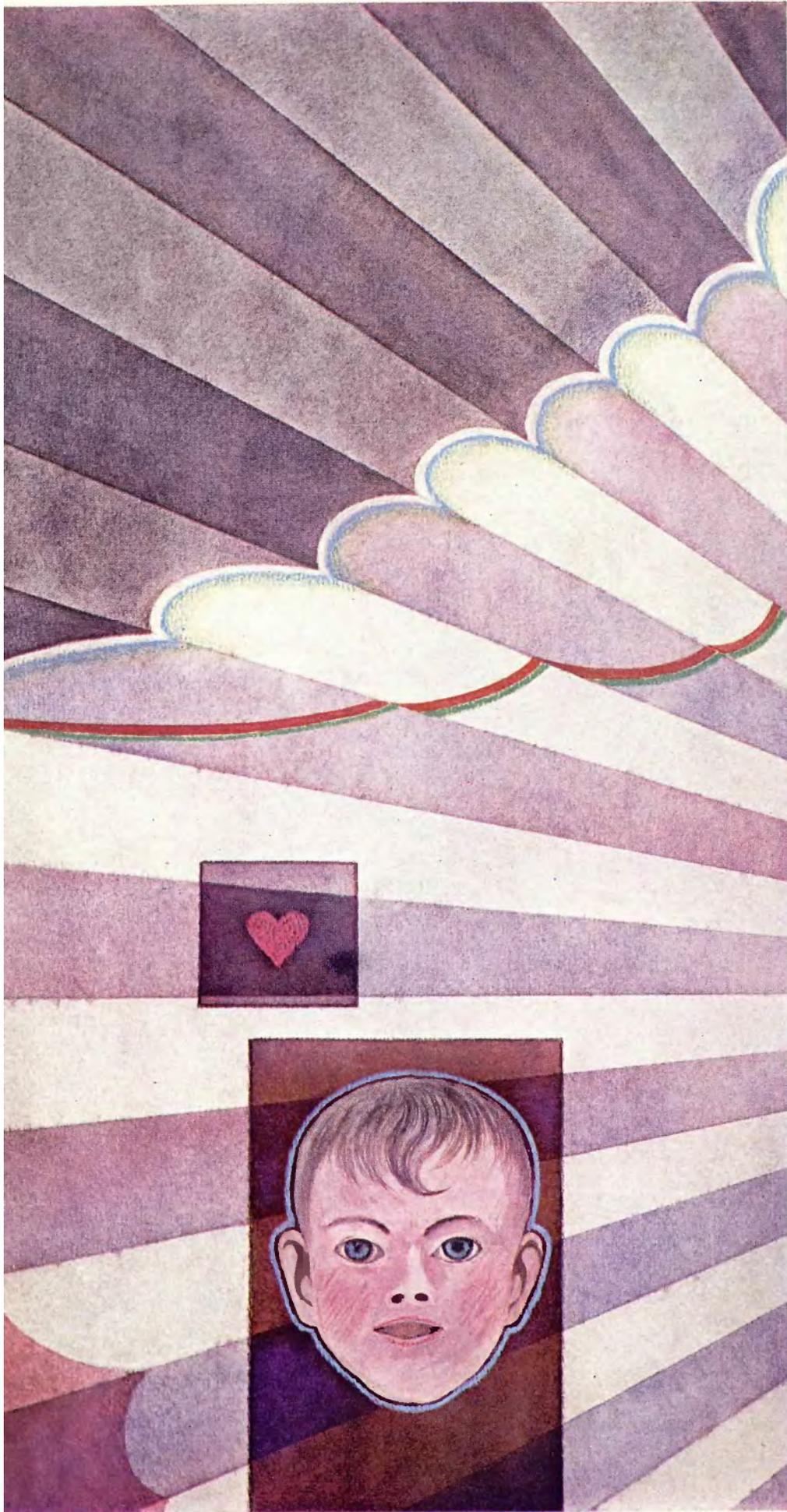
—Edouard Roditi 

# SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS





MY BROTHER came last night to say goodbye. I am 24. He is 20. I don't worry about the Army, because I have a wife and a son, 14 months old. He doesn't worry about the Army, because he has a record: one auto theft, one forgery, one insanely bungled safe heist. Two out of three, felonies. One year parole, six years' probation. He's not supposed to leave New Jersey, but when he's downtown, illegally, he drops by to talk. He rings my bell and wakes me up.

Last night—this morning—he came at three: tan, pink-tinted sunglasses, Mexican beads, Dylanish tresses, two weeks' growth of downy hair along his cheeks. He threw some pillows down in the big room (he likes to sit on the floor) and filled an enormous Sherlock Holmes pipe.

"I wanted to smoke with you once before I go, Leo," he said. "I'm disappearing."

He lit the pipe and dragged. I asked him where he was disappearing to and what he planned to do disappeared, but he smiled and raised his hand, telling me I'd have to wait until he finished toking. He passed me the pipe. Ordinarily, I never smoke.

"West," he said on the exhale, and then he breathed deeply in and out a few times, nodding serenely. "Catch fish. See flowers. Do my thing."

I emptied out my lungs and asked who was subsidizing him. We whispered, so as not to wake Michael, my heir. Our place is a loft, really. One big room, my film workshop, with Michael's crib in the corner, and then a little bedroom, for me and Jessica.

"Who's subsidizing me now?" Allen asked rhetorically, reaching for the pipe. "People. Women. They give you what they have. You don't need much." He reached into the pocket of his coat (he never takes his coat off in the house) and drew out a thick roll of bills. "I sold everything. Even my bike," he said, and dragged.

I graduated from Chicago three years ago; my wife went to Antioch. Now she's

## DANCE WITH A STRANGER

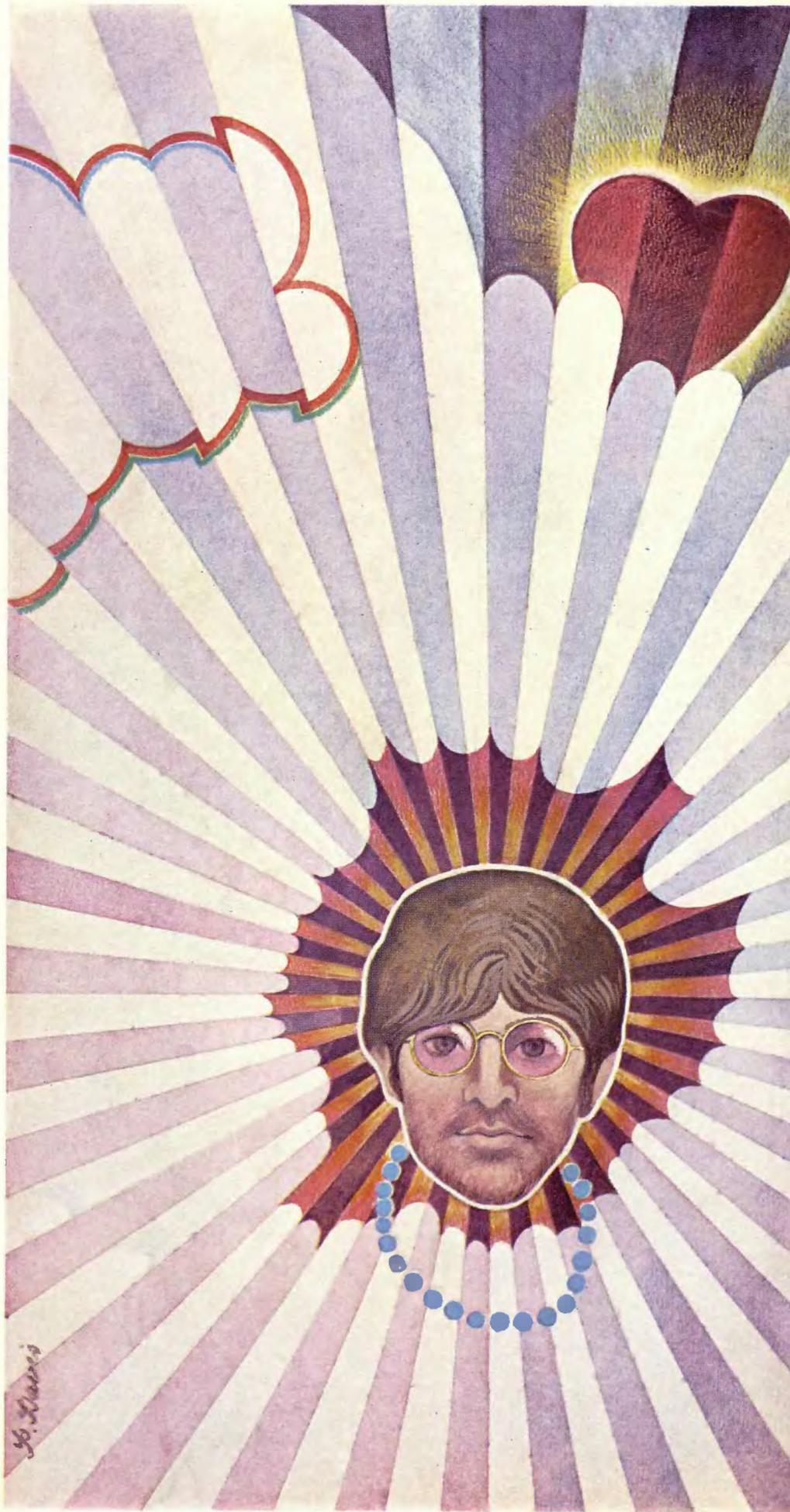
in the Movement for \$25 a week. I'm a Movement hanger-on, you might say. Making a Movement movie: very low status. We get a little money from her parents, which is why I'm sensitive about subsidies, and four nights a week I drive a cab. Allen didn't get through high schools till he'd passed 19; four different ones, plus one yeshiva. He cut a lot and became a delinquent. He's not into delinquency anymore, though.

"Peruse Thoreau?" he said, finishing another toke. "Cat gave *everything* away except this ashtray on his desk. Cleaned out his pad. Hold it. I think it may have been a paperweight. Anyway, he'd sit there and contemplate it, until it started to freak him. Then he chucked it out the window." Allen made a noise that can only be described as a blissful groan. He evidently admired Thoreau. Actually, he admires me, too. I'm a borderline case: cubed but with roundable edges; *engagé* but uncertain. I have no special thing for Haight-Ashbury, but I'm not nuts about cops, either. Allen and I can relate.

Allen said, "I'm Thoreau, but with a wad. Geoffrey wanted to count it. All he had time for. I went up there for a fond farewell, but he was snowing a little mini-skirt." Geoffrey is my other brother. As a matter of fact, he doesn't worry about the Army, either. Too old. He came of drinking-drafting age smack between Korea and Vietnam; he still thinks Russia is the enemy. He's not exactly a middle-aged swinger, but since his divorce, he's been dating a number of youthful models and hanging out at Malkan's and Elaine's. Even though he's in advertising, he has some immortal longings (he likes to talk about "*really* making it") and he lends me money two or three times a year. Probably he lends Allen even more often. Once, after the auto theft, when Allen was afraid to call our parents, Geoff put up a fairly immense bail bond. "We only talked about ten minutes. I told him he'd probably never see me again, but he was intent on his erotic games. He asked me how long I

*it was easy  
to drop out of the  
rat-race;  
the hard part  
was explaining it*

fiction By JACOB BRACKMAN



thought my bread would hold out and I told him twenty or eighty years, depending on how much I gave away. It might not be so long, though. I gave away about three hundred on my way downtown. That roll is like a stone in my pocket; like a big-ass paperweight bringing me down."

He stood up and started weaving about, smiling wildly. At first, I thought he might be looking for the toilet in the middle of the room, but then he stumbled—it was quite graceful for a stumble, really—into our tiny kitchen and emerged some 45 seconds later with a large flowered serving dish. He began by tapping the pipe ashes out onto the dish, but in the middle of the task, he seemed to forget its functional purpose and was simply rapping out a loud *Hare Krishna* rhythm.

Then Michael started whimpering. For an instant, Allen looked on the verge of an apology. Instead, he spread his arms straight out—I wasn't sure whether in imitation of crucified Jesus or an overaffectionate Yiddish relative—and beamed, "Well, he *had* to say bye-bye to Uncle Allen!"

When you wake Michael after midnight, you can kiss away your morning's sleep. He's a crier, my son. A *kvetcher*. Fourteen months old; I must raise him wrong. Too lenient. I lifted him from the crib, seesawing paternally from the hips, and started for the kitchen to hunt up a bottle. Allen waylaid us. He rose up slowly from a crouch—puffing out his cheeks, bugging out his eyes—grabbed several fingersful of Michael's tummy flesh in a luxuriant pinch and drawled "*Kimna-a-hhhorri-a-a-a*" in a fervent *basso profundo*. Zero Mostel escaping genie-style from a Coke bottle. Michael sputtered, as though a pillow had been stuffed into his open mouth. It was weird. He's named after my father, even though Jews aren't supposed to do that. Actually, my father is Mikhail, but everyone calls him Mike.

"You're emitting orgone stases and he's tuning them in," Allen said matter-of-factly. He's no Reichian—he doesn't believe half the crap he says, I don't think. He just believes things not altogether *unlike* what he says. In any case, he and Michael were reaching out for each other like long-separated lovers in a grade-B movie. I'm easily embarrassed by these filial rejections. I relinquished my son, who instantly wrapped his miniature arms around Allen's neck. Allen carried him over to the corner. The two of them faced the wall and Michael quieted down some more.

"The first was just some cold water in the face," Allen stage-whispered, his back to me. "A *zetz* from the Zen master. Now we contemplate the void. You ought to set him in front of a blank wall once in a while. Cleanse out that sensory overload. He's just a little kid." Then

Allen started humming in his ear. He started humming *tzmiris*, the endless melodic chant that finishes a Hebrew Sabbath meal, bending and straightening at the knees and rocking forward at the waist, like an orthodox Hasid. Michael cooed gently along, stroking Allen's woolly hair on the downbeat. I moved closer to hear the lyrics, over and over.

*"Remember the star that went over the manger?"*

*It means simply this: You can dance with a stranger."*

My brother likes to mix up his religions.

• • •

Allen had somehow flicked the golden switch that turns my son off; Michael didn't utter another cheerless sound for the rest of the night. "Babies love me," Allen said. "They have radar."

"What's the secret?"

"I'm the secret. I'm a baby." Michael cuddled against his chest, burying mouth in available beard.

"Maybe I should stop shaving," I said.

Allen wrinkled his nose and shook his head, as though I'd proposed betting a bundle on a lame horse. I could see thick beads of Michael's spittle in his chin hairs. My son the *kvetch*. When he's happy, he drools. "Don't mean a thing if you ain't got the moves. You, you're still all strung out. Bad karma. We pick that up. Let me lay it on you. It's not just like this with kids. I know thirty houses from here to the Coast, I can walk in this minute, they'll feed me and bed me and spread money on me and I'm doing them a favor. I walk in the room and girls who never set eyes on me throw their arms around me. We connect. I've got the answer. They know who I am."

I was about to ask who runs these establishments, but before I could, Allen answered. "Kids! Babies! Some very rich; share. Communal head bending." I must have looked startled at his anticipating my question, because Allen burst out laughing and Michael, who was now fiddling with the bead necklace, laughed, too. "That's been happening lately," he said reverently. "Since I flew back from Yelapa. For a month and a half I dropped three caps a day, or shot speed. I got some kind of X ray. In this sad country I'm a criminal and a bum, but in the Himalayas, I'd be a god."

"You're crazy," I said.

"I know," Allen said, absolutely earnest. "Isn't it ecstatic?"

Squatting Yogi style, he dragged deeply on the pipe, his inhale sounding like last waters running quickest out of the bathtub, and rolled his eyes upward in mischievous supplication. He began to grin while he held his breath, as though by some incredible stroke of luck he'd sucked in all the sweet fumes and none of the foul. He gestured to me with a finger that he had something to say, as soon

as his toke was completed, something momentous, in case, perhaps, I was thinking of running off to the bathroom. Then he exhaled in a proud, smiling explosion. I saw him do the same exhalation a dozen years ago at camp, after a full minute under water.

"Insanity isn't a condition, you see, Leo," he gasped, still out of breath. "It's a word that *describes* a condition. Now, I've got a condition, that's true." He seemed to be wrestling with an enormously difficult concept, and that made him happy. Michael was staring into his eyes, three inches away, mesmerized. Allen's eyebrows furrowed in concentration. For an instant, I thought he might be making fun of seriousness. "But if we agree that I'm crazy, we're just *choosing* to apply *that* word to *my* condition." He lifted his head and flashed me a smile of grateful comprehension. "So going crazy is a matter of choice. An affectation, Leo. Inconclusive." I thought that he started to hum at this point, but it may have been only a silent pause. "It would be like growing a goatee or learning karate, sort of—but it would suggest an opinion on more things. It might even suggest an opinion on everything. Not a solution, Leo. Just an immediate kind of answer to questions—it gets embarrassing answering 'I don't know' all the time. But being crazy is a really adequate response, if you're still reading me: 'How're they hanging?' 'What is it with kids today?' 'Do you like *MacBird*?' I just say, 'I'm crazy.'"

I nodded stupidly. An instant before, I noticed that the pipe had gone out. I must have been fairly smashed, because I was trying to figure out how I might gracefully relight it without detracting from Allen's philosophizing.

"But do you think people will see insanity as a . . . failure of humor?" Allen asked, a bit apprehensively. At last, I reached over to his side and grabbed the pipe. Dragging deeply, I relit it. He'd launched into this new thought with considerable excitement. "I mean, like, Harvey Creep asks you, 'How does Allen feel about the war in Vietnam?' and you say, 'Haven't you heard? Old Allen's gone mad.' And Harvey says, 'Oh, poor kid. He took himself so seriously.'"

"I go all tingly inside to hear you grappling with the southeast-Asian question. In your own way," Jessica said from the bedroom doorway. "Without you in my demonstration I could do, New Youth." She often puts on the dialect when she's awakened. She likes to feel the harried mother. She walked across into the kitchen, her white-cotton nightgown brushing the floor, and put a pot of water on the stove. "How are you, Allen?" she called in. "May I ask what chemical pacifier you've slipped my son?" Michael was rocking, wide-eyed but

(continued on page 301)

R. TAYLOR



*"Looks as though the Entertainment Committee has come up with some fresh ideas for this year's Christmas party."*





ABC book of photos of provocative females, by Frank Bez, from The Leslie Company, \$12.50. Foodmotic Preparation Center includes blender, juicer, ice maker, etc., by Ronson, \$399.95. Braun T1000 Global Receiver has 13 wave ranges, from Major Radio, \$495. Trimline push-button phone, available through Bell System. Bottom, left to right: Micro B5 stereo cassette ployer/recorder comes with matched speakers and omnidirectional microphones, by Ampex, \$199.95. Swedish brass and glass candleholder, from Bethune & Moore, \$13.50. Letterwriter records up to nine minutes of communication, by General Electric, \$49.95. Viscount AM/FM clock radio, from Consolidated Merchondising, \$44.95. Stereo-speakered lounge choir with ottoman, \$995, plus end table, \$115, and AM/FM-stereo receiver ond BSR record chonger, \$299.50, oll by Horman Kardon. Walnut desk/wall clock hos chrome-ploted hands and figures, by McRae Clocks, \$36.50. Op-patterned decorative blocks, from Scorabaeus, \$11. Bockgammon table and stools, plus equipment, from Moore, Rockwell, White, \$750. Hand-woven cummerbund and bow tie, made in Ghona, from L'Africon, \$40.



A star-studded array of presents perfect. Clockwise from ten: Kodak Instamatic M8 movie camera with 9.5mm f/1.8 power zoom lens features a fully automatic exposure control, by Eastman Kodak, under \$225. Precision pocket calculator in burnished brass and aluminum for quick computations at home or office, from Hoffritz, \$3.95. Silver cuff links are fashioned from genuine 18th Century rupees minted by the Mogul emperor Aurangzeb, certificate of authenticity included, from D'Auvil Studios, \$24 a pair. Hand-woven belt, made in Ghana, from L'Africana, \$17. Handmade 18-kt. gold key chain, from Ellis Barker, \$125. Horn tobacco jar with teak-wood top, from Rigaud, \$10. Limited-edition metal sculpture, by Arturo Bassols, from America House, \$36. Playboy Pocket Secretary in glove leather comes with memo pad and pen, from Playboy Products, \$12.50. Miniature AM/FM transistor radio comes with battery and earphones, by RCA, \$29.95. Antelope-suede slippers, made in Italy, from Battaglia Shops, \$22.50. Caslon digital clock operates on precision Japanese-made motor, wear-resistant cards indicate the time, from Peter Pepper Products, \$24.95.



Articulated two-foot knight's armor beautifully hand-crafted in Spain, with sword (not shown), from Pieces of Eight, \$400. Six hefty Gaucho-type steak knives with serrated stainless-steel blades and hordwood-and-brass-fitted handles, made in France for Neiman-Marcus, \$10 a set. Lettered drink coasters in vinyl spell C-H-E-E-R-S, from Scorabaeus, \$6 a set. High-intensity flashlight with built-in cigarette lighter costs 300-ft. beam, recharger unit included (not shown), by Dox Lighter, \$16.95. Butone lighter in gold and Chinese-lacquer case has adjustable flame control, by S. T. Dupont, \$145. Sanyo seven-transistor electrically rechargeable AM radio requires no batteries, comes with travel case and earphone (not shown), from Bullock & Jones, \$33. Cigarette box handmade in Italy of hawkeye stone, inside of box is lined with white marble, from Ellis Borker, \$130. Gold-plated fun watch by John Crocker colorfully complements Mod clothes, comes with suede band, from Bonwit Teller, \$50. Spinner dice game with three dice is right for home-bar wagering, from Essway, \$13. Ted Arnold 18-kt. gold-plated gag paperweight titled "That's Life," from Bullock & Jones, \$7.50.



High-style booty sure to bring a cosmic Christmas. Clockwise from 11: Wilco motorized Swim Slim pulls aquanaut through water at speeds up to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  knots, from Mobility Unlimited, \$395. Nava-Gator boat-course calculator, by Nautical Development, \$39.50. Waterproof leather loafers, handmade in Italy, from Battaglia, \$55. Collapsible fabric bag, shown open and closed, from Alexander Shields, \$35. "The Mostest" 220-volt portable broiler of heavy-gauge steel has extra-fast heating element, comes with shish-kabob attachment, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$190. Kodak Instamatic M68 8mm movie projector takes 400-ft. reels, by Eastman Kodak, under \$100. Forty-eight pairs of Burlington Gold Cup Orlon and stretch-nylon socks in wicker hamper, from Bullock & Jones, \$79.50. John Kyrk hanging lamp adds "molecular" element to modern decor, from D/R, \$70. Airbuoy portable diving unit pumps air to one or two divers at depths to 25 ft., by Johnson Motors, \$279. Crown Telephone Valet plugs into any tape recorder, takes information or supplies caller with recorded message, then shuts off automatically, from Industrial Suppliers, \$99.95.



Battery-operated clock-photograph, custom-made by Bronstein for American Designer's Galleries, \$250. Circle-of-Sound stereo unit comes with 80-watt solid-state amplifier, changer and two circular speakers, by Zenith, \$199.95. Remote-control box is operation center for custom stereo system that enables sound selections to vary from room to room with tapes, records and radio housed in a single unit, by John Boulton Signature Music Systems, about \$1500-\$3000, depending on units desired. Telequote III gives latest stock quotations, by Bunker Ramo, \$362 per month on one-year rental contract. Overnighter attaché case of Testa leather, by Karl Seeger, \$275. Vivitar TL-4 instant-load Super-8 movie camera with power zoom lens, from Ponder & Best, \$179.50. *The Playboy Book of Humor and Satire*, from Playboy Press, \$5.95. Chrome-plated liquor dispenser, from Neiman-Marcus, \$90. Model 7500-C color-video-tape recorder for closed-circuit use, by Ampex, \$5000, is hooked to an Ampex-modified TR-921 20-in. Motorola color TV, from Ampex, \$695. One-man "Gyrocopter" rotorcraft with McCulloch engine cruises at 65 mph, in kit form, from Bensen Aircraft, \$3195. 217



A glittering galaxy of fabulous goodies. Top row, left to right: Chrome-plated adjustable floor lamp with glass globe, from Scarabaeus, \$110. Sixteen-inch paella pan is also ideal for cooking Oriental food, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$7.50. Transistorized clock radio in marocca-leather case folds flat for travel, from Mark Cross, \$50. Teleswitch and Telewand wireless remote-control unit turns electrical appliances on or off up to 40 ft. away, from Euphonics Marketing, \$22.95, including batteries. Space Conqueror 180X reflector telescope on tripod, from Edmund Scientific, \$29.95. Executive memo phone has gold-plated receiver ends and dial, phone unit is covered in black or tan leather with gold tooling, from Mark Cross, \$80. Avanti collapsible motorbike by Bianchi Velo of Italy folds up to 30" x 30" x 10", from N.E.W.S. Enterprises, \$249. Middle row, left to right: Stock computer analyzes whether a potential market purchase or sale is high or low risk, by ISEC, \$485; special data service provided free the first year and costs \$150 annually thereafter. Italian-made lamp with beanbag base is designed to rest on uneven surfaces, from Bonniers, \$35.



Austrian-made brass-and-glass tantalus, from Rigaud, \$50. Hand-turned table lighter made of zebrawood, by A. W. Wood Turning, \$18. Sophisticate II solid-state stereo cassette tape player/recorder comes in hardwood cabinet with two matching speaker enclosures that house four-in. air-suspension speakers, by Philco, \$239.95. Aztec ceramic fireplace with spun-steel base, by Condon-King, \$235. SW-4A short-wave receiver offers ultraprecision tuning, by R. L. Drake, \$289. Bottom row, left to right: Cotton-velour double-breasted robe, from Battaglia, \$55. Antique-leather attaché case, from Dunhill Tailors, \$40. Sauna-Steamette plugs into any 110-volt A.C. outlet, features insulated walls that prevent leakage of moisture, by Dan Newman Co., \$189.95. Hand-blown beer glasses of imported lead crystal, by Carale Stupell, \$54 for set of 8. Electrified tongue-in-cheek moosehead playroom or bar trophy of wire and plastic-coated paper, from Scarabaeus, \$100. Portable diving board with V-shaped leaf torsion spring has nonskid surface, by Bostrom, \$75. Stereo home music center holds up to 50 LPs; pickup, play and return are completely automatic, by Seeburg, \$795.

# ON THE SCENE



## **CHARLES LLOYD** *way out, way in*

EVEN BEFORE the Charles Lloyd Quartet played the opening bars of its first number, success seemed preordained. Lloyd, a sartorially impeccable 29-year-old tenor saxophonist and flutist, whose gentle and outgoing nature is echoed in his music, had already established a solid record of achievement as composer, arranger and soloist. He put in three explorative years with Chico Hamilton's restrained chamber-jazz combo, then, in 1964-1965, as an essential element of one of altoist Cannonball Adderley's best groups. Since 1965, when Lloyd's foursome was born, the accolades have poured in and Lloyd has become an idol of the hip and the hippie alike among the young, without sacrificing the favor of older jazz fans. In two years, the Quartet has made six trips to Europe and crisscrossed the U.S. four times. Lloyd seeks "to involve people in my music, excite and bring them to me," he says. "Jazz must come to that—direct communication between one person and another, drawing them closer together." Last year, when he became the first jazz musician to play San Francisco's famed psychedelic teen-dance Fillmore Auditorium, the kids were so turned on by the Quartet's passionate and probing free-form improvisations that they stretched out on the floor to listen. The group has scored other triumphs, too, in its brief existence: top honors at numerous American and European jazz festivals, hit jazz LPs, including *Forest Flower* and *Love-In*, and the first concert ever presented in the Soviet Union by an American modern-jazz combo. The Quartet is also credited with being a solid commercial success, unusual for an experimental group, though it really is hard to pin the avant-garde label on Lloyd's music, which reveals influences as diverse as the blues and Bartók as often as it does reflections of Ornette Coleman and the late John Coltrane. Says Lloyd: "I want to extend music beyond its previous limits, while retaining the lyrical, earthy feeling." The Charles Lloyd Quartet is well on its way to doing just that.





### JOHN USHER MONRO *learn, baby, learn*

AT A PRESS CONFERENCE last March at New York's Hilton, months before the ghetto riots of 1967 alerted the nation's leaders to the possibility of violent insurrection by the Negro masses, John Usher Monroe announced that he was leaving his post as dean of Harvard to direct freshmen studies at Miles College—an impecunious, unaccredited Negro school near Birmingham, Alabama, with an enrollment of 1000. While *The New York Times* hailed his act as “a poignant reminder that the essential battles for human and civil rights call for hard work every day in the year,” Dr. Monro, 54, insisted that his new job was one of “enormous reward” and that he had done all he felt called to do at Harvard. Tough, dedicated and self-effacing, Monro has always been where the action is. After winning a Bronze Star at Okinawa in World War Two, he joined the administrative staff at Harvard, his alma mater, as an advisor to returning veterans. During the next 21 years, in a multitude of official roles, he struggled to bring underprivileged students to Cambridge and assisted them in making the grade—and the grades—all of which endeared him to his charges. The switch to Miles came after three summers of working with the school's president, Dr. Lucius H. Pitts, to prepare incoming Miles students for the trials ahead: Out of 400 in each new class, about a third usually have the skills and motivation necessary to graduate. Minimizing the consuming demands of his new position, Monro praises the fortitude of the young Negroes who accept “the grueling task” of overcoming educational handicaps. Though he admitted that he might even have to help write new textbooks for Miles, he hasn't regretted his move: “I like the people, I like the South . . . and I want to live here.” He also wants to see the Negro community develop “institutional strength” without sacrificing its identity—a new Monro doctrine for uniting the Americas, black and white.

### WALTER MATTHAU *fortune cookie to top banana*

“I'M A SORT OF A Ukrainian Cary Grant,” deadpans 1966 Oscar winner Walter Matthau (Best Supporting Actor, in *The Fortune Cookie*) while commenting on his nonmatinee-idol mobile countenance. “I could be anyone from a men's-room attendant to a business executive.” Endowed with a disturbingly familiar, you-look-like-a-guy-I-knew-in-the-Army face, 47-year-old Matthau had been almost typecast as a minor cinemenace in Hollywood gangster and Western pictures until writer Neil Simon asked him to co-star as an inveterate gambler and lovable slob in the 1965 Broadway smash *The Odd Couple*. Matthau proceeded to steal the show from veteran show stealer Art Carney, earning unanimous plaudits from theater critics. Unlike his poker-playing stage counterpart, former gambler Matthau has courted Lady Luck for the last time (“Once I lost \$183,000 in two weeks. I spent six years in paying it off. . . . I'm solvent and plan to keep it that way.”), now prefers to stay at home with his second wife, Carol, and four-year-old son, Charlie, at Malibu Beach. Matthau also may have swapped the sporting life for domestic life because of a heart attack suffered while filming *The Fortune Cookie* several seasons ago (“I start up the stairs in one scene weighing 198. I was out for six weeks, so by the time I reach the top step, I've lost 26 pounds. Nobody noticed, because I acted heavy.”). This year, as top banana in the Hollywood film farce *The Guide for a Married Man*, Matthau got his first screen chance to play a leading man and he carried it off with comedic brilliance. “Fifteen years ago, I couldn't be a leading man,” Matthau comments candidly. “Now they're going for the actor who maybe doesn't look grand but who can act.” After completing the screen version of *The Odd Couple*, Matthau was signed to star in two forthcoming 20th Century-Fox productions: a George Axelrod sex satire, *The Connecticut Look*, and opposite Barbra Streisand in *Hello, Dolly!*. So who needs to be handsome?

## WIMPY DOLL (continued from page 182)

into the gloomy morass within the box. It was worse than I thought. A rich, moldering compost heap lay like some archaeological treasure-trove before me. For a fleeting instant, I felt like King Tut would feel if he came back and somebody insisted he take a tour through the Egyptian section of the Museum of Natural History to look at all his junk in the glass cases.

Gingerly, I reached down into this sorry mess of pottage—I must admit, with a certain amount of uneasiness, because there was no telling what was in there, and I've always been worried about getting bitten by things. Warily I grasped a round, furry projection that barely topped the surface of this sea of trivia and slowly began to pull through the rubble a battered, fuzzy, brownish, truncated form, which, as it began to emerge from the wreckage, I recognized with growing horror. Great Scott! There, staring insidiously up at me, hanging from my fingers by one ear, was something from so far gone in my dim past that at first I thought this was just some nasty trick of my mother's. But no, I knew it was mine.

I don't know how to say this, but there, right in my apartment in midtown Manhattan, surrounded by my paperbacks of Kafka, Nietzsche and Rona Jaffe, was—please don't think too harshly of me—my Teddy bear. Yes, I confess it. There was a period in my life when I would no sooner have gone to bed without Brownie than I would have thought of saying bad things about Santa Claus. And there he was, looking up at me, one black button eye hanging loose, the other peering right through me with the steadfast, baleful glare of one who knew me when and knew me all too well. And clinging to him, so help me, was the faint but unmistakable aroma of what is euphemistically called baby "urps"—vague remains of ancient Pabulum, petrified oatmeal and insinuating touches of Fletcher's Castoria.

I held Brownie out at arm's length before me. He dangled, revolving slowly in the ambient air—immutable, imperishable, eternally cuddly, wanting only to comfort me in the dark hours of slumber. Discreetly, I turned his good eye away from me, since he seemed to be trying to tell me something, laid him down on the sofa and wandered over to the window to stare for a long, gloomy moment out over the teeming city. If the word ever got out in certain circles that my pad housed a Teddy bear named Brownie, it would do me no good at all. The mere fact that I had ever *owned* a Teddy bear would have been enough in some quarters!

Bracing myself with a drink, I returned to the box. Taking a little more

care this time to guard against undue shock, I slowly withdrew from the entanglement a flat, stuffed, cutout figure made of colored oilcloth. It stood approximately 12 inches high. For a long moment, this strange apparition and I confronted each other without a spark of recognition. Dusty, a bit faded, a little round oilcloth man wearing a derby and sporting a ragged mustache and a pot-belly, he smiled enigmatically over my shoulder toward the kitchen. Somehow he looked familiar, and yet. . . . Then, from some far-off rubbish heap of memory, I heard a voice, a cracked, comical voice on the radio, asking, beseeching, demanding, wheedling, whimpering for more hamburgers. My God! Hurray! It's my Wimpy doll!

It will surprise many historians to learn that at one point in American history there was actually a Popeye radio program. Popeye, Olive and Castor Oyl, Ham Gravy, Wimpy and the whole crowd came into the living room every day. They offered you a choice of a Wimpy doll, a Popeye doll, an Olive Oyl doll or an Alice the Goon doll if you ate enough soup and sent in the labels. We were a canned-soup family, so there was no problem collecting enough labels, but I was probably the only kid in the United States who didn't order a Popeye doll: I went for Wimpy, a down-at-the-heels moocher who lived only to stuff his gut with hamburgers. I identified with him; and I'll never forget the day my Wimpy doll arrived. He immediately outranked Brownie; and for one hectic era, I was one of the very few Americans who went to bed every night with a guy wearing a derby and smoking a cigar. I must admit I was glad to see the old freeloader again. His oilcloth was a little seedy; the stuffing was edging out of his frock coat, but somehow that was as it should be for Wimpy. Carefully, I laid him alongside his old rival and returned to the hustings.

A thin leatherette strap caught my eye and carefully, so as not to break any of these precious artifacts, I dragged forth a strange, dusty, dangling black object covered with snaps and buckles and exuding the heady aroma of musty sheepskin. Faint silver letters could be seen through the basement patina of grime. Dipping a finger in my drink, I carefully wiped off the grease and dirt. B-U—one letter was missing—K—another missing letter—O-G-E. . . . Bless my buttons! My genuine Buck Rogers Space Helmet! For intergalactic flight. With sheepskin lining and—uh-oh, don't tell me! My old lady's lost them or thrown them out! I hurriedly scabbled through the tangled mess and, with a great sigh of relief, pulled out my precious space goggles. Oh, wow! Their scratched, yellowed

plastic lenses were curling at the edges, but I reverently pulled them down over my head and snapped them into place—after first carefully shaking out three dead cockroaches and an elderly retired moth. I tugged at the ear flaps of my space helmet, squeezing it down over my cranium, marveling at how it had shrunk. Finally, I snapped the chin strap shut and rushed into my bedroom to admire myself in the mirror, as I had done so many times in the past. Ah, yes, the same intrepid traveler to the 25th Century, the fearless, flinty-eyed protector of the beautiful Wilma, old Dr. Huer's trusted friend, stared back out at me. But there was one thing missing.

Instantly, I was back at the box—and, sure enough, there it was, a little rusty, a little pock-marked, but still excitingly dangerous-looking. Made of imitation blue steel, it was my faithful Flash Gordon Zap Gun, the same gun that had destroyed Ming the Merciless with its deadly Disintegrator Rays. I leveled it at my Black Forest Persian Water Clock and pulled the trigger: Twaaaaanng! The achingly familiar sound of the deadly rays with which I had gunned down my kid brother, disintegrated Flick, Kissel and Schwartz thousands of times over echoed weakly in the room. The scratchy sheepskin tickled my ears the way it had so often in the past. This helmet and I had been through hell together—not to mention giant snowstorms through which I had burrowed, trusty goggles protecting my eyes, as I pretended that I was on a space flight to Venus, Buck Rogers Space Rockets strapped to my back, on my way to trap the vile Black Barney, who was now in league with Zog, evil master of the Swamp Planet, to subjugate the entire known universe.

Faintly, through the leatherette, the sounds of the *1812 Overture* from my stereo-FM tuner reminded me of one of the bloodiest battles I had ever fought in my kidhood. It directly involved the honor and reputation of my idol Buck Rogers. Without provocation and entirely without grounds, Schwartz had alleged that Flash Gordon could take Buck Rogers any day and that if it wasn't for Flash, Ming the Merciless of the planet Mongo would have us all in his clutches. This slander could not be brooked by any Buck Rogers fan, so we mixed it up under Schwartz' front porch for the better part of an hour, rolling in the dirt, tearing our shirts, banging each other's heads on the rocks, sweating and crying. But he didn't convince me and I didn't convince him. In any case, it was good to have this helmet back. You never know when it might come in handy.

I knew that somewhere in that pile of kid junk there must be the Buck Rogers Spaceship that I had gotten from the

①



②



③



④



⑤



Buck Rogers radio program. It was made of lead and attached to a long string, which you were supposed to tie to a chandelier; given the proper shove, the spaceship would then twirl around the room, making a high, whistling sound. Which it did, until one night when my old man got it in the eye in the dark and ripped it down, tearing half the chandelier off the ceiling.

Reverently, I removed my helmet and goggles, laid aside my zap gun and reached once again into the grab bag. After fumbling around for a moment or two, I felt a round metallic object, which I at first thought was my beloved Mickey Mouse watch, a beautiful timepiece whose dapper yellow gloves occasionally pointed to more or less the correct time. But it wasn't. Corroded, its gilt finish peeling, it was the size of a watch, but beneath its glass top I could see the number 227.4. I scraped off some of the grime and read the embossed inscription—OFFICIAL JACK ARMSTRONG WHEATIES PODEMETER.

From out of the wind tunnel of my mind, a commanding voice dramatically intoned: "Fellas and gals, with the Official Jack Armstrong Pedometer, you can tell just how far you walk every day, how far it is to school, how many miles it is to the store or the scout meeting. You'll never be lost if you wear your Jack Armstrong Pedometer at all times. For just one Wheaties boxtop and twenty-five cents mailed to Jack Armstrong in care of this station. . . ." This was an important find. I examined the pedometer closely, ticking the counter lever with my thumb. It still worked. It still made that telltale click at each revolution. I remembered great herds of kids wearing corduroy knickers drifting schoolward through the boondocks, clicking as they went. The whole neighborhood sounded like an enormous flock of crickets, day and night, as kids measured how far it was to everywhere. I could still see the funny look on Miss Shields' face as, one day in fourth grade, I got up, on direct orders, to go to the blackboard to demonstrate my grasp of the multiplication table.

"What's that clicking?" asked Miss Shields.

"I'm measuring how far it is from my seat to the board," I said.

"Give me that," is all she said as she stuck the eighth pedometer of the day in her bottom drawer.

Pulling up my pajamas, I strapped the pedometer to my right knee, got up and carefully paced the distance to my bar, returned to my seat and took a reading. Hasty calculations revealed that six martinis would result in traveling one twelfth of a mile. Happy as a clam, I dug back into the box and unsuspectingly unearthed a shadowy horror out of my past that caused me to rock back in my chair in a wave of terror. My God! The

evidence still exists! The crime had lain dormant in the back of my mind for years, gnawing at my conscience like some dry rot in the foundations of a haunted house.

Furtively, I examined my find, shielding it in my hand so that if by any remote chance there were onlookers, they would not see the incriminating cellophane envelope that I held. That old sick nausea of fear of discovery, of the unmasking of my calumny, the exposure of my rottenness, hit me again. I am not proud of what I had done, but I was young and unformed. Youth is always immoral, but if I had it to do over again, I know I would do the right thing. I held it up to the light, and there they were within the envelope—yellow and green, light blue, triangular-shaped, the collection of "Rare exotic hard-to-find Foreign stamps," which, in a headstrong moment of criminality, I had once sent away for—on approval. On approval meant you sent them your dime *after* you got the stamps. I do not have to tell you that I not only never sent in the dime, I never intended to. I remember the letter that came from Kansas City a month later, threatening my father with jail and me with a criminal record that would last throughout my life if I didn't ante up. I almost passed out when I read that; and after carefully burning it in the furnace, I decided I'd better pay. But I never did. I never heard from them again, although for years I had fleeting impressions of men in dark coats and Homburgs shadowing me wherever I went.

I tucked the stamp collection well back under the middle sofa cushion and moodily sipped my drink. Maybe that was the first misstep, I thought. Maybe if I had paid for those stamps, I could have marched through life clear-eyed, clean, honest, straight to the White House. I'll bet Lyndon Johnson paid for *his* stamps! On second thought, however. . . .

It was with an effort that I returned to my investigation, fishing up next a collection of thin sheets of paper bound together with a crusty old rubber band that broke in my hand immediately, spilling the crinkly slips out over the floor. Cockamamies! I had unearthed some unused gems from the precious collection that I had bought over the years at Old Man Pulaski's. He really hated the times when we would come in to buy these tissue-paper tattoos that dissolved in water.

"All right, you kids, I ain't got no time for foolin' around. Either ya want pictures or ya don't."

Schwartz, Flick, Kissel and I, peering in through his glass case, would finally, after great soul-searching, decide on which magnificent artistic views of Old Faithful we wanted. I picked up from the floor a cockamamie showing a Marine in a green helmet sticking a bayonet

into the thorax of a bright-yellow Jap soldier. A great fountain of crimson blood squirted out over the M-1. The Jap's eyes were slanted evilly, his mouth contorted as he hurled an Oriental obscenity at the square-jawed Marine. The caption read: "GUNG NO!" It was a beautiful picture, and I remember the day I bought it, my mother wouldn't let me put it on.

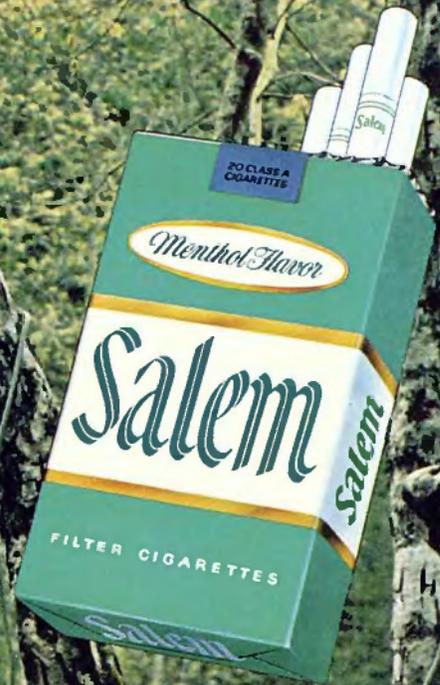
Here was my chance. I licked the ancient decal, tasting the old familiar glue flavor that I knew would not leave my mouth for a month, and meticulously smoothed the soggy cockamamie onto the back of my left hand, blowing on it expertly, as I had done so often in the past, to dry it off. Now for the delicate part. With the skill of a surgeon, I slowly peeled off the moist backing. There, in four beautiful colors on my left hand, was as magnificent a representation as I have ever seen of a Jap corporal going to his just rewards. I wondered what the gang at the office would say to me *now*? I knew that I would be the envy of all eyes and that it would especially impress the typing pool. I held my hand out admiringly, knowing that if I didn't wash my hands, I could keep it intact for at least a month.

By now, I must admit, I had been sucked bodily into this sobering and edifying dissection of my yeasty formative years. Old excitements and cravings, fugitive passions and desires crowded in upon me. With gusto, I drained off what remained of my bloody charlie and prepared to push on through the undergrowth of my childhood, little realizing the pitfalls and traps, the traumas that lay ahead.

My cockamamie had hardly dried when I found myself holding in my hand as sinister an object as I had ever owned, an object with a history of the sort that is rarely whispered in mixed company and that could and did make strong men weep. It was a penknife, but a penknife with a difference. Shaped like a lady's leg, no less—a lady's leg wearing a chromium-plated high-heeled shoe. The mother-of-pearl calf bulged enticingly and tapered off just above the knee. It carried two blades: one for ordinary cutting, the other for snipping off the butt ends of long black cigars. As I inspected it, the vision of an early but decisive humiliation sprang out from the knife directly into my consciousness.

My knees cracking warningly as I arose, I carried the grizzled weapon to the window. Holding it at the proper angle as I had done in the past, I looked for the silver shield embedded in the mother-of-pearl calf. Ah, yes, it was still there. I raised the knife to eye level, peering deep into the tiny hole in the shield, upward at the watery sun. There she was. My old paramour, who had contributed to many a sweaty evening

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and feverish dream, her grass skirt provocatively parted at mid-thigh, her roguish gypsy eyes glowing as brightly as ever, her ample and bare bazooms still in full, magnificent, flesh-colored bloom. She was the lady who had caused my disgrace and eventual court-martial from the Moose Patrol, Troop 41, Boy Scouts of America.

For months I had whined and cajoled, trying to pry out of my parents the price of an official Boy Scout knife. No one in our troop had a complete uniform. Some wore only khaki knickers; others sported only the broad-brimmed campaign hat; one or two had just a canteen; I owned only my purple neckerchief with the gold letters B. S. A. I wanted a knife to hang from my belt, like Flick had. My Uncle Carl, who spent the entire Depression playing his banjo and going in and out of poolrooms, hearing of my burning desire, one day fulfilled my wish. I distinctly recall the conversation. He wasn't wearing his false teeth that day, but he did have on his straw hat.

"I hear ya want a knife."

"Yeah."

"How would ya like this knife?" He fished out of his pocket the lady's leg in question.

"WOW!"

"Wait'll they see that at the Scout troop. That's better than any old Boy Scout knife," said Uncle Carl.

I held it in my hand for the first time. He bent over and whispered into my ear, his beery breath enveloping me in warmth and suds. "Look into that hole on the side. And don't tell your mother." That was the beginning. The next week, she was an instant smash hit at Troop 41's meeting. And two weeks later, I was drummed out in disgrace when Mr. Gordon got wind of what the Moose Patrol was cackling about.

I put my trusty knife into the pocket of my dressing gown and returned to the fray. An angry gust of December wind rattled my window as I wallowed among Christmases past, days of Ovaltine and morning-glories. I found myself holding a singular object that at first I did not recognize. In fact, it was so grotesque that it was hard to believe that the human mind could conceive of such a surrealistic *objet d'art*—a gently curved, warted, plastic, winged golden pickle, imprinted with the cabalistic symbol "57." The number had a curiously familiar ring: 57 what? Operative 57? No, that didn't sound right. And why the pickle? Then it hit me. Heinz' 57 Varieties! Sponsored by the pickle company, Colonel Roscoe Turner and his famous Flying Corps, of which I was a fully licensed and qualified member, had appeared in a comic strip that ran under *Tillie the Toiler* back in the days when Jiggs was hitting the corned beef and cabbage hard and Maggie was hitting

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Jiggs even harder. Turner's creased, intrepid face with the dashing Errol Flynn mustache had been the very embodiment of flying. His only passenger was a lion cub named Gilmore. I pinned the wings over my left breast and decided to have an extra shot of catsup with my hamburger that night, for old time's sake. There was a time when I devoutly believed that when I grew up, I would not only be a pilot but would own several pairs of beautifully tailored, whipcord pilot-type riding breeches. With puttees. Here I am, grown up as much as I'll ever be, and all I've got are a couple of pairs of baggy Bermuda shorts, and I don't even know where I could lay my hands on as much as a single puttee if I had to. They don't even *name* guys Roscoe anymore. He did more for the canned-soup and piccilli industries than Billy Graham has done for evangelism.

The next 15 minutes I spent happily working the plunger on my Captain Midnight Ovaltine Shake-Up Mug, which I immediately saw would be handy in whipping up a batch of gibsons. I next blew several high, piercing blasts from my Captain Midnight Three-Way Mystic Dog Whistle, causing 17 mutts in apartments as far as two blocks away to howl and bark frantically as I communicated to them in Captain Midnight's secret code, the same code that I had used to send secret messages across the back yards and alleys to Flick and Kissel.

Unexpectedly, I then ran across a veritable fortune in unrealized assets. Here, for years, I had been moderately wealthy and did not know it. I discovered seven—that's right, *seven*—unredeemed Good Humor Lucky Sticks, each good for one free Good Humor bar any time I cared to cash them in. I could not figure how I had let them go by the boards when I was a kid; but then it slowly came back to me—the summer I had hoarded them for my old age. I had read a story in a comic book about an old man who didn't save when he was a kid and now was reduced to begging on street corners. The moral was to Save For A Rainy Day. It scared me so much that I began to lay away uncashed pop bottles, Lucky Sticks and slugs for free games on the pinball machine. Vestiges of chocolate syrup remained on the valuable premiums. I wondered briefly whether I could cash the whole lot in with Emile, the bartender at the Existentialiste du Morte, for an Irish coffee.

With moist eyes, I rifled through my prized collection of Fleer's bubble-gum cards, illustrating great moments in American history. There was good old Washington still crossing the Delaware, Paul Revere galloping over the countryside on a green horse, Abraham Lincoln making a speech. Dog-eared, thumbed, well worn and faithful, my collection—one of the world's most valuable of its kind—was completely intact. As I

glanced at them, my jaw hinges ached dully from countless pounds of obscenely pink bubble gum that I had pulverized to get these cards. One card, in particular, told a story. It showed Robert Fulton waving a flag from the deck of his steamship. That card had cost me four fillings in one chomp of the gum; the sickening crunch of a mouthful of silver as the bubble gum did its deadly work is a feeling not soon to be forgotten.

The next item plunged me into such a funk as to necessitate an immediate trip to the sideboard for two fingers of the straight stuff. At first glance, it was a supremely innocent artifact. But to me, who lived through it, who suffered with it and was irrevocably scarred for life because of it, it was far more than a ten-cent package of nasturtium seeds. I looked at the brilliantly colored picture of gigantic prize-winning blossoms shown on the slender envelope of rattling seeds. It all came back—that grim week long ago that began with such high hopes and that ended in a black despair that had forever made me quail at the word "salesmanship."

Miss Shields that spring had enlisted us to sell seeds in the neighborhood in order to buy a set of World Books for the Warren G. Harding School. Her stirring, impassioned speech—exhorting us to get out and sell the seeds to "all your friends and neighbors who are waiting

for you to deliver them"—had stirred me to sign up for a whole box of 12 envelopes. I ran all the way home, eager to hit the trail. My first jaunty knock was on the door of the gray house by the corner. A haggard, sleepy lady peered out of the darkness at me.

"What d'ya want?"

"Uh—d'ya want to buy any seeds?"

"Any what?"

"Seeds. I have marigolds, pansies, hollyhocks. . . ."

"Seeds!" The lady's red eyes glared out at me.

". . . Nasturtiums, morning-glories."

The door slammed shut. Miss Shields had not mentioned this possibility. At the next house, a large brown dog, closely related to the jaguar, chased me around the garage four times before I made it over the fence. Next door, a lady holding four babies and surrounded by a moiling thicket of wailing urchins peered dimly out at me, shaking her head silently.

House after house it went like this, until finally, at the end of four miles of humiliating defeat, I emerged a bent, stooped, tiny, wizened, nine-year-old Willy Loman—foresore and weary, without so much as a single seed sold. Finally, weeks later, various aunts paid for my stock, but I was left with this last unsold package of nasturtiums.

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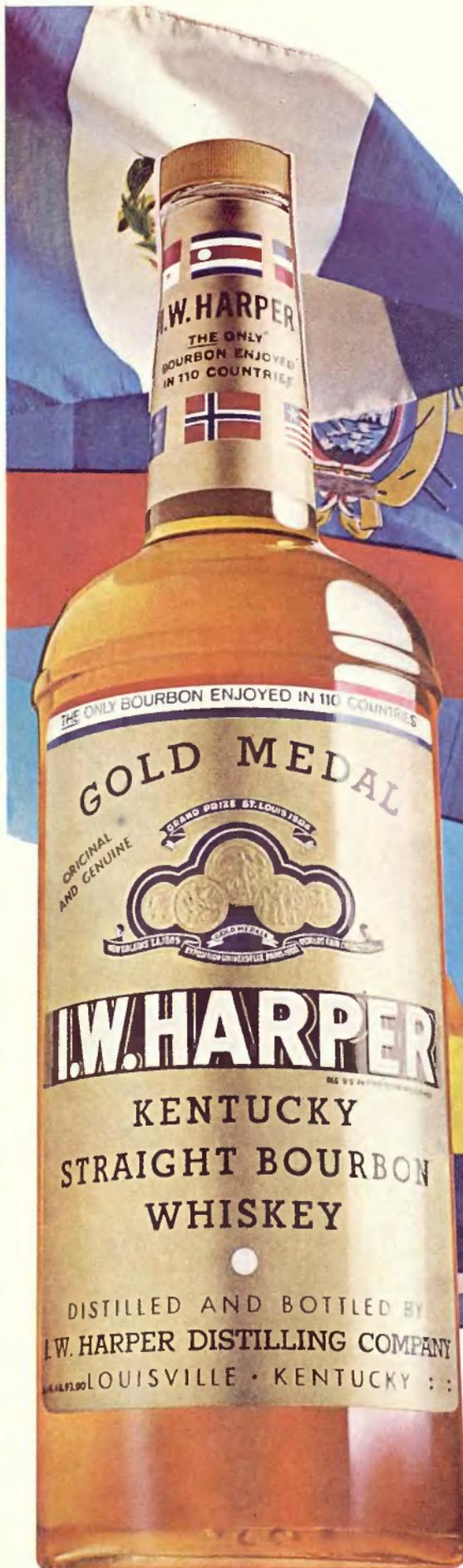
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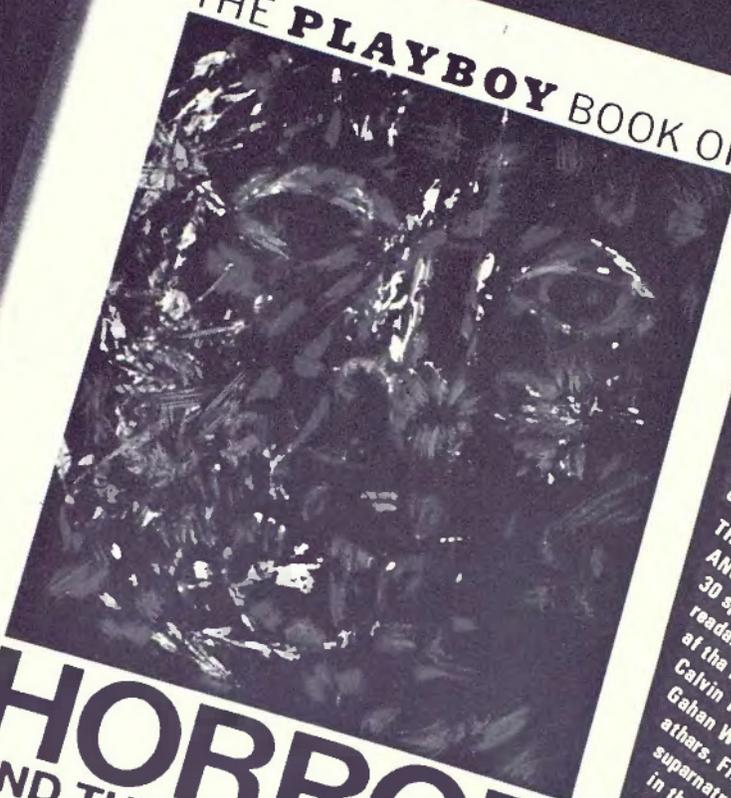
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overwhelmed me, my knuckles ached once again from knocking on unyielding doors as I stared through misty eyes at those brilliant nasturtiums. For some reason, I found myself wondering whether the seeds would actually grow and what they would produce if they did. I have heard that ancient grains of wheat taken from the tombs of Pharaohs have been made to sprout and prosper. Tenderly, I placed my remaining stock of seeds next to Wimpy. For a moment, I thought perhaps I might go out this afternoon, knock on a few apartment doors on my floor and maybe make a sale. But then the old fear took over and I knew I couldn't do it.

Right on the heels of the nasturtiums, as if by evil design, I came across a mint-condition flat-white can of White Cloverine Brand Salve, another relic of my ill-fated career as a boy salesman. The ad in the comic book had read: "Kids! you may be the one to win this beautiful SHETLAND PONY! He will be awarded, along with thousands of other prizes, to winners in our big Sales Sweepstakes. Just help distribute to your friends and neighbors that old family stand-by White Cloverine Brand Salve." It pictured a smiling, freckle-faced, redheaded kid holding the reins of a brown-and-white Shetland. I clipped the coupon. God only knows what horrors would have descended on the household if I *had* won a pony.

Shortly thereafter, an enormous case full of White Cloverine Brand Salve arrived, and another trial by fire began. Once again, I was tested and found wanting. After 17 giant suppertime fights, and after I had sold only three cans of salve—one to my mother, one to Mrs. Kissel and one to me—my father wrapped the whole thing up and sent it back to the Cloverine people, hollering: "LET THE BASTARDS SUE! THEY CAN'T GET BLOOD OUT OF A ROCK! IF YOU EVER SEND ANOTHER DAMN COUPON IN, YOU WON'T SIT DOWN FOR A MONTH!" That ended that, technically, but nothing had ever sealed the ugly gash in my soul.

Next came my battered, rainbow-tinted Official Tournament Model Duncan Yo-Yo, its paint worn smoothly away along the groove from endless hours of Walking the Dog, its string knotted and blackened, trailing off into the mass of memorabilia. I pulled and tugged at it. Something was attached to it. Out of the depths it came like a struggling freshwater catfish, glinting dully in the faint gray light of my apartment. I held it up, suspended from the yo-yo string, to examine it. Slowly spinning before my eyes was one of the true treasures of my youth, my Melvin Purvis G-Man Badge. I searched quickly and discovered, still intact and ready for action, its matching

set of Melvin Purvis G-Man Escape-Proof Handcuffs, just like the ones John Dillinger had slipped out of so many times. I knew that somewhere down in the tangle must be my Melvin Purvis G-Man Book of Instructions on HOW TO STOP CRIME. It was. I glanced at the first page, entitled "HOW TO TELL A CROOK": "G-Men have found that crooks cannot look an honest man in the eye. Always look at the eyes of suspects for the telltale evidence." I remember the day I tried it on Grover Dill. "What are you lookin' at?" was all he said before he hit me in the mouth. I guess Melvin Purvis never had to deal with anybody like Grover Dill.

As you have no doubt deduced, there was a period in my life when I was an implacable foe of crime. Every week I listened intently as Warden Lawes of Sing Sing intoned on the radio: "Attention! All citizens be on the lookout for Harry Rottenstone, known as Harry the Fink, wanted for armed robbery in Oklahoma. He is five feet, eight and one half inches tall, usually of mean disposition, a diagonal scar running from left ear to jaw, steel-blue eyes, tattoo on right forearm of red heart: MOTHER. This man is armed and presumed dangerous. Notify the police. Do *not* attempt to take him singlehandedly. Notify your local law-enforcement office. This is Warden Lawes saying 'Good night.'"

Every day after that, I coolly surveyed all passing strangers for telltale scars. Eventually it had to happen, and it did. I spotted a thickset steelworker getting on a bus and ten minutes later reported him to the big cop who helped kids across the street in front of Warren G. Harding School. The feeling of stark righteousness and bravery that I experienced at that moment, coupled with my natural fear of cops, is still fresh in my memory.

"Officer! I just saw Harry the Fink! He got on the Inland Steel bus!"

"Harry who?"

"Harry the Fink! I heard about him on the radio. He robbed Oklahoma!"

"Oh, for God sake! You're the ninth kid today that's seen Harry the Fink! Last week it was Iron-Lip Louie. They oughta make listening to that damn Sing Sing program against the law. I'll Harry-the-Fink you! Get in school. You're late."

Between Warden Lawes and Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons, the cops must have had their hands full night and day. Mr. Keene was always announcing about how somebody had wandered away from his wife and seven kids in Minneapolis and was last seen wearing a blue suit and driving a black Plymouth with the name "Bubbles" written on the trunk. A population with its eye peeled for runaway husbands and escaped em-

bezzlers did not make things easy down at the old precinct house.

I knew that somewhere under this pile of junk must be my FBI in Peace and War Official Fingerprint Kit, for which I had sent in two Lava soap wrappers. You *needed* Lava soap to get that crummy, sticky black ink off your fingers after you got the kit. I remember running the rubber roller, loaded with ink, right up the back of my kid brother's neck, a dismal incident that could well have been one of the contributing factors that led directly to World War Two.

A flash of red caught my eye and another trophy of another long-lost afternoon confronted me, a battered, bright-red plastic fireman's hat bearing the motto: ED WYNN TEXACO FIRE CHIEF. For one brief, feverish season, this Fire Chief hat was an absolute *must* for every right-thinking kid. Ed Wynn came on the radio with that big old siren, with the fire bells banging, wearing a hat exactly like this beauty. They gave them away at the Texaco station to anybody who could afford gas, and also at the World's Fair.

Gingerly, I placed it atop my head to see if it still gave me that old feeling of pizzazz. I arose, walked to the window and, for reasons that are obscure to me, raised the glass and stuck my head out, high over the roaring canyon of the Manhattan street. The sun bore down weakly as I said to myself:

"You are absolutely the only guy in all of New York that is wearing an Ed Wynn Fire Chief hat at this minute. You are unique. Hurray!"

At that instant, a gust of frigid wind struck me smartly on the left side of my cranium. I felt the Fire Chief hat lift slightly, and in an instant it was gone. I stared as it turned over and over, drifting down toward the traffic jam, a tiny, red, uproarious Ed Wynn horselaugh volplaning down to the sidewalk.

In a panic, I rushed into the kitchen and pressed the button on the phone that connected me with the doorman far below. His voice filtered up through the hum.

"Yeah?"

"MY FIRE CHIEF HAT JUST FELL OUT OF THE WINDOW!"

"Yer what?"

"My, uh—" I suddenly realized what I was saying.

"My, uh—my Fire Chief hat."

"Fire Chief hat—out the window."

"It's red! It says Ed Wynn on it."

"Ed who?"

"WYNN! ED WYNN!" I was shouting.

"Don't he live on the third floor? In 3-C?"

"NO! ED WYNN, THE FIRE CHIEF!"

"You got a *fire*? You want me to call—"

"LOOK, GODDAMN IT! THERE'S

A RED FIRE CHIEF HAT ON THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THIS BUILDING. GET IT AND BRING IT UP TO ME!"

There was a long pause, until finally: "OK. If you say so. . . ." He hung up. I rushed back to the window to peer down. Sure enough, I could see the midget figure of the doorman far below, looking up and down the street. My God! A tiny kid had my hat on his head! Without thinking, I shouted down 16 floors:

"GIMME BACK MY HAT, KID!"

Instantly, dozens of passers-by peered up, hoping to see another suicide. I saw the doorman tangle with the struggling kid far below. A few shadowy faces appeared at apartment windows across the avenue. Stealthily, I pulled down the window and hid behind my madras drapes. What am I doing? Skulking back to the sofa—my Jack Armstrong Pedometer clicking, the cockamamie on my left

hand glowing brightly—I sat down and tried to get a grip on myself. I know what I'll do. I'll wrap all this junk up, throw it in the back of the closet, get dressed and go down to P. J.'s. The hell with this. I'm a grown-up man. What do I want with an Ed Wynn Fire Chief hat?

It was no use. I couldn't kid myself. I wanted my hat back. For years I had never once thought of my hat and didn't even know I still had it, and now I wanted it more than anything in the world. Even my cutout cardboard Grumpy mask, which I got from *Pepper Young's Family*, didn't seem to help. I stuck my nose through the cutout hole in the mask and snapped the two cracked rubber bands over my ears, my eyes staring bleakly out through the slits in Grumpy's map.

I sat for a moment, wanting to go back to the window to see how the doorman was doing but afraid they'd spot me across the way. Suppressing the thought, I returned to the box and

resumed my excavations. Rummaging about, I next rediscovered my old blue-steel bicycle clip for my pants. I snapped it on the left leg of my pajamas to see if my ankles had gotten fatter. It was then that I noticed my old canvas delivery bag from the time I had a magazine route: COLLIER'S, LIBERTY MAGAZINE was emblazoned in red letters on the side. Tucked in the bag was an old Nabisco Shredded Wheat Color Card. I could see where I had badly colored Niagara Falls with Crayolas. I pulled the shoulder strap down over my neck and was amazed to find that the bag came up under my armpit. It used to hang down around my knees. It must have shrunk. I was attempting to adjust it when my doorbell rang.

He's got it! I leaped to the door, flinging it open. Al, the Ukrainian doorman, stood in the hallway, holding my Ed Wynn Fire Chief hat.

"You got it! GREAT!"

"That kid sure put up a fight." He extended his paw, holding the battered plastic helmet.

"He can get his *own* hat!" I hissed. I noticed that Al had an odd look on his face.

"How come you're wearin' that mask, mister?"

I had forgotten completely about my false face, which I was still wearing. I figured I'd better play it cool:

"Oh, that's Grumpy. I'm doing a little work here this morning."

"Oh, I see," he said, backing off a bit as he noticed my bicycle clip and my *Collier's* delivery bag.

I reached out for the Fire Chief hat and knew immediately that I had made another mistake. The screaming yellow Jap on my hand, his blood gushing forth, lit up the entire hallway. Al started slightly and said:

"I never knew you was in the Marines. I was in the Navy. You oughta see the tattoo I got on my backside! Gung Ho!"

"Oh, that. I was just doing a little painting around here."

As I took the precious Fire Chief hat from his grubby claw, he noticed the Jack Armstrong Pedometer that hung from my right knee.

Retreating hastily—clicking with each step—I mumbled my thanks and slammed the door. There was no doubt about it. I knew I would have to move. When the doorman told this story around, I would be cooked.

Pouring myself a neat brandy, I began to straighten up the joint, ruffling through the still-unapped drift of effluvia that remained in the box. What further horrors lay here entombed? What as-yet-unrealized embarrassments? There was my Joe Palooka Big Little Book, my Junior Birdmen of America Senior Pilot's License, even the four-color Magic Slide



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Rule Patented Piano Lesson that had guaranteed to teach me to play in just seven minutes. There was my Mystic Ventril-O, with which I had unsuccessfully attempted to mystify my friends by throwing my voice into trunks, hollering in a comb-and-tissue-paper voice: "HELP! Let me out!" There was my Charles Atlas Dynamic-Tension Muscle-Building and Chest Expanding Course, my periscope, my match-cover collection, the magnifying glass with which I had set Helen Weathers on fire. It was all there.

Gingerly I tilted the huge box over onto its side. A tinkling, squeaking, musty avalanche spilled out over the floor—and my benighted youth lay shimmering before me like some surrealistic collage of adolescent dreams: my Tom Mix Whistling Ring, which never whistled; my Captain Midnight Photomatic Code-O-Graph badge and Secret Squadron Bomber Wings, which lost their pin the very first instant I tried to attach them to my pullover and caused a fit of hysterics that has become legendary in my family, a fit that resulted in my mother banning *Captain Midnight* listening in our house for almost a month. Rolled in a sad little ball were the tattered remains of my Jack Armstrong pennant from Hudson High, a school that, by an odd coincidence, flew the same colors as the orange-and-white Wheaties box. I thought for a moment how well it would look over my desk at the office, and then sadly dismissed the thought. Lovingly, I fingered my Huskies Club pin, an athletic organization sponsored by the people who manufactured Grape-Nuts, a cereal that I remembered chiefly for its ability to crack false teeth. For a moment I stared off into the middle distance, seeing with stark clarity that dramatic instant when my grandmother's dentures shattered with a loud report on a mighty spoonful of that nutlike cereal, known for its gentle laxative action. Grandma was never quite the same after that. Lou Gehrig, who was the president of the Huskies Club, maintained in many a comic-strip advertisement that it was because of Grape-Nuts that he was able to follow Babe Ruth in the Yankee batting order.

A tiny, shriveled square of cloth next caught my eye. Great balls of fire! My Sky Blazers Arm Patch, which proved conclusively that I ate two slices of Wonder Bread every day. Tom Mix Straight Shooter premiums, long forgotten but never forgiven, emerged; and a Tom Mix Special Sun Watch, to be used when lost in the jungles of Yucatán, a place I have always half suspected I would end up in, anyway. If you're lost in the head-hunter-ridden jungles, you'd better know what time it is. My pulse



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quickened as I extracted from the grisly array a device that could come in even handier: my Tom Mix Periscope Ring. I dusted it off and slipped it on my pinkie. Holding it up to my eye, I could see in hazy outline the bathroom door—*behind* me! The uses for such a device are obvious, especially around an office filled with ambitious, bushy-tailed young executives on the make.

Did mine eyes deceive me? No. Beneath a pair of Tom Mix spurs lurked my most occult treasure, a genuine Mystic Voodoo Skull Ring, with genuine simulated emerald eyes—a ring designed to put curses on your enemies. There is no doubt that such a ring could still have its uses. I slipped it carefully into my pocket, already formulating plans. Next came an *objet* of such poignant personal meaning that instinctively I turned my eyes away from it. Its very presence brought back an afternoon that even today rankles in my soul as one of those really terrible things that happen to all of us. My Uncle Ned had given me a

dollar bill for my ninth birthday. Crisp, clean, of a beautiful green color, I held it for an all-too-brief time. Minutes later, I stood in front of a diabolical machine at the candy store, a machine filled with such tremendous bonanzas as Brownie cameras, wrist watches and cigarette lighters embossed with naked ladies; flashlights made in the form of tiny revolvers, all floating in a sea of multi-colored candy BBs. All you had to do to get one of these treasures was to skillfully operate two chromium handles, which in turn maneuvered the claw of a tiny steam shovel inside the case. Nickel after nickel I poured into this monster, growing more nervous and sweaty as each time the claw didn't *quite* grab the Brownie. Finally, after 85 cents had gone down the drain, it threw me a contemptible lead watch fob bearing the likeness of Myrna Loy.

I sucked moodily on my long-lost Dr. Christian Bubble Pipe. An angry wind laden with sooty ice crystals banged briefly at the windows of my apartment.

It was getting colder. Sadly I returned it to the dusty magic mountain of illusion—lost and gone, grieved by only the wind. I had had enough. Back into the box I stuffed Brownie, Wimpy, Grumpy, Ed Wynn, Roscoe Turner, Jack Armstrong, Melvin Purvis, Buck Rogers—the whole teeming throng of them from out of the past. Over this communal crypt I laid the Dead Sea Scrolls—carefully smoothed newspaper fragments bearing the faded face of Harold Teen, and Perry Winkle's round sailor hat, and the yellowed headline "DAYLIGHT RAID ON NORMANDY PORTS. B-17S BOMB COAST."

Replacing the cover, I twisted the wires back together, binding the whole thing in place. For a fleeting moment, I considered shoving the whole sorry mess out onto the garbage landing. But I chickened out. Staggering under the load, I dragged my childhood to the hall closet. With an enormous effort, I got it up to the top shelf. Mysterious rattles and tinkles and squeakings continued for a few seconds. Then, silence—except for the muffled, jaunty quackings of my old rubber duck. I read the lettering on the box again: LIFE—THE COMPLETE CEREAL. I wondered whether my mother had picked that box purposely. You never know about mothers.

Outside, the long December afternoon was darkening into night. It wouldn't be long before the crowds of Christmas shoppers and Rockefeller Center holiday rubes would give way to the big-time, out-on-the-town crowd. Across the avenue, Christmas trees glowed through Venetian blinds. From the apartment next door drifted the nasal tones of a 12-year-old protest caroler singing *Jesus Don't Love Me Anymore, but I Got You, Babe*, the current spiritual smash, to the accompaniment of his electric tambourine.

I sat for a long moment in the gathering gloom and then suddenly noticed the huddled form of my little green aluminum Japanese Christmas tree. On impulse, I fished around in the rubble on my coffee table and came up with a thin, dime-sized copper disk with the faded inscription POPEYE SPINACH EATERS' LUCKY PIECE. Cradling it in my sweaty palm, I picked up the Christmas tree and gingerly unscrewed the fuse that I had twisted to death. With my forefinger, I carefully inserted my old badge of spinach addiction and Popeye fandom. Magically, the thin but unmistakable notes of "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" filled the room and the tiny tree began to pirouette, its hidden mechanisms working flawlessly, its miniature red and green, blue and yellow candles sending out a dazzling rainbow of soft Christmas cheer. Lovingly, I placed it on the window sill for the world to see. Popeye had saved the day again.



"Disgusting! I bet they're having an orgasm right now."

# REINCARNATION

(continued from page 177)

what authority doest thou these things?" he replied with a counter question: "The baptism of John, was it from heaven or of men?" He meant: "Was my installation by John as the Messiah, in a lustral ceremony at which the traditional coronation psalm was recited (*Mark IX: 1-11*), divinely inspired or not?" Had the captain denied John's inspiration, he would have infuriated the pilgrim crowds who identified this martyred hero with Elijah. They knew that none but a prophet was entitled to perform the coronation ceremony: they also knew that the acceptance of any new prophet, apart from Elijah's reappearance in the last days, had been banned by an edict of the Sanhedrin some 200 years previously. Jesus was now claiming a right to purge the temple courts in accordance with Zechariah's Messianic prophecy (*Zechariah III: 7* and *XIV: 21*); but the genuineness of his Messiahship depended on Elijah's reincarnation as John the Baptist—another lonely and persecuted prophet. No honest theologian can therefore deny that his acceptance of Jesus as Christ logically binds every Christian to a belief in reincarnation—in Elijah's case, at least.

The English masses have fallen away spectacularly from their 19th Century Protestantism and prefer to believe in some form of reincarnation. This is partly because the "upper classes" have long used religion to keep the "lower classes" in their proper places, as in the popular hymn:

*The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.*

Partly, also, because the Christian concept of heaven had been frozen too early by the ecstatic Revelation of the other St. John. His paradise was not, as the Essenes held, a terrestrial park well supplied with rivers, fruit trees and gentle winds; it was a First Century A.D. Oriental court perpetually engaged in ritual homage to a potentate sitting in judgment over countless trembling souls. These were allowed no choice between eternal fires of hell and eternal choral singing—neither of which tempts the average British citizen. By the way, our pagan ancestors, taught to believe in a chilly, barren, homeless hell lying to the far north, were delighted by the first Christian missionaries' description of hell as an enormous bonfire. "We will keep warm," they are said to have cried joyfully. And (by the way, again) Gehenna, the original Hebrew hell, was not at first preached about as if it were a real place. The prophets used it as a metaphor taken from Jerusalem's perpetually smoking



"Sir, could you help me get back to the North Pole?"

municipal rubbish dump in the valley of Hinnom.

Reincarnation rarely came up in England as an alternative to heaven and hell until Tudor times, when Shakespeare's fellow playwright, Christopher Marlowe, put it into the mouth of Dr. Faustus. Faustus, you remember, had sold his immortal soul to the Devil in exchange for all that he most desired in this world. The final scene in the play shows Faustus' last night on earth. He hears the clock strike 11 and, knowing that the Devil is due to claim his fee at midnight, appeals in vain for God's last-minute pardon—for a shortening of his eternal sentence even to 100,000 years. Then he laments that the Christian faith allows him no hope of reincarnation. As a scholar, he has read about Pythagoras, the Greek mystic who preached the gospel of "metempsychosis," or reincarnation, to the Sicilians of Crotona.

*Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis!  
were that true,  
This soul should fly from me  
and I be changed  
Into some brutish beast: all  
beasts are happy,  
For when they die  
Their souls are soon dissolved  
in elements,  
But mine must live still to be  
plagued in hell.*

Pythagoras, surnamed Mnesarchides

("one who remembers his origins"), was born about 582 B.C. on the Aegean island of Samos and seems to have belonged to the Pelasgian Orphic cult, which flourished thereabouts. He announced himself as a reincarnation of the Trojan hero Euphorbus. This choice has long puzzled scholars. It may have been merely metaphorical, because Euphorbus, meaning "he who eats the right food" (Pythagoras is known to have been a food faddist), was the son of Panthus, meaning "loving thought," and won fame as the Trojan who drew first blood when the Greeks landed at Troy. Euphorbus also dealt Achilles' comrade, Patroclus, his mortal wound—Hector merely gave him the *coup de grâce*—which was the turning point in the Trojan War. As a Pelasgian from Samos, Pythagoras' sympathies would have been pro-Trojan; the city of Troy claimed Pelasgian founding fathers. He, it seems, believed that reincarnations took place at regular intervals, such as 207, 216, 440 and 462 years—mathematical attempts to regularize the unpredictable. But later, Pythagorean metempsychotics settled for 1000 years, or 3000, or some other round number.

Most moderns aspire high in their preincarnations. Queen Elizabeth, Napoleon, Joan of Arc, Julius Caesar, St. Theresa and Shakespeare are common choices—claims which, if made

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persistently enough, condemn many harmless, overimaginative people with practical relatives to the funny farm. A friend of mine, an English psychiatrist, recently had under his charge two patients, each of whom claimed to be the Virgin Mary. One was quite young and the other middle-aged. He introduced them to each other to see what would happen. The elder reacted instantly: "Hail Mary, my spotless daughter! I am your mother, St. Anne, who bore you immaculately." The younger embraced her new mother with enthusiasm.

Fervent belief in reincarnation, when a symptom of mental unbalance, is caused, as a rule, by the patient's dissatisfaction with the dull routine of life. A visitor once asked an inmate in an English institution:

"How goes it?"

"Thank you, sir; I suppose I'll get through my present struggle in the end. But this week has been almost as bad as Waterloo. That was a deuce of a battle, if you like! We English couldn't trust our Belgian allies, and Old Nap had veteran troops with him. If Field Marshal Blücher hadn't arrived just in time with his Prussians, I think we'd have been knocked out. I happen to remember that day very well, indeed. You see, I *am* Lord Wellington."

"But it was touch and go for the French, too, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, *mon Dieu!* Our luck was out that day and I wasn't feeling any too good myself—ate too many fried *pommes de terre* the night before. Stupid of me. As you may have guessed, I happen to be Napoleon."

"But you just said that you were Wellington!"

"Yes, of course, but that was by another mother."

Memories of incarnation are seldom any more to be trusted than these. The saddest case I knew personally was a woman who believed that she had once won the Kentucky Derby and was, indeed, still a race horse. One morning, she fell down some steps and got water on the knee, but hastily went to bed, concealed the injury by complaining of toothache and even made a dentist's appointment for having all her teeth extracted. The fact was that she had read somewhere that trainers always shoot race horses with water on their knees. I do not offer these cases as an argument against the theory of reincarnation, but only against a confusion of past with present. One practical problem that reincarnationists have to face is that the recent enormous increase of population means a shortage of well-traveled ancient souls for new infants to house. The problem of finding enough that date from 207, or 462, or even 100 years ago is already

insoluble—unless a human soul can be reincarnated in the animal kingdom. Or unless souls like those of Napoleon, Joan of Arc, St. Peter, Queen Elizabeth and the rest are capable of several contemporary rebirths—a concept that seemed illogical even to those two Virgin Marys.

The primitive belief in animal pre-incarnations seems to have been caused less by a man's vague facial resemblance to some bird or beast than by the institution of totem clans. These can be studied even now in Africa, Central Australia and elsewhere; and we know that clan members often impersonate their totem animal at changes of the moon. It is still a schizophrenic habit in West Africa to leave the kraal and prow about as a leopard or snake or crocodile, convinced that after death the soul enters the body of one's totem animal. Relics of such totemism appear in early Greek mythology. We can trace the goddess Athene's sacred owl to the owl totem of a primitive Pelasgian clan that survived near Athens until classical times. The Pelasgian goddess Hera—Juno in Latin—had a peacock sacred to her and was said to have been born either at Argus, mythically connected with Hundred-Eyed Argos, apparently a Pelasgian peacock totem, or on the island of Samos, where Pythagoras was born. This may explain Pythagoras' reputed claim to have once been a peacock. The Latin poet Ennius later declared that Homer, born on nearby Chios, had made the same claim. Both Homer and Pythagoras may have been "mindful of their origins" as peacock totemists, though using the peacock in the metaphorical sense still current among the Arabo-Persian Sulis. The peacock, which has the ugliest feet and the most beautiful head feathers of any known bird, is for them an emblem of perfectible man battling against his earthly nature. This is perhaps why the peacock is also said to have been a favorite preincarnation of Pythagoras' close contemporary, Buddha. It is likely that the Pelasgians took their name from a totem clan of storks—*pelargos* in Greek—birds that enjoyed the same sanctity as now preserves them in Holland. In northern Greece, stork killing carried the same penalty as homicide.

What happens to souls after death is a question that has puzzled man ever since he first became capable of conscious thought. Conscious thought implies a desire to survive as long as possible and, therefore, a fear of death and, therefore, because one can dream vividly about people long dead, the conjecture of spiritual survival. Much the same after-world is described in all five continents, and contrastive paradises and hells derive, it seems, from visions produced either by hallucinogenic drugs or by nearly drowning, or by starvation, or by

severe illnesses, or by other causes that temporarily deprive the brain of oxygen and allow dream fantasy full play. Many ancient peoples, however, have believed that the answer to "Where do we go from here?" is closely linked with the complementary question, "From where do we come?" Thus, any genetic peculiarity in a child, such as a large nose, red hair or a particular aptitude for some craft or skill, will suggest that he is the reincarnation of an ancestor remembered as having the same traits. Moreover, families that have for centuries specialized in, say, flint knapping, or wood carving, or drumming, or medical diagnosis, tend to bequeath craft memories to their children in a way that rules out merely environmental explanation. This evidence of particular, as opposed to racial, inherited memory naturally buttresses a belief in reincarnation. I read in a scientific report recently that when planarian worms have been given pieces of other worms to eat, particular memories of the defunct are transferred to them. I wonder if that is why, in certain

West African kingdoms, every new king is made to eat a piece of his predecessor's heart: to digest the royal tradition, as it were?

So we come to India, where Brahmin priests use the doctrine of metempsychosis to control public morals as successfully as their Western colleagues use heaven and hell, and where the dark, primitive Dravidians of the south have gradually converted their northern conquerors to a belief in animal reincarnation. Nevertheless, these Brahmins carefully combine it with their original Day of Judgment view, preaching that whoever breaks their moral code will be sentenced, after death, to be reborn as an ass, pig, dog, monkey or as some even less esteemed creature. The general Brahmin theory is that one is whirled continuously around on the wheel of necessity, passing through a huge variety of forms before returning to the divine source. The later Indian theologians estimate their number as 8,400,000.

The theory of metempsychosis intrigued many British soldiers, engineers,



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planters and civil servants who had worked in India under the British raj, though it had already reached the professional classes at home through the compulsory reading of Greek classics at the universities—especially of Plato, who accepted Pythagoras' faith in Dionysus, god of the hallucinogenic mysteries at Samothrace, Eleusis, Corinth and elsewhere. Dionysus was worshiped as a redeemer who persuaded men to purify their lives: so that their souls might rise, each time, a little higher on the divine scale and eventually be freed from the same wheel of necessity and return forever to the mystic goddess, Persephone. Plato's *Republic* contains the vision of Er, son of Armenius, who fell sick, was mourned for dead and, on recovery, described his visit to the infernal place of judgment, where souls reassemble after a stay in hell or purgatory and there choose new human or animal forms for rebirth. Er saw Orpheus changing into a swan and Thamyris, a blind Thracian bard, into a nightingale. All these souls then drank of Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, and shot away, like stars, into their new bodies. Er had not, evidently, learned of an alternative to Lethe that has recently been found inscribed on certain gold Orphic tablets from Samothrace, tied around the necks of Sicilian corpses. This alternative was to give a secret password to the guardians of a secluded well in the underworld—probably overhung by the hazel tree of wisdom—at the same time, attesting their purity of heart and demanding to be made heroes in Persephone's paradisaical court.

A Brahmin friend of mine from south India, who is now Westernized enough to take an objective view of metempsychosis, wrote to me recently:

For us Brahmins, Brahman is the supreme principle, like the Western "God." Today the central core of Hinduism is how a man can liberate his soul from the bondage of human birth and death, and unite with Brahman. Buddha, after his enlightenment, recalls his previous existences:

One, two, three—a hundred thousand births, many an aeon of the world's disintegration, many an aeon of its reintegration. . . . In my varied former existences, I remembered such and such was my name, my sept, my class . . . and my term of life. When I passed thence, I experienced other existences, wherein such and such was my name. Thence I passed to my present life, in which I recall my diverse past

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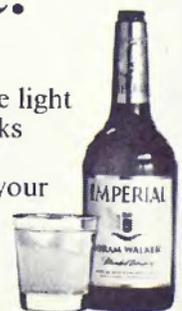


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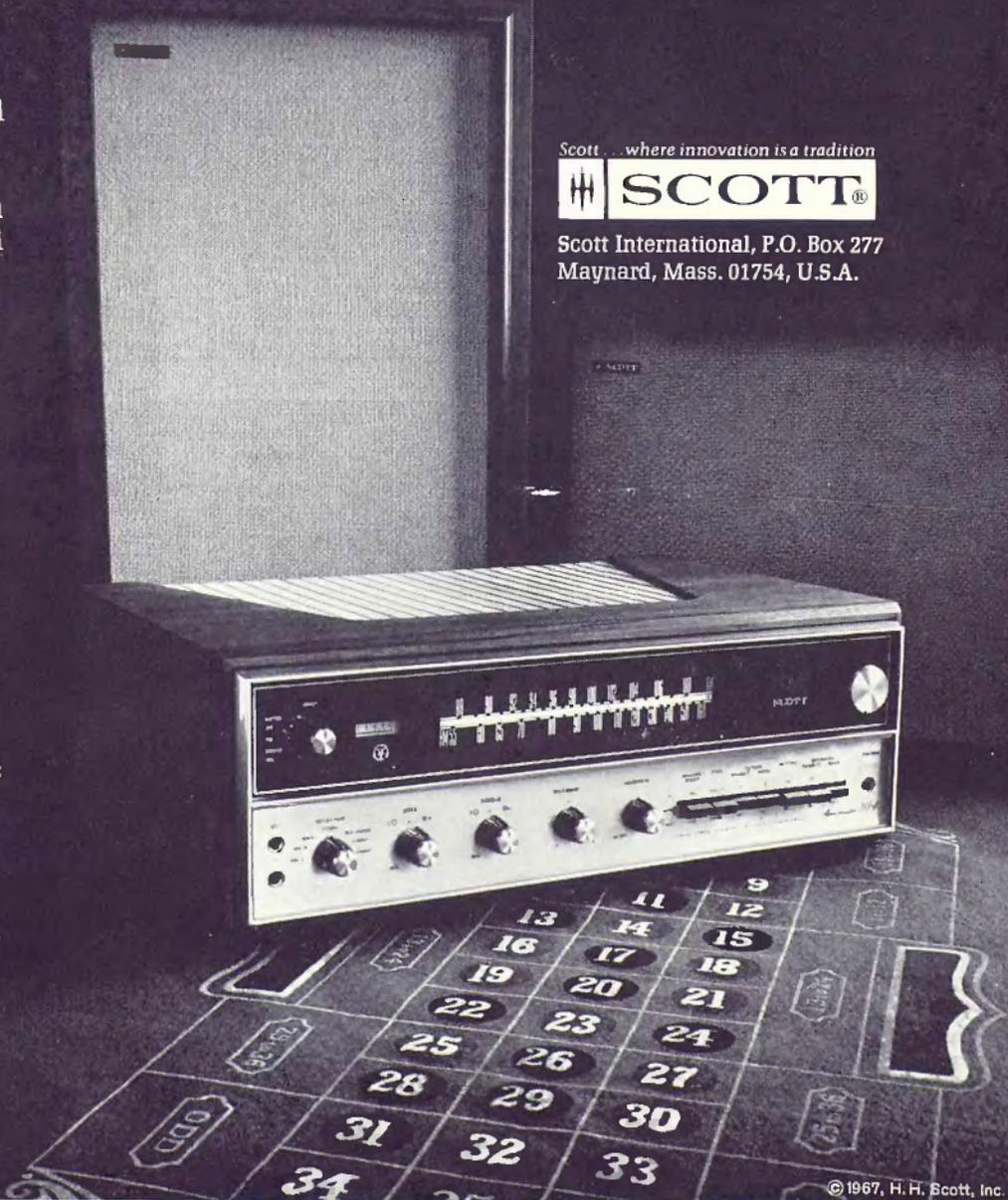
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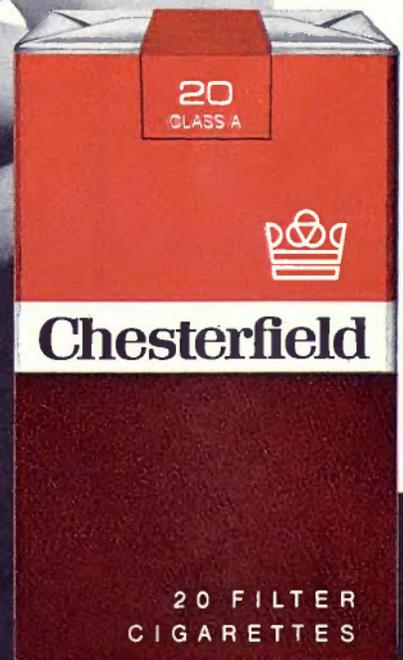
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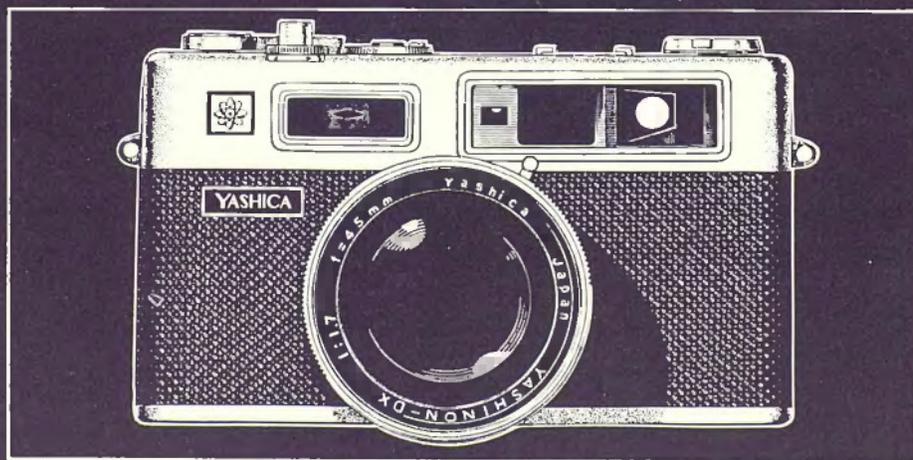
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**COMPARE** Groom & Clean vs. regular cream. Put a dab of cream on one hand . . . Groom & Clean on the other. Try rinsing them off with plain water. See? Cream leaves a greasy film on your hand just as it does on your hair. But Groom & Clean rinses clean. There's no grease build-up with Groom & Clean.

existences in all their details and features.

Once, when I was 12 years old, I lay exhausted on a coir cot after days of fever. It was a hot afternoon and our large family sat in the cool of the veranda after the meal, the younger men dozing, the women falling into lazy rhythms of mechanical household tasks and the children playing draughts nearby, half listening to the women's talk. At this hour, very old people would wander from house to house and exchange gossip. As they talked about legendary figures or told stories of their younger days, the persuasive lilt of voices drew us into a world of magic. The sun helped the enchantment by making us drowsy and suggestible.

A beautiful young woman named Kamala had shyly joined us. She was a new arrival in our village, having recently married the schoolmaster. The sadness of Kamala's eyes attracted me. She always talked softly and slowly, as if trying to recall forgotten memories. That afternoon, she told my grandmother how happily married she now was. She stressed the word "now" because of having had a cruel husband in her last incarnation. He had beaten her daily, and though she adored their child, one day she could stand his behavior no longer. Hugging the infant to her breast, she had walked to a deep well and drowned them both. Kamala shuddered as her story ended. She was worried that she might not have a child in her new incarnation—a child by an affectionate husband, for a change. After studying her face closely, I believed her story. A year or two later, I decided to test it by making secret inquiries in the distant village that she had named. There I found that the suicide story was true and that the husband had recently died. Kamala had never tried to meet him again since her death.

Many similar stories came my way, always about unhappy previous lives. Some were factually verifiable, but in no case did anyone claim to have reached old age or died a natural death. Though I could not mistake the sincerity of the narrators, who always spoke of the past with detachment, neither could I persuade myself that they had been personally active in the scenes they described.

My Brahmin friend has here, unwittingly, perhaps, accounted for the widespread Indian belief in metempsychosis. As a child, Kamala may have been half

asleep one day at the village gossip hour and overheard the suicide story from a visitor. Which brings up the famous case—I think it was reported by Jung—of the ignorant servant girl who talked Hebrew in a hypnotic trance. She was discovered to have been formerly employed by a rabbi, who had recited the Talmud aloud at night in his study downstairs. Her drowsy mind had acted like a tape recorder and she remembered reams of rabbinical comment, though not in the least knowing what the words meant. Kamala's mind may have acted similarly, except that the story was told in her own language, so that the meaning had impressed itself on her. And just as American or English children will cast themselves imaginatively as the heroes or heroines of fairy tales, so Kamala had identified herself with the drowned woman and used the reincarnation theory to support her claim.

So we return to Bridey Murphy, whose story was obviously not fiction invented by Ruth Simmons. My guess is that she had overheard in childhood some old woman, perhaps her grandmother, retelling what she had heard from some other old woman. The tape recording made by Morey Bernstein

points clearly in this direction, because though, under hypnotism, she talked with a brogue in describing her supposed preincarnation, the language she used was of too late a date to have come from Bridey herself. My eye balked at the words "camisoles" and "candy" in the year 1806, the date that Ruth gave, which was far too early for camisoles, especially in Northern Ireland—the first recorded mention of them appears in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, published in London ten years later; and "candy" as a general term for sweetstuffs is an American, not an early Irish, usage. Which means that we are hearing her story at second or third hand. So I am not surprised to learn that St. Theresa's Church at Belfast, where Bridey claimed to have been married, was not built until 1911; and that Queen's University, where her husband is said to have taught, was still Queen's College in his day, not having been raised to university status until 1908. Morey Bernstein wrote *The Search for Bridey Murphy* as an exposition of the paranormal powers of the mind under hypnotism, but succeeded in proving only what was already known; namely, that hypnotism can uncover lost





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memories—among them, casual conversations overheard in sleep.

The receptive mind, of course, is occasionally granted visions of the past, as many well-attested ghost stories have proved. But these phenomena seem to depend on the so-called "gramophone theory" of ghosts, meaning that any excessive emotion of terror or grief can be impressed on a building and reawakened years later in the mind of a sensitive visitor, especially if the weather and the hour correspond with the original occasion.

In 1926, I wrote a poem called *The Castle*, which recorded a childhood nightmare of being unable to escape from a ruined castle court.

*Walls, mounds, enclosing corruga-  
tions*

*Of darkness, moonlight on dry  
grass.*

*Walking this courtyard, sleepless, in  
fever;*

*Planning to use—but by definition*

*There's no way out, no way out—*

*Rope ladders, balks of timber, pul-  
leys,*

*A rocket whizzing over the walls  
and moat—*

*Machines easy to improvise.*

*No escape.*

*No such thing; to dream of new  
dimensions,*

*Cheating checkmate by painting  
the king's robe*

*So that he slides like a queen;*

*Or to cry, "Nightmare, nightmare!"*

*Like a corpse in the cholera-pit*

*Under a load of corpses;*

*Or to run the head against these  
blind walls,*

*Enter the dungeon, torment the  
eyes*

*With apparitions chained two and  
two,*

*And go frantic with fear—*

*To die and wake up sweating by  
moonlight*

*In the same courtyard, sleepless as  
before.*

One afternoon, 16 years later, I visited Berry Pomeroy Castle in Devonshire. This was during the Second World War, and I found it closed to visitors, except in the mornings; but a worn track ran under the main gate and I wriggled in. Though overcome by a nameless horror, I resolutely visited the dungeons, until I could stand the strain no longer and hared back to safety. Two days later, my wife and I were visited by Mr. Beer, husband of my local typist. We gave him tea and he casually asked whether I knew the Berry Pomeroy Castle. Yes, indeed I did. "Well, what do you make of this?" he asked, showing me a photograph, and added: "I don't know how this woman came into the picture. I didn't see anyone around at the time. It

looks like she's leading a dog on a string. I was there last Sunday morning with the wife. Would you like to keep it as a curiosity?"

The photograph showed a tall, thin woman in 14th Century costume, walking past the gate that I had wriggled under—and leading a small ape on a chain. When Mr. Beer had gone, I burned the photograph. It was too horrible. But, fortunately, my wife will testify to the woman and the ape. I recalled the Elizabethan phrase: "To lead apes in hell." Shakespeare used it in *Much Ado About Nothing*—meaning to be a passionate woman cheated of her sex life. And I concluded that Mr. Beer, a simple soul, had felt the presence of that unhappy woman in the castle court and somehow impressed the picture on his sensitive camera plate. But, if so, who was she? She had nothing to do with me.

Years later, I read that Isabella of France, Edward II's widow, had spent some years at Berry Pomeroy. As a young woman, after providing the throne with an heir apparent, she had been neglected by her homosexual husband in favor of his boyfriend, Piers Gaveston. Eventually, she deposed him with French help, procured his murder and put her son, Edward III, on the throne. He did not, however, prove grateful and sent her off, under guard, to various castle keeps remote from London; until, after many years of "leading apes in hell," she took the veil of the Order of St. Clara. Had I been an Indian, I might well have claimed a preincarnation as Isabella. But being myself, I accounted otherwise for my feelings of fear at Berry Pomeroy and for *The Castle* poem. As a child, I had spent most of my summer holidays in north Wales, near Harlech Castle, which had been built in the 13th Century by Edward II's father: an immense, scary, moated pile, closely resembling Berry Pomeroy. We children were always afraid of getting locked up there at nightfall by the deaf old castle-keeper, Mr. Richard Jones, while we were playing hide-and-seek in its towers and dungeons. In fact, Mr. Beer's photograph had been no more than a strange coincidence.

A story: A devout widow once got in touch with her dead husband at a spiritistic séance. A loose liver, he had finally been shot by a jealous husband. The widow at once recognized his voice and said anxiously: "Oh, darling, how are you? I've been so worried. That dreadful hell. . . ." "I'm fine!" he answered. "I'm in clover—literally. My! You'd love it here. Beautiful blue river, glorious green meadows, sun blazing down and me surrounded by the most beautiful cows you've ever seen in your life—so sleek and graceful and charming!" She gasped and ventured doubtfully: "Oh, I *am* so

relieved, Charles! But, honestly, I hadn't realized that there were any cows in heaven."

"Who told you that I was in heaven, stupid? I'm stud bull at a farm of pedigree Jerseys beside the old Mississippi. Having a whale of a time, too."

The simplest and most obvious argument against metempsychosis is that memories of preincarnation depend on the human mind, that the mind depends on its brain, that the brain depends on its body and that the body depends on its racial history and genes. It is difficult to accept that Pythagoras actually remembered having been, as he claimed, a merchant and a prostitute; or that Empedocles, the Fifth Century B.C. Sicilian, remembered having been a simple village girl at one time, a mindless fish at another and a bodiless bush at a third. But Pythagoras may easily at some time or other have imagined himself a merchant or a prostitute by feeling a sudden flash of sympathy for members of those unmythical callings. And Empedocles may have stood still in a forest one day,



rooted to the spot by meditation, and felt like a bush; or have swum thoughtlessly in the sea and felt like a fish.

Human reactions to danger are often archaic instincts, meaning inherited memories, as when a bomb falls through the roof of a building and explodes and the shocked survivors absurdly try to scratch a hole through the tiles with their nails—because their remote ancestors would have acted like that in some stage of the human evolution from three-eyed lizard to hominoid. Nevertheless, the common flying dream is no proof that the dreamer was ever a bird; or, indeed, that any of his ancestors were, since paleontologists deny this link in our evolutionary chain. It seems to be either metaphorical of a wish to fly away from our present circumstances or else—since time is only a convention and memory works both ways: either as reminiscence or as prophetic anticipation—of a future age when human beings will develop wings, as birds once did, and dispense with balloons, planes and rockets.

the gods of Olympus; and, within 100 years, the religions of that God will be as dead as is the religion of ancient Greece.  
Hal Sawyer  
Hiram College  
Hiram, Ohio

#### THE GREAT VOID

As a Buddhist, I am amused by the so-called enlightened discoveries of death-of-God theologians such as the Reverend William Hamilton and Rabbi Richard Rubenstein (in their *PLAYBOY* articles of August 1966 and July 1967). Buddhism has been a death-of-God theology for 2500 years and has accepted the Great Void without the fear and trembling that afflicts Judaeo-Christian thinkers when similar wisdom is revealed to them. It is not a little ironic that Jews and Christians have long thought of themselves as "chosen people" and have regarded the religions of the Orient as primitive, superstitious and crude, compared with those of the West. They now announce, as the most advanced of their spiritual "discoveries," the mystical and

existential atheism from which Buddhism started two and a half millenniums ago. If they learn humility because of their dilatory revelation, they may finally be able to look without flinching into the Great Void and see that this experience can be an achievement of enlightenment and freedom, rather than a cause for anxiety.

Thomas Kee  
Los Angeles, California

#### UTOPIAN COUNTERBALANCE

Rabbi Rubenstein's article *Judaism and the Death of God* (*PLAYBOY*, July) greatly impressed me. His statement that "we live in the time of the death of God" and that this death is a cultural event reveals the author's profound awareness of the cultural, historical limitations on all thought about God, either dead or alive. This statement is one of the clearest, most concise and penetrating statements I have read on the subject.

His insight is extraordinary. He seems to say: God is dead and the sacred is lost; but in contrast to the God-is-dead

trend, this realization is reason not for optimism but for pessimism. Perhaps Rubenstein's interpretation is a needed counterbalance for weak-headed utopianism. Because I see less need for norms and codes than does Rabbi Rubenstein, I cannot completely share his pessimism.

The rabbi's notions of the new paganism and the mystic trend in our society are further clear, concise statements of cultural facts. These are expressions of a human search, on the one hand for community, on the other for genuine experience, to replace the traditional jargon.

Like the June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*, Rubenstein's article manifests the honest and open approach you have taken in religious and moral issues. You allow each side to give its opinion, even if that opinion is not your own. I hope you will continue to invite outstanding men to speak out on the issues of interest to your readers.

George E. Gerharz, O. P.  
Dominican College Camp  
Menominee, Michigan

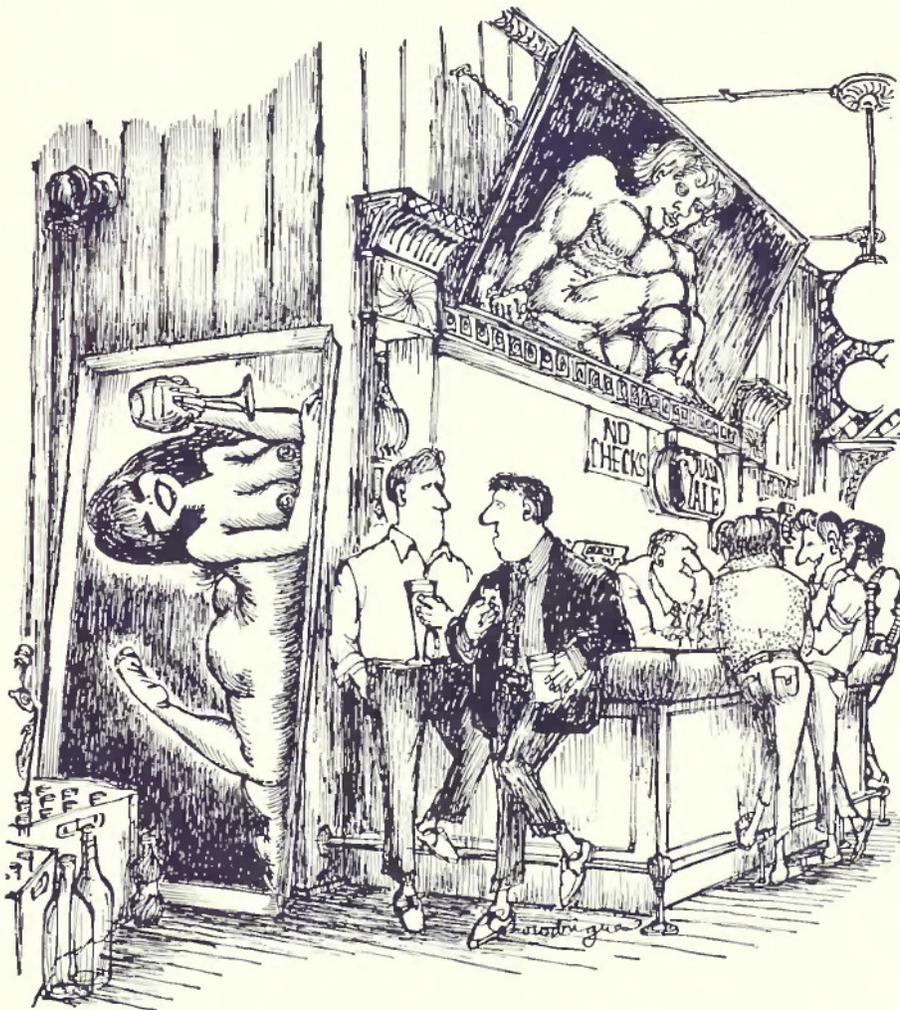
#### THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLES

I am the spokesman for the First Order of the Revealed Light, a religious body devoted to chopping away at hypocrisy, particularly religious hypocrisy. Our church was incorporated in 1959 (which makes us a real old-time church by California standards). Our deity is the Devil, since God is dead.

In addition to *PLAYBOY*, other reliable sources (*Time*, *Look* and *Redbook*) have confirmed that this well-known Lord of Hosts passed away recently. He was a legendary figure in His time, and claimed to have invented light and darkness, water and land, and created a universe. Death came to the controversial Supreme Being approximately during the 20th Century as millions of His followers were paying their respects and their bank rolls to Him in thousands of churches. God had been sick recently and had not taken an active role in earthly affairs. News of the death took many of His friends and enemies by surprise. Some people completely denied the event, despite the irrefutable evidence, and a few took to wearing buttons that said, GOD IS NOT DEAD, HE IS HIDING IN ARGENTINA.

Many of God's decisions were controversial. Nearly every war, plague and disaster were God's will, although His proponents noted that peace, medicine and welfare were sometimes also approved.

We reject heaven for violating A.C.L.U. standards. Despite considerable protests about discrimination, heaven continues its policy of admitting only those souls that meet the rigid requirements established by the clergy. Charles Whitman, who won acclaim for the murder of 16



people, including his wife, mother and an unborn baby, died a good Catholic and has apparently made it to heaven. Catholic authorities stated to the press that Whitman had not acted rationally and could be absolved of his possible sin. Unfortunately, the unborn baby and several other of his victims did not die in the grace of the Church and will have to go to hell. With angels like Whitman floating around heaven, may we offer a word of caution to those people wishing to go to heaven? Don't turn your back.

The Rev. Ted Kastenbaum  
First Order of the Revealed Light  
Los Angeles, California

### THE MASHED-POTATO MENACE

One of your readers has resurrected the old mashed-potato menace in a clever parody of antimarijuana propaganda (*The Playboy Forum*, September). This is a device frequently employed by professors of sociology to warn their students against the misuse of statistical evidence. The usual rigamarole is more complicated than the version presented by your reader and goes something like this: 97 percent of the murderers executed in America in the past 50 years were habitual eaters of mashed potatoes; 89 percent of juveniles under 18 who commit crimes of violence consume mashed potatoes shortly before committing their crimes; 92 percent of the rapists and 93 percent of the arsonists in Federal prisons are mashed-potato users; and 83 percent of all burglars are potato addicts.

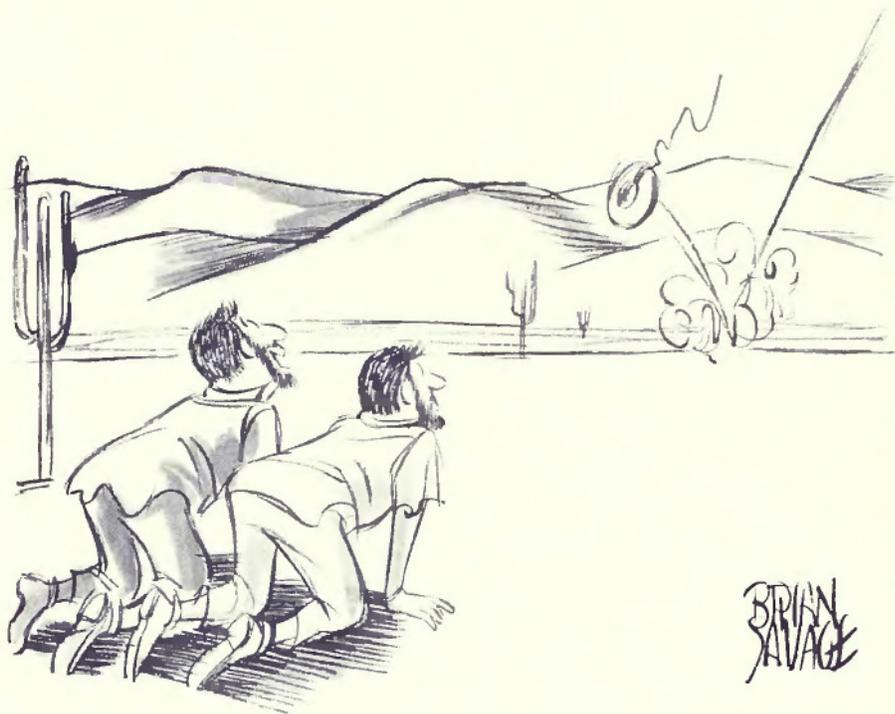
You can substitute "reads erotic books" or "looks at violent TV shows" for "eats mashed potatoes" and obtain similar figures. Atheists are delighted to present equally shocking figures for "those who habitually attend church." The fallacy in such arguments is that no comparison figures are given for those who eat mashed potatoes and do *not* commit murder, rape, arson or other violent acts. Unless the allegedly crime-inducing agent is as ridiculous as mashed potatoes, most people will miss the point and will take such arguments seriously.

Warren Robertson, Ph.D.  
Cuernavaca, Mexico

### POT PARAGON

My dual role in life would be funny, except that it occasionally makes me weep. I am what the establishment would call a successful wife, mother, pillar of society and similar nauseating ladies'-magazine terms. I play the gracious hostess to my husband's business associates, entertain our nice, but not cool, friends and chaperone teenage parties. I have a successful business career and do some writing on the side.

I'm a paragon of virtue to the square set, but what they don't know is that I also smoke marijuana—when I can buy it and when I can find a few hours' privacy. I don't endanger lives by driving



"We're saved! We're saved! I think."

"under the influence." nor do I slobber all over other people, pass out or generally make an ass of myself as I've seen many of my respectable friends do after a few martinis. I just quietly "turn on" and listen to good music, read, write and enjoy and love everything. My awareness of, and appreciation for, the simpler things in life has increased; my writing has improved; I no longer care much for alcoholic drinks; I smoke less and my appetite is keener but less gluttonous. In other words, I've become a better person. I have no desire to go on to addictive drugs nor have I withdrawn from the world around me.

It infuriates me that I can walk into a liquor store, buy a quart of bourbon, go home, get smashed and still remain legally and (relatively) socially acceptable. But to purchase marijuana, I have to become a criminal and buy it on the sneak from teenage contacts who think it's really wild and groovy for an old lady to be blowing pot.

I don't think everyone should "turn on" nor do I wholly approve of young people getting too wrapped up in it—but

then, I don't approve of young people drinking excessively, either. A responsible adult should be able to decide for himself whether to smoke marijuana. If marijuana became legal, it would probably be less of a problem than it is now. My personal theory is that if the adult generation started turning on, the kids would lose interest. They like to have their own bag.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Diego, California

"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.



## BOPPER BRIGADE *(continued from page 188)*

self-defense instructor. Andy Warhol teaches still pornography. And the music counselor is Ali Akbar Khan.

We have two religious services a week—the Christian one is led by John Lennon and the Hindu priest is George Harrison. William Burroughs is the camp doctor.

There are no square sports here at Camp Acid—our grand guru is totally turned off by the game-playing syndrome of the middle-aged, middle-class, whiskey-drinking, straight-smoking, symbol-manipulating, napalm-bombing establishment link-outs—but we *do* do some interesting exercises from a how-to book called the *Kama Sutra*. My only complaint is about the food. We have two chefs, named Yin and Yang, and they don't give us much to eat. I'm getting a little tired of morning-glory seeds, salt and nutmeg on my peyote cereal.

The other night, the head counselor, Tim Leary, gave a consciousness-expansion lecture. He demonstrated three new ways to blow your mind without drugs—hip frontal lobotomy, irreversible visions through acupuncture of the eye and a tourniquet of the heart.

A lot of the counselors are very paranoid because the man who drives the garbage truck into camp every day looks like Harry Anslinger and all the garbage men look like narcos.

My team won this summer's hallucination contest. We had three freak-out

days of time-lapse gangster grass inner-space voyage 390-microgrammed wasted karma leaf zonked strung out mandala boo stoned complete with total mind-warp—and not a bumper in the crowd. It was great fun. We yelled the camp cheer: Two, four, six, eight—we wanna hallucinate. And we sang the camp marching song: *Eight Miles High*.

Well, I'd better take a downie now and get some sleep. We've got to get up early for our trip tomorrow and they don't use a bugle for reveille here. Instead, they turn on these bright flashing strobe lights. Boy, does that get you out of bed fast.

Try to make it Sunday—you'll really flip! You'll be real proud. They're gonna give me the Lenny Bruce Memorial Award for Self-Destruction. I got it for shooting up with Mr. Clean.

Your loving psychedelic son,  
Heady Stone

**THE FLOWER GIRL:** Sixteen-year-old Fleur d'Amour, golden hair flowing down around her ankles, walks down Ashbury Street peddling *Mindfreak*, San Francisco's superpsychedelic magazine. Passers-by stop to gawk at her costume, which consists of knee-high rawhide boots with polished-aluminum trim, a miniskirt woven from dried grass and a multicolored shawl that is wrapped around her upper torso and trails ten feet behind her. The train of the shawl

is made from red and yellow flowers, which she offers benignly to each of the people on the street. A sign has been stenciled in Day-Glo green and blue letters on the front of her shawl; it reads: SEND YOUR EGO ON A TRIP—YOU'LL FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER WHEN IT'S GONE.

When she finishes peddling her magazines, Fleur wanders over to a vegetable store, where she boosts handfuls of scallions, carrots and black-eyed peas. She hustles out of the place and makes her way down a side street, where scores of down-and-out vagrants and long-haired teenagers have formed a line in front of a small coal stove with a 50-gallon oil drum on top. A young man in stovepipe hat, granny glasses, Japanese *geta* and frayed coveralls with matching fluorescent patches is perched shakily on cardboard boxes piled beside the drum so he can stir its bubbling contents. He has flaxen hair down to his waist, which occasionally strays into the drum.

As he stirs, he sings:

*The power of love gets bigger and bigger,  
Oh, give up your greed and join us a Digger.  
Each member is pure in our jolly good group,  
And no one has died from our greasy warm soup.*

It is Fleur's boyfriend, Jon Quill.

Fleur helps Jon distribute the broth to the scraggly group and then gives him a present, a brownie made from dandelion leaves and a pinch of marijuana that she baked herself. They go off together, passing the brownie back and forth between them, chewing very slowly.

They head for San Francisco's newest gathering place. The Flower Pot. Written on its window in flowing, paisley scrawl is the word *INHALATORIUM*. Inside are rows of small enclosures, each containing a barrel filled with dried, fragrant petals. The barrels are marked with small signs—*CAMELLIAS*, *ORCHIDS*, *BACHELOR'S-BUTTONS*, *MORNING-GLORIES* and diverse others. The Pot is crowded with people sitting around the barrels sniffing their favorite fragrances. Fleur and Jon put on their rose-colored glasses and are about to enter when they are stopped by a well-known San Francisco narcotics detective. "Hark, the narc!" Jon Quill says. "It's the fuzz called Mork."

"Funny running into you, Jon Quill," Mork says. "I have been thinking that you and I should chat. It has come to my attention that you are holding large amounts of illegal fruit."

"Nay, 'tis a base canard," Jon responds. "All I have are Fleur's humble roses."

Mork eyes Fleur suspiciously. "Why must you aggress?" she asks Mork. "Thou should be wise, not willful. I will instruct you." She reaches under her shawl and brings out a copy of the *I*



"Hello, Mom—I got the job."

*Ching*, the Chinese *Book of Changes*. She opens it at random and reads, "The people take diverse paths. The leader does not own the throughway."

"Don't wise off," Mork says. "I should run the two of you in."

"We love you," say Jon and Fleur together.

Then Jon takes a rose from Fleur's train and pins it to Mork's lapel. Mork is stunned. "That's it. That's it!" he screams. He pulls out his *San Francisco Policeman's Drug Guide*, 1600 carefully Xeroxed pages. Under "Roses, wild," it says, "Effect: mild exultation; method of use: inhalation. This drug is probably dangerous." "Let's go," Mork says to Jon Quill. He pushes the long-haired boy to a nearby police cruiser. Jon is forced in, but he casts a beatific farewell glance toward Fleur d'Amour.

"Forget me not, Jon Quill," she calls, as the car swings out into the traffic.

**THE PERFECT TEENY-BOPPER:** Thirteen-year-old Chér Supreme emerges from the Psychedelic Lights record store on Haight Street in San Francisco. She removes three stolen albums from underneath her Fifth Fleet pea jacket and starts off to meet her boyfriend, 15-year-old Frodo Farina, at the Vatican *Discothèque*, where they have an audition. On the way, she panhandles a well-dressed man for ten dollars and immediately

buys some pot at a bus stop from a sweet little old lady, who keeps the stash in a Safeway shopping bag. Chér begins to smoke it from a hookah that has been cleverly disguised to look like a bagpipe. She alternates drags with riffs from *Puff (the Magic Dragon)*.

In front of the Vatican, her boyfriend Frodo is waiting for her. They are dressed exactly alike: Beatle boots, black bell-bottom hip-hugging Viet Cong pajama bottoms and Fifth Fleet pea jackets. They each have their own transistor stereo earplugs tuned to the local r&b station. Both have shoulder-length straight blond hair. They look like twins, except that he's wearing two earrings and she's wearing one.

At the Vatican, they are asked some questions by the club's booker.

"Where are you kids from?"

"I'm from Shaker Heights and Chér is from Grosse Pointe."

"How did you meet?"

Chér says, "Well, I flew out here on Daddy's Lear jet and enrolled in the Free University, where Frodo was teaching a course called Trotsky's Influence on the Motown Sound. But we were both expelled for leading a student protest against the CIA research going on in the school's chemistry lab."

After the interview, they are greeted by the club's owner, Joe Mafioso.

Frodo and Chér get up on the stage

and start to sing their first number. They accompany themselves on an electric washboard and an amplified comb. It sounds like a combination of Ornette Coleman and Bob Dylan screaming with his foot caught in a barbed-wire fence.

After 30 seconds, Mr. Mafioso shouts, "Mah-rone! What the hell do you call that noise? Joe Valachi sings better than you two girls!"

Frodo pleads, "Don't make fun of our country-and-money music. It took us hours to perfect."

Mafioso screams, "I invested forty thousand dollars in this club and you expect me to let you sing that crap? It sounds like a combination of Ornette Coleman and Bob Dylan screaming with his foot caught in a barbed-wire fence. Get the hell out of here!"

Frodo breaks down and begins to weep. His body convulses in country-and-money sobs.

Recalling a phrase from her own analysis, Chér says, "Mafioso, you're nothing but an un-giving parasitic father figure, threatened by dirt and money. We're buying you out for fifty thousand dollars!" She reaches into her Army-surplus ammunition-bag purse and throws large bundles of \$100 bills at his feet.

As Mafioso retreats, they start singing their madrigal-rock version of *Home on the Range*.



## Knight Cap

After a hard day of derring-do, the Hardwick Knight caps off the evening in relaxed splendor with his favorite damsel and a vintage draught.

Whatever the occasion, the Knight is confidently cloaked in his natural shouldered authentic Hardwick Blazer.

The Hardwick Blazer is available in all wool flannel and the Year Rounder in 55% Dacron®/45% wool hopsack. Blazers for both knights and maids offered in many shades of chivalry.

About \$35.  
(slightly higher in the West)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Hardwick** CLOTHES  
Cleveland, Tennessee 37311

For autographed photo of The Hardwick Maid end name of nearest dealer, send coupon.

## Right to Privacy

(continued from page 192)

Aside from these factors is the dignity of the individual. In a regime where the pointing of a finger creates a presumption of guilt, the failure to talk is fatal. But we have the accusatorial system under which a person accused is presumed innocent, the burden being on the Government to prove the charge beyond a reasonable doubt.

Our right of privacy includes the right to stand mute under police interrogation. The guilty may be the beneficiaries of this privilege. Yet so may the innocent. There is hardly a person who, though innocent, sometime in his life has not been caught in a web of circumstantial evidence that might implicate him in a minor or a serious crime. Prosecutions are often based on circumstantial evidence, and he who talks may be making concessions that are grist for the prosecutor's mill. So the right of privacy—the

right to stay mute—expressed in the Fifth Amendment occupies a high place in our scheme of values.

What I have said represents the American ideal. But this right of privacy is being more and more invaded, more and more violated.

In the early days of the New Deal, the Fifth Amendment right of privacy was honored. In the Pecora investigation [the 1933 investigation of American financiers by the Senate Committee on Banking and Finance] and in the one I conducted for the Securities and Exchange Commission into reorganization practices, no witness was even asked a question when it was known he would invoke the privilege. With the arrival of Senator Joseph McCarthy in 1947 on the national scene, invocation of the privilege became a badge of infamy. Witnesses were, indeed, summoned to see how many times they

could be made to invoke the Fifth Amendment. The phrase "Fifth Amendment Communist" became an epithet that even so-called scholars banded about.

Police are supposed to get warrants to search houses and to arrest people. Warrants are seldom issued these days in Los Angeles. "Arrests for investigation" have run as high as 7000 a year in the nation's capital. There is, of course, no such "crime," except in Madrid, Peking, Moscow, Bangkok, Rangoon.

A lady on welfare who secretly has "a man in the house" forfeits her welfare payments. Midnight raids by inspectors, who get into homes without warrants, have become common. The inspectors are looking for "a man," whose presence means that the female recipient of aid is perpetrating a "fraud."

Vagrancy laws are used as the excuse for arresting innocent people or unpopular people or suspects.

A man in Los Angeles en route to a delicatessen at ten p.m. may resemble someone for whom the police are searching. They bundle him into the car, lock him up and book him for "vagrancy" while they investigate. Tucson, Arizona, where the Chamber of Commerce welcomes refugees from the cold and smog of East Coast winters, despises those refugees who arrive penniless. Its vagrancy laws are among the most vicious in the land. A "Tent City Hilton" on the outskirts of the town houses 1800 "vagrants" in the winter, their only crime being poverty and their urge being not to rape or rob but to feel a warm sun on their backs.

In some Eastern cities, golfers who live in the plush areas of town drop their colored caddies off at a nearby bus station. A colored man seen loitering in a restricted area after dark is a "vagrant" and quickly picked up by the police.

Some magistrate courts convict 20 men a minute of vagrancy, the victims not being aware of the charge until after they are found guilty.

Though the Constitution protects free speech and the right of assembly, minorities who exercise those rights often feel the rough backhand of the law. An unpopular speaker, who makes an audience angry, is hauled off to jail, though the proper police function is to protect him from the mob.

Breach of the peace is a common excuse for an arrest when the only offense is espousal of an unpopular cause. If the speaker or picketeer resists arrest, then resisting arrest is a second unconstitutional charge made against him.

In Albuquerque, New Mexico, a professor who cannot sleep and goes for a midnight walk commits the crime of "vagrancy."

Traditionally, the police could search with warrants only for instruments of crime, for contraband (such as heroin) or



*"... But I'm sure you'll all agree that what our new general manager lacks in ability and experience, he more than compensates for by being my son."*

for other illicit articles. A person's files, his diary, his correspondence, his conversation were immune from all searches. The police were not free to rummage around among one's personal effects and seize correspondence, invoices, and the like. One's personal effects were in a special zone of privacy that was immune from all police intrusions. That has now been changed by judicial construction; practically nothing is now immune from search and seizure—even one's telephone conversation or his exchange of confidences with his spouse.

Electronic surveillance, as well as wire tapping, is now recognized as a search and seizure within the meaning of the Fourth Amendment, as respects both state and Federal intrusions. Thus, a showing of "probable cause" is required; and the surveillance must be zeroed in on specific matters and not a general dragnet search.

But beyond police surveillance is surveillance by private parties. It is estimated that private surveillance through wire tapping and bugging exceeds official surveillance 200 times. A competitor, a rival, another family member, a litigant may make a game out of "bugging" to further their private interests. A client who talks to his lawyer in confidence, like a parishioner in the confessional with his priest, is now often talking for the "record." The "bug" may be in a stapler on the lawyer's desk, in the chandelier or in an inkwell. The receiving set may be down the street a block or two.

The Government may be implicated. The conference room may contain a two-way mirror; and everything said by a client to his lawyer in a Government waiting room may be audited.

The men dressed as telephone mechanics who drive up in a "telephone" truck may be Government men, placing a "bug."

The man or the woman applying for a Government job must disclose his or her race and religion, when, by constitutional standards, those facts are irrelevant to any qualifications for Government work.

Tests given by Government agencies often ask, "Do you believe in the second coming of Christ?"—a question that disqualifies some religious groups.

Government questionnaires probe the employee's marital relations, his premarital sexual relations, his reading habits.

The loyalty and security hearings, launched by Truman and extended by Eisenhower, have now reached 20,000,000 employees of Government agencies and of companies having procurement contracts. How one voted, whether one owns Paul Robeson records, whether Picasso is a favorite artist, whether *The New Republic* or Supreme Court decisions are read, whether one has a friend whom someone has accused of being



*"I don't condone it, certainly, but there's nothing in our code of ethics that specifically forbids it."*

"subversive," whether one thinks that Negro and white blood should be mixed in a blood bank—these are all used as ideological tests. The fact that any ideological test at all is tolerated is shocking by First Amendment standards. The fact that *ideas and beliefs*, as distinguished from *actions and deeds*, are probed runs counter to the American constitutional ideals. Yet we now seem committed to it.

As one views the increasing intrusions into the various realms of privacy since World War Two, he is, I think, bound to agree that we are approaching what Orwell described in *1984* as follows: "You had to live—did live, from habit that became instinct—in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard."

As the living space per capita decreases and people are concentrated into smaller and smaller areas (5000 per square block in some cities), any privacy that a person may once have had is gone. But beyond that is a startling ero-

sion of privacy due to the pre-eminence of Big Brother.

We have not, of course, evolved into a totalitarian state. But the pattern of surveillance and conformity that possesses us marks a gravitation toward the collectivistic philosophy. That philosophy in ultimate terms requires men to walk in unison, uttering no "subversive" thoughts, reading what the powers that be consider orthodox and associating only with "safe" people.

Electronics have made it easy to penetrate any sanctuary and to break down the walls that have guarded people's confidences. Thus, the police have new and terrifying tools to search out even the ideological stray.

The climate of privacy once allowed the genius of our people to flourish. We may in time rebel against its loss. Only rebellion, I think, can save us from ultimate suffocation.





*"An orchid for your gown, my dear."*

## LOVE AND HATE (continued from page 152)

rather than being truly strong—are usually frightened men who turn to rape, because otherwise their fear of women is so great as to make them impotent in normal sexual relations.

The ad even gives evidence of the type of impotence Avis fears, the usual problem of men who “try harder”—premature ejaculation or the inability to last “2 minutes flat.” Afraid that even two minutes is too long, Avis talks about girls who can finish in 90, 48 and 47 seconds. Frightened by this admission, Avis goes back to its pseudomale rape theme and assures its sadists-in-a-hurry, “And don’t think it won’t hurt.”

When analytic patients make significant emotional statements, they usually call attention to it in some manner. Avis is no exception to the rule. In the next line it admits, “When you wear a button that says, WE TRY HARDER, and somebody tells you to take it off, *they’re telling you something about yourself.*” This is an obvious case of projection. What Avis is admitting is that it is telling us something about *itself*. The real meaning of the phrase in italics is “We’re telling you something about *ourselves*.”

Again, Avis tries to assume a strong masculine role by restating the first headline; but now the underlying weakness is breaking through, because the next-to-the-last statement is, “2 minutes. If she takes a second longer, tell her to hand the button over.” But even this much more tentative command is now too strong for Avis. It retreats completely from its tough position in the last sentence, which pleads, “Please don’t try to remove it yourself.”

The reaction formation has, as usual, failed. Though attempting to assume a hard, brutal, masculine façade to overcome its earlier, feminine identification, Avis was not able to maintain the aggressive position and exposed its fear and vulnerability by pleading for mercy.

It would be unfair to Avis if we did not plumb deeper into its psyche and explore the fundamental reason for its feelings of inferiority. Here, Adler does not go far enough and we have to turn to Freud. Why did Avis assume the feminine role in its earlier advertising, when it spoke of being No. 2? Usually, the young male adopts a feminine-passive attitude to avoid the threat of castration. Avis is no exception. What does it fear but “*the loss of its button*”? Obviously, the button here represents the male organ. The question still remains: Who does Avis fear? Who is the threatening force before whom this mighty corporation must prostrate itself if it is not to be deprived of its phallic button? Here, too, we are supplied with a symbol so clear that it cannot be denied. Avis is in mortal fear of No. 1. Remember the sentence, “Don’t think it won’t hurt,” meaning, of

course, that Avis is afraid of *hurts* or, if we alter the spelling slightly, *Hertz*, the dreaded No. 1, the avenging father who is ready to castrate the upstart son. No wonder poor Avis emphasizes that it is only No. 2 as it tries pathetically to assume the pose of pseudo masculinity.

Since its attempt at masculinity didn’t work, we can expect Avis to turn back to its old feminine ways. Sure enough, in the next ad, Avis is beginning to unmask itself. A characteristic of the anal personality, as Freud has pointed out, is its miserliness. Gone is its boast of being a big spender. Instead, Avis admits, “But we’re trying to save a buck.” It gives itself away completely by inadvertently using an old word for faggot—“we keep our cars in *cream puff* condition.” Obviously a Freudian slip. “Mother” Avis is keeping its cars in *cream puff* condition. Why? “Just to keep you happy.”

But Avis is not only trying to keep you happy, it’s even trying to make up to the aggressor, No. 1. The boys who walk lightly know very well that one way to avoid the avenger is to seduce him. Hence, the promise, “If Avis is out of cars, we’ll get you one from our competition.” Of course, it cannot completely forget its anal preoccupation with money, so we get the admission: “We’ll even lock up our cashbox and walk you over to the competition in person.” If you have any doubt that Avis is trying to seduce No. 1, it carefully explains: “And don’t worry about the car our competition will give you. It’s for an Avis customer and they know it. This is *their chance*.”

Everything to please No. 1. Avis will even deliver customers in person, just to give No. 1 a chance. Again we wonder, a chance at what?

Having expressed its anal-masochistic fantasies, having failed in its attempt at pseudo masculinity, Avis then tries to seduce its master by playing homosexual slave. Shades of Kraft-Ebing. Now we must expect a personality breakdown and, sure enough, Avis regresses from its anal position to the earlier oral stage: “Avis needs you.” This constant expression of need is usually characteristic of the oral personality. If you have any doubt of it, the first sentence of this ad reads: “We’re still a little hungry.” Of course, being oral and therefore hungry, it is not too surprising that the last sentence of the ad refers to food: “And we know which side our bread is buttered on.”

In the oral homosexual, we often find paranoia or pathological suspicion, so now Avis treats us to a whole series of paranoid ads. One ad boasts about spies and, like all paranoids, justifies its position: “Company spies aren’t nice. But neither is being No. 2.” Of course, a paranoid homosexual hates women and the Avis representative is no exception:

“That’s how our Mr. X carves out a living: *bugging* Avis girls. Just to see if he can wipe the smiles off their faces.” After all, Avis has plenty of men working for it, but no, Mr. X is paid to torture *the girls*, or that’s what they are telling us.

We all expect other people to feel the way we do. Avis is no exception. Being suspicious, it expects suspicion from the world. “People who notice the low mileage on our cars sometimes get a little *suspicious*.” Also, paranoids often believe they are in imminent danger of annihilation, and friendless (“We know you carry that other charge card, too”). Poor Avis, look where its mad passion has led it.

However, you can’t be a masochist without having a sadist. Fortunately or unfortunately for Avis, Hertz, after pretending indifference, finally came through. In a simple, stark—if somewhat ambiguous—ad, No. 1 showed its attitude nonverbally. With a clenched fist and a single upraised finger (the index, but this was for family magazines). Hertz gave Avis the bird. And though one picture is worth 10,000 words, Hertz had to rub it in: It turned to the sadist’s delight—sarcasm.

The finger is still there, but now there’s more—“No. 2 says he tries harder. Than who?” Hertz blandly accepts the mantle of superiority Avis has so consistently offered it and proceeds to boast of its superiority. Where Avis offers a quarter, Hertz magnanimously offers \$50. It’s really rubbing it in. Almost every line in the ad is designed to say, “Mine is bigger than yours.” Even the word “blood” gets into the ad, in case Avis has any question about No. 1’s sadism. Finally, the unkindest cut of all, it pretends to ignore No. 2’s plea for attention and sarcastically inquires, “Speak up No. 3. Is it you that No. 2 tries harder than?” Like every sadist, it knows that indifference can cause the greatest pain.

In the next ad, Hertz continues its theme about being bigger and better. It even pretends mock sympathy: “It’s tough being No. 2.” After the sympathy, it proceeds to ridicule poor No. 2: “If you were in the car rental business and you were No. 2 and you had only half as many cars to offer and about half as many locations at which to offer them, and fewer people to handle everything, what would you say in your advertising?”

Sarcasm remains Hertz’s weapon—sarcasm in which Hertz taunts poor Avis for its prissiness, finally saying in a nasty tone, “Right, your ashtrays are cleaner.” It even adds insult to injury by showing a Hertz ashtray with a butt in it, as if to say, “a real man doesn’t bother about this superfussy cleanliness bit.” As Hertz grows more sadistic, it takes to parroting Avis’ words and spends half the ad boasting of its superiority. “Ha, ha, all you can say is ‘we try harder, we try harder.’” Again, “Mine is bigger than yours.”

Finally, Hertz gives the supreme

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66-baffle absorbent replaceable Medico Filters trap juices, tars, nicotine—keep your mouth cleaner, cooler. Change filter and your pipe is clean. Selected, imported briar; nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof.

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## MEDICO • World's Largest Selling Pipes

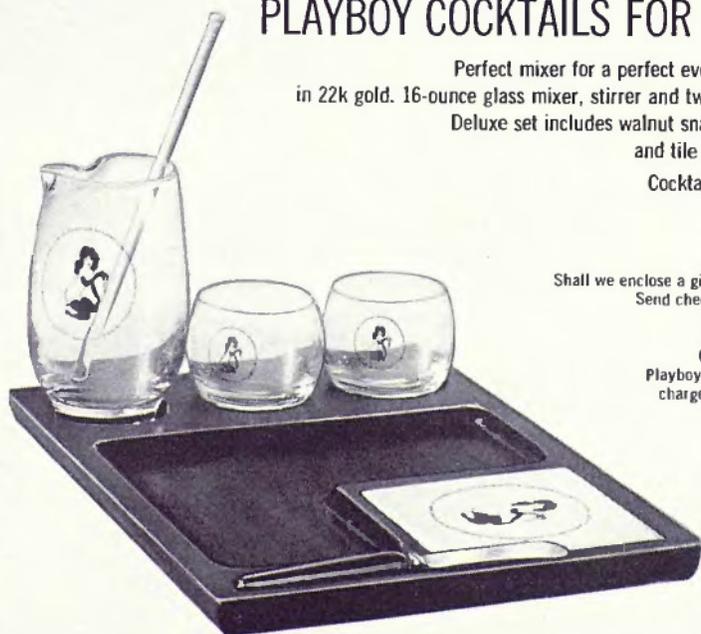
stir her to romance

### PLAYBOY COCKTAILS FOR TWO SET

Perfect mixer for a perfect evening. Emblazoned in 22k gold. 16-ounce glass mixer, stirrer and two cocktail glasses. Deluxe set includes walnut snack tray with knife and tile for cheese cutting.

Cocktails for Two Set, \$5  
Deluxe Set, \$15  
Both prices ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?  
Send check or money order to:  
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS  
919 N. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois 60611  
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.



sadistic reply. While the masochist, Avis, begs to be tortured, Hertz answers, "No, I won't": "Aha! You were expecting another get tough with Avis ad."

But at the bottom, Hertz comes to its senses. "And now that we've gotten the irritation out of our systems, all future advertising will be devoted solely to acquainting you with how reliable, resourceful, helpful and pleasant we are so you'll come in and rent a car from us instead of our dear friends down the street."

Catharsis has again effected a cure. Hertz no longer has need of the love-hate relationship, the sadomasochistic, perverse love that the two corporate sinners laid bare for all the world to see. The open expression of its feelings has helped, as it usually does.

Avis, too, seems to have overcome its mad masochistic passion and begins to struggle for its freedom. Not only is it willing to fight for itself, it even offers to lead others in a comradely struggle for their emancipation: "No. 2s of the world, arise!" It proclaims its willingness to give up its impotence and arise.

Regrettably, Avis suffered a relapse. In a recent ad, we see a hand with a raised index finger accompanied by a half-raised middle finger. The copy reads, "Would you believe Avis is Number 1 1/2?" It is a spurious boast, however; that detumescent middle finger is obviously a reversion to earlier castration fantasies. A careful look at the ad indicates that there is good reason for the recurrence of neurotic behavior. In tiny print, we read, "Avis Rent a Car System, Inc. A worldwide service of ITT." Now Avis is in real trouble. Here is a powerful father from whom it will shrink in primeval fear. Yet, in time, Avis may grow to identify with its strong-willed parent, International Telephone and Telegraph, and find a truly masculine self-image.

The latest set of ads indicates that there is hope. Gone is the emphasis on violence and self-pity. One recent ad shows a pretty Avis girl who is so self-assured that she can immediately relate to her customers, although in a somewhat devious manner—by winking. One means you're in business, while two winks will get you a compact. Of course, she is not allowed to be promiscuous; over three winks and you are to "disregard the message. It's strictly against company policy."

We are so sanguine about the whole thing that we venture to predict Avis' complete recovery in the near future. In fact, it may be time to turn our attention to a different medium—television. Just what, for instance, is going on with that armored fellow bestride his white horse who finds it necessary to roam the countryside trying to make everyone very clean? That's quite a lance he's got there.



## CRIMINAL MENTALITY (continued from page 165)

will show that what appeared to precipitate his visit to the psychiatrist was trouble with his wife, and that the psychiatrist urged him to return next week at the same time—but he never did.

The people he is planning to kill tomorrow mean nothing to him. Chances are he doesn't even know them yet. But he knows dimly they will be women. Tonight he will stay up all night, making preparations. Tomorrow, after it is all over and he is being led away manacled from the bodies, surrounded by newspapermen and television photographers, he will smile and say, no, he isn't sorry he did it and, no, he had no particular reason to do it except that he wanted to become famous.

It would perhaps not be good public policy to pursue further this sketch of a mythical murderer. Several recent mass murderers have said they were "inspired" to horror by the publicity given a previous mass murderer. Psychiatrists know that such publicity can never be more than a trigger mechanism, releasing a homicidal drive already deep-set.

In recent months, a Minnesota farmer shot and killed his wife and set a fire in which his four children burned to death; a 21-year-old high school dropout shot and killed a family of nine in Canada; a sniper high on the tower of the University of Texas in Austin killed 13 people and wounded 31; a man entered an apartment in Chicago and strangled eight student nurses; another man shot five people to death in New Haven, Connecticut; and still another invaded a beauty parlor in Mesa, Arizona, forced five women and two children to lie down on the floor and shot them methodically.

Such shocking, spectacular and seemingly senseless crimes make us wonder whether "a criminal mentality," or "killer instinct," exists and what can be done to protect ourselves from its work. This article explores those questions and related ones.

It may be well to dispose at once of the notion that man is a peaceable animal, though this should hardly be necessary if one remembers Auschwitz. As Konrad Lorenz has shown, of all the carnivores, only two lack built-in inhibitions against killing members of their own species—rats and men.

All human societies distinguish between killing members of one's own group and killing outsiders. The latter is called "warfare"; the former, "murder." Since man does not feel inhibited against killing his own kind, he has enacted laws against it. We punish murder. Nonethe-

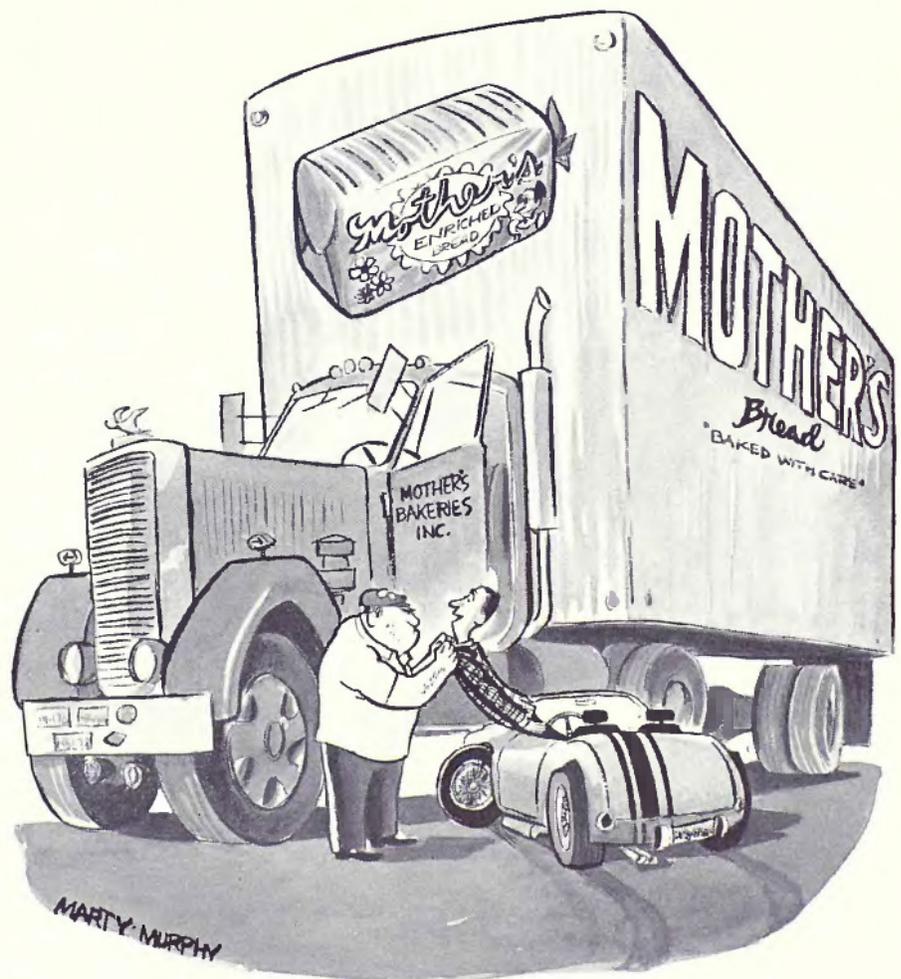
less, we feel fairly comfortable with murder for profit, or revenge, or jealousy, or some other "rational" motive that we can understand. What shocks us is a murder "without reason." What shocks and bewilders and frightens us most of all is mass murder "without reason."

Some mass murders are completely rational. In the 1890s, Dr. H. H. Holmes lured more than 20 ladies to his murder castle in Chicago, mulcted most of them, married some and dispatched all. People were shocked but not bewildered; greed they could understand. In 1948, two young men were paroled from the state "reformatory" in Ohio, embarked on a series of stick-ups, killed a tavern owner, remembered that a reformatory guard had treated them ill, went to seek him out, entered the home of his superior instead, took this man and his wife and daughter to a cornfield, shot them dead and, during the ensuing manhunt, killed two other people who happened to impede their flight. The state killed both, but with under-

standing: Robbery, revenge and flight are comprehensible.

But the emotions aroused by the Austin sniper or the Arizona beauty-parlor killer or the nurses' strangler are different. They differ even from the emotions aroused by Howard Unruh, who in 1949 slaughtered 13 people in Camden, New Jersey; for Unruh was psychotic—the diagnosis was schizophrenia—and people can accept the idea that lunatics kill. (Actually, they seldom do: They cannot often organize and direct their energies toward so sustained an undertaking as murder, especially mass murder.) What bothers people about the nonsane unmotivated murderer is that he simply cannot be explained. His activities do not yield to rational analysis. Spectacular inexplicable crime simply calls public attention to a fact that experts must confront every day: We simply do not know much about the roots of criminality.

Day in, day out, judges must assess criminal responsibility; wardens must keep, and may try to "rehabilitate," those adjudged dangerous to society;



*"Perhaps you misunderstood. . . . I just said that I wished you Mother truckers would be more careful. . . ."*

parole boards must decide when it is safe to loose a prisoner on society. These are sometimes life-and-death decisions. And they must involve the roots of crime. Yet knowledge and theory on this subject are a treacherous swamp.

Through this swamp flow three main streams of thought. One is the theory that criminality is biologically conditioned, or even inherited. An Italian physician, Cesare Lombroso, in 1876 postulated the born criminal. Lombroso said he had established by anthropological measurements that the physical and psychological characteristics of criminals differed strikingly from those of non-criminals. But soon a British study exploded them and, as psychoanalysis arose, Lombroso became almost a joke. In 1939, however, Earnest Hooton, an American anthropologist, after studying 15,000 criminals, published his view that criminals are biologically inferior to non-criminals. Dr. William H. Sheldon, after studying several hundred delinquent young men, concluded that there is a necessary relationship between body type—physique—and temperament; his work is an attempt to ground psychiatry in biology. He found three kinds of delinquents—people who get into trouble because of mental or medical insufficiency (e.g., feeble-mindedness), because of psychotic or neurotic difficulties or because of none of these and for no other apparent reason. This last, Sheldon termed the component of "primary criminality." In most cases, all three components were intermingled. In a considerable number of the boys, Sheldon discerned the component of "primary criminality." He thought that he had seen in his series of criminals the same thing Lombroso and Hooton had seen—true qualitative differences in personalities that, because of inadequate techniques, eluded them. Sheldon suggested that further biological studies may show that "delinquency may reside in the cellular morphogenotype." He maintained that the parents of his delinquents were themselves delinquent and in "very much the same way" and to about the same degree that their boys were.

Earlier, a German psychiatrist had reported that of the *identical* twins of 13 convicts, 10 had also served prison terms—but that of the *nonidentical* twins of 17 convicts, only 2 had. He concluded that criminality was biologically determined and hereditary. Dr. Franz Kallmann has advanced the view that schizophrenia is hereditary. He has reported that the mathematical probability of suffering schizophrenia is only .85 percent in the general population, but is 16.4 percent among the children of one schizophrenic parent; it is 14 percent for

a *nonidentical* twin of a person who has schizophrenia, but it is 85.8 percent for the *identical* twin of a schizophrenic.

Psychiatry has always been split between those who attribute mental disorder to physical causes and those who insist it is of purely emotional origin.

Most psychiatrists do not consider the case for heredity proved (but it has never been disproved, either). Until a few years ago, the work of Hooton, Sheldon and Kallmann was largely ignored. Then, when doctors discovered the effects of certain tranquilizing drugs, such as chlorpromazine (Thorazine) and reserpine (Serpasil), on mental patients, the whole biological school of thought gained sudden ascendancy. Too sudden, perhaps—false hopes were sometimes raised, and the drugs have not proved to be cure-alls for mental illness. Nevertheless, interest in the drugs stimulated interest in biological research, especially biochemistry. To date, this work has produced no final answer on the "cause" of mental illness—indeed, it is unlikely to do so, since a single cause for so complex and varied a phenomenon is unlikely. But it has focused the interest of laboratory men on human behavior.

The second broad school of thought about the roots of criminality is sociological. As everybody knows, children who grow up in slums, badly treated at home and poorly educated at school, surrounded by teenage delinquency, are likely to end up in prison. Studies have documented it, from such great sociological works of the 1920s and 1930s at the University of Chicago as *The Gold Coast and the Slum*, *The Gang and Delinquency Areas*, down to the HARYOU work of the 1960s. They show that certain areas of the city favor criminal behavior—slums in the older parts of the city where housing is bad, schools are crowded, poverty is great, family and community life disorganized, recreational facilities few, and a tradition of delinquent behavior is passed on from one generation to another, as is the tradition of eating with a spoon. Other studies showed, too, that "white-collar crime"—embezzlement, tax evasion, and so on—increased as urbanization increased, removing the brake of neighborhood disapproval.

But the sociologists could not explain everything, as they themselves said. What of the slum boy who grows up straight? What of the suburban boy enjoying all the outward "advantages" who goes wrong? The sociologists called attention to many important problems of our cities, problems that are today made screamingly acute by the Negro revolution. But in the end, they concluded that of all the factors involved in criminality, the most important was the subtle emotional relationship among members of

the family. And this is far closer to psychiatry than to sociology.

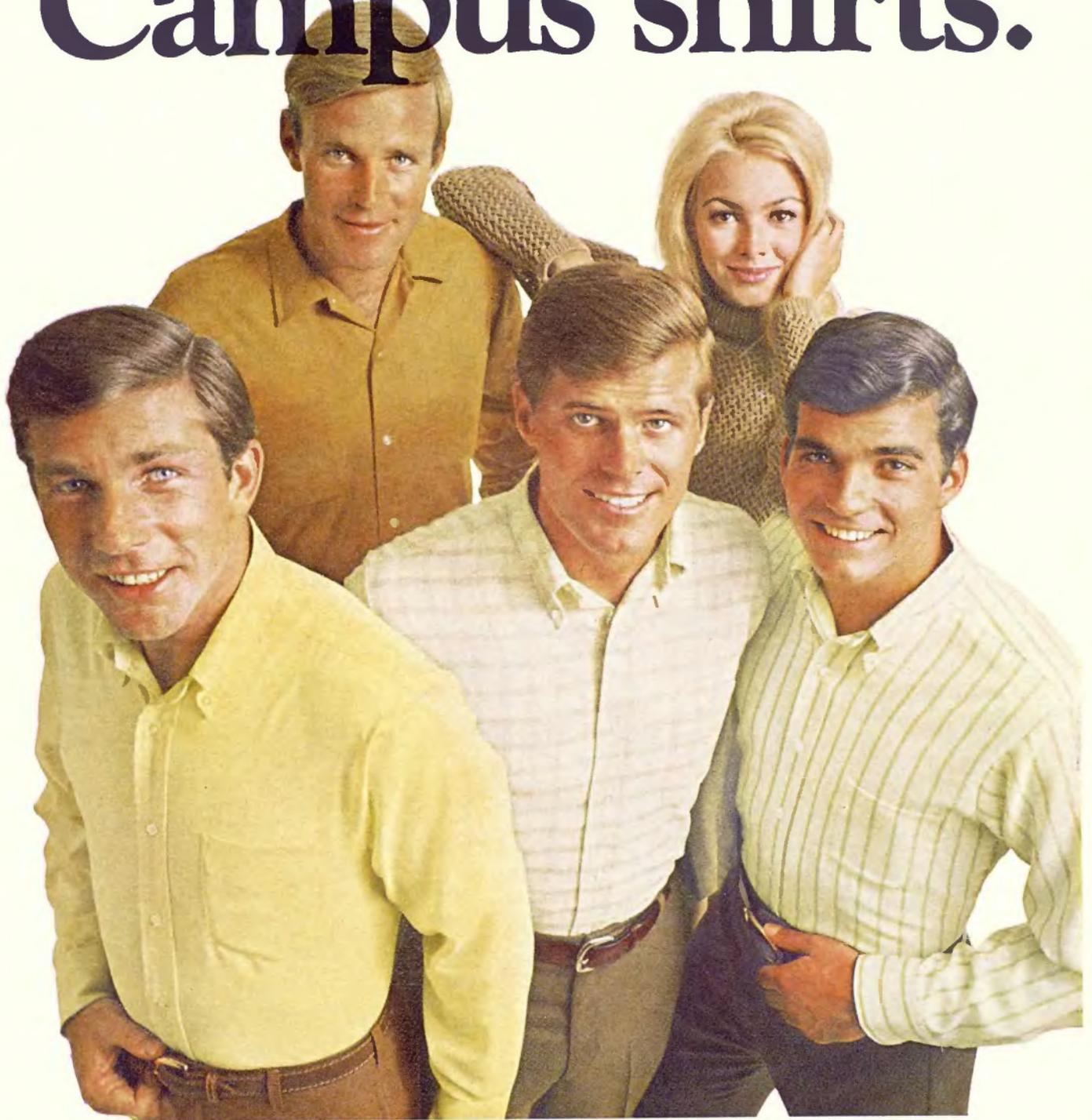
The third theory of the roots of crime is the psychiatric view: that crime is the product of psychic deficiency or disorder. Like the psychoses, the neuroses and the use of alcohol and drugs, crime is merely one way of solving problems, of resolving conflicts. The "sick" personality is the factor that predisposes a man to crime: the social environment triggers the explosion. (Sociologists would put it the other way around.) The difficulty with the psychiatric theory is that mental hospitals are full of psychotics who committed no crimes; while prisons are full of people who could not be called either psychotic or neurotic—and the free world is full of people who have suffered severe psychic traumas and yet have never committed felonies nor been declared insane.

Eleanor and Sheldon Glueck have attempted to synthesize the three views, matching 500 delinquent boys with 500 nondelinquent boys and studying them with Dr. William Sheldon's body-typing, psychology's Rorschach testing of personality structure and the techniques of sociology. They have found that although both groups of boys came from underprivileged neighborhoods, the delinquents' individual homes were markedly inferior to the nondelinquents' and so were their relations with their families; and they differed significantly from the nondelinquents in both body type and personality structure. The Gluecks concluded that delinquency results from the interplay of biological, psychological and cultural factors.

Hardly anyone today questions that the sociological and psychiatric views of criminality have validity, and some believe the biological view may be valid, too. None alone seems sufficient, for some criminals exhibit traits that support one theory but not the others, some exhibit two or all three and a few exhibit, at least as far as we can discern, none.

The members of this last group, the group that shows no discernible pathology—the seemingly "normal" boy who may have grown up in an "average" home and shows no biological predisposition to crime, the boy who kills for no apparent reason—are usually labeled "psychopathic personality." The psychopathic personality has been called "the wastebasket of psychiatry," into which are dumped all men who are not psychotic, not neurotic, not mentally deficient—yet there is something very wrong with them. Sometimes they are called sociopaths. They seem to be warriors, at war with the world; and upon occasion, some sort of psychic storm seems to overtake them and they kill "senselessly." The psychopath is not "insane." He knows who he is and where he is and

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what time it is. He dwells in our world, not the fantasy world of psychosis. He may be of above-average intelligence. But his emotions are out of kilter; his moral development, his "character," is deficient. He "knows" the consequences of criminal acts, but is unable to "feel" them. He never learns by experience. He never feels remorse or shame. He is never sorry he killed. He is the stranger among us. He rejects society and any obligation to it. He has never learned to wait. He lacks brakes. He is unpredictable. He is cold, remote; he cannot be reached by the chaplain's exhortations or the jailer's blows or the psychiatrist's ministrations. He is a wanderer; earlier in American history, he went West (and today he often dwells in the fringe jungles of our civilization). He is impulsive, immature and unstable. He commits the daring, dangerous crimes—bank robbery, assault, rape, cop killing. He is the mob's hired killer. He commits the "senseless" crimes. One man called him a "rebel without a cause."

We do not know what produces him. Perhaps he does not exist; perhaps "psychopathic personality" is only a term we have invented for those who fit no other class, for those who baffle us utterly. He may be the "born criminal" that Lombroso saw, the "biological inferior" that Hooton saw, the "primary criminal" that Sheldon saw, the teenage gang leader that the sociologists saw, the "defective superego" that the psychiatrists saw, the classic failure at resolving the Oedipal triangle that the psychoanalysts saw, the ratlike, animalistic aggressor without inhibition that the anthropologists saw, the "plain ornery cuss" that frontiersmen knew—or the "mad-dog killer" of tomorrow's headlines. And he may be only an imaginary beast we conjure up in the darkness of our ignorance.

All this is of far more than theoretical importance. To put the matter somewhat extremely, if Sheldon is right, if criminality resides in the cellular morphogenotype, then the solution is sterilization; if the sociologists are right, then we must totally rebuild our cities; if the psychiatrists are right, we must put a psychiatrist in every kindergarten. Stating the matter thus extremely suggests the importance of theory to public policy. Public policy for the protection of society—what should it be? Ideally, it would await the answers of science. But it cannot; crime occurs; what should we do? And inextricably entwined with the protection of society is, in a free society, the protection of individual freedom.

It is no exaggeration to say that the administration of criminal justice is the best measure of any society. So measured, our society seems superior to, say,

China's or Cuba's, though it exhibits serious flaws. Despite high-court strictures, too many police still hold suspects illegally and extract confessions by force. Too often the adversary system makes trials contests by trickery, not searches for truth. Overzealous prosecutors withhold important evidence; overzealous defense lawyers coach witnesses and even subvert jurors. Only recently have state courts been obliged to provide counsel in noncapital cases. Occasionally, the innocent are convicted; more often, we hope, the guilty go free. Eyewitnesses make mistaken identifications. Innocent men with previous criminal records are in great danger. The press influences juries. Political pressures and private prejudices sway judges. Inequitable sentences are common—a man can be sentenced to a long term of years for stealing cows in a rural area but given probation for robbery in the city. A man can spend his life on skid row, in and out of jail almost constantly, and never see a lawyer. Criminal justice simply doesn't operate here. Almost no adulterers, fornicators, drunken drivers and people who bet on the numbers are prosecuted, and probably only about 30 percent of those who commit major felonies. More poor men than rich men go to prison. So do, proportionately, more Negroes than white men. Almost no rich men are executed. One prosecutor who obtained 13 death penalties recalls that only four actually were executed and all four of those were Negroes.

But progress occurs. Increasingly, the courts protect the rights of the accused, despite ignorant outcries of "coddling criminals." The law moves slowly, but it moves, and one has the impression it is improving the quality of justice in this country.

One question the judge must decide is the limit of criminal responsibility. After 1843, the M'Naghten Rule applied—a man was responsible for his acts if he possessed the ability to know their nature and quality and to distinguish right from wrong. In 1954, the District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals in Washington, D. C., set forth instead the Durham Rule—a man is not criminally liable if his act was "the product of mental disease or defect." Last year, Congress repealed the Durham Rule, but the President vetoed the bill; the courts are still deciding cases in this shadowland, while eminent lawyers and jurists are seeking new formulas. Meanwhile, in trial courts, the shameful contest between opposing "expert" witnesses continues. The man accused of killing eight nurses in Chicago in July 1966 was adjudged fit to stand trial—and convicted. On the other hand, Howard Unruh, the Camden killer of 1949, was adjudged insane. Sometimes the decision on who goes to prison and

who goes to a mental hospital seems almost capricious.

In the past, if a man was found not responsible because of mental illness, he was consigned to a mental hospital until he recovered his sanity and could stand trial. But a few months ago, a man who had been found not guilty by reason of insanity sued for release from St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, claiming he had received no psychiatric treatment there; and the appellate court remanded the case: "The purpose of involuntary hospitalization is treatment, not punishment. . . . Absent treatment, the hospital is 'transformed . . . into a penitentiary where one could be held indefinitely for no convicted offense. . . .' The patient's right to treatment is clear." By thus asserting the "right to treatment," the court also spotlighted the facts that even such good public mental hospitals as St. Elizabeths are woefully unable to afford their patients treatment and, further, that the present state of both our understanding of mental disease and methods to treat it are woefully faulty.

Once a man is adjudged responsible and guilty and sent to prison, society, in the person of the warden, guards and, in more enlightened jurisdictions, social workers and psychologists and even psychiatrists, undertakes the task of "rehabilitating" him—reshaping him so he can someday safely be set free. This effort is, almost without exception, a farce. How can they rehabilitate a man in prison unless they know what drove him there in the first place? Teaching a convict to weld fenders may keep him out of mischief while he is in prison, but it has little to do with what made him a criminal and is unlikely to change him and so prevent him from repeating his crime after he is released. Teaching a boy to read, encouraging his relatives to visit him and write to him, providing a chaplain and a counselor are all very well; but if his cellmate is an experienced bank robber, he is more likely to heed that elder's wisdom than the counselor's or the teacher's or the chaplain's. Keeping a bank robber busy in a prison industry may keep him out of trouble in prison; it is not likely to persuade him to mend his ways. Putting a man out on an honor farm or conservation camp may convince him it is better to stay than to run away; it is not likely to make him a law-abiding citizen. Providing a counselor to help him with his prison-made problems, such as a faithless wife, may help him sleep better in his cell; it has nothing to do with rehabilitation. For it was not illiteracy, or "poor work habits," or indifferent relatives, or any of the rest that brought him to prison in the first place; it was something else, we know



*"All I know is every December 25th I wake up and this jolly little fat fellow is in bed with me. . . ."*

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not what. And until we do know, rehabilitation inside prison is a myth. Indeed, prison, far from protecting society, is society's enemy. It does not fit men for freedom. It prisonizes men, makes them wholly unfit for life in the complicated free world. It teaches far more young men to hate than to repent, teaches them criminal techniques, not lawful vocations. The fact is that most "rehabilitation" programs are designed to ease the warden's lot—and no wonder, for big prisons are so crowded, so heterogeneous and so filled with the world's misfits and failures and warriors that simply keeping the place running without riot is all but impossible. Busy, reasonably contented convicts are less likely to mutiny than idle malcontents. But this has nothing to do with rehabilitation. The busiest, most contented convict in the prison may be the most dangerous to release; he has learned to live in prison, which means he is unfit to live outside it. Only a hardcore few dangerous criminals need maximum-security imprisonment to protect society—but thousands upon thousands of other miscreants get it. Nearly all are worsened by it. Some boys could safely be released after the first night in the prison reception cell. On the other hand, some armed robbers ought to be locked up forever; they are warriors and they will continue their war on the world whenever able. Some murderers—situational murderers—could safely be set free the day after their arrest. One such was called the Spaghetti Man. He and his family had been on relief a long time. They had no job, no money, and they had nothing to eat but spaghetti. Finally his luck turned. He got a job as a laborer. He brought home a ten-dollar advance on his wages and told his wife to go out the next day and buy the biggest sirloin steak she could find. That night, he came home and found her drunk, wearing a new hat and swaying back and forth in front of the stove. What was she cooking? Spaghetti. He knocked her downstairs and her neck was broken. He was uselessly sentenced to 1 to 14 years.

Increasingly enlightened thought holds that punishment should fit the criminal, not the crime. Since punishment alone seems not to have successfully protected society, it is now generally believed that not punishment but treatment should be the goal. But in the present state of knowledge, this seems almost an idle dream.

Meanwhile, 98 percent of the men sent to prison someday return to free society. Most return worse than they left. And about one half of them commit new crimes. It is surprising that the record is not worse.

The true interest of society lies not in apprehending, dealing justly with and

imprisoning criminals after they have committed crimes but in identifying them before they commit them. Sometimes this is possible. Warning signs may appear early in a boy's life—he may hide things senselessly, develop odd eating habits, throw his mother's perfume down the sink, become afraid to walk on grass, seem polite but remote and strange, fall behind in his studies, set fire to his parents' bedroom, break furniture and, growing older, molest a child and ransack a neighbor's house without stealing anything. A few years ago, a boy in New Jersey did just this. No criminal charges were filed, but his worried parents took him voluntarily to New Jersey's famed new diagnostic center. A doctor there, after studying him for a month as a voluntary paying patient, got the "diagnostic impression" of schizophrenia but did not consider him sick enough to recommend commitment to a mental hospital. He said later that if the boy had been sent to him by juvenile court, he would have recommended either putting him in an institution or sending him home under supervision. But he had come as a voluntary patient: so when his 30 days ended, he went home—New Jersey had no legal hold on him. Five years later, he strangled a high school girl.

Few parents of criminals go to so much trouble to try to help their boy before it happens. Few institutions are as good as New Jersey's diagnostic center. What can we expect from less conscientious parents and worse state institutions?

Thumbing through prison files, one finds with dreary monotony a terrible if less bizarre story repeated—drunken father and absent mother and truant child, rebellious boy and petty pilfering and

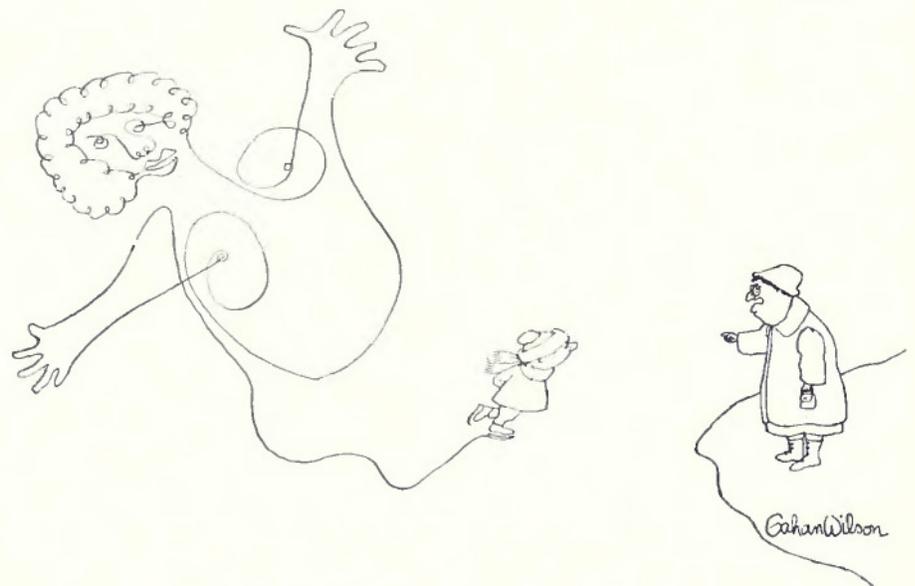
juvenile court, runaway boy and disciplinary school, car theft and probation, carrying concealed weapons and broken probation and reformatory, parole and broken parole and reformatory, release and armed robbery and penitentiary—and so on, sometimes to the electric chair.

All too often, patients tell private psychiatrists they intend to kill somebody—and do. There were private warnings in the lives of both the Austin sniper and the assassin of President Kennedy. People ask, Why wasn't something done? Why doesn't a diagnostic center or a juvenile court, discovering warning signals early in a boy's life, isolate him immediately from society? The answer is that the patient's—and the boy's—rights are involved. Courts and psychiatrists have no legal right to lock up somebody because they think that someday he might kill. Not every wayward boy turns out to be a murderer. And anyway, we simply cannot put a psychiatrist in every kindergarten—there are fewer than 20,000 psychiatrists in the United States and most are in private practice. And even that is no sure answer, as our New Jersey case indicates.

Nevertheless, those two cases—the slum boy and the strange New Jersey boy—do suggest three lines of action.

The slum boy might have a chance if the slum were eliminated. Although slums do not "cause" crime, the high crime rate there—and the high percentage of Negroes in prisons, not because Negroes are "more criminal" but because they are more disadvantaged—argues powerfully that we must spend the billions necessary to alter fundamentally the character of our disintegrating cities.

Second, the chance of identifying



*"You get off that ice pond this minute, you filthy little boy!"*

troubled youngsters early argues powerfully for spending more public money to train psychiatrists and school guidance directors, establishing juvenile diagnostic centers and putting our minds to work on how to protect society against incipient criminality without infringing on the rights of the youngsters.

Third, prison reform is essential. It is not too much to say that the prison system as it exists should be abolished. It does not reform the criminal. It fails to protect society. When we know how to prevent crime or rehabilitate criminals, we will not put them into prison to do it. We can abolish prisons. Meanwhile, we ought to stop making men worse in prisons. Various steps can be taken, including these: Build a wide variety of prison farms and camps, medium-security institutions and facilities for the criminally insane, to permit classification and segregation of inmates; raze such gigantic maximum-security institutions as the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson, or at least break them up into small units; put under Civil Service and raise the salaries of guards, parole and probation supervisors and prison classification experts; increase the supply of psychiatric

advice to parole and classification boards; let about half the inmates out of all maximum-security prisons; and enforce ironclad security measures on dangerous men.

But, in the long run, what is needed is more research into the causes of criminality. Research is going forward at several private institutions, but not enough of it. At present, no Federal research program on crime exists. One would be costly, but so is crime.

It seems likely that all such programs—rebuilding the cities, reorganizing the prison system, training personnel and staffing schools and diagnostic centers, and research—may have to await resolution of the Vietnam war. But perhaps even before money becomes available, forward planning could start and would probably be more fruitful than further Congressional debate on the "gun law." The ultimate emphasis should be on a program of research bearing directly on the roots of criminality. For until we know far more than we know now, there is not much we can do to protect ourselves. What we don't know can kill us.



"Gee, it must be pretty serious. They're going to call in his accountant."

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 108)

vaudeville-burlesque-Borscht Belt circuit. You've never talked much about your personal background on the air or off, other than to say that you're from the Midwest and that you were once an amateur magician. Would you like to fill us in on the rest?

**CARSON:** Well—I was born in Corning, Iowa. No cracks, please. I'm the product of a typical middle-class upbringing. My father was then a lineman for the power district; that means a guy who climbed up and down telephone poles. Later on, he became the power district's manager, and he has since retired. We moved around to different small towns—places like Clarinda, Shenandoah, Avoca. I started school in Avoca, Iowa. I think I was eight when we moved to Norfolk, Nebraska, a town of about 10,000. I will never forget looking down on Main Street from a fourth-floor hotel window there, thinking how high up I was and marveling at so much traffic down in the street.

I think it was that same year I first realized I could make people laugh. I played Popeye in a school skit—you know, imitating him, with that funny voice. My sister Catherine and my brother Dick [now Carson's director] and I grew on up through high school there in Norfolk. We had a big frame house in town. It was a typical small-town Midwestern boyhood. Dick and I fished and skinny-dipped in the Elkhorn river, and summers the family would vacation at a lake in Minnesota. I was at a friend's home one day when I picked up an old book I saw: *Hoffman's Book of Magic*. It described all the standard tricks and how to make some of the equipment yourself, and there was an ad for a kit of stuff from a mail-order place in Chicago. So I sent away for it, and the stuff came, and I couldn't think about anything else but making things and working with the magic. I ordered every catalog advertised and read them from cover to cover, and spent every quarter I could get for more stuff. Finally, one Christmas I got this magician's table with a black-velvet cover. I have never since seen anything more beautiful than that was to me. The next thing was ventriloquism. I bought a mail-order course, also from Chicago, for \$15.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you first realize you wanted to be an entertainer?

**CARSON:** I just can't say I ever *wanted* to become an entertainer; I already *was* one, sort of—around our house, at school, doing my magic tricks, throwing my voice and doing the Popeye impersonations. People thought I was funny; so I kind of took entertaining for granted. I was full of card tricks, too. Around the house, I was always telling anybody I saw, "Take a

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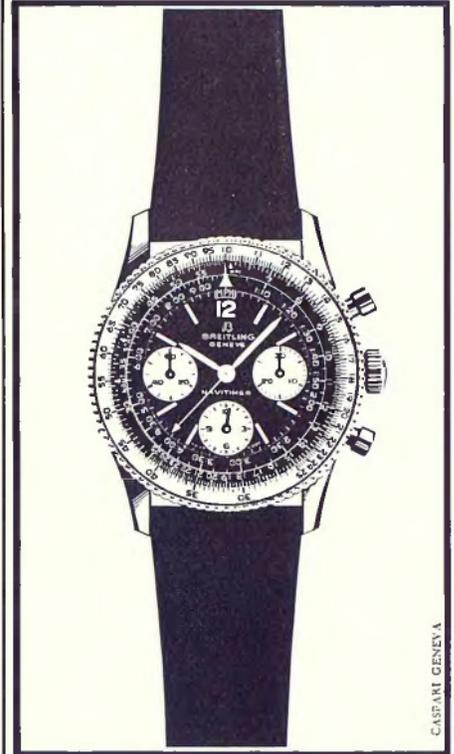
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card—any card." It was inevitable that I'd start giving little performances. My first one was for my mother's bridge club. They thought I was great; and I felt great, making my mother so proud, you know? And after that I went on to give shows at Sunday-school parties, church socials, anywhere they'd have me. I was 14 when I earned my first fee for my act—three dollars from the Norfolk Rotary Club. Then I began to get a fee like that at picnics, county fairs, 4-H Clubs, service clubs, chambers of commerce. I was billed as "The Great Carsoni," wearing a cape my mother had sewed for me. In school, I was into every activity except sports. I went out for football, but the first time I ran with the ball and got tackled, the next thing I remember is the coach looking down in my face and asking if I was all right. He recommended that I give my full extracurricular time to other activities. I was in every school play, wrote a column for the school paper, everything. I got pretty good grades, but most of my effort was directed elsewhere.

By 1943, when I graduated from Norfolk High, I was making pretty fair pin money with my act. Funny thing, though, I still didn't have any intention of entertaining as a serious career. I was still very small town in my outlook. It would be another three or four years before I'd find out that the Catskills weren't a dance team. I was still playing with the idea of becoming a psychiatrist, an engineer or a journalist. And I had decided on engineering when I entered college. But the War was on, you know, and I was accepted for a V-12 program that would get me a Naval Air commission; but they sent me to Columbia University's midshipman school instead; there just weren't any flying training openings then. I got my ensign's commission and went to the Pacific on the battleship Pennsylvania. I had dragged a footlocker of gear for my act with me and I entertained the officers and men every chance I got. In the comedy bits, mostly, I'd knock officers; the enlisted men loved that. Later, when I was at Guam, I did the same thing there.

Finally, when I got out, I entered the University of Nebraska, this time trying journalism. I thought it would help me learn to write comedy. But that when-where-why-what bit couldn't have bored me more, so I switched to radio and speech. It was while I was at the university that I got my first radio job for ten dollars a week at the local station, WOW, for playing in a comedy Western called *Eddie Sosby and the Radio Rangers*. It came on three mornings a week and I had to get permission to be 15 minutes late those mornings for my Spanish class. Then, in my senior year, I did a thesis on comedy. I analyzed the

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best comics then performing and taped excerpts of their performances to illustrate things like timing and sequence, building punch lines, recognition devices and running gags, things like that. Comedians like Fibber McGee and Molly, Jack and Mary Benny, Rochester, Ozzie and Harriet, Milton Berle and Bob Hope. When I got my A. B. degree in 1949, I went straight to my first job, \$50 a week for doing anything and everything at WOW. I did commercials, news, station breaks, weather reports, everything.

I guess the next thing was my first marriage—to Jody. We'd been going together several years. Soon my first son was born, Chris. Meanwhile, I got a radio show, *The Squirrel's Nest* I called it, and I picked up \$25 on the side for magic acts I'd do anywhere I could. In Omaha, I remember, there was a group campaigning to get rid of pigeons, which were accused of defacing city hall. I came on my radio show with "Equal Time for Pigeons," imitating the birds cooing their side of the story and pleading for mercy; we won a reprieve: The campaigning was dropped. Doing just about anything a Jack-of-all-trades in radio could do, it was almost automatic that I would eventually go on WOW-TV.

All the time, I kept thinking in the back of my mind about where I was headed, in a career way. I was getting along well enough where I was, but at the same time, I knew that I could never go very far as long as I stayed in Nebraska. The action and the opportunities were all either in New York or California. So I got a cameraman friend to shoot a half-hour film of me doing a little bit of everything I could do. When a vacation came up, I packed the wife and kids in our beat-up Olds, with a U-Haul trailer, and we took off for California. When we arrived in San Francisco, I knocked at every radio and TV door; at most of them, I couldn't even get inside. They'd say, "No openings, sorry." So we went on into Los Angeles—looking like something out of *Grapes of Wrath* driving down Sunset Boulevard. Same kind of hearty welcome.

But finally, a childhood family friend, Bill Brennan, who had gone into radio sales in L. A., successfully recommended me for a staff-announcer job that had opened at KNXT, a local station. I went there and did everything except sweep out the place. When I could find the time, like on nights when I was disc jockeying, while the record was playing, I was sitting there in the booth putting together an idea for a TV show. See, I had made an agreement with myself when I got to L. A.—that if I didn't have my own show after a year, I was going to move on to New York. I was

never one who believed in "waiting for the breaks." I believe we make our own breaks. Well, the CBS people finally looked at my idea and gave me a spot they had open locally on Sunday afternoons. You won't believe the budget—for each show, \$25! I wrote my own scripts, mimeographed them and acted in them—and got pretty fair newspaper notices. On one show, I had a friend rush past the camera on the air and I announced, "That was my guest today, Red Skelton." Well, Skelton heard about it and really did turn up for one of my shows. Then some others did, including Fred Allen. Skelton and I really got on well, and finally he offered me a job writing for his show. I grabbed it.

I guess you'd call it the proverbial big break when the telephone rang one day and somebody told me Skelton had been hurt in a rehearsal. He was supposed to walk through one of those breakaway doors, but the door hadn't broken and Red had been knocked cold about 90 minutes before showtime. I had always been doing bits and cracking gags around the office and they wanted to know if I could make it to the station and go on for Red. I don't know how I got there in time, but I did. And I made cracks about Red getting hurt and said, "The way I fell out here, I think Red's doctor ought to be doing this show." Well, it came off all right. I got good notices. And that got me my next job—*The Johnny Carson Show*. That was my first big lesson. It ran out its contracted 39 weeks in 1955 and then folded. That's where I learned that if you get too many cooks involved, that if you don't keep control, you're going to bomb out, and there's nobody to blame but yourself.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you explain what you mean by that?

**CARSON:** I mean that it was primarily through my own naïveté that the show failed. I had built the show initially around a format of low-key skits and commentary on topical subjects—something rather like the *Tonight* show. We got good reviews, but the network people felt the ratings should have been higher, and I let them start telling me what to do. "We've got to make the show important," they told me. How would they go about doing that? With chorus girls! They were going to make me into Jackie Gleason! I'd come rushing on in a shower of balloons, with chorus girls yipping, "Here comes the star of the show, *Johnny Carson!*" And the rest followed in that vein. I let myself be a poor imitation, and that's sure, swift death for any entertainer. But I think if nobody ever fails, he never has successes. The show flopped—but to me only in the sense that it went off the air after 39 weeks. I learned the hard way that you have to go with your decisions.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you consider that show your greatest failure?

**CARSON:** Professionally it was. Personally, no. That was when I was divorced from my first wife. That's the lowest I've ever felt, the worst personal experience of my life. We'd been married ten years—since college, in fact. And children were involved—three sons. I think that's the worst guilt hang-up you can have, when children are involved. But divorce sometimes is the only answer. I think it's almost immoral to keep on with a marriage that's really bad. It just gets more and more rotten and vindictive and everybody gets more and more hurt. There's not enough honesty about marriage, I think. I wish more people would face the truth about their marital situations. I get sick of that old rationalization, "We're staying together because of the children." Kids couldn't be more miserable living with parents who can't stand each other. They're far better off if there's an honest, clean divorce. I'm happy to notice that my boys don't seem to be negatively affected by mine. I think they're getting along fine. I've got a very good marriage now. For a long time, I went around feeling guilty about the failure of the first one—but you can't go on forever like that, just nursing your hurts. Some friends here in New York had been talking with me about Joanne before I ever saw her. Finally, I telephoned her and we made a date over the phone. I met her with her father at Eddie Condon's and we hit it off great, right away, and it went on from there.

**PLAYBOY:** After the low point you described, when *The Johnny Carson Show* went off the air, did things begin to improve professionally?

**CARSON:** Not by a long shot. I still had a lot more to learn—this time about the people who are supposed to give a performer so much help in this business. There I was: My show was closed. I was out of work. That kind of news flies throughout the show-business world with the speed of light. You're out. You're dead. But I've got a family to keep eating and every day I'm expecting to hear something from the agency that handled me. But I hear nothing. So I go over there, "Look," I told them, "I can get myself some kind of an act together. Get a couple of writers to work with me." You know what they said? "Sorry, Johnny, we can't do that." So I went home and wrote the act myself, and I went out personally and peddled it and finally got myself a date in Bakersfield at a place called The Maison Jausaud, making \$400 a week. But I was still naïve. I was hoping that some of the top agency people would come to see me. They didn't. They sent two junior members who sat at a table, then left. Nothing. Zero.

This was about the time I dropped



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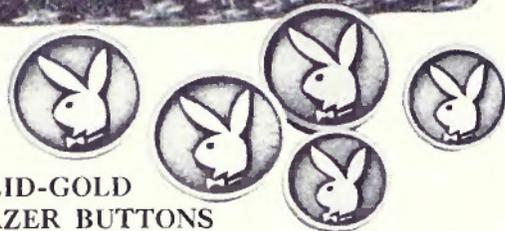
**WARM-UP SHIRTS**

Casual good looks for guys and gals. Machine-washable cotton. Rabbit emblem in white on black or black on white, chili, bright gold, emerald. S, M, L, XL sizes. WA106, short sleeve, \$4.50. WA107, long sleeve, \$5.



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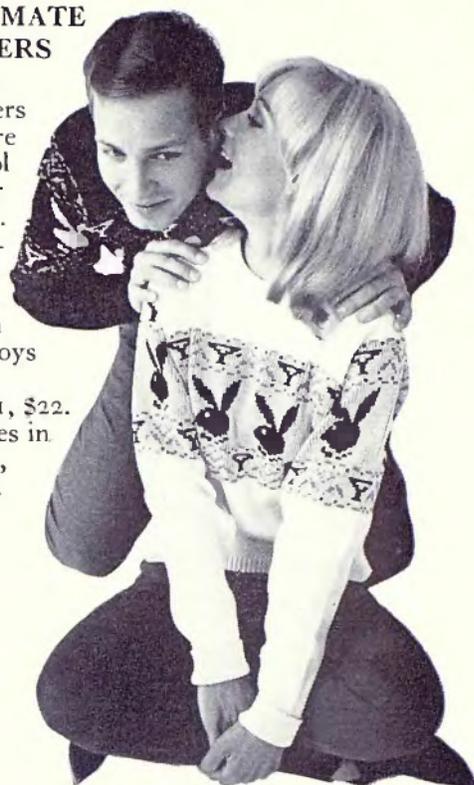


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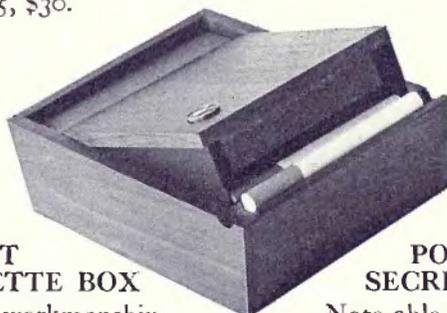
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back financially until I had to borrow from my father. I decided I had to go to New York. I couldn't do any worse there and I might do better. So I borrowed more, from a bank that was good enough to let me have it. And in New York, finally I got the chance to go on *Who Do You Trust?* Now, do you want to guess what happened? When I get solid on that show, really doing all right, here come this agency's top guys. Big deal—old buddy-buddy, let bygones be bygones, no hard feelings, let's forget the past. "How about our representing you again? We've got it all figured out how to shoot you straight to the top." I listened until they finished their spiel and then I said, "Thank you, no, gentlemen. Where were you when I needed you?" Anyway, I finally went with another agency, MCA, one of the giants. I was doing fine now, getting the treatment they call "servicing the client." I remember one day I was getting ready to leave their office to do the show, and this agency man makes moves to go with me. I asked him, "What are you doing?" He said, "Don't you want me to go to the show with you?" I told him I thought I could make it alone. What I *felt* like telling him was, "You want to do something for me? Iron my shirts." I don't even like to think about it. But now, I don't even have an agency. MCA dissolved, you know. I've got a lawyer who handles most of my affairs. I've *learned*. Agencies play the percentages. You make it, they'll take ten percent. When I needed 'em, nobody was there. I'll never forget it. I'm just telling it the way it is. If somebody wants to call that being a loner, if somebody wants to call that being vindictive, then so be it!

**PLAYBOY:** How did the break come from *Who Do You Trust?* to the *Tonight Show*?

**CARSON:** In my first four years on *Who Do You Trust?*, I'd been offered all kinds of situation-comedy shows, but I had turned them down for one or another reason. And I had been doing guest spots, and I had filled in for Paar on *Tonight*, and I had done pretty well as his replacement. It was NBC that came up with the offer for me to replace Paar permanently. I turned it down, cold; not many people know that. I just wasn't sure I could cut it. I just didn't feel I could make that jump from a half-hour daily quiz show to doing an hour and 45 minutes every night. I was doing fine in daytime TV; I was solid and secure. And I felt I'd be stupid to try to replace Jack Paar. But I kept sitting in for him. And then, some months later, NBC made their offer again; Jack was nearer to leaving the show. Somebody had to replace him. My manager got on me,

insisting that I owed myself the opportunity of reaching the big night audience. And NBC said they would wait until I finished my contract on *Who Do You Trust?*. While all this was going on, I was gradually building more confidence in myself—the more I thought about it. Nobody could tell me; I had to tell myself I could do it. And finally I did; I accepted the offer. Everyone I knew had some advice after that. One group told me I was nuts to try replacing Paar, but that made me all the more determined. Others became instant producers and told me, "Here's how to handle that show. . . ." That bugged me; I'd been through that in California and lost a good show because of it. I had cab drivers, waiters, everybody giving me advice.

Two things were in the back of my head: One was that I wasn't going to be any imitation of Jack Paar; I was going to be Johnny Carson. The other thing was that I wanted the show to make the most of being the last area in television that the medium originally was supposed to be—live, immediate entertainment. I knew it wasn't going to be any sauntering in and sitting at a desk and that's all. The main thing in my mind that I had going for me was that I'd done nearly everything you could in the industry—but at the same time I knew that thinking that way was a danger. If I went out there with every critic waiting, and if I did everything I knew how to do, it would look like deliberate showing off, like trying to say, "Hey, look at me—I'm so versatile!" I had to fight that natural temptation to go out there and make some big impression. Finally, I decided that the best thing I could do was forget trying to do a lot of preplanning. I didn't want to come out with something that smacked of a month's preparation, because I wasn't going to be able to keep that up every night. It all boiled down to just going out there and being my natural self and seeing what would happen.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened, of course, was one of the most remarkable successes in television history. But you mentioned going out there and being your natural self. Do you, really?

**CARSON:** Are we back to that—my reputation for being cold and aloof, for being a loner and living in a shell and all that crap? Look, I'm an entertainer; I try to give the public what it wants while I'm on the screen, and I'm completely sincere about it. If I don't happen to be a laughing boy off the screen, that doesn't make me a hypocrite or a phony. In any case, what I am and what I do on my own, it seems to me, is nobody's business but mine. As long as I don't commit any

crimes, you have no right to judge me except by my performance as a professional. On that level, you're welcome to think whatever you want about me. But there's only one critic whose opinion I really value, in the final analysis: Johnny Carson. I have never needed any entourage standing around bolstering my ego. I'm secure. I know exactly who and what I am. I don't need to be told. I make no apologies for being the way I am. I'm not going to run around crying that I'm misunderstood. I play my life straight—the way I see it. I'm grateful to audiences for watching me and for enjoying what I do—but I'm not one of those who believe that a successful entertainer is *made* by the public, as is so often said. You become successful, the way I see it, only if you're good enough to deliver what the public enjoys. If you're not, you won't have any audience; so the performer really has more to do with his success than the public does.

As for myself, I've worked ever since I was a kid with a two-bit kit of magic tricks trying to improve my skills at entertaining whatever public I had—and to make myself ready, whenever the breaks came, to entertain a wider and more demanding public. Entertainment is like any other major industry; it's cold, big business. The business end wants to know one thing: Can you do the job? If you can, you're in, you're *made*; if you can't, you're out.

I knock myself out for the public—five shows a week, 90 minutes a show; and most of every day goes to working on that 90 minutes. It takes more out of me than manual labor would, and I simply won't give any more of myself than that. I demand my right to a private life, just as I respect that right for everybody else. The *Tonight* staff knocks themselves out with me; then they go their way. I go mine, and we get along fine. I make the major decisions. That's my responsibility.

I'm doing the best I know how. I've put my whole life into whatever you see on that screen. But whenever the day comes that I think it's my time to go, I'll be the first to tell the network to get somebody else in that chair. And when I do, they'll be saying, "Who could follow Carson?"—just like they said, "Who could follow Paar?" Well, believe me, somebody can—and will. The public is fickle, and you can be replaced, no matter how good you are. Until that happens, I'm going to go on doing my best. I like my work and I hope you do, too—but if you don't, I really couldn't care less. Take me or leave me—but don't bug me. That's the way I am. That's me. That's it.





## FAR-FLUNG FLING (continued from page 128)

pepper and monosodium glutamate. Pour into preheated tureen for serving.

### THAI SHRIMP DUMPLINGS

- 2 12-oz. packages frozen peeled shrimps, ready to cook
- 2 teaspoons Chinese oyster sauce or soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 4 eggs
- 2 tablespoons finely minced fresh chives
- 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour

Salad oil  
Thaw shrimps, but do not boil. Examine shrimps carefully and remove any pieces of shell, then put them through meat chopper, using fine blade. Mix shrimps well with oyster sauce, cornstarch, monosodium glutamate, 2 eggs, slightly beaten, and chives. In wide shallow saucepan or Dutch oven, bring 3 in. salted water to a rapid boil. Drop shrimp mixture by teaspoons into boiling water. Dumplings will rise to top. Cover pan with lid and simmer 3 to 4 minutes. Do not overcrowd pan. Cook dumplings in 2 or 3 batches, if necessary. Drain dumplings and chill in refrigerator. Beat 2 remaining eggs well. Add flour and mix until smooth. Heat 1 in. oil in electric skillet preheated to 370°. Dip dumplings in egg-flour mixture. Fry, turning once, until brown on both sides. Remove from frying pan. Pour ginger sauce (below) over dumplings and keep warm on hot tray or in chafing dish.

### THAI GINGER SAUCE

- 2 cups chicken stock
- ¼ teaspoon garlic, minced extremely fine
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup cider vinegar
- ⅛ to ½ teaspoon finely minced hot chili pepper, to taste
- ¼ cup red or yellow ginger in syrup, drained, thin slivers
- ¼ cup fresh green pepper, small dice
- ¼ teaspoon ground coriander
- 2 tablespoons sake
- 2 tablespoons thinly sliced scallion
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- ¼ teaspoon sesame oil
- ¼ cup cornstarch

Put all ingredients except cornstarch in saucepan. Bring to a boil. Mix cornstarch with ¼ cup cold water to a smooth paste. Slowly stir into saucepan. Simmer 2 minutes.

### LAMB WITH PEAS AVGOLEMONO

- 3 lbs. lean boneless shoulder of lamb
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- ½ cup onion, minced very fine
- ¼ cup leeks, white part, minced very fine
- ½ teaspoon garlic, minced very fine

- ¼ teaspoon dried marjoram
- Salt, pepper
- 1 quart stock
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1½ lbs. fresh green peas, boiled, drained

Cut lamb into pieces somewhat smaller than usual stew size, less than 1 in. thick. Melt butter with oil in stew pot. Add lamb and sauté until lamb loses red color. Add onion, leeks, garlic and marjoram. Continue to sauté about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Add stock and simmer, covered, until tender—about 1½ to 2 hours. Season to taste with salt and pepper and remove from heat. Beat egg yolks until light. Add flour and lemon juice, beating well. Slowly add ½ cup warm stock from pot. Pour egg mixture into pot. Simmer over low flame—don't boil—about 3 minutes. Remove at once from flame and stir in cooked peas. Peas may be cooked with lamb, but cooking them separately allows for better control. Although *avgolemono* dishes are usually served as soon as prepared, they may be kept in a chafing dish, if top part of dish is not in contact with hot water in bottom section; otherwise sauce may curdle. Fava beans or lima beans may be substituted for peas, if desired. Serve with rice pilaf.

### CRISPELLINI

- 8 eggs
- 1½ cups milk
- ⅔ cup cold water
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1½ cups all-purpose flour
- Salad oil
- 2 lbs. ricotta cheese
- 8 ozs. mozzarella cheese, shredded
- 6 ozs. *bel paese* cheese, shredded
- 4 ozs. prosciutto, sliced paper-thin, cut into small dice
- Ground white pepper
- Grated parmesan cheese

Put eggs, milk, water, ½ teaspoon salt and flour into blender. Blend 10 seconds at high speed, scrape sides of blender, then blend 10 seconds more. This may be done in two batches, if necessary. Heat heavy skillet, 7 in. in diameter, over moderate flame. Pour enough salad oil into skillet to cover bottom; then pour off any excess. While holding pan off flame, pour in about 3 tablespoons batter. Tilt pan to cover bottom completely, then return to flame. Adjust flame, if necessary, to prevent browning too fast. When each pancake is lightly browned, turn with spatula and lightly brown other side. Remove pancakes from pan and stack on large dish. Continuing cooking until all batter is used. In mixing bowl, combine ricotta, mozza-

rella and *bel paese* cheeses, prosciutto, remaining teaspoon salt and several dashes pepper, mixing well. On each pancake, spread about ¼ cup cheese mixture. Roll up jelly-roll fashion. Cut into ½-in. slices. Place slices, cut side up, in greased shallow heatproof casserole or baking pan. Store in refrigerator until serving time. Preheat oven at 450°. Place casserole in oven about 10 to 12 minutes. Sprinkle crispellini generously with parmesan cheese; sprinkle lightly with salad oil. Place under broiler flame until cheese is medium brown.

### ROAST BEEF SMØRREBRØD

Order 5 lbs. well-trimmed boneless shell of beef (sirloin, not top sirloin). Remove meat from refrigerator at least an hour before roasting. Roast for 1½ hours in oven preheated at 400°. Cool to room temperature. Avoid refrigerating, if possible. Cut into thin slices. Cut slices in half crosswise, to fit on bread. Place beef on well-buttered rye, pumpernickel or white bread as open sandwiches. Provide a bowl each of sliced tomatoes and cucumber salad with dill dressing, as well as the cold Béarnaise sauce and onions in red wine (below). Guests choose or combine garnishes for smørrebrød as they please.

### GOLD BÉARNAISE SAUCE

- ½ lb. melted butter
- 1 hard egg yolk
- 3 uncooked egg yolks
- 2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon meat extract
- Salt, pepper, cayenne

Force hard egg yolk through fine wire sieve into well of blender. Add raw egg yolks and spin blender a few seconds. Melted butter should be kept hot while blending. With blender at low speed, very slowly add melted butter in a thin trickle. Butter may be poured through opening in blender top. When all butter has been added, pour sauce into container. Stir in vinegar, parsley, meat extract and salt and pepper to taste. Add a dash of cayenne. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving. (If kept in refrigerator too long, sauce will return to its solid state; it should then be warmed to room temperature until it can be easily spooned onto meat.)

### ONIONS IN RED WINE

- 1 large Spanish onion
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- ¾ cup dry red wine
- 1 packet instant bouillon powder
- ½ teaspoon brown gravy color
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 teaspoons instantized flour
- Salt, freshly ground pepper

Peel and cut onion in half through stem end, then cut crosswise into thinnest

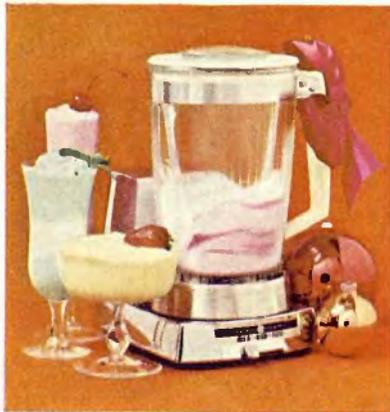
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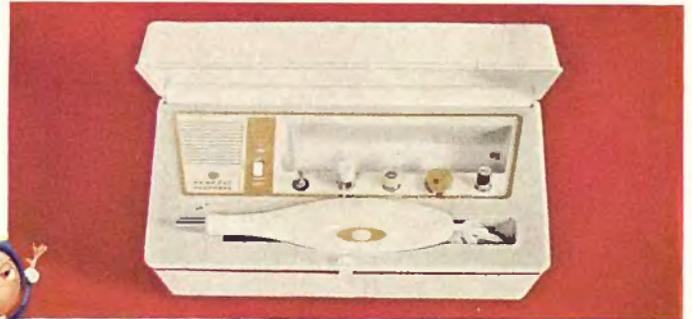
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possible slices. Sauté in butter and oil just until onion is yellow, not brown. Add wine, bouillon powder, gravy color and Worcestershire. Simmer 5 minutes. Dissolve flour in 2 tablespoons cold water and slowly add to pan, stirring well. Simmer 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill in refrigerator until serving time.

BRAZILIAN AVOCADO MOUSSE

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
  - 1 hard-boiled egg
  - 2 cups mashed ripe avocado (3 medium-size avocados)
  - 3 tablespoons lime juice
  - 2 teaspoons grated onion
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 1/4 teaspoon Tabasco sauce
  - 2 drops green food color
  - 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
  - 14-oz. can heart of palm, chilled
  - 2 sliced medium-size bananas
  - 1 cup diced peeled apple
  - 1/2 cup mayonnaise
  - 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
- Soak gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water to soften. Dissolve over hot water. Force hard-boiled egg through large wire strainer. In mixing bowl, combine avocado, lime juice, onion, salt, Tabasco, food

color, egg and gelatin, stirring very well. Chill in refrigerator about 1/2 hour, but do not allow to jell. Fold whipped cream into avocado mixture. Turn into 6-cup ring mold. Chill in refrigerator until set. Unmold onto serving platter. Drain heart of palm. Cut into 1-in. pieces. Combine with bananas, apple, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Toss well. Pile fruit mixture into center of avocado ring.

CARIBBEAN BrioCHES GRAND MARNIER

- 8 small brioches, three days old
  - 2 cups fresh orange juice
  - 2/3 cup sugar
  - 2 ozs. Grand Marnier
  - 30-oz. can pineapple chunks
  - 3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
  - 1 tablespoon heavy dark rum
  - 1 1/2 cups heavy cream, whipped
  - 4 slices cocktail orange in syrup
- Use fresh rather than the commercially frozen brioches. Cut the wide cap off the top of each brioche. With small sharp knife, cut away inside of each brioche, leaving shell about 1/2 in. thick. Bring orange juice and 2/3 cup sugar to a boil; simmer 1 minute. Add Grand Marnier. When syrup cools slightly, place brioche tops and shells in syrup. Marinate

in refrigerator at least 3 hours, turning occasionally, so that tops and shells are well soaked but not disintegrating. Drain pineapple well. Dry with paper toweling. Add confectioners' sugar and rum to whipped cream, mixing well. Drain cocktail orange slices well and chop extremely fine. Add orange and pineapple to whipped cream. Remove brioches from syrup and fill centers with pineapple mixture. Place brioche caps on top and cover with additional syrup.

PINK SAKE

- 1 1/2 ozs. sake
  - 1 1/2 ozs. gin
  - 1/2 teaspoon grenadine
  - 1/2 teaspoon lime juice
  - 1 very thin slice lime
  - 1 maraschino cherry
  - 1 or 2 long pine needles or green cocktail spear
- Stir sake, gin, grenadine and lime juice well with ice. Strain into prechilled 9-oz. tulip wineglass. Add rocks to fill glass. Stir. Float lime slice on top. Fasten maraschino cherry on pine needle and rest on rim of glass.

RAKI MILK PUNCH

- 1 oz. raki
  - 1 oz. brandy
  - 1/2 oz. triple sec
  - 5 ozs. milk
  - Ground cinnamon
- Shake raki, brandy, triple sec and milk well with ice. Strain into prechilled 12-oz. tall glass. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. (Ouzo or Pernod may be used in place of raki.)

FROZEN AQUAVIT

- 1 1/2 ozs. aquavit
  - 1/2 oz. lime juice
  - 1/2 egg white
  - 1/2 cup crushed ice
  - 1 teaspoon sugar
  - 1 teaspoon kirschwasser
- To divide egg white in half, beat slightly, but not to a foam. Put all ingredients in blender. Blend at low speed 15 seconds. Pour into prechilled deep saucer champagne glass. This is perfect for bringing the crowd round to the smørrebrød table.

YELLOW PLUM

- 1 1/2 ozs. quetsch, mirabelle or slivovitz
  - 1/2 oz. lemon juice
  - 1/2 oz. orange juice
  - 1 teaspoon maraschino liqueur
  - 1 teaspoon sugar
- Combine all ingredients and shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass.
- To this international language of good food and drink that speaks for itself, we add *salud, prosit, skål, à votre santé* and *l'chaim* and wish you a world of pleasure.



"Like anything else, it's an acquired taste."



## THE UFO GAP *(continued from page 146)*

in the sky, even after all the stars had disappeared." The witnesses were so insistent and vocal that this couldn't be anything ordinary that I made a quick trip to the town. I set up a small telescope, followed the object into full daylight and, with the aid of the *Nautical Almanac*, proved even to their satisfaction that the mysterious object was none other than the planet Venus shortly after inferior conjunction with the sun and so at its greatest brilliancy. (The Air Force can always be assured of several  $\Sigma 1$  reports, either before sunrise or after sunset, whenever Venus is at greatest brilliancy.)

In New Hampshire, four lights in a diamond-shaped formation and later in a T formation were observed to hover and then to travel first in one direction and then in another. The sighting lasted for some minutes. Identification was positive that the object sighted was a KC-97 performing a refueling operation. A Labrador radar station picked up an object traveling at 72 knots at an altitude of 50,000 feet. Two F-102 aircraft were scrambled and picked up the object on their radar. The object was fully observed by several military personnel on their separate radars. Identification was positive that the object tracked was a

balloon released from an Air Force base in Maine.

In New Jersey, a flat-shaped object was reported. It had a dome in the middle and was somewhat bigger than a commercial aircraft, with bright yellow lights coming from square windows around the bottom and with green lights on the front. This turned out to be, quite positively, a commercial aircraft with a 39-foot advertising sign containing 245 flashing electric lights. Apparently, the advertiser was not getting his message across. And, for good measure, in 1962, one of our Navy's ships reported an object traveling southeast that remained visible for 15 minutes but which "air and surface radar could not pick up." It was observed by navigators taking a celestial fix, by the commanding officer and by about 1000 enlisted personnel. This was the satellite Echo I, which calculations showed had traced that identical path at that precise time.

But this is only one part of the story. There are high  $\Sigma$  reports, too. If there weren't, there would be no UFO problem. High  $\Sigma$  ratings, of  $\Sigma 4$  and  $\Sigma 5$ , are reserved for reports that, at face value, do *not* find an explanation in conventional scientific terms. Let us look at some examples from my files.

It was 5:30 P.M. I remember the exact time because our car radio was on. A program change was made and the time was given. I was now driving with my headlights on, the electric windshield wipers were going, as we were in a heavy mist. The highway in this area [of Oklahoma] has many rolling hills and is heavily wooded with native post-oak trees. The visibility is limited to the highway by looking ahead or behind or up overhead. We were driving along, everything in normal condition and operation, when suddenly from above and ahead of us over the top of the hill and trees, at a fantastic speed, came a tremendous bright light. The color or glow was similar to that of a mercury light. I thought for a moment we were going to have a head-on crash with something.

I was looking for an escape route to avoid a collision. We were extremely frightened. My wife had dropped down in the seat and our son had jumped from the back seat and had positioned himself between me and my wife. At the speed of approach, I had little time for a reaction. The light around us was almost blinding as the object approached our car. As it came toward us, the car began to slow



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*"Evidently you're not the little boy who wrote that he wasn't getting anything. . . ."*

down (Note: I was not using the brakes) and the whole car came under control of the UFO. The car came to a complete stop. Lights, radio, heater, wipers, all electrically operated, instantly stopped.

Other than being frightened, we had no other sensation than that we were being observed. I rolled down my window and, putting my head out of the window, I looked up and approximately 200 feet directly overhead was a saucer-shaped space vehicle. By this time, my eyes had become adjusted to the light that was emitted from the space vehicle. I could observe the size and shape as well as see the observation windows around the upper deck. The UFO was at least 50 feet in diameter. At the same time, a high-pitched whine could be heard and a very light warm wind was being emitted from the bottom of the vehicle.

The vehicle had in the center a large extended dome. The time factor was not of long duration, no more than two or three minutes. There was no other visible traffic on the highway at this time. After this short period of time, the vehicle, with an increase in intensity of the whine, lifted straight up from its hovering position and, as this occurred, the car began to function and make normal movement on the highway. The lights, radio, wipers, heater and motor functioned as if they had never stopped.

I wish to state that this was not a type of any known earthcraft. I have worked in and around aircraft since 1940, when I graduated from the Spartan School of Aeronautics, and I am also a discharged veteran from the U. S. Air Force.

Here is one from an air base in Alaska:

At the time of the sighting I was at work (in the base control tower) and I had an air carrier shortly beginning an approach. As is my custom, I had the lights in the cab turned down low. I got up from the console and looked out the window to make a visual check of the runway. As I looked to the north end of the runway, I saw a light coming down center of the runway. My first thought was, I had an aircraft on approach that I didn't know anything about. The light was moving at about the speed of a large aircraft making a low pass. The light continued down the center line of the runway at about a height of 50 feet. The airport is equipped with high-intensity runway lighting. The lights were on step 3; the lighting

control panel is located to the right and just behind me. As the light reached a spot just a little north of my position, I reached around and flicked the light to step 4, hoping to cause a reflection off the body of the object, as I was still unable to see anything other than a light, even though visibility was excellent. When the lights went brighter, the object made a right turn and started to climb, increasing speed extremely fast, clearing the nearby mountain in a second or two. At this time, I lost sight of the object as it seemed to level off and became lost behind the mountains. One other thing that I forgot to point out above. When the light turned and started to climb, it did so sharply, whereas when an airplane turns or climbs, it makes an arc.

And let's take just a short excerpt from another.

As I approached a bedroom window . . . the whole yard was bathed in a brilliant orange. Everything looked as something does when it is reflecting fire. I looked up at the sky and there was a big orange light. I woke my husband and told him to come look at the thing in the sky. He got up, came to the window, and as I kept saying, "What can it be?" he just kept repeating, "Oh, my God." It seems like we watched it for about a minute. It was stationary in the sky all that time and seemed to be quite near. The light was more powerful than anything we had ever seen, but still we could look right at it. As we watched, the light finally went out, not slowly, but still not as fast as you would turn off an electric bulb. All that was left was what looked exactly like a star and it began to move. We watched as it moved toward the lights of Los Angeles in the distance.

None of these three sightings (which are merely random samples from my considerable collection of sightings of high strangeness index) lends itself to simple explanation. Nor, by definition, do any of the high  $\Sigma$  reports. It will be noted that nothing has yet been said about *believing* these reports.

As the next step in our proposed program, let us ask a panel of social scientists—psychologists and sociologists—to rate the *credibility* of the witnesses involved in the high  $\Sigma$  cases, singly and collectively, for any given sighting, without any reference whatever to the report itself. The panel is given dossiers on each of the witnesses. (But it would be best not to let this panel read the UFO reports—it might prejudice them!) The dossiers include medical history, length of time and

general standing in the community, psychological and personality traits, a note on the willingness of the witnesses to take lie-detector tests (and the results of these, if administered), the technical backgrounds of the individual witnesses, the independence of the witnesses (were they strangers, blood relatives, friends?) and what has been garnered as to the motivation of making the report in the first place. Was there any overt attempt at publicity, or was the report made guardedly and out of a sense of duty? Was there any possibility of financial gain by having made the report? We shall call this rating the C, or credibility, rating.

The "credibility panel" must also be given a full account of the reaction of the witness under interrogation. A skilled investigator soon learns to watch for many clues as to the credibility of the witness. Psychotic or paranoid signals are many. The tendency to repeat certain phrases, the singsong retelling of an experience in a set, stereotyped manner, as though one is hearing a playback of a tape—all these are danger signals. And, of course, at the slightest hint from the UFO reporter of imaginary persecution, one may just as well drop the investigation. I have on occasion been told what seemed to be a straightforward story, when suddenly the witness lapsed into a highly confidential mood and told me that he was sure that his phone was being tapped or that he was being watched, sometimes on a regular schedule, either by "the Government" or by "occupants of the craft."

In my long experience with the UFO phenomenon, I have developed certain practices that quickly bring out these "credibility flaws." For instance, I will patiently listen to the account and then, as if to see that I have things straight, will repeat the highlights of the story, but making sure that in two or three spots I deliberately misstate some of the witness' descriptions (for example, directions, time estimates, etc.), to see whether the witness will quickly catch me up on the misstatement or let it pass. One quickly learns also to gauge the objectivity of the reporter. The most glaring fault on the part of the witness is to substitute interpretation of a fact for a fact. Thus, he may tell me, "The spaceship was patrolling the neighborhood and observing us," when the actual fact is that the witness observed a light meandering in the sky and read into that simple observation his interpretation that intelligent surveillance was being carried on.

One of the most frustrating experiences a UFO investigator can have is to be told, at the end of what seems to be a fairly straightforward story, that the witness has had similar experiences on many occasions in the past. We call these "repeaters." A person with so little

understanding of statistics and probability as to think that one person can have dozens of UFO sightings while a great many other people (indeed, the majority) have never in their lives seen anything resembling a UFO, can be identified at once as utterly unreliable. When we get the combination of the repeater with a persecution complex, we really have something. For many months at Project Blue Book, we received frequent letters from an inmate of a mental institution, who exhorted us to do something about the UFOs that visited him regularly and interfered with his sexual functions.

The work of the credibility panel would really be much more difficult than that of the scientific panel. The latter has only to determine whether the contents of the report, as given, are easy or hard to explain in the context of present-day science. The credibility panel, however, has to decide not only whether the witnesses, taken together, are trustworthy, honorable and responsible people who can be believed in everyday matters, but

also whether they could have been capable of gross errors and misinterpretations in the particular instance of their UFO sighting. Is it possible, for instance, for several people in concert to see a bright star and have it trigger in the brain the impression that what was really seen was a moving spaceship with portholes?

The idea that reports made by policemen and Air Force pilots *must* be correct is entirely unjustified. A highly technical, trained observer skilled in one area of operation or observation does not necessarily transfer his critical skills to a situation in which he is observing something that is surprising to him. Pilots have been known to swerve their planes violently when they suddenly encounter a very bright meteor they think is on a collision course, but which later proves to have been 50 to 100 miles away. And policemen can grossly misinterpret something with which they have no familiarity. Still, on the average, if several pilots and/or policemen concur on the main points of the story, particularly if the du-

ration of their experience was long enough (a matter of minutes rather than seconds) to have brought their judgment into play, it is difficult to brush aside their seemingly hardheaded testimony. And when one gets high  $\Sigma$  reports from scientists, engineers and technicians whose credibility by all common standards is high and whose moral caliber seems to preclude a hoax, one can do no less than hear them out, in all seriousness.

Hoaxes are not as common as depicted in the newspapers. Pranks by college students and everyday practical jokers make good copy and are always good for a laugh, especially if the hoax has succeeded in at least temporarily fooling some respected citizenry. Hoaxes are frequently accompanied by photographs, on the mistaken idea that a photograph is worth ten thousand words. Actually, a photograph is worth nothing unless we know the full circumstances of how it was taken. I simply will not take a photograph seriously unless I can interrogate witnesses who saw the object in question being photographed and unless I can have access to the original negative and the technical data on the camera. So far, I have not been able myself to accept any photographs as representing incontrovertible scientific proof of the existence of truly strange objects.

Any sensible investigation of UFO reports will limit itself to reports that exhibit both a high  $\Sigma$  level and a high C level. It will ask whether there are any apparently meaningful patterns among such reports: patterns of kinematic behavior, of luminescence, of geometry, of geographical distribution or of seasonal distribution. With the aid of the electronic computer, cross-correlations will be sought between these and other factors.

It may come as a surprise that this sort of search for patterns has not been conducted by the Air Force all along. The closest the Government came to such an investigation was in 1958. A distinguished panel of scientists, under Caltech physicist Howard P. Robertson, was appointed to review the matter, but the panel was given only a limited number of cases to examine and was able to allot only four days to its study. Our Government's approach in all other instances has been to treat each reported sighting as though it were the only one in existence. The Air Force has tried to knock down each report as it showed its head, like a duck in a shooting gallery. This "divide and conquer" technique is powerless to detect significant patterns, the very mainstay of the scientific method.

The approach to the study of UFO reports proposed here is designed specifically to reveal patterns if they exist—to extract the scientific gold from the only ore we have (UFO reports), if such gold exists.

There is a more direct approach to the



*"I see. Due to your corrupt mismanagement, the people of your country are starving and rebellious, and you urgently require American aid. Right. How many machine guns?"*

problem: an *active* rather than a *passive* attack. The scholarly study of UFO reports is capable of establishing the likelihood that the UFO phenomenon represents something heretofore not recognized in the present-day scientific framework. But no passive methods can *prove* this to be the case. They can provide only a measure of probability of its being so.

The passive method—painstakingly examining reports and then building a logical set of hypotheses—puts me in mind of the story told about the explorer who had come back from a dinosaur-egg-hunting expedition in the Gobi desert. In his lecture, the explorer presented many cogent reasons why the eggs they discovered were dinosaur eggs. He pointed out that they were about the size and weight to be expected of dinosaur eggs, allowing for desiccation and the ravages of time, and that they had about the right color, given the effects of weathering—all of this leading to the strong likelihood that the eggs were, indeed, dinosaur eggs. "And furthermore," the lecturer stated at the conclusion of his talk, "when we opened one of the eggs, it had a baby dinosaur in it." What is needed in the UFO problem is for us to find a baby UFO somewhere in the crates of UFO reports.

The next stage in the scientific approach to the UFO problem must clearly be an active one. Once the scientific fraternity is convinced that the UFO problem is worthy of serious attack (and this degree of conviction can come only after it is amply demonstrated that reports really do exist that find no conventional explanation, even after study by competent persons), we arrive at the interesting and challenging stage of the problem.

It is necessary to find out whether, when persons of high repute report a strange apparition, something of a physical nature does, in fact, exist. In short, an all-out effort must be made to obtain photographs. If unimpeachable photographs can be obtained, it follows that the stimulus that gave rise to the report was accompanied by an actual image on the retinas of the witnesses. This may seem a trivial or obvious point; yet should this not be the case, it would throw the problem into a totally different dimension. In any event, the existence of unimpeachable photographs would represent incontrovertible scientific evidence that UFOs, as we have defined them, exist.

Of course, the whole problem could be solved, or at least put on an extremely firm foundation, if tangible physical evidence, "hardware," of unimpeachable character were available. Meteorites were finally admitted to scientific respectability only after there had been a spectacular fall in France in 1803, a fall that not even the most skeptical of scientists could doubt. That was certainly



*"I read your book, Miss Crane, and found it delightfully uninhibited."*

much easier than attacking the problem through a corresponding  $\Sigma C$  diagram for reports of meteorite falls. Similarly, the problem here could be solved should a fleet of UFOs land in the Rose Bowl during half time.

But how can we hunt the wily UFO without gun but with camera? Must we place automatic cameras along every roadside in the country? Well, hardly. A study of geographical distribution of the high  $\Sigma C$  cases, however, reveals (as a cursory inspection already shows) that certain areas of the country seem to remain "UFO hot" often for as long as days or even weeks. When the electronic computer indicates such a "hot" area, let a technical team be dispatched by jet helicopter (several of which we would keep in readiness in various parts of the country), and within hours of the receipt of the original report, cameras, tape recorders, movie cameras, spectrographs and Geiger counters would be there. The expense is trivial if study of the best reports indicates that there is, indeed, valuable scientific pay dirt hidden in the UFO phenomenon.

As a backup to the investigative readiness teams, and as an over-all means of garnering improved original data, a central UFO center in the United States should be established. A central telephone exchange (UFO-1000) could be manned 24 hours a day by competent interrogators capable of recognizing a true UFO report from a prankster's report, a simple misidentification by the untutored or the meanderings of an unsteady mind. Calls would be made collect to UFO-1000. Should the nuisance calls become a problem, these could be declared a misdemeanor or even a

criminal offense, comparable with tampering with the mailbox or the fire alarm on the corner.

Let us suppose lonely travelers, as in our first UFO case cited, encounter a UFO. As soon as they can get to a roadside telephone, they call UFO-1000. If the report passes preliminary and immediate screening, headquarters notifies the local police and they rush to the scene, already properly equipped with suitable cameras. If the case appears to warrant dispatching the UFO plane, this can be done very shortly thereafter.

Such a concerted effort would accomplish far, far more than the passive receipt and evaluation of reports possibly could. If UFOs as previously defined actually exist, we would have photographs, movies, spectrograms, plaster casts of indentations (if a landing occurs) and detailed measurements and quantitative estimates of brightnesses, speeds, and so on, within a year of the initiation of such a no-nonsense program. But if the UFO-1000 program is sincerely and intensively carried out for a full year and yields nothing, this, in itself, would be of great negative significance. Then we could go back to the "real, common-sense world" of pre-UFO days—shrugging it all off with, "There must have been a virus going around," an outlet successfully used in other fields of human inquiry.

Admittedly, I will be surprised if an intensive, yearlong study yields nothing. To the contrary, I think that mankind may be in for the greatest adventure since dawning human intelligence turned outward to contemplate the universe.



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### A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE

(continued from page 138)

"You woke me at this time of night to ask me *that*?"

"I thought it was a point that should be settled."

"No reason why you should come jumping on my stomach."

"No, there," Lancelot admitted, "I perhaps went a little too far. I am sorry for that."

"Not half so sorry as I am. Do you realize that if you had played a trick like that on me in the old days in West Africa, I'd have shot you like a dog?"

"Really?"

"I assure you. Like a dog."

"What sort of dog?"

"Any sort of dog. Get out of here!"

"And the portrait?"

"To hell with the portrait!"

"Tell me about the old days in West Africa," said Lancelot, hoping to mollify.

"To hell with West Africa," said the colonel.

Lancelot left the room feeling somewhat despondent. During dinner and after it, he had flattered himself that he had made a good impression on his host, but something seemed to tell him that he had now lost ground.

• • •

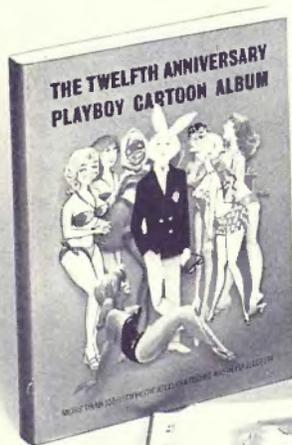
And what, meanwhile, of Gladys Wetherby? Working on a sonnet next morning, she was conscious of a strange unease that made it hard for her to get the lines the right length. Ever since she had seen Lancelot off in the train, she had been prey to doubts and fears. She adored him with a passion that had already produced six sonnets, a ballade and nearly a pound of vers libre, but all engaged girls have the poorest opinion of the intelligence of the men they are engaged to, and she had never wavered in her view that Lancelot's was about equal to that of a retarded child of seven. If there was a way of messing things up down at Bittleton, he would, she was convinced, spring to the task; and it was only the fact that there seemed no possible way in which he could mess up the mission on which she had sent him that had led her to entrust him with it. All he had to do was paint a portrait and, while painting it, exercise the charm she knew him to possess, and surely even Lancelot Bingley was capable of that.

Nevertheless, she continued ill at ease; and it was with more anguish than surprise that she read the telegram that reached her just as she was preparing to go out for lunch.

It ran:

COME IMMEDIATELY. NEED YOUR MORAL SUPPORT SORELY FOR AM IN SOUP. DISASTER STARES EYEBALL. LOVE AND KISSES. LANCELOT.

For some moments she stood congealed, her worst fears confirmed. Then,



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life stealing back into the rigid limbs, she went to her bedroom and, with trembling fingers, packed a few necessities in a suitcase. Half an hour later, she was on the train, a ticket to Bittleton in her bag; and an hour and 45 minutes after that, she entered her uncle's garden. The first thing she saw was Lancelot pacing up and down the drive, his demeanor indistinguishable from that of a cat on hot bricks.

"Lancelot!" she cried, and he came tottering toward her.

"Thank heaven you're here," he said. "I need your woman's intelligence. The storm clouds are lowering and you find me standing behind the eight ball. Perhaps you will be able to tell me what to do for the best."

"What do you mean? What has been happening?"

"You don't mind it being rather a long story?"

"Not if it is coherent."

"Oh, I think I can make it coherent, all right. Here are the facts. I suppose it may be said to have begun last night, when I jumped on your uncle's stomach—oh, purely inadvertently, but I could tell by his manner that he was annoyed. It was like this," said Lancelot, and he related briefly the events of the previous night. "But that," he went on, "wasn't the worst. The worst is yet to come. This is where the plot really begins to thicken. I had sauntered out into the garden this morning with my after-breakfast cigar—"

He paused. He thought he had heard a stepped-on cat utter a piercing yowl. But it was only Gladys commenting on what he had said.

"I told you you were not to smoke!"

"I know, I know, but I thought it would be all right if no one saw me. One must have one's smoke after breakfast, or what are breakfasts for? Well, as I say, I sauntered out and lit up, and I hadn't puffed more than a few puffs when I heard voices. Not so good, I said to myself, not so good, and I dived into the shrubbery. The voices came nearer. Someone was approaching, or rather, I should have said that two persons were approaching, for whoever it was would hardly have been talking to himself. Though, of course, you do get that sort of thing in Shakespeare. Hamlet, to take but one case, frequently soliloquized."

"Lancelot!"

"My angel?"

"Get on with it."

"Certainly, certainly. Where was I?"

"You were smoking your cigar in the shrubbery."

"No, there you are wrong. I was in the shrubbery, yes, but I was not smoking my cigar, and I'll tell you why. In my natural perturbation at hearing these voices, I had dropped it on the lawn."

He paused again. Once more, Gladys had uttered that eldritch scream.

"Lancelot Bingley, you ought to have your head examined!"

"I will make a note of it, but don't keep interrupting me, darling, or I shall lose the thread. Well, these two approaching persons had now drawn quite close to where I lurked behind a laurel bush. They were your uncle and a globular woman whom I assumed to be the Mrs. Potter of whom I had heard so much, for she was sketching out tonight's dinner; and I don't mind telling you, it's going to be a pippin. Your uncle plainly thought so, too, for he kept saying, 'Excellent, excellent,' and things like that, and my mouth was watering freely when, all of a sudden, a female shriek or cry rent the air and, peeping cautiously round my laurel bush, I saw that they were staring fixedly at something lying on the grass and, to cut a long story short, it was my cigar."

"And they caught you?"

"No, I lurked unseen. And, of course, they didn't know it was my cigar. I gathered from their remarks that the

prime suspects were the gardener, the chauffeur and the man who cleans the knives and boots. It naturally didn't occur to your uncle to pin the rap on me, because after dinner last night, I had convinced him that I was a lifelong abstainer."

Indignation brought a flush to Gladys' face.

"Then what's all the fuss about? What's the sense of sending me telegrams about disaster staring you in the eyeball, if you're in the clear?"

"I'm not in the clear."

"Yes, you are."

"No, my loved one. In the soup, yes, but not in the clear."

"I don't know what you mean."

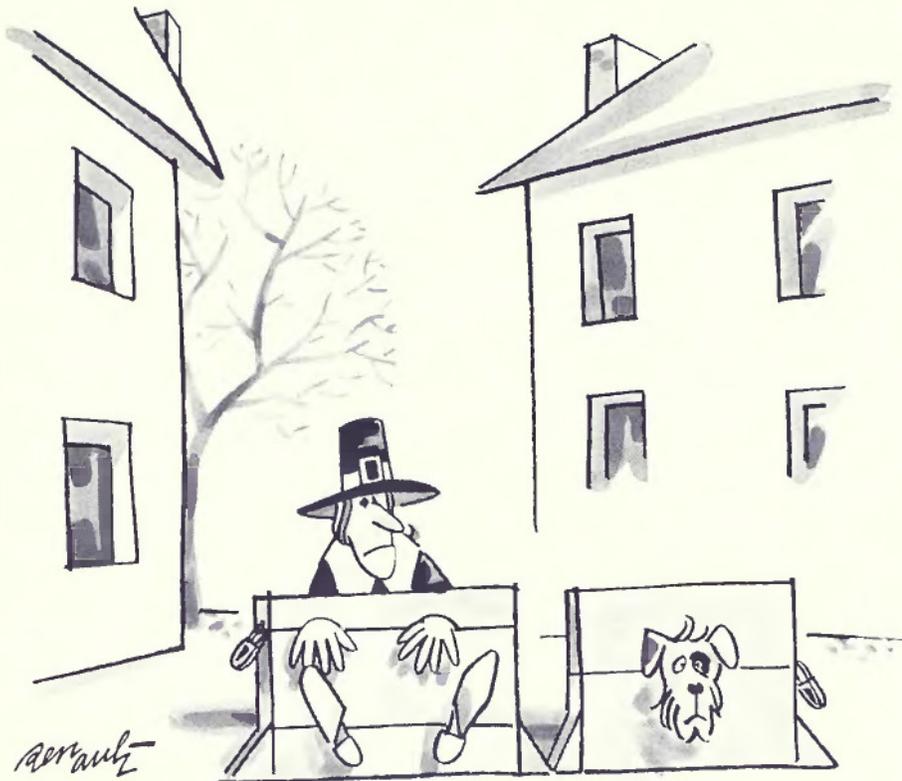
"You will in about a split second. I am sorry to have to add that on the advice of Mrs. Potter, your uncle is having the cigar fingerprinted."

"What!"

"Yes. It appears that she has a brother or cousin or something at Scotland Yard, and she said that was always the first



*"If you don't pay any attention,  
they usually stop showing off"*



thing they did with a piece of evidence. Taking the dabs, I believe they call it. So your uncle said he would lock it up in his desk till it could be examined by the proper experts. So now you see why I said disaster was staring us in the eyeball. My fingerprints must be all over the damn thing and it won't take those experts five minutes to lay the crime at my door."

Gladys stood motionless, plunged in thought. A fly settled on her left eyebrow, but she ignored it. Lancelot watched her anxiously.

"Anything stirring?" he asked.

Gladys came out of her reverie.

"Yes," she said. "There's only one thing to be done. We must sneak down tonight when everyone's in bed and retrieve that cigar. I know where to find a duplicate key to Uncle Francis' desk. I used it in my childhood when he kept chocolates there. Expect me at your bedroom door about midnight."

"You think we can do it?"

"It'll be as easy as falling off a log," said Gladys.

...

All artists are nervous, highly strung men, and Lancelot, as he waited for Gladys to come and tell him that zero hour had arrived, was not at his brightest and most debonair. He viewed the coming expedition with concern. It so happened that, for one reason or another, he had never fallen off a log; but he assumed it to be a feat well within the scope of the least gifted; and why Gladys should think it resembled the task that

lay before them, he could not imagine. He could think of a dozen things that could go wrong. Suppose, to take an instance at random, the parrot overheard them and roused the house.

But when Gladys did knock on the door, something of confidence returned to him. The mere look of her was encouraging. There is nothing that so heartens a man in a crisis as the feeling that he has a woman of strong executive qualities at his side. Macbeth, it will be remembered, had this experience.

"Sh!" said Gladys, though he had not spoken; and before they set out, she had a word of advice on strategy and tactics to impart.

"Now, listen, Lancelot," she said. "We want to conduct this operation with a minimum of sound effects. Your impulse, I know, will be to trip over your feet and fall downstairs with a noise like the delivery of a ton of coals, but resist it. Play the scene quietly. OK? Right. Then let's go."

Nothing marred the success of the expedition from the outset. True, Lancelot tripped over his feet as anticipated, but a quick snatch at the banisters enabled him to avoid giving the impersonation of the delivery of a ton of coals against which she had warned him. In silence they descended the stairs and stole noiselessly into the study. Gladys produced her duplicate key and Lancelot was just saying to himself that if he had been a bookie, he would have estimated the odds on the happy ending as at least four to one, when there occurred one of

those unforeseen hitches that always have to be budgeted for. Even as Gladys, key in hand, approached the desk, there came from the corridor outside, booming in the still night like the crackle of machine guns, the sound of footsteps.

It was a moment fraught with embarrassment for the young couple, but each acted with a promptitude that could scarcely be overpraised. By the time the door opened, no evidence of their presence was discernible. Gladys was concealed behind the curtains that draped the French windows, while Lancelot, with a lissome bound, had cleared the desk and was crouching behind it, doing his best not to breathe.

The first sound he heard was the click of key in lock and the opening of a drawer. There followed the scratching of a match, and suddenly there floated to his nostrils the unmistakable scent of cigar smoke. And even as he sought vainly for a solution of this mystery, the curtains parted with a rattle and he was able to catch a glimpse of the upper portions of the girl he loved. She was staring accusingly down at something beyond his range of vision; and when a sharp exclamation in Swahili broke the silence, he knew that this must be Colonel Francis Pashley-Drake.

"So!" said Gladys.

There are not many good things one can say in answer to the word "So!" and the colonel remained silent for a space. When he spoke, it was with something of his customary dignity.

"Ah, there you are, my dear. Sorry to have seemed a bit taciturn, but your abrupt appearance surprised me. I thought you were in bed and asleep. Well, no doubt it seems odd to you to find me here, but I can explain. If you knew how I am situated——"

"You are situated in an armchair with a whacking great cigar in your mouth and I shall be glad to have the inside story."

"You shall have it at once and I think it will touch your heart. You were away from home, I believe, when Mrs. Potter entered my service?"

"She had been here a year when I first saw her."

"Exactly. She was in the employment of a friend of mine when I was introduced to her superlative cooking. When he conked out—apoplexy, poor fellow, brought on, I have always thought, by overindulgence in her fried chicken, Southern style—I immediately asked her to come to me, and I was stumped when she inquired if I was a nonsmoker, adding that she held smoking to be the primary cause of all human ills and would never consider serving under the banner of an employer who indulged in the revolting practice. You follow me so far?"

"I get the picture."

"It was a tricky situation, you will

admit. On the one hand, I loved cigars. On the other, I adored good food. Which to choose? The whole of that night I lay sleepless in bed, pondering; and when morning came, I knew what my decision must be. I made the great sacrifice. I told her I never smoked and, until tonight, I never have. But this morning, somebody dropped this cigar on the lawn and the sight of it shook me to my depths. I had not seen one for three years and all the old craving returned. Unable to resist the urge, I crept down here and . . . Well, that is the story, my dear, and I am sure you will not let this little lapse of mine come to the ears of Mrs. Potter. I can rely on you?"

"Of course."  
 "Thank you, thank you. You have taken a great weight off my mind. The sun has broken through the clouds . . . well, not literally, of course, for a glance at my wrist watch tells me that the hour is one-fifteen in the morning, but figuratively. Bless my soul, I have not felt so relieved since the afternoon in West Africa when a rhinoceros, charging on me with flashing eyes, suddenly sprained an ankle and had to call the whole thing off. I shudder to think what would have happened if Mrs. Potter had learned of my doings this night."

Gladys nodded. She saw his point. "You wouldn't have been able to see her for dust."

"Precisely. She would have vanished like a dream at daybreak. But, provided you seal your lips—"

"Oh, I'll seal them."  
 "Thank you, my dear."  
 "And you, on your side, will write me a check for that little bit of cash of mine. You see, I want to get married."

"You do? Who to?"  
 "You know him. Lancelot Bingley."  
 A hoarse exclamation in some little-known Senegambian dialect escaped the colonel.

"What! You're joking!"  
 "I am not."  
 "You seriously mean you intend to marry that popeyed, pestilential young slab of damnation?"

"He is not popeyed."  
 "But you will concede that he is a pestilential slab of damnation?"  
 "I will do nothing of the sort. Lancelot is a baa-lamb."

"A baa-lamb?"  
 "Yes, a baa-lamb."

The colonel drew meditatively at his cigar for a moment.

"Odd you should say that," he said, "because to me he seems like something the cat brought in, and not a very fastidious cat, at that."

In his nook behind the desk, Lancelot blushed hotly. For a moment he thought of rising to his feet with a curt "I resent

that remark," but prudence told him that it was better not to interrupt.

"And it is not only his looks I object to," continued the colonel. "I suppose he has kept it from you, but he goes about jumping on people's stomachs."

"Yes, he mentioned that to me."  
 "Well, then. You don't expect me to abet you in your crazy scheme of marrying a fellow like that. I won't give you a penny."

"Then I'll tell Mrs. Potter you're a secret smoker."

The colonel gasped. His cigar fell from his hand. He picked it up, dusted it and returned it to his lips.

"This is blackmail!"  
 "With the possible exception of diamonds," said Gladys, "a girl's best friend."

Silence fell. The colonel's eyes were strained and bleak. His two chins vibrated. It was plain that he was engaged in serious thought. Finally he spoke.

"Very well. I consent. I do it with the utmost reluctance, for the idea of anyone marrying that . . . that . . . how shall I

describe him? . . . well, never mind, you know what I mean . . . chills me to the marrow. But there is no alternative. I cannot do without Mrs. Potter's cooking."

"You shall have it."

"And furthermore," said Lancelot, rising from behind the desk like a rocketing pheasant and causing the colonel to quiver like a smitten jelly, "you shall have all the cigars you want. I have a box of fifty—or, rather, forty-nine—upstairs in my room and I give them to you freely. And after breakfast tomorrow, I will show you a spot in the shrubbery where you can smoke your head off without fear of detection."

The colonel drew a deep breath. His eyes glowed with a strange light. His chins vibrated again, but this time with obvious ecstasy. He said a few words in Cape Dutch; then, seeing that his companions had plainly missed the gist, he obligingly translated.

"Gladys," he said, "I could wish you no better husband."



"The guy without the tail? Calls himself Adam."

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men  
only

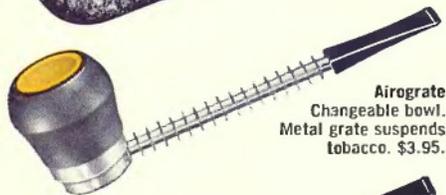
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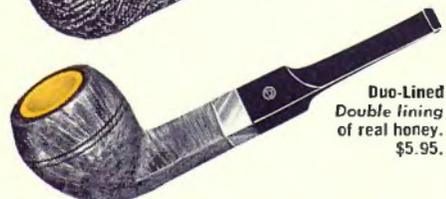
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## AN INCIDENT IN THE PARK

(continued from page 149)

FIRST LADY: Say it, anyway.

PRESIDENT (to the unseen person): Will you take us . . . to your leader?

The PRESIDENT is looking up at this unseen person hopefully. Suddenly, his expression becomes grave concern. A naked arm reaches into view and gathers the PRESIDENT about the waist, scoops him off the ground (while the FIRST LADY stifles a scream).

FULL SHOT—INDIAN WARRIOR on pinto pony with PRESIDENT thrown stomach down across the horse's back, galloping off into the distance of the park.

Another WARRIOR on another horse gallops over to the FIRST LADY, reaches down, scoops her up and takes off in pursuit of the Presidential horse.

The camera does not pursue but only watches them as they fade into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO: Exterior. Indian camp. Day. The Indian camp is set on the softball fields near the shore of the Central Park rowboat pond. In the distance can be seen the skyscrapers of the city. At the moment, the PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY are well up on the shore in the midst of a crowd of warriors and squaws. They are walking toward one particularly large teepee, the crowd following beside and behind them. In the background, warriors sit on horses, guarding. A campfire is being built.

DISSOLVE TO: Interior. Chief's teepee. The camera is looking toward the entrance flap. Noise outside. The flap opens. The PRESIDENT enters, followed by the FIRST LADY. The WARRIOR who had held the flap stays at the entrance, grinning.

PRESIDENT: Thank you.

FIRST LADY: Thank you.

PRESIDENT: Very helpful, you've been.

FIRST LADY: Very hospitable.

PRESIDENT: Indeed.

FIRST LADY: Yes, indeed.

PRESIDENT: Yes, indeed.

Short, awkward pause. The FIRST LADY nudges her husband in the ribs with her elbow.

PRESIDENT: Ah! Right.

He reaches into his pocket.

PRESIDENT (to his wife, sotto voce): How much?

FIRST LADY: Quarter will do.

He hands the WARRIOR a quarter. The WARRIOR nods and exits, quarter in hand. The flap closes.

PRESIDENT: The thing is: Of all the money spent on defense, not a penny of it proved useful. That's what bothers me the most.

FIRST LADY: Hmm?

PRESIDENT: I mean our radar, our missiles, our bombers, our submarines, what good were they in the end? None. . . .

The whole thing: useless. A waste of money! A waste of time.

FIRST LADY: Now, come on, Abe. Mustn't blame yourself.

PRESIDENT: The fact is, Mary, this country simply was not geared for bows and arrows. It sounds silly, I know, but there it is. The truth. And we slipped up.

FIRST LADY: Abe, it's not your fault.

PRESIDENT: I mean, we're good at long range, Mary. You know? I mean, that's our specialty. Long range. And we're really good at it.

FIRST LADY: I know, dear. I know.

PRESIDENT: So what happens? These sons of bitches come sneaking up on us from behind trees. . . . I tell you, it isn't fair.

FIRST LADY: I know, dear. I know. Now, shhh. Quiet.

A pause.

PRESIDENT (to himself): They had feathers on their heads.

FIRST LADY: I know, dear. Now, shhh. Quiet.

PRESIDENT: When people go out to fight, they're suppose to wear helmets. Not feathers.

FIRST LADY: I know, darling. I know.

A pause.

PRESIDENT: Not fair . . . the whole thing. Just not fair.

Another pause. The FIRST LADY stares at him with great concern. He is obviously on the brink of a breakdown. In the background, a pair of moccasined feet are seen.

CHIEF (OFF SIDE): Perhaps white man would like to know what redskins want. They turn toward the voice.

CUT TO: CLOSE-UP OF CHIEF FALLING CLOUD.

CHIEF: Welcome to teepee of Chief Falling Cloud.

A loud pop is heard.

CHIEF: Care for some firewater?

MEDIUM SHOT OF CHIEF FALLING CLOUD. He holds a bottle of champagne in his hands. He is smiling warmly. The champagne is bubbling out.

DISSOLVE TO: Same. Interior of teepee. Group shot. The three of them are sitting, Indian fashion, on the ground. They are slightly soused. Champagne glasses are in front of them. Caviar and crackers on a tray. Fresh fruit. Hors d'oeuvres.

FIRST LADY (to her husband, sotto voce): Dear, we've been here over an hour already. Find out what they want.

PRESIDENT: Shhh! (to the CHIEF) And then you graduated Princeton. . . .

CHIEF: That's right—B. A. in American history.

PRESIDENT (to his wife): Isn't that wild?

CHIEF: And you?

PRESIDENT: Government.

CHIEF: I minored in anthropology.

PRESIDENT: How come we never met?  
CHIEF: Different fraternities.  
PRESIDENT (to his wife): It's just too wild.

CHIEF: Care for some more?  
PRESIDENT: Thank you.  
The CHIEF pours some more champagne. The PRESIDENT starts to sing the Princeton alma mater. He is joined by the CHIEF.

FIRST LADY: Dear, I don't want to bother you; but even though he's a classmate, he happens to be the enemy. Find out what he wants.

PRESIDENT: Oh, yes. Um. . . .  
CHIEF: Suppose I tell you what we Indians want.

PRESIDENT: Good idea. (to his wife) He's not a bad chap, you know. I think we may come out of this all right.

The CHIEF has taken out a scroll of parchment, from which he will read.

CHIEF: In exchange for twenty-four dollars . . . (He drops \$24 worth of coins on the ground) . . . twenty-four dollars . . . we want island of Manhattan back.

PRESIDENT: Hmm? Wha'd he say?  
FIRST LADY: Manhattan.  
PRESIDENT: Manhattan?!

CHIEF: Second. We want Louisiana Territory.  
PRESIDENT: Um . . . um. . . .  
FIRST LADY (sotto voce): Better humor 'm. He may be mad.

PRESIDENT (with forced joviality, as if it were all a game): Um, it was never yours. . . . Sorry.

CHIEF: That's all right. We want, anyway. Third. Union Pacific Railroad, Southern Pacific Railroad and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe will be ceded to Chippewa Indians, who suffered most in the Morrill Land Grant Act.

PRESIDENT: Oh, come on, now. What is this, a—

FIRST LADY (nudging him to keep quiet): Dear. . . .

CHIEF: In exchange for all these considerations, and in accordance with a document drawn up by my able lawyer, Chief Justice—

PRESIDENT (to his wife, stunned): Did he say—

FIRST LADY: That's right, Chief Justice. Now keep quiet.

CHIEF: White man will be awarded unmolested use of Cumberland Gap. Any questions?

PRESIDENT: Yes. Why are you doing all this? Granting, that is, that you're serious.

FIRST LADY (warning him to keep quiet; sotto voce): Darling—

PRESIDENT: Shhh. Don't worry. We're classmates.

CHIEF: Because we redskins are jealous, that's why.

A pause.  
PRESIDENT: Jealous?

Stunned silence by this outburst.  
PRESIDENT: Of, uh, whom?  
CHIEF: Of those goddamn bloody Negroes!

PRESIDENT: Oh! Oh, God. Now—now, listen. I can explain all that. We'll get to you. It's just that we have to, um, get through this Negro thing first.

He chuckles. They stare at each other.  
PRESIDENT: But we're getting there, Harry. I mean, this time we've almost got it licked. And, uh. . . .

The CHIEF spits on the ground.  
PRESIDENT: We'll get to you. Oh, God! Look. I . . . I . . . promise. Just be a little patient with us and, uh, your people will receive justice, too.

CHIEF: Justice?  
PRESIDENT: Yes, justice. Look, Harry, for God's sake, what is this?

A pause.  
CHIEF: I'm sorry. But you've misunderstood. We don't want justice.

PRESIDENT: You don't?  
CHIEF: No.  
PRESIDENT: Well . . . well . . . well . . . what do you want . . . ?

FIRST LADY (to her husband, sotto voce): Mention money, dear.

PRESIDENT: Um, money. Would you like some money?

CHIEF: You mean wampum.  
PRESIDENT (laughing weakly): Yes, uh . . . wampum.

The FIRST LADY and the PRESIDENT both laugh at this "joke."

CHIEF: No, thank you.  
A pause. The PRESIDENT and the FIRST LADY glance uneasily at each other.

FIRST LADY (sotto voce): "Power."

PRESIDENT: Um, power? You know, in the running of things. I'll make you, uh, Secretary of the Interior or something. . . .

A pause.  
PRESIDENT: Vice-president?  
Silence.  
PRESIDENT: Co-President?



•alphonse normandia•

"I don't know what's wrong with kids today."



*"There should be no difficulty about the divorce, Mr. Briggs, but it never hurts to have the court on our side."*

CHIEF: No, thank you. You may keep your *power*.

*The PRESIDENT again turns to his wife.*

FIRST LADY: Dear . . .

PRESIDENT: What?

FIRST LADY: *Revenge*.

PRESIDENT: Oh, God! Harry, listen, tell me something. Is it revenge you people want? Be-cause, if it is, I-I mean, I will agree with you, things *have* been—

CHIEF: No, white man. It is not revenge my people want.

*And the CHIEF smiles for the first time.*

PRESIDENT: Well, then, what the hell is it you want?

CHIEF: Just persecution.

PRESIDENT: Hmm?

FIRST LADY: Huhh?

CHIEF: Well, I mean. Why do you think we're asking for all those ridiculous things: Manhattan, the Louisiana Territory, the Atchison, Topeka, and Sante Fe?

PRESIDENT: I-I . . . I . . . don't know.

CHIEF: Why, so you can come and take them back, of course. So you can have some reason to attack us again; steal our land, kill our children, subjugate us; *lie* to us. We want the "good ol' days." Abe—when being an Indian *meant* something.

*He stares at the PRESIDENT and the FIRST LADY. He smiles sadly. Then he turns and walks to the entrance of the teepee. The WARRIOR opens the flap and stands at attention.*

CHIEF (to the WARRIOR, in passing): Guard them well. White man speak with forked tongue.

*The CHIEF exits. The WARRIOR stands guard at the exit. The PRESIDENT and the FIRST LADY stare at the WARRIOR, dumfounded; lost.*

FADE OUT.

## VIETNAM PREDICAMENT

(continued from page 142)

Hanoi, like its earlier puppet in North Korea, has publicly asserted its independence. Not even the most ardent defender of the war can now believe that Hanoi wants to be part of a Chinese-led empire.

3. The people we fight in South Vietnam, it is now widely agreed, carry the banners of Vietnamese nationalism. They do this against former colonial officers whom we support. Gone, therewith, is the notion that people will rally to any alternative to communism. As the British learned in India, the French in Africa, the Dutch in Indonesia and we learned in the Philippines, Western powers cannot win against aroused nationalism—and if wise, they do not try.

4. Those we support have recurrently by their burlesque of democratic and constitutional process reduced their American supporters and onetime defenders to an embarrassed silence. Gone is the notion that any alternative will be accepted in the United States.

5. The assumption that we could count on the applause and support of the other countries has disappeared. No European or American nation has rallied to our side. Few leaders dare speak in our favor. In Asia, despite propinquity to the assumed danger, the most aggressive arm twisting has not brought us allies, only a few clients. But it is not that we have failed to win support that is our misfortune. We have aroused by far the most massive hostility in our national experience. There is an underlying implication, never quite conceded, that much of this opposition has been manufactured by Communists. If this is so, it is the most drastic of all indictments of our Vietnam enterprise, for it shows what an unparalleled opportunity our enterprise has accorded the Communists for turning our erstwhile friends into hostile critics. However, there is no reason to think that the Communists are this much involved. People have probably reacted in accordance with their own conclusions and their own conscience.

6. Finally, with all else has gone the assumption that Americans could be rallied, more or less automatically, behind any war, however ill considered, distant or cruel, provided only that Communists could be identified on the other side. Instead, the American people have watched the collapse of the assumptions on which the Vietnam war was launched. In vindication of an intelligence none should mistrust, a very large number have reached the inevitable conclusion: The assumptions that took us into Vietnam have been shown by history to be false. Therefore, we should not be there.

The reasons that took us into the

conflict having disappeared, why do we remain?

We remain, as all know, because men are human and do not like to concede, even to themselves, that they were wrong. Those who urged our intervention were associated with what could one day be regarded as the greatest miscalculation in our history. They remain in command. They are naturally reluctant to admit that their view of the world—the view that counseled this vast effort—has been shown to be wrong. And so, aided by the military momentum of the event itself, they continue. That is why we are now at war.

It also counsels us on our course. Moderates, among whom I number myself, should urge that when a change of direction comes—as it must—there will be no recrimination. We must counsel those persisting in error that they are far more likely to compound the damage to their reputation than to retrieve it. For that is what happens to men who persist in the face of fact.

But there are stereotypes in the attitudes of those who are critics of our involvement in Vietnam. If one is detailing the miscalculations of those with whom he disagrees, it is salutary, also, to look for the errors of those with whom he agrees. It is most salutary of all, and in addition a trifle exceptional, to search for error in one's own past positions and attitudes.

One grave error of those who criticize our involvement in Vietnam is to assume that the critics are a small and heroic and perilously situated minority. We are nothing of the sort. In times past in the United States, popular opinion and official persecution have dealt rather harshly with dissent. Lives have been ruined and men silenced. There has always seemed some special likelihood of this when the primitive emotions of war have been released. But there is no danger of such repression when vast numbers, including an overwhelming proportion of the young and the articulate, are involved. One wonders, indeed, if under such circumstances one should speak of dissent. Martyrs do not march by the millions. This tendency to appropriate their cloak serves only to give a highly erroneous impression of the weakness of the opposition to our venture in Vietnam.

If anything, reflection should be on the reverse. There is no community concerned with foreign policy in the United States where the critic of our involvement in Vietnam is not accorded a warm and even enthusiastic hearing. There are quite a few where it is not deemed tactful or discreet for an official defender to appear. For the first time in our history, last spring those responsible for our foreign policy found it necessary, in pursuit of this discretion, to avoid that fine old

American folk rite, the commencement ceremony. Either too many students and too many faculty would be present or too many would obtrusively decline to be present.

I think, also, that those who are critical of American involvement in Vietnam spend too much time worrying about the motives and tactics of those who share their goals. Second only to the fear that criticism will be suppressed is the fear of critics that they will be found in association with someone who, for whatever eccentric reason, has developed a latter-day affection for Ho Chi Minh. This is silly. I do confess to wishing that more of those who are concerned about Vietnam would redirect their concern toward winning friends and influencing their fellow citizens in effective fashion.

I find myself also more than a little critical of those of my fellow critics who admit to a feeling of frustration and defeat in their efforts to influence the Administration on Vietnam. For one thing, they have not been without influence. On the contrary, they have had a great deal. Even within the Administration, there are far more people with honest doubts than is commonly imagined. There are more now. I venture to think, than ever before. And one has only to ask, had there been no criticism,

no objection—for that matter, no demonstrations—where would we be in Asia now? Where would the bombs be falling? Can anyone doubt that we would be far more deeply and dangerously involved than now?

Next, as is said even of the President of the United States, the critics of our Vietnam involvement have been much too influenced by the polls. These, I do not doubt, show correctly the reaction of people to the war. They show the national, deeply conditioned tendency to rally to the flag. But the polls do not show depth of feeling. They do not show ability to articulate feeling—to persuade. They do not show length of memory. They do not indicate who will write the history and draw the lessons. They do not always show where youth—and thus the next generation—stands. If those who feel deeply and remember long, those who can persuade others and who will be the next electorate are opposed, it may not matter too much that they are a minority. Nor will they long be such. As noted, our wars in the past have been fought on something close to unanimity rule. And they have always had the part of the population that now opposes in full support. That it is wise to act in neglect of the informed, articulate and young—that they can be ignored



as somehow morally as well as numerically inferior—is far from proven. On the contrary, it is likely to be remembered as one of the cardinal political errors of modern times. In American life, the intellectual, so-called, is fashionably dismissed as a serious factor in all the battles except the last.

The critics of our Vietnam involvement have also been too ready to imagine that the opposition in Hanoi is eager to oblige peace-loving men by entering negotiations on whatever terms we believe convenient. This is unduly optimistic—and also dangerous. Let me be clear on one thing. There is not the slightest doubt that Hanoi has indicated a willingness to negotiate on various occasions. And this willingness has not required our withdrawal as a precondition. Officials who imply otherwise are further widening the credibility gap.

But it is a mistake to base policy on any particular assumption as to the behavior and intentions of Hanoi or the leaders of the National Liberation Front. We do not know the enemy that well. And it is very easy for those who are hostile to the idea of a negotiated settlement, those who want a military solution, so to handle our relations with Hanoi and the NLF and so to gauge and present their responses and nonresponses that those who disagree are left well out on a limb.

If we can have negotiations, that is much to be desired. But there must be something more. There must also be a policy that allows of stubbornness, suspicion, ill will, obtuseness and the waywardness that results from internal political struggle on the part of those with whom we are involved. Any policy that relies on negotiations is a policy that is at least part-

ly at the mercy of others. We must also have a course of action that is within the scope of our own authority. We must invite negotiations. And we must have a better policy than mindless escalation, should negotiations prove not to be possible.

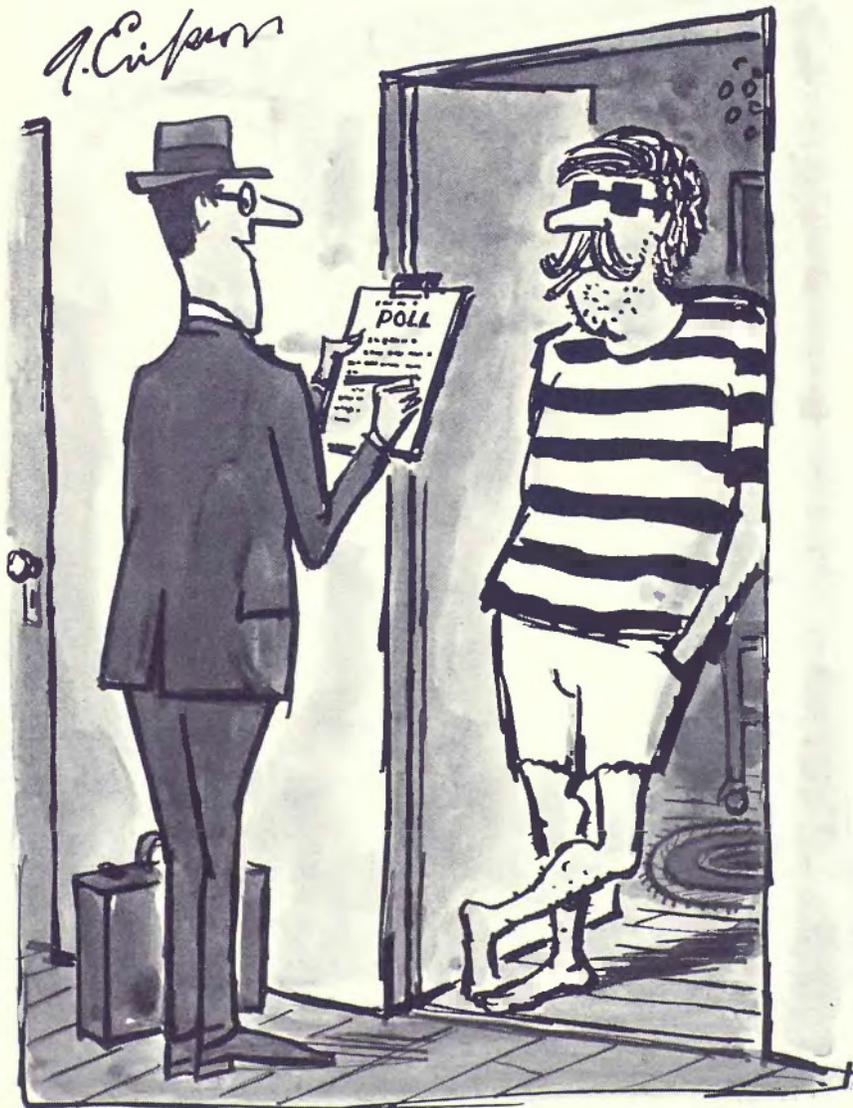
This brings me to my final point of criticism of my fellow critics. They exaggerate the difficulties in finding an alternative course of action to the one we have been following. This tragedy has continued so long that they have come to believe that the alternatives have now disappeared. "Perhaps something *could* have been done earlier. Now it is too late." This is wrong—as well as morally weak. Alternatives to continued and deepening involvement exist. They have even been made somewhat more feasible by the march of events.

Let me outline a feasible course of action that reduces our commitment in Vietnam to sensible proportions, protects the larger peace, conserves our national interest and, what could perhaps be more important, reflects the interest of the sadly beset and tortured people of this part of the world. It is a policy that does not depend on the cooperation of Hanoi and the NLF, although should that be forthcoming, all would be much eased.

The first step is to accept in fact what many reasonable men have already conceded, which is that great areas of South Vietnam must remain indefinitely under the authority of the Viet Cong. They have been under this authority for years—sometimes ten or more. It was not the policy even in the most militant of the Cold War years to roll back the Communists from their established positions of power. Not even John Foster Dulles so urged. There is no indication that such policy is wanted by the people most immediately involved—there is no indication whatever that they would ask it at the price of the horrors of military liberation. None can say, in the context of rural Asia, that on the completion of this effort their liberties would be greater or their well-being enhanced. The men who defend these parts of the country—this is especially true of the Mekong Delta—are not foreigners but men who fight on their native soil.

Much of the country under Viet Cong control, the Delta apart, is wild and lightly populated. To invest American lives in so slight, improbable and subjective a gain as restoring these swamps and jungles to a Saigon administration is unthinkable. Nor do I honestly believe that even the militant friends of our involvement will defend it with much enthusiasm. In Laos, we have reconciled ourselves to continued control in the north by the Communist Pathet Lao. What was sensible there is sensible in Vietnam.

Next, having revised our strategic



"Let's see, that's one 'yes,' four 'no' and seventeen 'Like, man, who needs it?'"

objectives, we should, for the time being, seek the maximum of security, tranquility and well-being in the limited but populous areas that we control. With our vast commitment of manpower to the area, this broadly defensive strategy becomes entirely feasible. This is not a matter of retiring to enclaves, although the attack on that policy was less that it was militarily unwise than that it was militarily unwanted. Rather, it is simply a defensive policy that reflects the avowed absence of territorial ambition. I frankly do not think that the areas we defend can be very large—they will be, in the main, urban and populous areas that, by and large, have been difficult for or even immune to guerrilla operations. They will serve as a refuge for those who have committed themselves to our enterprise. They will be a position wherein to await negotiations. They will reassure those among us who believe—as I do not—in the so-called domino theory. Should negotiations be delayed and should the enemy continue to attack, an active defense will be necessary. There will be casualties. But these will be incomparably smaller than those resulting from any effort to secure and hold the whole country. Perhaps in this war-weary land we can expect stagnation and quiet—as in Laos or Korea. And one day there will be negotiations.

The next step, strongly dictated by our own interest, is to cease the bombing of North Vietnam. (The acceptance of the territorial *status quo* in South Vietnam will end, except for defensive purposes, the equally deadly and rather less publicized air attacks there.) Our air attacks on the North have also, in their own way, dissolved a great many false assumptions—they have dissolved the assumption that they could interdict or even much handicap the movement of men and supplies to the South, or that they could force negotiation or that they wouldn't affect our moral authority elsewhere in the world. They have shown the unwisdom of the military syllogism that, because we have airplanes, air power is *pro tanto* always effective. They have shown that, whatever the shortcomings of our politics, Americans are not so cynical that a party can win an election by opposing such use of air power and then turn around and initiate precisely this action, all within weeks.

Now, and not surprisingly, given the weight of our attack on a poor and primitive land, the supply of targets that do not involve even more brutal civilian slaughter or greater international risks has been exhausted. So it is clear that we should end these raids. With this action we end the most reckless and sanguinary aspect of our involvement in Vietnam and the one that always carried with it the temptation of yet more escalation, yet greater involvement. We lose nothing. And in the background are the repeated

suggestions that, if the bombing thus ends, there can be negotiations. Rarely in foreign policy is the path of wisdom so clearly etched.

Next we must begin to disengage ourselves from the political generals to whom we have become committed in Saigon. That commitment, no less than the belief in a military solution, was the product of assumptions that have thoroughly dissolved. It was part of the belief that foreigners and Americans alike would approve any alternative to communism.

Finally, we must begin to put Vietnam back in proper mental perspective. It bulks large in our minds not because it is a place where great issues are being decided but because we have so often said it is such a place. We must now begin to live by the truth and not by our own propaganda. Indo-China is not the crossroads of the world; no great issues of strategy or security are involved. Earlier statements that to fight there is to avoid fighting in Hawaii or Santa Monica are now recalled only with amusement. The countries in that part of the world that have so far lived in the greatest security have not been those, like Thailand, that we defend, but those, like Burma, that we do not defend. The collapse of Israeli democracy would have been a tragedy for all mankind—and partly because it was a democracy, it did not collapse. No serious person will suggest that any government of the past decade in Saigon should evoke a similar passion. Our best judgment must now be that, on the other side, we are involved with one of the many forms of national communism with which we have learned that we can live and with which, as a practical matter, we now know that we must live.

The steps I have just outlined—the abandonment of the goal of territorial conquest and pacification, de-escalation and a defensive strategy, the ending of the air attacks, political detachment, an escape from our own propaganda, negotiation if this proves possible—are not very dramatic. Nor do they bring our history in Indo-China to an end—though even if the ending of the air attacks does not bring negotiations, we can be sure, as I say, that someday negotiation will occur. But this is the nature of the moderate program. Violence and death do not lack in drama; as all who are experienced in Washington have long been aware, it is always the men of least moral courage who are the loudest in recommending sanguinary action and sending in the bombers and the Marines. But the moderate path I have outlined is one we can adopt and one that will see us clear. It is the one for which the largest measure of agreement can be won. The task of the moderate is to win that agreement.



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## mannichon solution

(continued from page 122)

Japanese are funny, Mannichon thought. They are not like us.

Tageka grew serious again. "Further exhaustive investigation, carefully controlled, will perhaps enlighten us. Experiments with at least five hundred other yellow mice, to begin with, with five hundred controls. A thousand goldfish, similar procedure. Naturally yellow organisms, such as daffodils, parrots, squash, corn, etc., similar procedure. Higher vertebrates, dogs, a certain yellow-bottomed baboon, to be found in the rain forests of New Guinea, unfortunately rare, two horses, roans will do—"

"How can I get two horses into Detergents and Solvents?" Mannichon asked, his head reeling. "Especially if we have to keep this quiet?"

"This laboratory"—Tageka made a courteous east-wind gesture of his hand at the gleam around them—"is at the service of my honorable friends. And we must show a certain amount of initiative in conducting some of our experiments in other localities. All I need is a few correctly prepared tissue slides, stained as I direct."

"But I can't put in request forms for baboons and horses," Mannichon said, sweating again.

"I had thought it understood that we would undertake this privately." Tageka said frostily, looking at Crockett.

"That's right," Crockett said.

"But where's the money going to come from? Yellow-bottomed baboons, for God's sake," Mannichon cried.

"I am merely a pathologist," Tageka said. He drank some more sherry.

"I'm in," Crockett said.

"You can be in," Mannichon said, near tears. "You have companies all over the world. Liechtenstein, Ischia. . . . I make seven thousand, eight hundred dollars a—"

"We know what you make, pardner," Tageka said. "I will absorb your share of the preliminary expenses, along with my own."

Mannichon breathed heavily with gratitude. There was no doubt about it, he was finally in with Class.

"I hardly know what to say. . . ." he began.

"There is no need to say anything," said Tageka. "As partial reimbursement for funds laid out, I shall take the exclusive rights of your share of all of northern Europe for the first ten years, on a line drawn from London to Berlin."

"Yes, sir," said Mannichon. He would have liked to say something else, but what came out was, "Yes, sir."

"I reckon that's about it for the night, pardners," Tageka said. "I don't like to rush you, but I have some work to do before I go to sleep."

He escorted Crockett and Mannichon politely to the door of the laboratory. They heard it lock behind them.

"The Oriental mind," Crockett said. "Always suspicious."

The girl in the off-mauve pants was still lying on the couch. Her eyes were open, but she didn't seem to see anything.

There's no doubt of it, Mannichon thought, taking a last devouring look at the girl, this is the age of specialization.

The next weeks were frantic. Mannichon spent his days in Detergents and Solvents writing up reports on non-existent experiments to indicate on the weekly reviews that he was earning his salary and loyally advancing the interests of Vogel-Paulson. The nights were spent in Tageka Kyh's laboratory. Mannichon had got his sleep down to three hours. The tests went on methodically. The 500 yellow mice duly succumbed. A yellow Afghan with an illustrious pedigree, bought at great expense, lasted less than an hour after lapping up several drops of Mannichon's solution in a bowl of milk, while a black-and-white mongrel liberated from the pound for three dollars barked happily for two days after sharing the same meal. Dead goldfish lay by the hundreds in Tageka's refrigerators and the yellow-bottomed baboon, after showing deep affection for Tageka, tolerance for Crockett and a desire to murder Mannichon, was laid to rest only ten minutes after its relevant parts had been laved in a purposely weakened variant of the solution.

During this period, Mannichon's domestic situation was not all that it might have been. His nightly absences had begun to annoy Mrs. Mannichon. He could not tell her what he was doing, except that he was working with Crockett and Tageka. Because of the community-property laws, he was planning to divorce her before the company showed any profit.

"What have you fellows got going up there every night?" Mrs. Mannichon demanded. "A rainbow-colored daisy chain?"

One more cross to bear, Mannichon thought. Temporarily.

Flowers and vegetables had not been affected by the solution and they had not yet tried horses. And despite some ingenious manipulations of the solution by Crockett (he had managed to subtract two hydrocarbon molecules from Floxo and had bombarded dioxotetramerc-phenoferrugene H with a large variety of radioactive isotopes), the residual rings always remained on whatever materials they tried, even after exhaustive scrubbing. While the two other men worked on serenely, checking all leads

meticulously night after night and producing dazzling results for Vogel-Paulson day after day, Mannichon, vertiginous from lack of sleep, was beginning to despair of ever finding any practical use for the Mannichon solution. He would write a little paper that might or might not get published, two or three biochemists throughout the country might thumb through the pages offhandedly and another curious little dead end of research would be closed out and forgotten. He would drive the 1959 Plymouth for the rest of his life and he would never see the inside of a divorce court.

He didn't communicate his fears to Crockett and Tageka Kyh. It was hard to communicate *anything* to them. In the beginning, they rarely listened when he talked and after a couple of weeks, they didn't listen at all. He did his work in silence. His work finally consisted of washing up, taking dictation and filing slides. He was having his troubles at Vogel-Paulson, too. His weekly running digests of nonexistent experiments were not being received with enthusiasm and an ominous memo had come to him in a baby-blue envelope from Mr. Paulson himself. "Well?" Mr. Paulson had scrawled on a large piece of paper. Just that. It was not promising.

He had decided to quit. He had to quit. He needed at least one night's sleep. He wanted to announce it to his partners, but it was difficult to find the appropriate time. He knew he couldn't say it in front of Tageka Kyh, who was a remote man, but there was a chance that if he got Crockett alone for a minute or two, he could get it out. After all, Crockett was white.

So he took to tagging after Crockett and lying in wait for him whenever he could. But it took nearly another week before his opportunity presented itself. He was waiting in front of the restaurant where Crockett often lunched, usually with a lascivious girl or several lascivious girls. The restaurant was called La Belle Provençale and a meal there never cost less than ten dollars. That is, if you didn't order wine. Mannichon had never eaten there, of course. He took his lunch at the Vogel-Paulson commissary. You could eat there for 85 cents. That was one good thing about Vogel-Paulson.

It was a hot day and there was no shade. Because of his vertigo, Mannichon rocked from side to side as he waited, as though he were on the deck of a heaving ship. Then he saw the Lancia drive up. For once, Crockett was alone. He left the motor running as he stepped out and turned the car over to the attendant to park. He didn't notice Mannichon as he strode toward the door of La Belle Provençale, although he passed within three feet of him.

"Crock," Mannichon said.

Crockett stopped and looked around. A look of displeasure angled across the Yankee angles of his face. "What the hell are you doing here?" he said.

"Crock," Mannichon said, "I have to talk to you—"

"What the hell're you rocking for?" Crockett asked. "Are you drunk?"

"That's one of the things I wanted to—"

A funny expression, intense and cold, came over Crockett's face. He was staring past Mannichon, over Mannichon's shoulder. "Look!" he said.

"You fellers've been great and all that," Mannichon said, lurching closer to Crockett. "but I have to—"

Crockett grabbed him by the shoulders and swung him around. "I said, 'Look.'"

Mannichon sighed and looked. There was nothing much to look at. Across the street, in front of a bar, there was a broken-down old wagon full of empty ginger-ale bottles and an old horse, its head drooping in the heat.

"Look at what. Crock?" Mannichon said. He was now seeing double, but he didn't want to burden Crockett with his troubles.

"The horse, man, the horse."

"What about the horse, Crock?"

"What color is it, man?"

"They're yellow. I mean, *it's* yellow," Mannichon said, correcting for his double vision.

"Everything comes to him who waits," Crockett said. He took out a small bottle of the Mannichon solution. He never went anyplace without it. He was a dedicated scientist, not one of those time-servers who lock their minds when they lock their office doors. Swiftly, Crockett poured some of the solution on his right hand. He gave Mannichon the bottle to hold, in case the police ever asked any questions. Then he sauntered across the street toward the old yellow horse and the wagon full of empty ginger-ale bottles. It was the first time Mannichon had seen Crockett saunter anywhere.

Crockett went up to the horse. The driver was nowhere in sight. A Buick



"This 'black power' thing, now. What the devil do you make of it, George?"

passed with a colored man at the wheel; but aside from that, the street was empty.

"Good old dobbin," Crockett said. He patted the horse kindly on the muzzle with his wet hand. Then he sauntered back toward Mannichon. "Put that goddamn bottle in your pocket, man," he whispered. He took Mannichon's arm, wiping the last drops of the liquid off on Mannichon's sleeve. It looked friendly, but the fingers felt like steel hooks. Mannichon put the bottle of the solution in his pocket and, side by side, he and Crockett went into the restaurant.

The bar of La Belle Provençale was parallel to the front window and the bottles were arranged on glass shelves up against the window. With the light from the street coming in from behind them, the bottles looked like jewelry. It was an artistic effect. There were quite a few people eating ten-dollar lunches in the dark interior of the restaurant, in a hush of expensive French food, but there was nobody else at the bar. The room was air conditioned and Mannichon shivered uncontrollably as he sat on the bar stool, looking out at the street through the bottles. He could see the yellow horse between a bottle of Chartreuse and a bottle of Noilly-Prat. The yellow horse hadn't moved. He was still there in the heat with his head down.

"What'll it be, Mr. Crockett?" the bartender said. "The usual?" Everybody always knew Crockett's name.

"The usual, Benny," Crockett said. "And an alexander for my friend." Crockett never forgot anything.

They watched the horse through the bottles while Benny prepared the Jack Daniel's and the alexander. The horse didn't do anything.

The bartender served the drinks and Crockett drank half of his in one gulp. Mannichon sipped at his alexander. "Crock," he said, "I really do have to talk to you. This whole thing is getting me—"

"Sssh," Crockett said. The driver of the wagon was coming out of the bar across the street. He climbed up onto the seat of the wagon and picked up the reins. The horse slowly went down on its knees and then all the way down between the traces. The horse didn't move anymore.

"Send two more drinks to the table, Benny," Crockett said. "Come on, Flox, I'll buy you lunch."

Crockett ordered *tripes à la mode de Caen* for lunch and a bottle of hard cider. Crockett certainly wasn't a typical Yankee. As soon as Mannichon saw and smelled the dish, he knew his stomach was going to make some peculiar claims on his attention that afternoon. He never did manage to tell Crockett that he wanted to quit.

• • •

"Now for the next step," Tageka Kyh

was saying. All three of them were in his laboratory in the penthouse. It was comparatively early, only 2:30 A.M. Tageka had taken the news about the horse without surprise, although he did say that it was too bad they hadn't gotten any slides. "We've gone just about as far as necessary with the lower vertebrates," Tageka Kyh said. "The next experiment suggests itself inevitably."

It didn't suggest itself inevitably to Mannichon. "What's that?" he said.

For once, Tageka Kyh answered one of Mannichon's questions. "Man," he said simply.

Mannichon opened his mouth and kept it open. He didn't close it for some time.

Crockett had his face squeezed up into lines of concentration. "I foresee certain complications," he said.

"Nothing serious," Tageka Kyh said. "All it needs is access to a hospital with a decent selection of pigmented subjects."

"Well, I know everybody at Lakeview General downtown, of course," Crockett said, "but I don't think we'd find the proper range. After all, we're in the Midwest. I doubt if you'd even find more than two or three Indians in a year."

Mannichon still had his mouth open.

"I don't trust those fellows at General," Tageka Kyh said. "They're sloppy. And whatever man we pick we'll have to bring in as a full partner, of course, and I don't like anyone down at General enough to dump a fortune in his lap."

Mannichon would have liked to interrupt at this point. Tageka Kyh's use of the word fortune seemed careless, to say the least. Everything they had done up to now, as far as Mannichon was concerned, had been rigorously devoid of all possibility of profit. But Tageka Kyh was caught up in his planning, speaking smoothly, articulating well, pronouncing every syllable.

"I think all indications point to the West Coast. San Francisco comes to mind," Tageka Kyh said. "A sizable non-white population, well-run hospitals with large nonsegregated charity wards. . . ."

"Chinatown," Mannichon said. He had been there on his honeymoon. He had had shark's-fin soup. You only get married once, he had said to Lulu.

"I have a friend on the staff of Mercy and Cancer," Tageka Kyh said. "Ludwig Qvelch."

"Of course," Crockett nodded. "Qvelch. Prostate. Top-notch." Crockett had heard of everybody.

"He was first in his class at Berkeley three years before me," Tageka Kyh said. "I think I'll give him a tinkle." He reached for the phone.

"Wait a minute, please, Mr. Tageka," Mannichon said hoarsely. "Do you mean to say you are going to experiment on living human beings? Maybe kill them?"

"Crock," Tageka Kyh said, "you

brought this fellow in on this. You handle him."

"Flox," Crockett said, with evident irritation. "it boils down to this—are you a scientist or aren't you a scientist?"

Tageka Kyh was already dialing San Francisco.

• • •

"Let me see, now," Ludwig Qvelch was saying, "what have we got on hand? I'm thinking of the Blumstein wing. That would seem to be the place to begin, don't you agree, Tageka?"

Tageka Kyh nodded. "The Blumstein wing. Ideal," he said.

Qvelch had arrived only 14 hours after the call to San Francisco. He had closeted himself with Tageka Kyh and Crockett all afternoon and evening. It was midnight now and Mannichon had been admitted to the conference, which was taking place in the Cape Cod living room. Ludwig Qvelch was a huge, tall man, with wonderful white teeth and a hearty Western manner. He wore \$300 suits with light ties and he was a man you would instinctively trust anywhere. He had made some marvelously eloquent speeches on national television against Medicare.

Qvelch took out a small black alligator notebook and thumbed through it. "At the moment," he said, "we have thirty-three Caucasians, twelve Negroes, three indeterminate, one Hindu, one Berber and seven Orientals, six presumably of Chinese extraction, one definitely Japanese. All male, of course." He laughed heartily at this allusion to his specialty, the prostate gland. "I would call that a fair enough sampling, wouldn't you?"

"It'll do," Tageka Kyh said.

"All terminal?" Crockett asked.

"I would say roughly eighty percent," Qvelch said. "Why do you ask?"

"For *his* sake," Crockett gestured toward Mannichon. "He was worried."

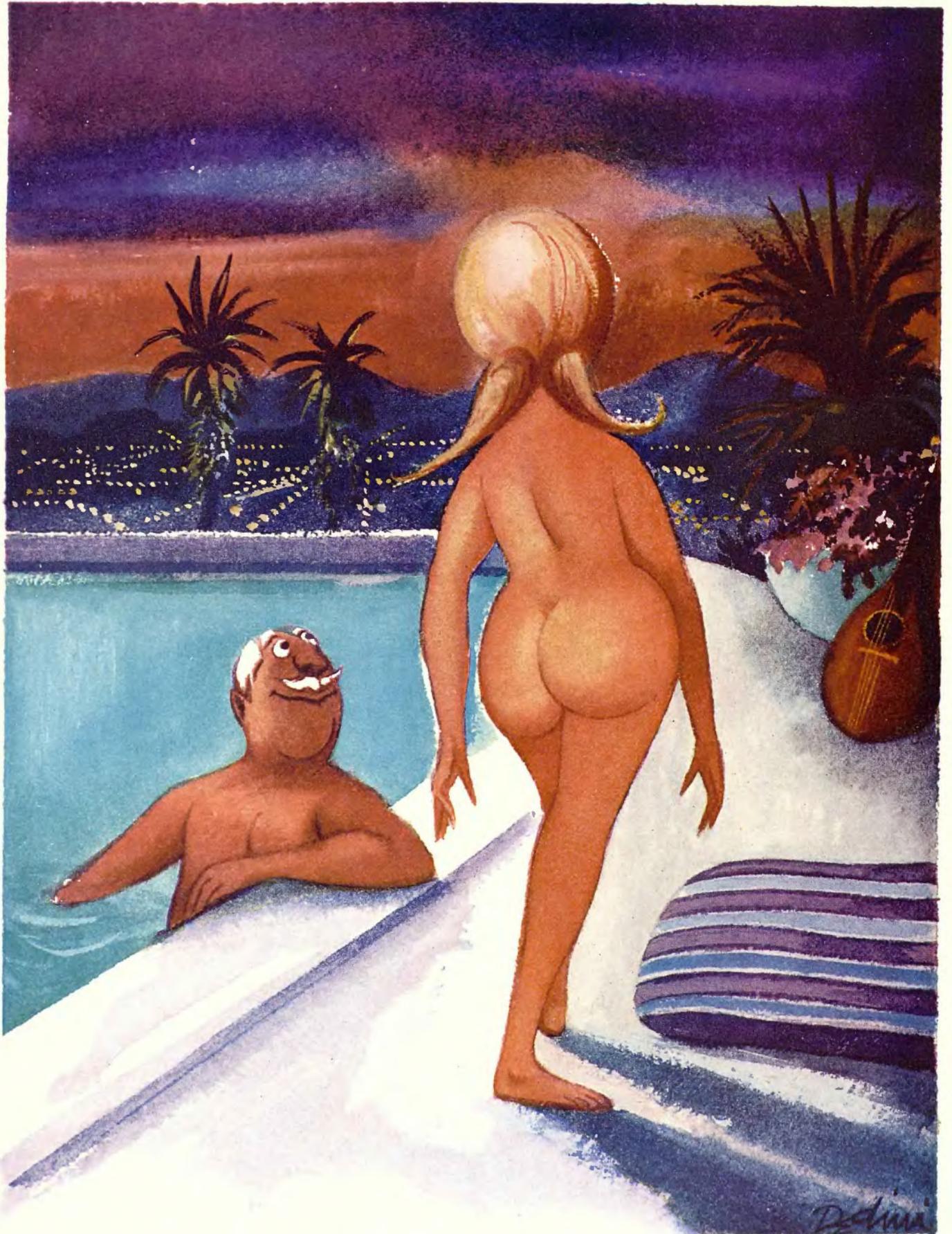
"I'm glad to see that the rarefied air of research hasn't wiped out your admirable youthful scruples," Qvelch said, putting a large Western hand on Mannichon's shoulder. "Have no fear. No life will be shortened—appreciably."

"Thanks, doctor," Mannichon mumbled.

Qvelch looked at his watch. "Well, I've got to be tooting back," he said. "I'll keep in touch." He put a liter bottle, usually reserved for carrying volatile acids and encased in lead, into his valise. "You'll be hearing from me." He started briskly toward the door. Tageka Kyh accompanying him. Qvelch stopped before he reached the door. "What is it again? One quarter of all proceeds to each partner, with Guatemala and Costa Rica exclusive to Kyh and Mannichon's share of northern Europe for ten years. . . .?"

"It's all in the memorandum I gave you this afternoon," Tageka Kyh said.

"Yes, of course," Qvelch said. "I just



*"I still can't get used to a Christmas without snow."*

wanted to be able to clear up any little points with my lawyers when the incorporation papers come through. Nice meeting you fellers." He waved to Crockett and Mannichon and was gone.

"I'm afraid we'll have to break it up early tonight, pardners," Tageka Kyh said. "I have some work to do."

Mannichon went right home, looking forward to his first good night's sleep in months. His wife was out playing bridge, so he should have been able to sleep like a baby; but for some reason, he couldn't close his eyes until dawn.

"Qvelch called this afternoon," Tageka Kyh said. "He reports results."

Mannichon's eyelids began to twitch in little spasms and he found that his lungs had suddenly begun to reject air. "Do you mind if I sit down?" he said. He had just rung the bell of Tageka's apartment and Tageka himself had come to the door. Supporting himself with his hands against the wall, he made his way into the living room and sat unsteadily in a captain's chair. Crockett was sprawled on the couch, a glass of whiskey on his breastbone. Mannichon couldn't tell from the expression on Crockett's face whether he was sad or happy or drunk.

Tageka followed Mannichon into the room. "Can I get you anything?" Tageka asked, being a host. "A beer? A juice?"

"Nothing, thank you," Mannichon said. This was the first time since they had met that Tageka had been polite to him. He was being prepared for something horrible, he was sure. "What did Dr. Qvelch have to say?"

"He asked to be remembered to you," Tageka said, sitting between Crockett and Mannichon on a cobbler's bench and taking in a hole on the chased-silver buckle of the belt of his jeans.

"What else?" Mannichon asked.

"The first experiment has been concluded. Qvelch himself administered the solution epidermally to eight subjects, five white, two black and one yellow. Seven of the subjects have registered no reaction. The autopsy on the eighth—"

"Autopsy!" Mannichon's lungs were rejecting air in jets. "We've killed a man!"

"Oh, be reasonable, Flox." It was Crockett talking, wearily, the whiskey glass going up and down evenly on his chest. "It happened in San Francisco. Two thousand miles away from here."

"But it's my solution. I—"

"Our solution, Mannichon," Tageka said evenly. "With Qvelch, we number four."

"Mine, ours, what's the difference? There's a poor dead Chinaman lying on a slab in—"

"With your temperament, Mannichon," Tageka said, "I don't understand how you happened to go into research instead of psychiatry. If you're going to

do business with us, you'll have to restrain yourself."

"Business!" Mannichon staggered to his feet. "What kind of business do you call this? Killing off Chinamen with cancer in San Francisco! Boy," he said with unaccustomed irony, "if ever I heard of a money-maker, this is it."

"Do you want to listen or do you want to make an oration?" Tageka said. "I have many interesting and valuable things to tell you. But I have work to do and I can't waste my time. That's better. Sit down."

Mannichon sat down.

"And stay down," Crockett said.

"The autopsy, as I was saying," Tageka went on, "indicated that the subject died a natural death. No traces of any unusual matter in any of the organs. Death occurred quietly, due, by inference, to a secondary flash reaction to cancerous material in the region of the prostate gland. We know better, of course."

"I'm a murderer," Mannichon said, putting his head between his hands.

"I really can't tolerate language like that in my house, Crock," Tageka said. "Perhaps we had better let him disassociate."

"If you want to go back to Detergents and Solvents, Flox," Crockett said, without moving from the couch, "you know where the door is."

"That's exactly what I want to do," Mannichon said. He stood up and started toward the door.

"You're walking out on the best part of a million dollars, man," Crockett said calmly.

Mannichon stopped walking toward the door. He turned. He went back to the captain's chair. He sat down. "I might as well hear the worst," he said.

"I was down in Washington three days ago," Crockett said. "I dropped in on an old friend. Simon Bunswanger. I went to school with him at Boston Latin. You haven't heard of him. Nobody's heard of him. He's in the CIA. Big man in the CIA. Big, *big* man. I gave him a little rundown on our project. He was titillated. He promised to call a meeting of some of the boys in his shop for briefing and proposals." Crockett looked at his watch. "He's due here any minute."

"The CIA?" Mannichon now felt completely adrift. "What'd you do that for? They'll put us all in jail."

"Quite the opposite," Crockett said. "Quite the opposite. I'll bet you two alexanders he comes in here with a nice, fat proposition. . . ."

"For what?" Mannichon asked. Now he was sure that all those companies and all that lack of sleep had made irreparable inroads on Crockett's reason. "What would they want with the Mannichon solution?"

"Remember the first day you came to

me, Flox?" Crockett finally got to his feet. He was in his socks and he padded over to the bar to pour himself a fresh Jack Daniel's. "I said, we answer one question, we can clean up. Remember that?"

"More or less," Mannichon said.

"Do you remember what that one question was?" Crockett said, drinking, sounding liquid. "I'll refresh your little old memory cells, reactivate the old nerve patterns. The question was, 'What the hell is yellow that we are overrun with, like rabbits in Australia?' Remember that?"

"Yes," Mannichon said. "But what has the CIA got to . . . ?"

"The CIA, man," said Crockett, "knows exactly what is yellow and what we are overrun with." He paused, dropped a piece of ice into his drink and stirred with his finger. "Chinamen, man."

The doorbell rang. "That must be Bunswanger," Crockett said. "I'll go."

"This is the last time I'll do any work with anybody like you, Mannichon," Tageka said icily. "You're psychically unstable."

Crockett came back into the room with a man who looked as though he could have made a good living as a female impersonator in the old days of vaudeville. He was willowy and had fine blond hair and a small bow mouth and a blushing complexion.

"Si," Crockett said, "I want you to meet my partners." He introduced Tageka, who bowed, and Mannichon, who couldn't look into Bunswanger's eyes as they shook hands. Bunswanger's grip was not that of a female impersonator.

"I'll have a Jack Daniel's, Crock," Bunswanger said. It must have been the campus drink at old Boston Latin. Bunswanger had a voice that reminded Mannichon of Carborundum.

Glass in hand, Bunswanger sat on one of the scrubbed pine tables, his legs crossed in a fetching manner. "Well, the boys in the shop think you fellows have done a dandy little piece of creative research," Bunswanger began. "We had some tests run and they bear your papers out one hundred percent. Did you hear from Qvelch?"

"This afternoon," Tageka said. "Results positive."

Bunswanger nodded. "The boys in the shop said they would be. Well, no use beating around the bush. We want it. The solution. We've already set up preliminary target zones. The source of the Yangtze, three or four lakes in the north, two of the tributaries of the Yellow River, places like that. You don't happen to have a map of China handy, do you?"

"Sorry," said Tageka.

"Pity," Bunswanger said. "It would clear up the picture for you fellows." He looked around. "Nice place you have here. You'd be surprised what they ask

# make a big splash for the holidays



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improves  
the flavour  
of water  
like  
Teacher's

Bottled  
in Scotland

for a decent place to live in Washington. Of course, the Russians will help us. We've sounded them out already. Makes it more comfy, reduces the risks. That long border with Siberia and all those delegations. Of course, that's the beauty of the stuff. No bang. We've been searching for something without a bang for years. Nothing satisfactory's come up, until this. Did you fellows test all the way down? I didn't see it in your papers. I was in a hurry, of course, but I wondered."

"Test what down?" Mannichon asked. "Floxx," Crockett said wearily.

"Mannichon," Tageka said warningly. "Down to effective reaction at lowest possible percentage of solution in H Two O," Bunschwanger said.

"We didn't push to the limit, Si," Crockett said. "We only worked nights."

"Amazing efficiency," Bunschwanger said. He took a delicate sip of his whiskey. "We ran a few trials. One two-billionth of a part in fresh water. One three-billionth of a part in salt water." He laughed, sounding girlish, remember-

ing something. "There's a curious side effect. It cures jaundice. You could set up a company, pharmaceutical only, and make a wad just on that. Only on a doctor's prescription, of course. You'd have to make sure nobody used it on Orientals or there'd be hell to pay. Well, just a detail. Now"—he uncrossed his legs—"practical matters. We'll pay you two million cold for it. Out of unvouchered funds. So you don't have to pay the tax boys anything on it. No record. Nothing in writing. It's a great shop to do business for. No niggling."

Mannichon was panting again. "Are you all right, sir?" Bunschwanger asked, real concern in his voice.

"Fine," Mannichon said, continuing to pant.

"Of course," Bunschwanger said, still looking concernedly at Mannichon, "if we ever use it, it swings over on a royalty basis. But we can't guarantee that it will ever go operational. Though the way things look right now. . . ." He left the sentence unfinished.

Mannichon thought of Ferrari after Ferrari, dozens of girls in off-mauve pants.

"One more little thing and I'm off," Bunschwanger said. "I have a visit to make in Venezuela tomorrow. Hear this," his voice was as precise as a gun sight. "I'm in for twenty percent. One fifth. For services rendered." He looked around.

Crockett nodded.

Tageka nodded.

Mannichon nodded, slowly.

"I'm off to Caracas," Bunschwanger said gaily. He finished his drink. They shook hands all round. "There'll be a fellow here in the morning," Bunschwanger said, "with the loot. In cash, naturally. What time is convenient?"

"Six A.M.," Tageka said.

"Done and done," Bunschwanger said, making a quick entry in a small alligator-bound notebook. "Glad you dropped in the other day, Crock. Don't bother seeing me to the door." And he was gone.

There was little more to be done. Since they were going to be paid in cash, they had to figure out what compensation Tageka was to get for his Caribbean rights and his ten-year share of Mannichon's portion of the rights for northern Europe. It didn't take long. Tageka was just as good a mathematician as a pathologist.

Crockett and Mannichon left the apartment together. Crockett had a date at a bar nearby with Mr. Paulson's third and present wife and he was in a hurry to be off. "So long, Floxx," he said as he got into his Lancia. "Not a bad day's work." He was humming as he sputted off.

Mannichon got into the Plymouth. He sat there for a while, trying to decide what to do first. He finally decided that first things came first. He drove home at 60 miles an hour to tell Mrs. Mannichon he was going to get a divorce.

Up in the apartment, Tageka was sitting on the cobbler's bench, making neat ideograms with a brush and ink on a scratch-pad. After a while, he pressed a buzzer. The Negro butler came in, dressed in his yellow striped vest and white shirt sleeves with heavy gold cuff links.

"James," Tageka Kyh said to the butler, "tomorrow I want you to order five hundred grams each of dioxotetramercophenoferrigene, 14, 15 and 17. And five hundred pink mice. No—on second thought, better make it a thousand."

"Yes, sir," said James.

"Oh, and James"—Tageka Kyh waved the brush negligently at the butler. "Will you be good enough to put in a call to the Japanese embassy in Washington. I'll speak to the ambassador personally."

"Yes, sir," James said and picked up the phone.



"Miss Beverly, I want an option on you for the Christmas party."

## THE BUNNIES *(continued from page 195)*

the sprawling vastness of the City of Angels. In the Bunny Dressing Room on the third floor of the building, Kathy slips into her Bunny outfit, refreshed and ready to greet keyholders in the ground-level Living Room of the Club.

"In the Living Room," Kathy says, "I'm able to feel the mood of the whole evening. Then, when the night's over, a bunch of us zoom down the Strip to the Whisky à Go Go or around the corner to P. J.'s"—two of L. A.'s most popular all-night rockaterias—"to relax with the latest dances. I don't know how anything that looks so strenuous can make you feel so free."

Kathy's love for her "wheels," for the beach and for the music a local disc jockey calls "Boss sounds for Boss Angels" is as typical of her cottontail colleagues as are her all-American good looks. The Bunnies of Hollywood (or of Los Angeles, if you prefer—Sunset Strip technically falls in West Hollywood) hail from six foreign countries, from U. S. urbia as distant as Spokane and the Bronx and as nearby as Southern California itself (a 100-mile circle with its center at the Club would include the home towns of half the Bunnies). They come to or stay in Los Angeles for the fun and excitement of the Club, for the incomparable advantages of L. A.'s geography and climate and for Hollywood's movie opportunities.

To a girl, the Bunnies of Hollywood enjoy at least one of the outdoor sports available, in unique proximity and profusion, to Southern Californians—and most are involved in what sound like comprehensive courses in the consummate enjoyment of the great outdoors. Snow skiing and water-skiing, scuba diving and sky diving, desert exploring, surfing—in fact, almost every alfresco activity invented by man—can be practiced year-round someplace within a half day's drive of the Los Angeles Playboy Club. It's no surprise that Hollywood's Bunny brigade is the most completely peripatetic collection of cottontails in the key chain: an evening with any of them that doesn't include at least one automotive excursion—or allusion—is as rare as a rainy day.

If, as many observers contend, Los Angeles is a vision of what the rest of America will become in ten years, the good news is that for every extravagance celebrated in the works of Nathanael West and Evelyn Waugh, the city offers extraordinary examples of good taste and *joie de vivre*. Its complex of near-at-hand action theaters, for example—from the Dodgers' Chavez Ravine to the Hollywood Bowl—make similar attractions in less-gifted cities pale in comparison. Hundreds of galleries and museums (most notably, the Los Angeles County

Museum of Art, the Pasadena Museum and the Municipal Art Gallery) compete for the attention of legions of Southern California painters and connoisseurs—such as Bunny Candy Humphries, L. A.'s 1965 Bunny of the Year and its most articulate artist-in-residence. Candy's off-beat, sandside life ("My favorite supper is pizza and chianti on a beach just as the sun's setting," she says) is only one of the multifarious *modi vivendi* of the Bunnies of Hollywood. If Candy and her colleagues are harbingers of things to come, we can look forward to a future filled with style.

As a recent and entirely appropriate addition to a city that makes style a way of life, L. A.'s cottontails instinctively embrace a relaxed informality that makes their spacious Club an unhurried refuge from the "let's-close-the-deal-yesterday" pressure that occasionally characterizes the rest of L. A. When regular visitors Jack Palance or Tony Bennett—or Bill Dana and Don Adams, whose offices are in the same building—drop in, they may ask their favorite Bunny for a tableside telephone, but they're more likely to concentrate on unraveling harried nerves. Yet work and leisure have always intermingled uniquely in Hollywood. Bunny Mother Alice Nichols—who wore satin ears herself in Chicago—notes that "so much in Hollywood depends on attractiveness in both appearance and personality that my girls wouldn't think of going out onto the floor unless every-

thing from their make-up to their mood is certain to relax and impress the keyholder." Producers, directors and agents often *are* impressed, and the Club reacts with unqualified pride when one of its own starts toward stardom. Almost half the Hollywood cottontails have won parts in films or TV shows, and a clear-cut majority—including Kathy—have tested their Angeleno wings in TV commercials.

Among the most talented of the current Hollywood Bunnies is Sam Moorman ("Sam is Sharon Ann spelled fast," Sam explains). After a childhood in Whittier, California, a stint as a model for West Coast designer Rudi Gernreich and a gig at college on a music scholarship, Sam brought her striking talents—and 36-25-37 figure—to the Playboy Club in New York. In close to three years as a Bunny, she has shuttled between the Coasts, acquiring suitably a schizophrenic set of tastes—"glamorous New York opening nights and my big black California motorcycle." With the full blessings of the Club, she took a leave of absence last spring to appear in a production of *Call Me Madam*—with Ethel Merman—at L. A.'s prestigious Carousel Theater.

Bunnies Kathy, Candy and Sam aren't exceptions: The Bunnies of Hollywood are a stunning cross section of the beautiful, sun-browned girls of California, open with themselves and with anyone they like and zestfully involved in



*"Just tell the Senator I represent five thousand nudists in his state."*

the pleasures and variety of the benign world around them. Camera Bunny Shannon Gaughan, for example, went to Los Angeles after a year at San Jose City Junior College and more than a year "studying people, keeping a diary and just relaxing" in the North Beach area of her home town, San Francisco. "I've kept my journal for six years now, in about 20 big, three-ring notebooks," Shannon says. "It's great to look back and see exactly where I've changed." One recent change is a wholehearted commitment to an acting career: She played the lead in a short film by West Coast moviemaker Mel Henke and has brightened *The Man from U. N. C. L. E.* as well as several TV commercials. A brand-new part of her training finds Shannon front-row center every chance she gets at the Ahmanson Theater or the circular Mark Taper Forum, twin drama showcases that opened last spring to complete the vast Los Angeles Music Center.

Most of the Bunnies with stardom in their eyes elect to leave their days free for shooting and work evenings at the Club. But the business and professional men who hie themselves to the hutch (in Southern California, a 50-mile drive for a lunch date is S.O.P.) for a lavish noon-time smorgasbord in the Living Room or for a steak upstairs in the Playroom, are still able to enjoy the company of cottontails they caught on TV the night before. Daytime Bunny Annazette Chase, for instance, whose dark-brown hair and sienna eyes have delighted keyholders since the Club opened on the last night of 1964, played the well-remembered role of Mrs. Adams in *Hotel* and smaller parts in *Ben Casey*, *Mr. Novak*, *The Eleventh Hour* and—like Shannon—*The Man from U. N. C. L. E.*

Noon-hour Bunny De (pronounced "Dee") Russell describes herself as "a little bit of beatnik, a little bit of Hollywood and a little bit of Hell's Angels"—which sounds like low camp but on De looks good. Despite an aversion to early-morning shooting assignments, De's handled small parts on *Wagon Train* and *My Three Sons*, as well as highly visible frug-ons in a recent *Beach Party* epic. She's hoping for more substantial roles in the future, but meantime has no trouble keeping occupied. De lives 100 yards from swinging Playa del Rey Beach and—when she isn't polishing her Honda—can be spotted in any crowd of surfers.

After Annazette, De and the other daytime Bunnies serve the last Club lunches around three, the next few hours find the heaviest concentration of keyholders in the first-floor Playmate Bar—

surrounded by those delightfully familiar transparencies. Dianne Danford, Joni Mattis and China Lee are among the Playmates who have graduated from the home of their picture gallery to impressive new careers. Among the current Playmate-Bunnies is Sharon Rogers, L.A.'s Bumper-Pool Bunny. Sharon, who was featured in four PLAYBOY pictorials within 13 months, discovered Los Angeles' climate shortly after her January 1964 centerfold appearance. She decided she'd rather switch than fight Chicago winters, although it meant leaving twin jobs as an Assistant Photo Editor for PLAYBOY and as a Bunny at the premier Playboy Club. Now, after roles in one film and two TV shows, she's devoting her time outside the Club to horseback riding, chess—and the raising of a future star. Sharon's married to a Hollywood comedy writer and, with only a little urging, will produce rushes of their young son, Brandon, being jiggled on Jimmy Stewart's knee in scenes from the recently released *Fury at Firecreek*.

In terms of gatefold appearances, Gwen Wong, PLAYBOY's Miss April 1967, is the most recent of the Hollywood Playmate-Bunnies. Her exquisite, classically Oriental features are recognized wherever she goes—and she still gets a packet of fan mail every day. "A lot of the letters are from soldiers in Vietnam," she says. "I wish I could tell you how warm their appreciation makes me feel." Gwen's five-foot stature makes her the tiniest Bunny in the hutch, and her friend and hutchmate Marilyn Mason is only an inch taller. (Marilyn's appearance in Gwen's Playmate feature has also provoked considerable audience reaction; although her auburn hair and electric blue-green eyes were lost in the centerfold story's black-and-white photos, Marilyn attracted enough attention to land a string of TV-commercial assignments.) Gwen and Marilyn are still taking road trips into the heartland of the West—like the journey described in Gwen's Playmate story. As Gwen says, "I'm romantic enough to drive 100 miles out of my way just to see a beautiful grove of trees." For Playmate-Bunny Astrid Schulz (September 1964), the best playground in the world starts a couple of miles due west of the hutch. Astrid is one of the Club's several scuba fans, all of whom are impressive in or out of a wet suit. After underwater initiation on the sandy ocean floor off Los Angeles, Astrid let Bunny Irene Taylor persuade her to explore the reefs of Catalina Island, 25 miles offshore. "It's like a yellow jungle," Irene says of her favorite diving spot. "The most beautiful sight is a school of small fish turning off in one direction at once, catching the sun like 10,000 diamonds."

Astrid herself discovered L.A. after

schooling in her native Holland, where she was a champion gymnast, and in Paris, where she studied ballet. "But after I became a Playmate, I went out on some promotions," she recounts, "and discovered that what I really want to do is work in public relations. When I was in the movies"—*A House Is Not a Home*, *The Art of Love*, *Sergeant Deadhead the Astronaut!*—"one of the studios wanted to sign me to a contract, but you lose your independence, so I didn't sign. I like contact with different people so much that I can't tie myself to a few."

Astrid's only complaint about her new—and now permanent—home town is "the funny guys," which is her Dutch-American description of the long-haired types who temporarily occupied the Strip en masse a year ago. The best thing about her year at the Hollywood hutch, Astrid says, is the Continental atmosphere in the second-floor VIP Room, where she can converse with the room's international clientele in all four of the languages in which she is fluent (Dutch, French, German and English) and even a little of the Spanish she's now learning.

Nancy Scott, the Hollywood VIP Room's second Playmate-Bunny, proves how easy it is to create a private universe divorced from an outsider's clichés about Los Angeles. "Billboards, unattractive architecture and freeways are my pet peeves," Miss March 1964 says, "but by centering my life around the Club and my house in the hills, I can manage to avoid almost all of them completely. Of course, I have to spend a half hour or so every day on the freeways, but they're not bad at four in the afternoon and two in the morning." A medical technician when PLAYBOY discovered her, dark-blond Nancy joined the hutch soon after her Playmate appearance and her decision that—since she wasn't ready to go on to become a doctor—she could do as much for general health in Bunny satin as in nurse's white.

The VIP Room's Latin-affairs expert—an important role in a city that hosts thousands of south-of-the-border businessmen and officials—is Colombian Ilva Tarud. Bunny Ilva is endeavoring to parlay her fine features and cascading honey-blond hair into a career as "a really top-notch model"—which entails a steady routine of dancing classes, horseback riding and careful attention to her graceful figure. "I think the thing I miss most about Barranquilla," Ilva says of the Colombian city she left two years ago, "is the siesta. Los Angeles is wonderful for satisfying ambitions, but I'm still trying hard to get used to the pace."

Demure, dark-blond Charlotte Bovenkamp, who came to L.A. from Hamburg, divides her time between "doing sketches of friends or of the city from

# There are TWO New Stars

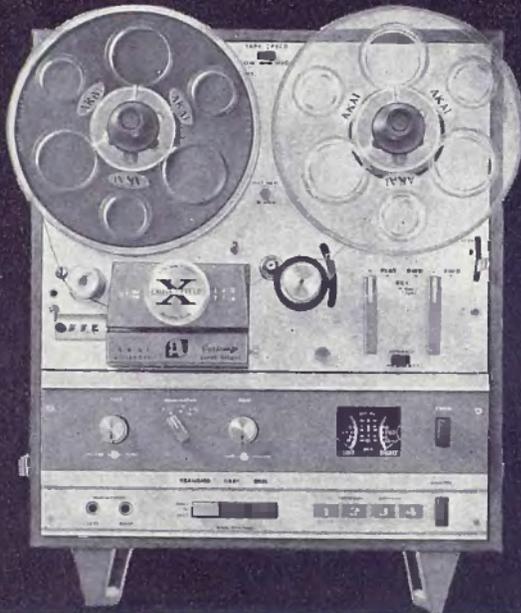
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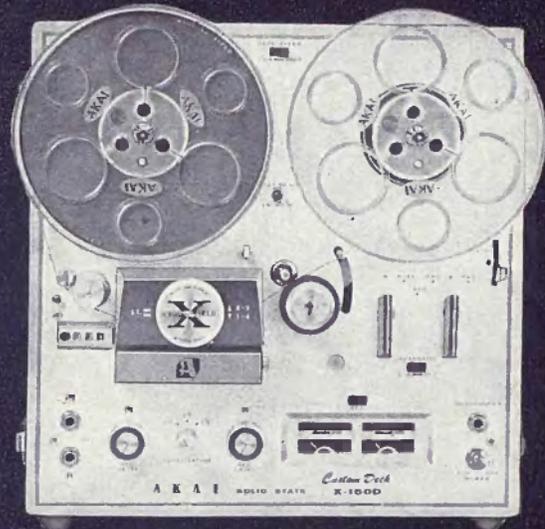
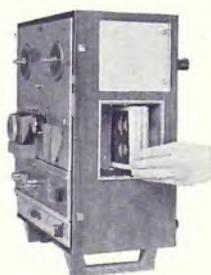
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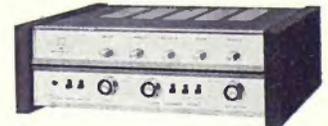
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**MODEL X-150D**

### FEATURES:

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the balcony of my apartment," and her VIP Room duties, among which she includes a refresher course in German for one of her colleagues, Tami Lee. A tall, green-eyed beauty with a 37-25-36 figure, Tami discovered the land of *Liebfraumilch und Lieder* during a full year's sabbatical after college at Brigham Young and the University of Oregon. (In fact, precisely two thirds of the Bunnies of Hollywood have completed a year or more of college study—mostly in liberal arts—a mark that holds its own among the 16 other links in the key chain.) "German is beautiful," Tami says, "but I knew I'd settle in a large American city. Los Angeles is perfect. I had a Wild West childhood in Montrose, Colorado, and here, just like back home, I can go horseback riding and skiing throughout the year."

The international flavor of the VIP Room spills over into the Club's third-story Penthouse, through the second-floor Playroom and down into the Living Room below. Cocktail Bunny Françoise Bouley, whose Parisian features hint at her Gallic origins even before her accent confirms them, left her native Le Havre a year ago and, after returning for one visit, has decided to make Hollywood her home—with a vengeance: She spends much of her free time behind the walnut wheel of her newly acquired Firebird. "I love driving, as long as I can go fast," she says, "and I'm really glad I'm in a part of the country where I can ski on both snow and water. I don't know if it's California or the whole U. S. A., but I love the way everything is in *motion* here."

Two other living embodiments of L. A.'s dedication to outdoor avocations—Bunnies Toni Macdonald and Chere Davis—each live within blocks of the sea, Toni in Malibu Canyon and Chere within strolling distance of Kathy Foster's Long Beach digs. For a couple of months one high school summer, Toni lived in a Volkswagen bus just to be in Big Sur, "the most beautiful place on earth." But Malibu, with its famous beach and its rugged canyon in the foothills of the Santa Monica mountains, runs a close second, Toni says—a happy circumstance for the L. A. keyholders and their guests who decide to take home a souvenir of their night at the Club from the Gift Shop Toni usually attends. Chere shares her beach house with "Ralphie the white rat, Touche the turtle and Maja the dog. I had a skunk, too—Sweet Pea—but he seemed to upset people, like my landlady, so I had to give him to the zoo." At 5' 9", with real California blonde hair and bright-blue eyes, Chere is the tallest of a half-dozen L. A. Bunnies, including Toni, who can best be described as the kind of girl Jax' Jack Hanson makes

clothes for and Roger Vadim makes movies about.

Tall, green-eyed Kelly Cochran spends the bulk of her off-time shuttling between the ski slopes of northern California and the desert resort of Palm Springs in her 1956 black Morgan. "That car is just like a baby," Kelly says. "You have to treat it gently or it'll throw a tantrum—or a piston." Kelly has been in and out of Hawaii all her life but, she says, "I've finally decided not to settle there, despite the weather and the beaches and the wonderful people, because you get too lazy. It's so easy to live on the islands that you wind up hardly living at all." Bunny Geri Monticelli's 5' 5" stature is only half an inch over the hutch norm, but her long-legged Grecian figure and flowing black hair create the sense of tallness that is one of the Hollywood Bunnies' uncommon denominators. Also aiding the illusion, in Geri's case, are the tall but true tales (her best is about being kidnapped in Cairo), which she remembers from the years when she accompanied her missionary father around the world.

Though they're natives of, respectively, New Orleans, Latvia and Inglewood, California, the same tanned, Southern California glow shines in Bunnies Beth Mell, Iris Niedra and Sandy Speth. Beth—who's table-hopped at six Clubs during her several years in satin—says she'll stay in L. A., because the horseback-riding trails and beaches on which she spends the biggest slice of her off-duty time are so near at hand and so unspoiled. Iris and Sandy have also Bunny-hopped elsewhere (Iris garnered Bunny-of-the-Year honors at the Playboy Club of Miami in 1965) and they, too, have decided that the good life finds its most complete expression in Southern California. Their own completeness—a winning parlay of beauty and brains—is as multifaceted as the life they lead. It comes as no surprise, for example, when Iris interrupts an account of her enthusiasm for boating and skiing with astute observations on the Sunset Strip teeny-bopper scene: "The teenagers *should* have a place to get together," Iris says, "where they can dance, meet each other or just stand around and be seen if they want to. What happened a year ago was that the kids were *used*, especially by the TV news crews that visited the Strip on the two riot weekends. The total property damage on the worst night was something like \$50, and that was done when a newscaster suggested that a knot of kids start rocking a bus because it would make good footage."

"There are a lot of crazy things in this city," Bunny Sandy says, "but the people here—at least those we see in the Club—are independent, articulate and relaxed. I think it's because it's so easy to get away from the neon and concrete. I've always been a beach person—my

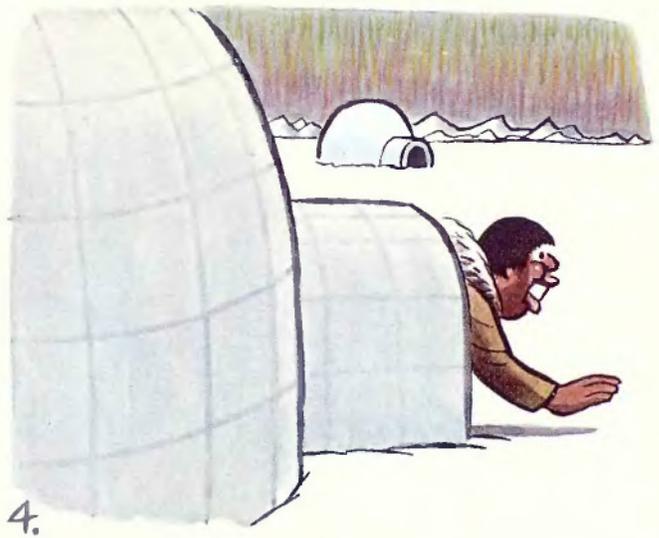
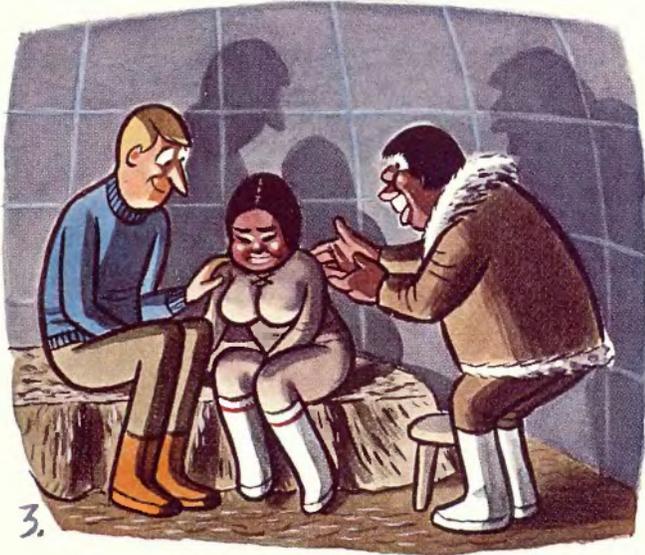
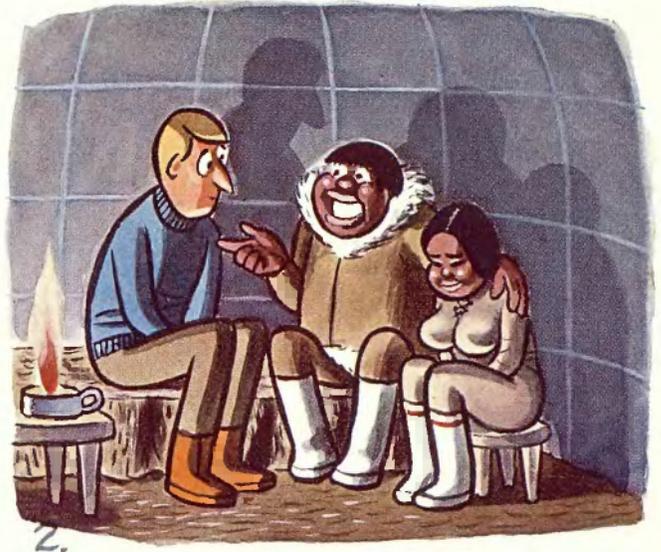
perfect day would be sunning all day and then going out to Redondo Pier for smoked fish and beer—but now I'm learning to ski, too. Sure, I'm hung up on cars, like everyone else in L. A.—in fact, my brother and I have gone through two engines in our dragster; but what's wrong with a little speed?"

The Bunnies haven't entered racing teams at any of the area's tracks yet, but they've tried their luck at bicycle racing, basketball and even broom ball and are probably the most active of the cotton-tail contingents around the world who form athletic teams for their own fun—and for charity's profit. "I think the biggest thrill of my life," says baseball-playing Bunny Mei-Ling Leung, whose 35-24-35 figure and jet-black hair couldn't be hidden in her catcher's rig, "was when I caught a pop-up that won the game we played against a team of disc jockeys—in front of 35,000 people!" Bunny Kippi Hake—who starred in a Bunny-promotion soccer game early this fall and is perhaps the most versatile hutch athlete—comes to her skill naturally: After high school in her home town, Madison, Wisconsin, and a year and a half of college, Kippi joined the circus. "I really didn't run away to the circus," she says, "but I guess part of the reason for joining was the same yen for adventure a little boy feels. I was in the production unit of the Ringling Brothers Circus. When they lost a girl from their trapeze act, they trained me into it. It was great fun for a couple of years, but then I decided to swing a little less literally—like here at the Club and in the Bunny sports events." As sportswriter Frank Lieberman of L. A.'s *Southland* magazine wrote in a recent article titled *The Bunnies at Play*: "They may not be the world's best athletes, but there's no denying they're in the best shape." In another voluntary, communal effort, the Bunnies of Los Angeles—like Bunnies throughout the Playboy chain—put aside part of their Bunny lettuce to support underprivileged children in countries from Greece to South Vietnam.

"It's a unique city," one keyholder has said, "warm enough and sprawling enough so that the pace is relaxed and everyone—if he can avoid the freeways at rush hour—has plenty of elbow room. And new enough to be kookie and exciting—in the worst and best senses. The Bunnies make a terrific symbol for the good things about their town. And, you know, I think they're the best-looking Bunnies in any of the Playboy Clubs around the country, but I guess you can't print that." Quite the contrary.

*If you would like to become a Playboy Bunny and if you meet minimum age requirements, please contact the Bunny Mother at the Playboy Club nearest you.*





THE LECTURE *(continued from page 184)*

citizen gets out his citizenship papers and studies his own photograph, as if trying to convince himself that the document is not a false one.

One or two passengers venture to step out of the train, but they sink up to their knees into the snow. It does not take long before they clamber back into the car. The twilight lingers for a while, then night falls.

I see people using the weather as a pretext for striking up acquaintance. Women begin to talk among themselves and there is sudden intimacy. The men have also formed a group. Everyone picks up bits of information. People offer each other advice. But nobody pays any attention to me. I sit alone, a victim of my own isolation, shyness and alienation from the world. I begin to read a book, and this provokes hostility, for reading a book at such a time seems like a challenge and an insult to the other passengers. I exclude myself from society, and all the faces say to me silently: You don't need us and we don't need you. Never

mind, you will still have to turn to us, but we won't have to turn to you. . . .

I open my large, heavy valise, take out the bottle of cognac and take a stealthy sip now and then. After that, I lean my face against the cold windowpane and try to look out. But all I see is the reflection of the interior of the car. The world outside seems to have disappeared. The solipsistic philosophy of Bishop Berkeley has won over all the other systems. Nothing remains but to wait patiently until God's idea of a train halted in its tracks by snowdrifts will give way to God's ideas of movement and arrival.

Alas for my lecture! If I come in the middle of the night, there will not even be anyone waiting for me. I shall have to look for a hotel. If, at least, I had a return ticket. However, was Captain Scott, lost in the polar ice fields, in a better position after Amundsen had discovered the South Pole? How much would Captain Scott have given to be able to sit in a brightly lit railway car? No, one must not sin by complaining.

The cognac has made me warm. Drunken fumes rise from an empty stomach to the brain. I am awake and dozing at the same time. Whole minutes drift away, leaving only a blur. I hear talk, but I don't quite know what it means. I sink into blissful indifference. For my part, the train can stand here for three days and three nights. I have a box of crackers in my valise. I will not die of hunger. Various themes float through my mind. Something within me mutters dreamlike words and phrases.

The diesel engine must be straining forward. I am aware of dragging, knocking, growling sounds, as of a monstrous ox, a legendary steel bull. Most of the passengers have gone to the bar or the restaurant car, but I am too lazy to get up. I seem to have grown into the seat. A childish obstinacy takes possession of me: I'll show them all that I am not affected by any of this commotion; I am above the trivial happenings of the day.

Everyone who passes by—from the rear cars to the front, or the other way—glances at me; and it seems to me that each one forms some judgment of his own about the sort of person I am. But does anyone guess that I am a Yiddish writer late for his lecture? This, I am sure, occurs to no one. This is known only to the higher powers.

I take another sip, and another. I have never understood the passion for drinking, but now I see what power there is in alcohol. This liquid holds within itself the secrets of nirvana. I no longer look at my wrist watch. I no longer worry about a place to sleep. I mock in my mind the lecture I had prepared. What if it is not delivered? People will hear fewer lies! If I could open the window, I would throw the manuscript out into the woods. Let the paper and ink return to the cosmos, where there can be no errors and no lies. Atoms and molecules are guiltless; they are a part of the divine truth. . . .

The train arrived exactly at half past two. No one was waiting for me. I left the station and was caught in a blast of icy night wind that no coat or sweaters could keep out. All taxis were immediately taken. I returned to the station, prepared to spend the night sitting on a bench.

Suddenly I noticed a lame woman and a young girl looking at me and pointing with their fingers. I stopped and looked back. The lame woman leaned on two thick, short canes. She was wrinkled, disheveled, like an old woman in Poland, but her black eyes suggested that she was more sick and broken than old. Her clothes also reminded me of Poland. She wore a sort of sleeveless fur jacket. Her shoes had toes and heels I had not seen in years. On her shoulders she wore a fringed woolen shawl, like one of my mother's. The young woman, on the



*"Their romance had a tragic ending—marriage."*

other hand, was stylishly dressed, but also rather slovenly.

After a moment's hesitation, I approached them.

The girl said:

"Are you Mr. N.?"

I answered, "Yes, I am."

The lame woman made a sudden movement, as though to drop her canes and clap her hands. She immediately broke into a wailing cry so familiar to me:

"Dear Father in heaven!" she sang out. "I was telling my daughter it's he, and she said no. I recognized you! Where were you going with the valise? It's a wonder you came back. I'd never have forgiven myself! Well, Binele, what do you say now? Your mother still has some sense. I am only a woman, but I am a rabbi's daughter, and a scholar has an eye for people. I took one look and I thought to myself—it's he! But nowadays the eggs are cleverer than the chickens. She says to me: 'No, it can't be.' And in the meantime, you disappear. I was already beginning to think, myself: Who knows, one's no more than human, anybody can make a mistake. But when I saw you come back, I knew it was you. My dear man, we've been waiting here since half past seven in the evening. We weren't alone; there was a whole group of teachers, educators, a few writers, too. But then it grew later and later and people went home. They have wives, children. Some have to get up in the morning to go to work. But I said to my daughter, 'I won't go. I won't allow my favorite writer, whose every word I treasure as a pearl, to come here and find no one waiting for him. If you want, my child,' I said to her, 'you can go home and go to bed.' What's a night's sleep? When I was young, I used to think that if you miss a night's sleep, the world will go under. But Hitler taught us a lesson. He taught us a lesson I won't forget until I lie with shards over my eyes. You look at me and you see an old, sick woman, a cripple, but I did hard labor in Hitler's camps. I dug ditches and loaded railway cars. Was there anything I didn't do? It was there that I caught my rheumatism. At night we slept on plank shelves not fit for dogs, and we were so hungry that——"

"You'll have enough time to talk later, Momma. It's the middle of the night," her daughter interrupted.

It was only then that I took a closer look at the daughter. Her figure and general appearance were those of a young girl, but she was obviously in her late 20s, or even early 30s. She was small, narrow, with yellowish hair combed back and tied into a bun. Her face was of a sickly pallor, covered with freckles. She had yellow eyes, a round forehead, a crooked nose, thin lips and a long chin. Around her neck she wore a mannish scarf. She reminded me of a Hasidic boy.



*"... Right there, in that brown house, is where we lived when my folks moved here from Buffalo in 1937—the little store on the corner used to be Harry's Tailor Shop when I was a boy. Now, as we turn the corner, look to your right and you'll see the Lincoln School I attended until I was fourteen. . . ."*

The few words she spoke were marked by a provincial Polish accent I had already forgotten during my years in America. She made me think of rye bread, caraway seeds, cottage cheese and the water brought by water carriers from the well in pails slung on a wooden yoke over their shoulders. I said:

"Thank you, but I have patience to listen."

"When my mother begins to talk about those years, she can talk for a week and a day——"

"Hush, hush, your mother isn't as crazy as you think. It's true, our nerves were shattered out there. It is a wonder we are not running around stark mad in the streets. But what about her? As you see her, she, too, had been in Auschwitz, waiting for the ovens. I did not even know she was alive. I was sure she was lost, and you can imagine a mother's feelings! I thought she had gone the way of her three brothers; but after the liberation, we found each other. What did they want from us, the beasts? My husband was a holy man, a scribe. My sons worked hard to earn a piece of bread, because inscribing mezuzahs doesn't bring much of an income. My husband, himself, fasted more often than he ate. The glory of God rested on his face. My sons were killed by the murderers——"

"Momma, will you stop or won't you?"

"I'll stop, I'll stop. How much longer will I last, anyway? But she is right: First of all, my dear man, we must take care of you. The president gave me the name of a hotel—they made all the reservations for you—but my daughter didn't hear what he said, and I forgot it.

This forgetting is my misfortune. I put something down and I don't know where. I keep looking for things, and that's how my whole days go by. So maybe, my dear writer, you'll spend the night with us? We don't have such a fine apartment. It's cold, it's shabby. Still, it's better than no place at all. I'd telephone the president, but I'm afraid to wake him up at night. He has such a temper, may he forgive me; he keeps shouting that we aren't civilized. So I say to him: 'The Germans are civilized, go to them. . . .'"

"Come with us, the night is three quarters gone, anyway," the daughter said to me. "He should have written it down instead of just saying it; and if he said it, he should have said it to me, not to my mother. She forgets everything. She puts on her glasses and cries, 'Where are my glasses?' Sometimes I have to laugh. Let me have your valise."

"What are you saying? I can carry it myself, it isn't heavy."

"You are not used to carrying things, but I have learned out there to carry heavy loads. If you would see the rocks I used to lift, you wouldn't believe your eyes. I don't even believe it myself anymore. Sometimes it seems to me it was all an evil dream. . . ."

"Heaven forbid, you will not carry my valise. That's all I need. . . ."

"He is a gentleman, he is a fine and gentle man. I knew it at once, as soon as I read him for the first time," the mother said. "You wouldn't believe me, but we read your stories even in the camps. After the War, they began to send us books, and I came across one of your stories. I

don't remember what it was called, but I read it and a darkness lifted off my heart. 'Binele,' I said—she was already with me then—'I've found a treasure.' Those were my words. . . ."

"Thank you, thank you very much."

"Don't thank me, don't thank me. It's we who have to thank you. All the troubles come from people being deaf and blind. They don't see the next man and so they torture him. We are wandering among blind evildoers. . . . Binele, don't let this dear man carry the valise. . . ."

"Yes, please give it to me!"

I had to plead with Binele to let me carry it. She almost tried to pull it out of my hands.

We went outside and a taxi drove up. It was not easy to get the mother into it. I still cannot understand how she had managed to come to the station. I had to lift her up and put her in. In the process, she dropped one of her canes, and Binele and I had to look for it in the snow. The driver had already begun to grumble and scold in his Canadian French. Afterward, the car began to pitch and roll over dimly lit streets, covered with snow and overgrown with mountains of ice. The tires had chains on them, but the taxi skidded backward several times.

We finally drove into a street that was reminiscent of a small town in Poland: murky, narrow, with wooden houses. The sick woman hastily opened her purse, but I paid before she had time to take out her money. Both women chided me, and the driver demanded that we get out as quickly as possible.

I virtually had to carry the crippled woman out of the taxi. Again, we had to look for her cane in the deep snow. Afterward, her daughter and I half led, half dragged her up a flight of steps. They opened the door and I was suddenly enveloped in odors I had long forgotten: moldy potatoes, rotting onions, chicory and something else I could not even name. In some mysterious way, the mother and daughter had managed to bring with them the whole atmosphere of wretched poverty from their old home in Poland.

They lit a kerosene lamp and I saw an apartment with tattered wallpaper, a rough wooden floor and spider webs in every corner. The kerosene stove was out and the rooms were drafty. On a bench nearby stood cracked pots, chipped plates, cups without handles. I even caught sight of a besom on a pile of sweepings. No stage director. I thought, could have done a better job of reproducing such a scene of old-country misery. Binele began to apologize:

"What a mess, no? We were in such a hurry to get to the station, we didn't even have time to wash the dishes. And what's the good of washing or cleaning here, anyway? It's an old, run-down shanty. The landlady knows only one thing: to come for the rent every month. If you're late one day, she's ready to cut your throat. Still, after everything we went through over there, this is a palace. . . ."

And Binele laughed, exposing a

mouthful of widely spaced teeth with gold fillings that must have been made when she was still across the ocean.

. . . .

They made my bed on a folding cot in a tiny room with barred windows. Binele covered me with two blankets and spread my coat on top of them. But it was still as cold as outside. I lay under all the coverings and could not warm up.

Suddenly I remembered my manuscript. Where was the manuscript of my lecture? I had had it in the breast pocket of my coat. Afraid to sit up, lest the cot should collapse, I tried to find it. But the manuscript was not there. I looked in my jacket, which hung on a chair nearby, but it was not there either. I was certain that I had not put it into the valise, for I had opened the valise only to get the cognac. I had intended to open it for the Customs officers, but they had only waved me on, to indicate it was not necessary.

It was clear to me that I had lost the manuscript. But how? The mother and daughter had told me that the lecture was postponed to the next day, but what would I read? There was only one hope: Perhaps it had dropped on the floor when Binele was covering me with the coat. I felt the floor, careful of making a sound, but the cot creaked at the slightest movement. It even seemed to me that it began to creak in advance, when I only thought of moving. Inanimate things are not really inanimate. . . .

The mother and daughter were evidently not asleep. I heard a whispering, a mumbling from the next room. They were arguing about something quietly, but about what?

The loss of the manuscript, I thought, was a Freudian accident. I was not pleased with the essay from the very first. The tone I took in it was too grandiloquent. Still, what was I to talk about that evening? I might get confused from the very first sentences, like that speaker who had said from the stage, "Peretz was a peculiar man," and could not utter another word.

If only I could sleep! I had not slept the previous night, either. When I have to make a public appearance, I don't sleep for nights. The loss of the manuscript was a real catastrophe! I tried to close my eyes, but they kept opening by themselves. Something bit me; but as soon as I wanted to scratch, the cot shook and screamed like a sick man in pain.

I lay there, silent, stiff, wide-awake. A mouse scratched somewhere in a hole, and then I heard a sound, as of some beast with saw and fangs trying to saw through the floor boards. A mouse could not have raised such noise. It was some monster trying to cut down the foundations of the building. . . .

"Well, this adventure will be the end



"I suppose everything you said last night has no meaning now."



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of me!" I said to myself. "I won't come out of here alive."

I lay benumbed, without stirring a limb. My nose was stuffed and I was breathing the icy air of the room through my mouth. My throat felt constricted. I had to cough, but I did not want to disturb the mother and daughter. A cough might also bring down the ramshackle cot. . . . Well, let me imagine that I had remained under Hitler in wartime. Let me get some taste of that, too. . . .

I imagined myself somewhere in Treblinka or Maidanek. I had done hard labor all day long. Now I was lying on a plank shelf. Tomorrow there would probably be a "selection," and since I was no longer well, I would be sent to the ovens. . . . I mentally began to say goodbye to the few people close to me. I must have dozed off, for I was awakened by loud cries. Binele was shouting: "Momma! Momma! Momma! . . ." The door flew open and Binele called me:

"Help me! Mother is dead! . . ."

I wanted to jump off the cot, but it collapsed under me; and instead of jumping, I had to raise myself. I cried: "What happened?"

Binele screamed: "She is cold! Where are the matches? Call a doctor! Call a doctor! Put on the light! Oh, Momma! . . . Momma! Momma! . . ."

I never carry matches with me, since I do not smoke. I went in my pajamas to the bedroom. In the dark, I collided with Binele. I asked her: "How can I call a doctor?"

She did not answer, but opened the door into the hallway and shouted, "Help, people, help! My mother is dead! . . ." She cried with all her strength, as women cry in the Jewish small towns in Poland, but nobody responded. I tried to look for matches, knowing in advance that I would not find them in this strange house. Binele returned and we collided again in the dark. She clung to me with unexpected force and wailed:

"Help! Help! . . . I have nobody else in the world! She was all I had! . . ."

And she broke into a wild lament, leaving me stunned and speechless.

"Find a match! Light the lamp!" I finally cried out, although I knew that my words were wasted.

"Call a doctor! Call a doctor!" she screamed, undoubtedly realizing herself the senselessness of her demand.

She half led, half pulled me to the bed where her mother lay. I put out my hand and touched her body. I began to look for her hand, found it and tried to feel her pulse, but there was no pulse. The hand hung heavy and limp. It was cold as only a dead thing is cold. Binele seemed to understand what I was doing and kept silent for a while.

"Well, well? She's dead? . . . She's dead! . . . She had a sick heart! . . . Help me! Help me! . . ."

"What can I do? I can't see anything!"

I said to her, and my words seemed to have double meaning.

"Help me! . . . Help me! . . . Momma! . . ."

"Are there no neighbors in the house?" I asked.

"There is a drunkard over us. . . ."

"Perhaps we can get matches from him? . . ."

Binele did not answer. I suddenly became aware of how cold I felt. I had to put something on or I would catch pneumonia. I shivered and my teeth chattered. I started out for the room where I had slept, but found myself in the kitchen. I returned and nearly threw Binele over. She was, herself, half-naked. Unwittingly, I touched her breast.

"Put something on!" I told her. "You'll catch a cold! . . ."

"I do not want to live! I do not want to live! . . . She had no right to go to the station! . . . I begged her, but she is so stubborn. . . . She had nothing to eat. She would not even take a glass of tea. . . . What shall I do now? Where shall I go? . . . Oh, Momma, Momma! . . ."

Then, suddenly, it was quiet. Binele must have gone upstairs to knock on the drunkard's door. I remained alone with a corpse in the dark. A long-forgotten terror possessed me. I had the eerie feeling that the dead woman was trying to approach me, to seize me with her cold hands, to clutch at me and drag me off to where she was now. After all, I was responsible for her death. The strain of coming out to meet me had killed her. I started toward the outside door, as though ready to run out into the street. I stumbled on a chair and struck my knee. Bony fingers stretched after me. Strange beings screamed at me silently. There was a ringing in my ears and saliva filled my mouth as though I were about to faint.

Strangely, instead of coming to the outside door, I found myself back in my room. My feet stumbled on the flattened cot. I bent down to pick up my overcoat and put it on. It was only then that I realized how cold I was and how cold it was in that house. The coat was like an ice bag against my body. I trembled as with ague. My teeth clicked, my legs shook. I was ready to fight off the dead woman, to wrestle with her in mortal combat. I felt my heart hammering frighteningly loud and fast. No heart could long endure such violent knocking. I thought that Binele would find two corpses when she returned, instead of one.

I heard talk and steps and saw a light. Binele had brought down the upstairs neighbor. She had a man's coat over her shoulders. The neighbor carried a burning candle. He was a huge man, dark, with thick black hair and a long nose. He was barefoot and wore a bathrobe over his pajamas. What struck me most

in my panic was the enormous size of his feet. He went to the bed with his candle and shadows danced after him and wavered across the dim ceiling.

One glance at the woman told me that she was dead. Her face had altered completely. Her mouth had become strangely thin and sunken; it was no longer a mouth, but a hole. The face was yellow, rigid and claylike. Only the gray hair looked alive. The neighbor muttered something in French. He bent over the woman and felt her forehead. He uttered a single word and Binele began to scream and wail again. He tried to speak to her, to tell her something else, but she evidently did not understand his language. He shrugged his shoulders, gave me the candle and started back. My hand trembled so uncontrollably that the small flame tossed in all directions and almost went out. I let some tallow drip on the wardrobe and set the candle in it. Binele began to tear her hair and let out such a wild lament that I cried angrily at her:

"Stop screaming!"

She gave me a sidelong glance, full of hate and astonishment, and answered quietly and sensibly:

"She was all I had in the world. . . ."

"I know, I understand. . . . But screaming won't help. . . ."

My words appeared to have restored her to her senses. She stood silently by the bed, looking down at her mother. I stood on the opposite side. I clearly remembered that the woman had had a short nose; now it had grown long and hooked, as though death had made manifest a hereditary trait that had been hidden during her lifetime. Her forehead and eyebrows had acquired a new and masculine quality. Binele's sorrow seemed for a while to have given way to stupor. She stared, wide-eyed, as if she did not recognize her own mother.

I glanced at the window. How long could a night last, even a winter night? Would the sun never rise? Could this be the moment of that cosmic catastrophe that David Hume had envisaged as a theoretical possibility? But the panes were just beginning to turn gray. I went to the window and wiped the misty pane. The night outside was already intermingled with blurs of daylight. The contours of the street were becoming faintly visible; piles of snow, small houses, roofs. A street lamp glimmered in the distance, but it cast no light. I raised my eyes to the sky. One half was still full of stars; the other was already flushed with morning. For a few seconds, I seemed to have forgotten all that had happened and gave myself up entirely to the birth of the new day. I saw the stars go out one by one. Streaks of red and rose and yellow stretched across the sky, as in a child's painting.

"What shall I do now? What shall I

*"I was going to put  
him in his place—but  
he found it all by himself."*



*Don Lewis*



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do now?" Binele began to cry again. "Whom shall I call? Where shall I go? Call a doctor! Call a doctor!" And she broke into sobs.

I turned to her.

"What can a doctor do now?"

"But someone should be called."

"You have no relatives?"

"None. I've no one in the world."

"What about the members of your lecture club?"

"They don't live in this neighborhood. . . ."

I went to my room and began to dress. My clothes were icy. My suit, which had been pressed before my journey, was crumpled. My shoes looked like misshapen clodhoppers. I caught sight of my face in a mirror, and it shocked me. It was hollow, dirty, paper-gray, covered with stubble. Outside, the snow began to fall again.

"What can I do for you?" I asked Binele. "I'm a stranger here. I don't know where to go."

"Woe is me! What am I doing to you? You are the victim of our misfortune. I shall go out and telephone the police, but I cannot leave my mother alone."

"I'll stay here."

"You will? She loved you. . . . She never stopped talking about you. . . . All day yesterday. . . ."

I sat down on a chair and kept my eyes away from the dead woman. Binele dressed herself. Ordinarily, I would be afraid to remain alone with a corpse. But I was half frozen, half asleep. I was exhausted after the miserable night. A deep despair came over me. It was a long, long time since I had seen such wretchedness and so much tragedy. My years in America seemed to have been swept away by that one night and I was taken back, as though by magic, to my worst days in Poland, to the bitterest crisis of my life. I heard the outside door close. Binele was gone. I could no longer remain sitting in the room with the dead woman. I ran out to the kitchen. I opened the door leading to the stairs. I stood by the open door as though ready to escape as soon as the corpse began to do those tricks that I had dreaded since childhood. . . . I said to myself that it was foolish to be afraid of this gentle woman, this cripple who had loved me while alive and who surely did not hate me now, if the dead felt anything. But all the boyhood fears were back upon me. My ribs felt chilled, as if some icy fingers moved over them. My heart thumped and fluttered like the spring in a broken clock. . . . Everything within me was strained. The slightest rustle and I would have dashed down the stairs in terror. The door to the street downstairs had glass panes, but they were half frosted over, half misty. A pale glow filtered through them as at dusk. An icy cold came from below. Suddenly I heard steps. The corpse? I wanted to run, but I

realized that the steps came from the upper floor. I saw someone coming down. It was the upstairs neighbor on his way to work, a huge man in rubber boots and a coat with a kind of cowl, a metal lunch box in his hands. He glanced at me curiously and began to speak to me in Canadian French. It was good to be with another human being for a moment. I nodded, gestured with my hands and answered him in English. He tried again and again to say something in his unfamiliar language, as though he believed that if I listened more carefully, I would finally understand him. In the end, he mumbled something and threw up his arms. He went out and slammed the door. Now I was all alone in the whole house.

What if Binele should not return? I began to toy with the fantasy that she might run away. Perhaps I'd be suspected of murder? Everything was possible in this world. I stood with my eyes fixed on the outside door. I wanted only one thing now—to return as quickly as possible to New York. My home, my job seemed totally remote and insubstantial, like memories of a previous incarnation. Who knows? Perhaps my whole life in New York had been no more than a hallucination? I began to search in my breast pocket. . . . Did I lose my citizenship papers, together with the text of my lecture? I felt a stiff paper. Thank God, the citizenship papers are here. I could have lost them, too. This document was now testimony that my years in America had not been an invention.

Here is my photograph. And my signature. Here is the Government stamp. True, these were also inanimate, without life, but they symbolized order, a sense of belonging, law. I stood in the doorway and, for the first time, really read the paper that made me a citizen of the United States. I became so absorbed that I had almost forgotten the dead woman. Then the outside door opened and I saw Binele, covered with snow. She wore the same shawl that her mother had worn yesterday.

"I cannot find a telephone! . . ."

She broke out crying. I went down to meet her, slipping the citizenship papers back into my pocket. Life had returned. The long nightmare was over. I put my arms around Binele and she did not try to break away. I became wet from the melting snow. We stood there midway up the stairs and rocked back and forth—a lost Yiddish writer and a victim of Hitler and of my ill-starred lecture. I saw a number tattooed above her wrist and heard myself saying:

"Binele, I won't abandon you. . . . I swear by the soul of your mother. . . ."

Binele's body became limp in my arms. She raised her eyes and whispered: "Why did she do it? She just waited for your coming. . . ."



## DANCE WITH A STRANGER

(continued from page 210)

dreamily, in the semicircle of Allen's folded legs.

"Beautiful. Oh, baby. I'm beautiful, and so are you, and so is your baby, if you give him half a chance."

"I'm not beautiful. You goddamned beautiful people! Leo, has he given some drug to *mein Kind*?"

I said I didn't think so. Michael, for some reason, had accelerated his rocking and begun giggling.

"He has. He obviously has. Allen, I'll have you incarcerated. I swear. This is worse than statutory rape. You'll get a refresher course in police brutality for this. Turning on minors has gone too far. You've made my son a mutant—the first of the teeny-weeny-boppers. I'll expose you in *True Confessions*, you perverted junkie. 'MY BROTHER-IN-LAW BLEW MY BABY'S MIND.'"

Allen was convulsed with laughter. They really like each other terrifically. In the kitchen, Jessica sloshed boiling water into some cups on a tray. "STP? Coffee?"

"I don't do coffee," Allen said, suddenly quiet again. "I'm doing grains now." He'd been on a macrobiotic diet for a few months.

"How's about a little brown rice and poppy petals 'on sisal to go?" Jessica asked, bringing in the tray with two cups. "You know why you're not insane? Because this state recognizes only two legitimate symptoms of insanity. A, loss of appetite; B, nausea. You're just a punk acidhead. You couldn't get into a zoo any faster than you could get into Princeton."

"Gaining admittance to a mental institution would be primarily a matter of show," Allen said, his voice ringing with professorial pomposity. Jessica reached over and took off his pink-tinted sunglasses. She tried them on.

"*La vie en rose*," she simpered. "A little cube'll do ya." They liked to play with each other this way.

"Authoritative corroboration, however, would be quite possible without gaining actual admittance," Allen went on. "For example, I present myself at Bellevue." He stood up, still holding Michael and, turning first one way and then the other, had a little dialog with himself in different voices.

"I wish to be admitted as a lunatic."

"On what grounds, fella?"

"I'm crazy."

"Whaddaya mean, you're crazy? What makes you think so? You eat OK? You nauseous—?"

"Nauseated," interrupted Jessica.

"Uneducated cat. I understand myself to be insane through extensive introspection."

"You got symptoms or what?"

"I should think my own conviction of insanity would be sufficient." After we



"This is the bugged martini olive, and Miss Kranepool, here, is our sophisticated delivery system."

rap a little more of this riff, I am refused admittance to the asylum."

Jessica applauded this verification of her diagnosis. She was, of course, joined by Michael, a b'g clapper, who was more or less slung over Allen's shoulder.

"But sanity has not yet won out on the official score card. For a second doctor, having peripherally observed this interview, approaches the very Kildare who has turned me from the inn."

"What was that all about?"

"Oh, nothing. Just some crazy guy."

Allen plopped down again into his lotus position on the floor, set Michael cowboy style on his shoulders, refilled the pipe, toked and passed it to Jessica. "This is very nice dope," he said. "Zoom you into the stratosphere." All of a sudden, he seemed to notice the pink-tinted sunglasses that Jessica still had on. "Highly gassy shades. Like to get me a pair."

At first we thought he was joking. "They're yours," Jessica said, a bit confused. Allen looked, for an instant, altogether lost. Then he brightened. "They're mine. Certainly they're mine." I noticed then that Allen was sweating unreasonably.

"Why don't you take off your coat, stay for a little soup?" Jessica asked gently. Allen stood up and maneuvered his jacket out from under Michael's legs. His shirt was torn off at both sleeves and his bare arms were covered with criss-crossed scabs, like a wide ski trail seen from a distance. Jessica gasped, then

quickly exaggerated her gasp into a mock gasp.

"You didn't hear on my accident? 'Bout two months back?" Allen asked, beaming like a matron about to exhibit her surgical scar. "'S why they call me *zolar tahn*—bird in space! First I'm peeling around this corner at seventy on my Harley and next I'm just flying through the air at sixty. I look up and my bike is flying through the air, too, maybe a yard above me. Petrified! *Yisgadahl voh Yiskadash*. Death, thou comest when I had thee least in *mind*! I must fly forty feet before I hit the ground, twenty scared out of my tubes—and the next twenty: *digging* it. I suddenly realize I can't be hurt, you know what I mean? I'm untouchable. I got Gardol. My own invisible protective shield! So it's just a dynamite trip. And, like, I'm still going thirty-five when I hit the highway shoulder, fantastic, barreling over the gravel and through some grass and into the woods, tumbling, hitting on every conceivable part of my bod, plowing over bushes and trees—I cut a path like a cannonball—until I stop. And, cousin, I just stand up. Nothing broken. My clothes are ripped to shreds, I'm covered with blood, but I'm loose. And I walk back to my bike, embedded in the dirt 'bout ten yards back, and my *bike* isn't hurt. They couldn't hurt my *bike*! So I sit me down on this rock and light up a joint and pass out. And when I wake up, it's dark and headlights—"

Then the telephone started ringing and Allen jumped as though his nerves were wired up to the Bell System. "I'm

not here to the narcos. I'm not here to any fuzz, in fact, including my probation officer, or to any blood relatives or any blood friends. . . ."

Puffing grass like a smokestack, Jessica went into the bedroom to answer, and after a few seconds, we heard her say, "He's not here. We haven't seen him for weeks."

"Flipped out!" Allen whispered. He'd been kidding. Jessica came back into the big room, still dragging fiendishly on the pipe. She can't get high without making fun of herself. Actually, she doesn't approve.

"It's the motivational researcher," she said, nodding me toward the phone. That's what she calls my brother Geoffrey. They don't get along too well. He thinks she's a Maoist. I went into the bedroom, going through a lot of color changes. It was pretty powerful stuff.

. . . .

"Leo, I hope to hell I didn't wake you," Geoffrey said. His voice was gurgling. "Did I wake you or anything?"

I told him we'd been up with the baby. My voice was gurgling, too.

Geoffrey laughed. "You treat my nephew right, hear?"

I asked him whether he realized it was 4:25 in the morning.

"Yeah. Listen. I never would've buzzed you, Leo—it's just that I've been up till now writing this report: I've got to make a major campaign presentation tomorrow and—he hasn't been around, huh?"

"Who's that?"

"The J. D.," Geoffrey said. "Baby Face Nelson." He always refers to Allen with the names of infamous desperadoes. He does it to be funny. I said that we hadn't heard from him and didn't feel like getting into another hassle.

"You'll hear, sweetheart; you're choiceless in that regard. All in the *mish-pacha*. Now, I don't think he's running from the cops, don't get worried, he'll just be coming over to say goodbye, because he's got this idea he's going to vanish forever into the jungle or someplace. Believe me, I wish to hell I could have sat him down for a good talk when he was here tonight—you know, Dutch uncle—but I've been tied in knots over this report, and I could see right off we were getting nowhere fast. He called me an aborigine! I mean, I've practically supported that kid—"

"He called you a what?"

"An aborigine. A spiritual aborigine, no less. You're still wandering in the caves with a bone in your nose," he says to me. Which is pretty typical, when I've practically supported him for about. . . ."

It was not so much boredom or rudeness as a simple intoxicee's desire for stereo channels that caused me intermittently to hold the phone at arm's length as Geoffrey lectured on, so that his voice became barely prelingual, like an insect's

buzzing drone, and the conversation of my wife and brother, in the next room, swung into the acoustical foreground. I remember reasoning idiotically that if I could catch 60 percent of both conversations, I'd take in a total of 120 percent, putting my high to better advantage. I have a thing about commitment.

On the home front, inevitably, Jessica passed out of her psychedelic-banter phase and into her earnest-radical phase—such was the historic pattern of her intercourse with Allen—and I could hear her exhorting him to straighten out his head (by which she meant purging his blood stream of noxious chemicals) and turn his attention to What Is Important in the World. What is important, to Jessica, is the deep sickness of America, the vulgarity and corruption of her leaders, the evil of her international adventures, the psychic poverty of her middle class, the more palpable privations of her bereft.

There were pauses, of course, but Allen's responses were indistinct, or at least I couldn't make them out: once I thought I heard him tell her she was "on a dynamite trip." But then I was preoccupied with my telephone responsibility, too. From time to time, I grunted acquiescence into the receiver. Geoffrey was outlining for me precisely what advice I must give to our brother when he showed up; he wanted to leave nothing to my own imagination, believing that, as far as Allen was concerned, I possessed enormous sway and pitifully unsound judgment. Through my other ear, I heard names, in Jessica's voice—Schwerner and Chaney and Goodman, Jimmy Lee Jackson, Mrs. Liuzzo, Medgar Evers, Reverend Reed, Meredith, the President, Oswald, Malcolm; Oswald on television in front of 30,000,000 people, Whitman from the Texas tower, the beauty-parlor boy who made his victims lie on the floor in the shape of a star before he finished them with his sawed-off shotgun—and after her catalog of public slaughter, I heard the names of cities: Natchez, New Orleans, Cleveland, Harlem, Detroit; a list of towns she thought might burn all next summer, until police move in with submachine guns, wiping out riots as they start. . . .

"You know he offered me LSD once," Geoffrey asked, "and marijuana twice? It's like the fox who had his tail chopped off! Because where can he be in ten years but in the gutter? I gave him an article—authoritative!—on drug dangers. OK, some may not be addictive right there, but *they set you up* for the hard stuff. Would he read it? He laughed and he *kissed* me! Because I work, I earn my own living, I appreciate a few personal comforts—that means I don't know anything, I can't have a soul. And all he has to do, Leo, forget about the heroin, is get picked up *once*, I don't care how good a lawyer we hire. . . ."

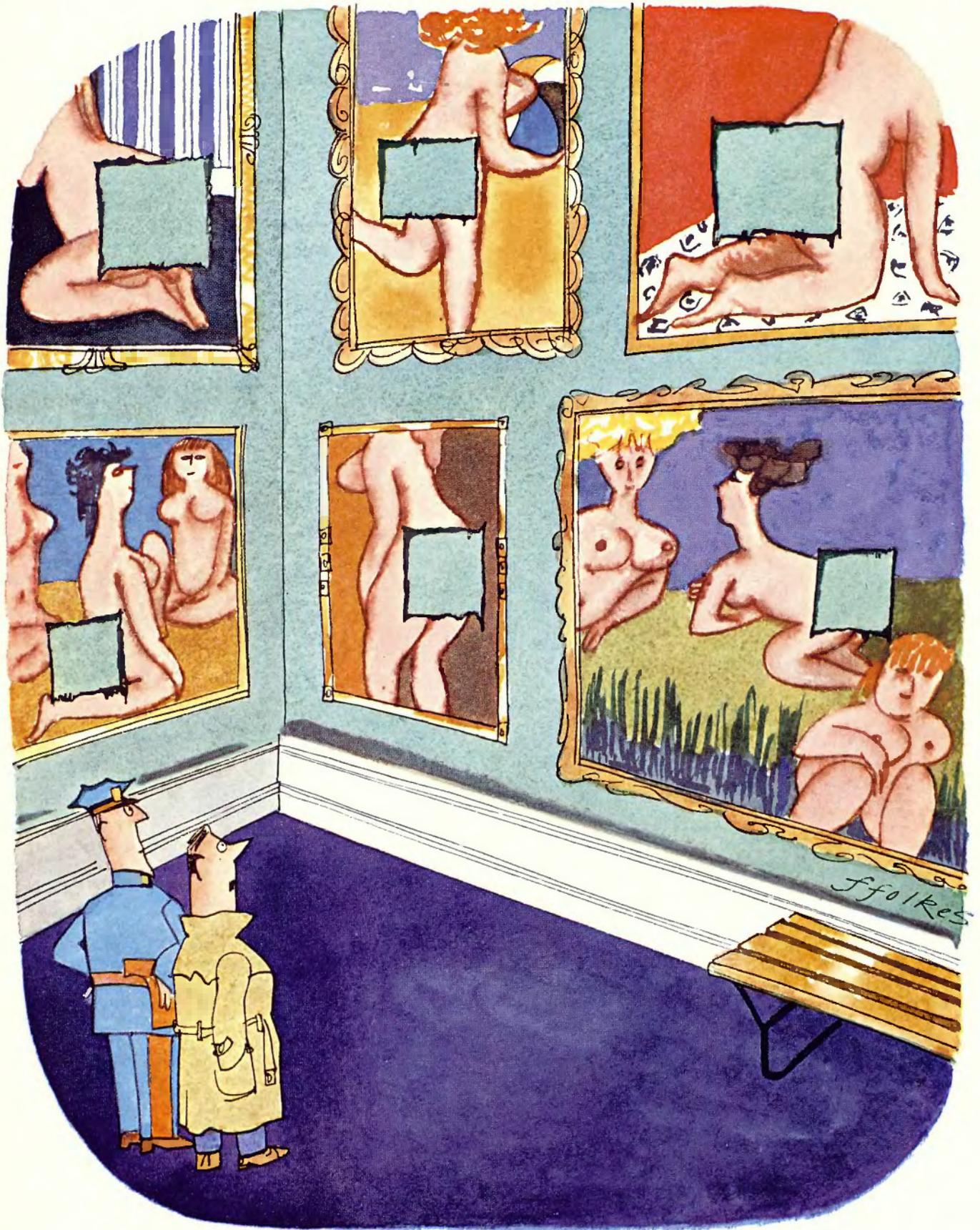
Jessica was talking about Mississippi in the summer of 1964, more quietly now, so I heard only snatches of her sermon. It was the summer before we were married, though, and I'd spent two nightmarish weeks with her in voter registration, so I had my own associations. They were just more distant, more dreamy to me. My wife would have been the sort to stick with the Party after everyone got out, after the Stalin purges, after the Nazi-Soviet Peace Pact of 1939. God, she has stuck with Moses and Foreman, then Carmichael, now Brown through a hundred humiliations and rejections, long after other Movement friends have pulled out, disenchanted, to sow their indignant passions in more receptive fields. Sometimes her black power, or her Lynd power, or her Ho power sound to me like a strange mutation of Antioch power. But her certainty never fails to set some chord vibrating within me, nor does Allen's certainty, for that matter, nor even Geoffrey's, until I begin to resonate chromatically inside, like a great hollow casket. I make no music of my own, then, but become a vacant echo chamber in which the moral authorities of my life reverberate in exponential, ear-rending dissonance.

"Work is life," came Geoffrey's voice. "Even Marx said that. Life is struggle. He can't be a hack-off delinquent sniffing airplane glue forever. Not in jail. Irresponsibility is shit."

Probably Allen doesn't disagree with Jessica's apocalyptic vision of America. Probably I don't, Geoffrey; Geoffrey who grew up listening to the radio, riding the Third Avenue El to a show at the Roxy, dancing check to check—he would have no prescience of the country's slow, sick fall; but perhaps even Geoffrey sensed some vague doom on the periphery of his corporate consciousness.

I was very high. I was having "insights." We were all working, then; Jessica, ineffectually, to combat her vision; I, mindlessly, to record it; Allen, recklessly, to transcend it; Geoffrey, stoically, to deny it. But I am our only bystander, our sidewalk superintendent: pathetic, solutionless. Jessica has her good fight, her noble, futile rightcousness. And my brothers have their own intense diversions, their respective pursuits of oblivion: the older, through triumph on a sorry battlefield; the younger, through *satori* in the forest. I watch, and criticize.

"Why *are* you so chicken to trip out?" I heard myself ask in an absurdly playful voice. Geoffrey was patient; he ignored me. "Why do you think I'm on the phone here with you at practically five o'clock? I'm not in the crusader-rabbit business, racial or otherwise. We work nine to five in my line, eight good hours while the sun shines, and the answer is, frankly, I'm concerned. I'm *deeply* concerned; and if you'd stop for a minute worrying about *humanity* and Negroes



*"Most unusual robbery I can remember."*

in the streets and give a second's thought to your own family, you'd see that that boy is just winding up to throw his life away like it was a greasy resin bag he picked up from behind the mound. Around comes the big right arm and in comes the pitch and Allen's whole market value is going, going, gone. Into the left-field bleachers. And *that's* what will be on your head, as the cliché goes, because you know damn well that I can't talk to him, and Mike can't talk to him, and Mother won't even look at him after the A & P business, and you are the only one who can have a five-minute conversation with that kid and not start losing your hair. But let me tell you something, Leo, you are playing *behind* the left fielder. Your bowels may be in a real uproar because some peasant gets naped or a boogie takes a couple knocks from a cop—"

I asked Geoffrey what it was that Allen had told him that wrought him up so.

"Oh, yeah, right," Geoffrey said.

"Right right right. I'm telling him go back to school, get that degree, what's the point of saying goodbye to me for? And he asks me if I'm happy. This is the way he changes the subject, Leo. This isn't *it* yet or anything, it's just an example of how his mind works. You know what will happen if he gets caught with narcotics, Leo? You want to read about it in the papers?"

I was dizzy. I could hear Jessica giggling in the next room and I knew she had passed out of her earnest-radical phase, into her giddy-turned-on phase, also traditional.

"... So I had to explain to him I was talking about his future, because without that diploma today, you're a dead man, Leo, you know it as well as I do. And he asks me am I happy. Well, very patiently—I talk to him like he was a baby; otherwise, you can't get through—I explain to him that one is not simply 'happy' like that, but you lay the groundwork, you lay the foundation, and so on. And the trouble with his happiness is it has no

foundation, of course, he's just floating on air and the first good breeze—"

"Are you happy or aren't you?" I asked.

"Happy, shmappy, pappy, whappy, what's the matter with you?" Geoffrey answered. "I've got a stinking job, right? You said so yourself. I figure out what makes morons buy breakfast gook, right? I have insomnia very bad, right? *But*, I have a gorgeous apartment—you've been up here, haven't you?—and twenty-one grand per annum: three years, it will be twenty-seven, but don't spread that around. I would be one of the richest bachelors in the city if it weren't for the alimony, practically. OK, I'm not a creative person like you. The point is, Leo, if you want to talk happiness, I'm in a position to get happy—find the right girl, be able to support her, kids—and Allen is in a position to get nothing but a swift kick in the ass from society, and that is exactly—"

"What was it he said when you told him you weren't happy?" I asked. In the next room, Michael squealed with glee.

"Oh, yeah. Get this," Geoffrey said, whispering for emphasis. "'Suppose,' he says to me, 'suppose I disappear into the woods and grow hair all over my body. And suppose in thirty years we meet again some old rainy day—these are his exact words, Leo—and suppose I still feel ecstasy and you still feel the way you feel. What would you do then?'"

I asked, "What would you do?"

"So ask me if I stopped beating my wife, I'll tell you I'm divorced!" Geoffrey yelled. "The question is preposterous and if you'd engage brain—For crying out loud, Leo, it's sick. It's a sick question without foothold in the world of reality, because in three years the way he's going, not thirty years, three, he's going to be right in the ash can with every junkie, with every pervert. . . ." I held the phone away from my ear. Geoffrey was hollering. Geoffrey, what are you hollering? You'll wake up the whole castle. . . .

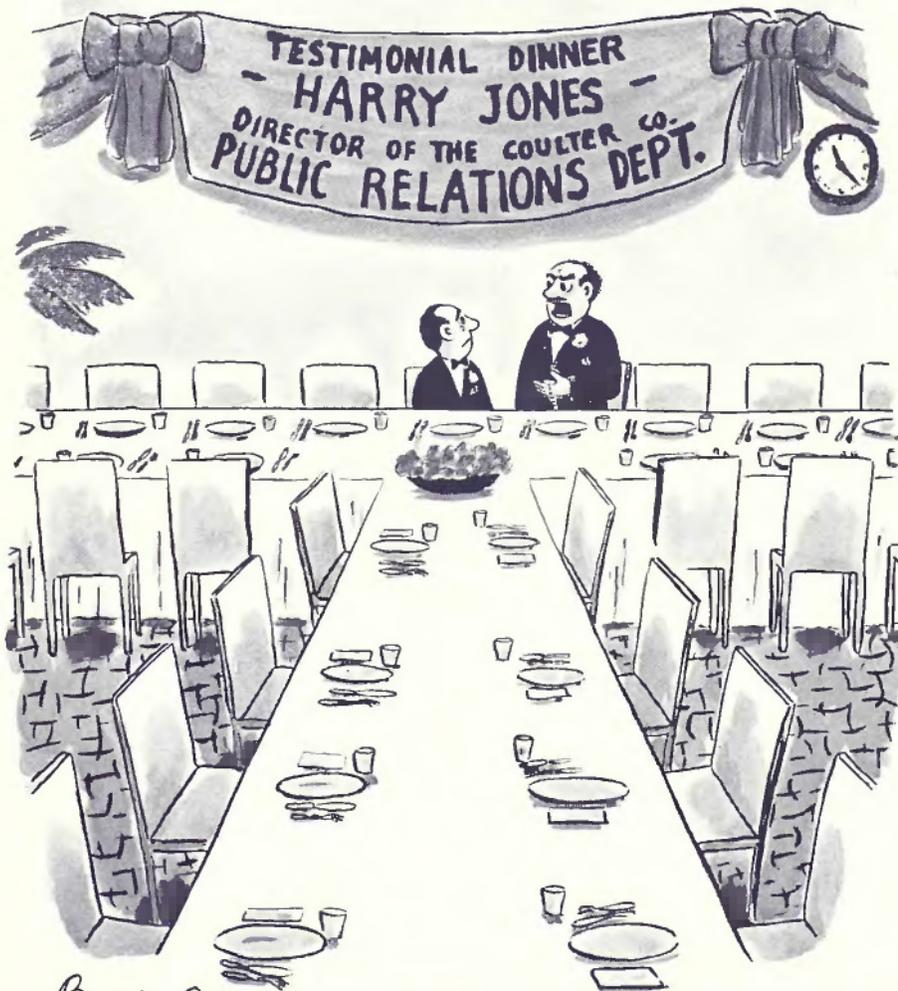
Mostly out of restlessness, I pushed the bedroom door open just a crack, with my foot. Allen's hand was inside the buttons of Jessica's nightgown, on her breast. He was kissing her on the mouth, soft and long. When he finished, he toked languidly on the pipe, handed it to her and kissed Michael the same way.

"... 'If you had any sense,' he says to me, 'if you had any courage, you'd give away what you had and follow me!' Are you getting this, Leo? Does it fit in? With that hair? With that pussycat beard? I have to spell it out for you?"

I didn't answer.

"Why play dummy?" Geoffrey said. "He wants me to give away my belongings and follow him? Be his *disciple*?"

I was still silent. Then Geoffrey's voice became suddenly tired and fraternal.



Buster Miller

"Jones, you're fired!"

"Listen, I know it's late, buddy. I didn't mean to get all hot under the sweat shirt. You know, I would've had a good talk with the kid myself, if I hadn't of had this damn report to blindfold for the firing squad tomorrow."

"Sure."

"Ah. I'm probably blowing up a tempest in a demitasse, anyway. Odds on he won't even show tonight." Geoffrey laughed, for no reason. "So, listen, let's have lunch, why don't we? Sometime this week? Expense account?" Then he hung up and I returned to the big room.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il veut, votre cher frère?*" Jessica asked me. She was lying on her back. Anyone could have told she'd been smoking. She gets zonked on one joint. Michael was sitting on Allen's lap, quiet and grinning. They were all way ahead of me.

"He said we ought to have lunch."

"Lunch. That's too beautiful. That's where they love." Allen wheezed, laughing so hard he made no noise. He was really stoned. "The lunch bag."

"What's so funny?" I asked. "You don't do lunch?" Jessica was laughing, too.

Allen just rocked back and forth convulsively. "Maybe you'd like to share your little joke with the rest of the class," I said. Michael was clapping his hands so fast the beats ran together.

"Yeah, we know that sound. We know that sound. Do *one* hand for us." Allen moaned through his laughter.

"Where are you at?" I asked, feeling uncomfortable with the argot. Jessica was swaying her torso from the waist in languid circles. Everybody was acting crazy.

"Where are you *at*?" I asked again.

"I'm in the happy village."

"Where?"

"The Happy Village!"

I said I didn't know where that was.

Allen bolted upright, his eyes flashing, and brushed the hair from his face. "It's where things are done for you to make you feel good. I love you," he said. "Both of you. Now dig it. There's this village: beautiful, verdant, recreational facilities, free love, civil liberties, everything, man. What you do there is ball, explore caves, discover little animals, yoga, puppet shows, *dancing*, always dancing—I mean, like, all you do is *play*. And the food has nothing to do with hunger, just with taste. And you're all kids. Freaking freely. Big ones, skinny ones, old, young. But all kids. This is called the Happy Village. That's where I am. Now, the world is two scenes. Outside the village is practically everyone alive pulling on this rope—in rags, BO, some of them getting trampled, like a giant gang of Volga boatmen, get it? It's like a huge tug of war, except the other side is hooked onto the sun or something—the center of the universe! And these guys are holding the planet up in orbit. They're being whirled around this center and having a bitch of a time, but they



"My wife's name is Helen. She has brown eyes and blonde hair and she'll be driving a blue Volkswagen. Now, when I get to Westport, how will I know your wife?"

know that if they let go, then the world goes hurtling off into space and there's no more gravity. So that's the big gig in the world, pulling on this rope. I mean, like, it's the *only* gig. So all the time, these guys are always beckoning to the kids on the border pastures of the village, dig? Come on, this cat says, what do you think you're doing *gamboling* on the green when if we don't get some help here pretty fast the whole world is gonna fly off into space? So a lot of the kids, when they go in for the evening hootenanny or whatever, start thinking to themselves, what *am* I doing just *playing* all the time instead of becoming a Volga boatman or something? They start thinking a man has to be a *man*. So most of them sooner or later say goodbye to the village and pack up their trinkets in an old kit bag and they cross the border and get on the rope line. Pulling. In fact, that's how everybody got tugging on there in the first place. Once everybody lived in the village. Almost everybody. But a few guys, here's the gritty, a few kids, I mean, *stay in the village*. To play. Then after a while, they die. The guys on the line die, too. Everybody dies. But the village cats, they go happy into that good night, man, all tan and—"

"Lunch. *Très important*. Business, long-lost buddyroos. Brothers. *Dîner—rien*." Jessica interrupted, as though time had been standing still for her since I'd got off the phone.

"Megaton grass," commented Allen, nodding.

I decided I'd better get her to bed. I lifted under her armpits and half dragged her toward the bedroom, both of us moving backward. I wasn't any too

steady myself, but I felt like a husband. "SNCC kids," she was mumbling. "SNCC kids and your pot. And your pot and your porno. Blowin' weed and makin' it with Black Belt dinges. Flip-tripping, mind-stripping, boo-lipping, end-gypping, burning, burning. . . ." We were all laughing, even Michael.

When I got her into the bedroom, she stood up by herself, as though the change of air had brought her down. She put her arms around my neck. "Can you save him, Leo?" she whispered. "He's so lovely and so bollixed."

"You're eight miles up," I said.

"I'm straight. Don't let him drop out. He can help us take over. There's so much to be done. You're right, I'm a little high."

She closed her eyes standing up and flopped onto the bed. I went back into the big room, where Allen was fishing in place with Michael in his arms. Allen was humming *Mr. Tambourine Man* in Michael's ear and Michael was gently slapping Allen's face off rhythm. I started to tell Allen not to get him keyed up or he'd never fall back asleep, when Allen said, "Don't get him all keyed up; he'll never fall back asleep," and dissolved again in noiseless laughter. Perhaps I only imagined that his laughter was very close to tears and that somehow they were for me.

"Let's just dance for a minute," he said. "The Allen Memorial Tea Dance."

I told him I didn't feel like dancing. "Couldn't we at least hold hands?" he asked. "You're my own brother."

I carried Michael over to his crib and laid him in it. I was sure he'd cry, but he faked me out. "Say night-night to Uncle

Allen," Allen called, very softly, from across the room. "Remember the star that went over the manger."

Light was starting to come in through our imitation-bamboo curtains. Allen suggested we smoke some more, but I said enough was enough. I'm usually good for a line like that. Allen said he guessed he ought to say goodbye to our father and then see about picking up some plane tickets before he gave away the rest of his money. He hadn't exactly decided where he was going; probably Mexico by way of San Francisco. Mike takes the bus in from White Meadow Lake very early in the morning (he meets truck deliveries before rush-hour traffic starts) and Allen said he might as well hop a subway up to the warehouse and wait for him there. I said I might as well walk him over to Astor Place, and we went out. He was carrying about a kilo of grass in a brown-paper bag, just swinging it by his side as we walked. It was barely daylight and you could still see the moon. Allen said it was a lozenge in the throat of God. We approached a cop on the corner of Second Avenue and St. Marks Place. I was very nervous. Allen waved the bag of grass at him and grinned.

"Hang loose," he said to me.

"Listen," I said, after we had passed the cop. "I hate to come on with a big-brother act, but shouldn't you exercise a little more caution, with your record and everything? You're not pushing any stuff, are you?"

"No. Of course not. No pushing," He laughed. "Maybe a little dealing. . . ."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, it's a question of attitude, mostly. I mean, I just *share* what I score and some cats remunerate." He stopped smiling. "I know it's ridiculous. Leo. Three quarters of the time I don't even *realize* I'm dealing. It's ridiculous."

"What would you do if you were picked up?"

"They'd never take me alive," he answered without emotion. He was completely serious. He spent a few weeks in jail, when he was still stealing, and had some bad experiences.

"That doesn't scare you, though?"

"I don't think about it anymore." He put his arm around my shoulder and we walked like that for a ways. "You don't remember how I was, Leo. I was frightened all the time. I woke up trembling. I'd lie in bed for hours, afraid to get up. School, busts, girls, accidents. I don't know what. I think that's why I got myself in trouble—just so the disaster would *happen* and I wouldn't have to keep waiting for it. My whole life seemed so fragile; so dear and so fragile. Like I was standing on a precipice before the little furnace of my energy and any mountain wind could snuff it out. I'd say grateful prayers when I crossed a

street without getting hit by a car. I would have thought the *Buddha* was out to get me: I would have pulled a shiv on him. I invented paranoia. Especially with people.

"I was so long, Leo—so long afraid people were out to hurt me, that I was slippery, and putting you on, all of you, and acting like I didn't care. But even then, feeling so damn hated, nothing seemed too *actual*, read me? I was pretty tentative, while the real physical world glided by, like a dream I wasn't enjoying. Always wishing, wishing, wishing I were back somewhere, back somewhere I'd been and gamboled on some green, but couldn't remember. You see I was busy shielding myself, Leo, to keep from being hurt. Until on my third trip—I'm still not sure exactly how it happened. We were sitting, four, in this cabin, duskish, and had built a fire in the middle of the floor; and as it got colder, we drew nearer the fire, nearer until it seemed we were planets in orbit round the sun, the sun's gravity drawing us to a center. A fiery destruction. Oh, it was so graceful flowing centerward like that into the heat, no effort or plan. Then all of a sudden Mario, this guy, wrenching himself like steel tearing out of a magnet, screaming backward toward a plate window and through it, suddenly so happy in delirium—to have broken out of the orbit. I guess—we had to drag him off the shattered glass where he was dancing. But before I helped drag him off, Leo, I had to dance a minute with him there, do you see what I mean? Both our bare-feet blood mixing just a little on the floor? I'd never even *met* him before, but he was sending me this engraved invitation from the Lord—I, Wisdom, danced before the Lord, Jesus. Dancing is the flip side of fear. Then we dragged him off the glass. Or maybe they dragged us both off the glass. . . . What difference does it make? My head exploded.

"I realized that no one, no *one*, no one was wanting to hurt me. Because no one gave a shit about me, Leo. Do you see how beautiful that was? Like God in a golden jeweled chariot, that the *universe* didn't give a shit about me. That I was safe. Like a ton of up-tight bricks lifted off my shoulders. Understanding life, baby, life *didn't care at all* who was living her. That I was nothing. Who wants to hurt nothing? No thing. . . . Safe to dance."

We walked the last two blocks to Astor Place without saying anything. It was very early. I can't remember passing anybody, except a bum curled up in a doorway. *The New York Times* wrapped around his body. We stood together on the square above the subway entrance for a minute and then Allen started down the steps.

"When will I see you again?" I called.

"Maybe never. Maybe when you've become the Occidental Kurosawa, and

Jessica has won her revolution, yet Geoffrey is still chairman of the board. And Mike has been reborn into the shoulder of a gazelle, and I return, Maher Baba Allen, with much hair and many followers in the Way of the Tao." He laughed and ran back up the stairs and kissed me on the mouth.

"What of Michael?" I asked.

"Of Michael we cannot say. Michael will be the New Youth. He will be the New Youthquake."

I grabbed his sleeve as he started down the steps again. A subway rumbled into the station, shaking the ground. "Please just quit dealing, will you, Allen?"

He salaamed and ran down to catch the train. Then I went home and took off all my clothes and got into bed next to Jessica. I ran my hand over her skin and thought how amazing it was that my wife lived inside. It must have been a little after six in the morning.

It was not yet nine when Jessica woke me. As is my wont after turning on, I'd been having geometric light-show dreams. They advertise pot as a no-hangover substance, but it's a lie.

"Mike's on the phone," she said. I hadn't heard the ringing. I suppose I'd seen it, though. "I told him you'd been up for ages, but he's awfully vehement. Was I horrible last night?"

"You were funny at the end. You were really funny."

"He subverts me. His gentle talk and his wicked weed. Why doesn't he dump the flower-children crap and do something with his life?"

I pulled myself up in bed and reached for the phone. Jessica still had her hand clasped over the receiver. "I wanted to tell you that I kissed him."

"OK."

"We were all kissing each other, actually. Him and me and Michael. I mean."

"Sounds nice."

"The police beat up Jimmy McKew last night," she said, pinching her lip. "A girl called from the storefront. They claimed he bit a cop. We've got to see about bail and a doctor." Jimmy was an old Negro who liked to help around the project. We had a vest-pocket playground in the summer and Jimmy liked to mind it, or distribute leaflets. He was retired. Jessica dropped the phone on the bed and ran out the door.

I was sure my father would want to know what took me so long, but instead, he started right in.

"Tell me what to do."

"Would you mind a lot talking later this afternoon, Mike? I didn't get to sleep till about two and a half hours ago and—"

"Eight o'clock in the morning he floats in like a zombi to say goodbye forever. Not even a message for his mother. Tell

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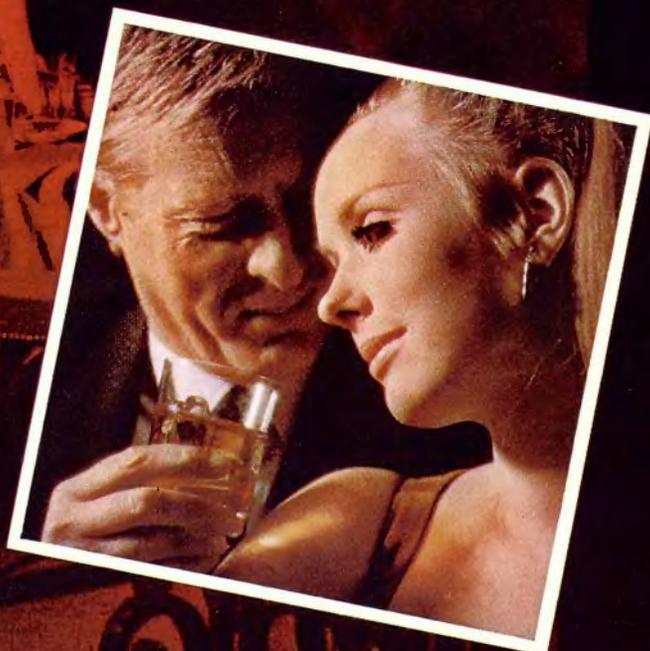
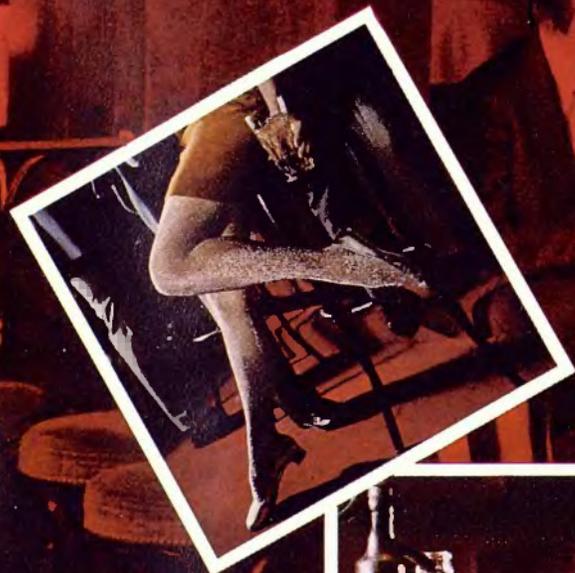
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me what I should do, I'll do it."

"You just have no idea how tired I am. Why don't we have a late lunch or something? I don't have to be on the project until three, but I have to pick up some film at Willoughby's, anyway, so—"

"Leo, he's not even supposed to leave the state of New Jersey! I should just wish him good luck and *goort zelangh yoor?*"

After a bit of bargaining, we compromised on breakfast. Compromise was my father's word. It meant that I dress myself immediately and come uptown to talk. His concession was a five-block walk east, to the Automat on 31st and Broadway. When I arrived, Mike was already finishing an early lunch—it looked like chopped steak (I remembered him warning me about Horn & Hardart *hamburger* steak: "... all the leftover garbage they throw into it, and pork. Take my word, it's worth the extra pennies for the chopped. . .")—and was preparing to move on to a lemon-meringue pie and tea. Mike's in the buying-in-lots-at-auctions-or-bankruptcy-sales-and-trading—"merchandise"-under-the-counter-to-retailers business. He's become quite wealthy at it—he and my mother go to Europe or Israel every summer, and he's probably planted a hundred forests of Palestinian saplings—but he still tells everyone he's "in the junk business" and he never eats anywhere but the Automat. He says he likes the food. I got a cup of coffee from the machine and sat down next to him.

Mike said, "No protein?" Then we sat silent for a few minutes while he sipped his pale-yellow tea and picked at his pie. He was composing his thoughts, though perhaps they weren't so much thoughts as the mental equivalent of moaning. He loves us all so deeply and so helplessly.

"How's Jessica? How's the baby?"

"Fine." He'll refer to Michael only as "the baby." He didn't want me to name my son after him. After a while, he began. "Every two minutes with him it's 'love! Is that a laugh? Does he know the meaning of the word love? Does he understand the *mitzvah*? How can he *live* with such hatred boiling in his *kishkes*? He hates school. He hates New Jersey. He hates his country. He hates the United States. He thinks the President should be impeached. Does he know he hates *me* and wants to kill me?"

Mike had had a little analysis a few years back. It was the thing then, I said I thought Allen had seemed more tender, more at peace than he'd seemed in a long time but maybe I wasn't too in touch with the situation. A fat man, on his way out, bumped into the back of my chair and excused himself. My father was fidgeting.

"At peace with what? You know, for a while, I thought he was really straightening out. I thought he would get a job.

I must have rocks instead of brains. I said to him this morning, any amount of money to go to college; any college he wants. I don't care how much. You know, if I could go to college, this minute, I'd pick up everything and go? Everything. So I offered him to come into my business, a growing concern, for *two hundred dollars a week*; he wouldn't need college. He laughed. More than I made in a season when I was his age. It's all a joke to him. He thinks a person doesn't need money to live."

I said that Allen seemed to be getting along financially.

"Let him go," Mike said. "He's dead to me. I wouldn't offer him a nickel."

I suggested that Allen was struggling to find himself and immediately felt like an idiot. I was grateful when my father let the comment pass. Perhaps he didn't hear me. There was nothing happening behind his eyes.

"How about you, Leo?" he said, shifting gears. "I need someone smart in the business. All I got there is *goyishe kups*. I need a manager."

We'd been through this before. I shook my head and repressed an impulse to squeeze his arm, which was lying limply on the table just a few inches away.

"You want to make movies?" he demanded. "Go to Hollywood!"

I nodded stupidly. Then Mike softened again.

"Anything you tell me to do, Leo. You understand the complexities. Anything in my power. How can I lose him? He has many good qualities." I thought my father was about to cry. "I get down on my knees to you, Leo. Only we can save him. Who else?"

I told him I didn't know that there was anything we could do. I didn't know what was right, but that we must just hope for everything to work out. I didn't feel too honest saying that; things practically never work out.

Almost imperceptibly, Mike pulled himself together. He withdrew a folded piece of paper from his pocket, unfolded it slowly, smoothing out the center crease—he has a certain dramatic flair—and handed it across the table to me with just a little flourish of satisfied regret. It was about a third of a printed page with ripped edges. A sloppy red Magic Marker circle was drawn around several sentences.

"Read it," Mike said. "You analyze for me."

For an odd instant, I couldn't quite place the passage; then, of course, I could. "A boy," I said, "watching his little sister going around on a carousel. That's all." An echo from another age; a book I'd given Allen for Hanukkah, almost a decade ago. He'd never mentioned it. I hadn't even known he'd read it.

"He tore it out of a book! Does he own books? Be a critic for me. This is his message to his father, his farewell

message, he couldn't take the trouble to write. Read it out loud, it was so apropos to tear out of a library book."

I read the part Allen had circled: "All the kids kept trying to grab for the gold ring, and so was old Phoebe, and I was sort of afraid she'd fall off the goddamn horse, but I didn't say anything or do anything. The thing with kids is, if they want to grab for the gold ring, you have to let them do it, and not say anything. If they fall off, they fall off, but it's bad if you say anything to them."

"So?" my father said.

"I just think he means not to worry about him. That he loves you and doesn't want you to worry."

"He wants me to abdicate? I abdicate!" Mike said, with false resignation. Then he reached his hand over the table, brushing the remains of his meringue, and grabbed hold of my wrist. "I know there are things in you guys—*forces*—I don't understand. Listen, you don't even understand them all yourself, Leo, none of you."

Mike was just warming up, but I spoke, anyway. "I was wrong. It doesn't mean he doesn't want you to worry."

He looked mildly startled at my interruption—the way I remembered him looking when a conductor woke him on the commuter train. "Excuse me a second," he said. "I have to take a glass of water." While Mike was gone, I tore up the half-squeezed lemon that lay on his saucer and put the seeds in my mouth. Then I realized that a woman sitting alone at the next table was staring at me. I stared back at her; you might say I glowered. I don't know why. First she smiled, then she stopped smiling, then she got up and walked away, then she returned to her table—very briskly, without glancing over toward me—snatched up her purse and left. Then my father came back with his water.

"I was thirsty," he said.

"You can worry," I said. "He just wants you to shut up."

Mike shook his head in a kind of dumb, defeated belief.

"No. Allen didn't say that. I'm interpreting, Mike. I mean, he's saying, 'Look, Pop, I'm trying to reach out for what I want—see, that's the gold ring—and you think reaching's bad for me and want me to be careful. But you've got to let me find out for myself, even if I get hurt trying. . . .'" I broke off, suddenly weary with my own earnestness. Mike thought I was done.

"Let him," he said. "I'm stopping him? Let him break his neck. Gold ring."

A Negro waitress in a white uniform began clearing our dishes off the table. She piled them onto a metal serving cart and wiped off the table, using her hand to catch the crumbs. As she moved off, Mike leaned sadly across the table and spoke to me in a low voice.

"When I was his age, it was the

Depression. Franklin Roosevelt was the President—"

"And when Geoffrey was his age, Eisenhower was the President!" I interrupted, almost shouting. "And when Jessica and I were his age, Kennedy was the President! And now Allen is his own age and Lyndon Johnson is the President! And it's all different now, don't you see? It's different every time!"

"Leo, I wasn't even going to tell you this, you shouldn't worry. He comes up to my place this morning—he couldn't take a shave—it's my place of business, Leo—he couldn't take a *haircut*—and while I'm pleading, this colored fella I got working for me comes in, a moving man Allen never saw before. And suddenly, from the blue, blue sky, Allen has one arm around his waist and grabbing the other hand, the *schvartze*, humming *tzmiris—tzmiris!*—and trying to make like jitterbugging with him. *Jitterbugging!*" He looked imploringly into my eyes, as though I must surely see how hopeless it was to expect that such a boy might

someday make his way in the world.

We sat silent for a few moments, my father poking with his fork at the remains of his meringue. Finally, he inhaled sharply. "It's like you're strangers," he said. We both stood up.

Mike went through the revolving door ahead of me and ran out to the curb to hail a passing taxi. As I reached ahead to open the door, a wino, about his own age, stepped in front of him and mumbled a request for a handout. My father shook his head and, as he brushed by into the cab, trembled. I wasn't sure for whom he trembled—for Allen or for himself—but as he slammed his door, I had a sudden urge to invite him to step out again into the sunlight: to ask him if he cared to join me and the wino in a little dance. I repressed it, of course. Socked and sleepy as I was, I knew that all three of us had left the Happy Village too long ago for dancing and that even now our hands were slipping on the rope that holds the world in orbit.



*"One man favors the creation of a permanent United Nations peace-keeping force directly responsible to the Secretariat, whereas the other feels that such matters ought to be left, for the time being, at least, to the discretion of the Security Council."*

MRS. FELDMAN: Juan, don't be such a lazy. Show your brothers and sisters a little example. Get up, do some exercises, brush your teeth.

JUAN: Cool that, baby. I'm hung this morning.

MRS. FELDMAN: Oh, Juan.

JUAN: And I don't need all this noise. Who turned on those kids?

MRS. FELDMAN: They're just hungry, Juan.

JUAN (sitting up, starting to dress): Why don't they eat each other?

MRS. FELDMAN: Juan, you shouldn't talk like that. This is a decent family. We're rising above ourselves, little by little, each day.

JUAN: Sure, man. You got something to drink?

MRS. FELDMAN: Juan, we want respect from the community, and can we have that if my oldest son has eye openers in the morning?

JUAN (now up, getting into his shirt): You know, baby, you've got too many kids.

MRS. FELDMAN: Ah, maybe I should have gone to the clinic for instruction, but an old dog you're not teaching new tricks. But we are a little overcrowded.

JUAN (picking up one of the crying babies): I can help that.

He goes to an open window and throws the baby out.

MRS. FELDMAN: Juan! It takes a long time making one of those.

JUAN: He was ugly, anyway.

SAMMY FELDMAN: Gee, Mom, Juan won't throw any of the rest of us out, will he?

MRS. FELDMAN: And what will the neighbors think, seeing babies being thrown out of the Feldman window?

JUAN (now dressed and heading for the door): It gives the neighborhood color.

MRS. FELDMAN: You're not going to kiss your mother goodbye?

JUAN (makes a distasteful face, then turns around and gestures MRS. FELDMAN to him): OK. Come on.

MRS. FELDMAN walks to JUAN, smiling maternally, her cheek extended. JUAN grabs her and kisses her passionately on the mouth.

MRS. FELDMAN (pulling back): JUAN! Your mother you shouldn't be kissing that way.

JUAN: Why not? We're going steady, baby.

JUAN goes out the door.

FIRST FELDMAN CHILD: Does Juan behave that way because we're underprivileged, Mummy?

MRS. FELDMAN: It's the neighborhood. He's really a good boy, but the neighborhood is just not letting him grow.

DISSOLVE TO: Exterior. Stoop of the Feldman tenement. Day.

A young GIRL, extremely pregnant, is leaning against the steps. JUAN comes

out the door, trots down the stoop and pats her extended stomach as he goes by.

JUAN: Still carrying that thing around? He moves on down the street. The camera holds on a CLOSE-UP of the GIRL as she looks admiringly after him.

GIRL: Juan Feldman, you're a free spirit. I'm proud to have your bastard in my belly.

CUT TO: LONG SHOT, GIRL's point of view, of JUAN as he waves to her without looking back.

CUT TO: Exterior. Street corner. Day. Traffic is busy and there's a crowd at the curb. A BLIND MAN with cane is next to JUAN as the light changes.

JUAN: Let me help you across, man.

BLIND MAN: I can't believe it. I didn't think there was a soul left in the neighborhood who'd take pity on an Irish-American veteran.

JUAN leads the BLIND MAN out into the center of the street.

BLIND MAN: You must be Juan Feldman. Am I right?

JUAN: You're right.

BLIND MAN: Ah, I knew it. The pride of the neighborhood.

JUAN (stopping in the middle of the street): OK, this is as far as you go.

BLIND MAN: But we didn't take the necessary number of steps. We're still in the middle of the street.

JUAN (letting go and walking off as the traffic starts): Don't worry, man. No one's going to run over an Irish-American veteran.

Cars begin passing by. The BLIND MAN starts to laugh.

BLIND MAN: I'll say this: You've got a sense of humor, Juan Feldman. And that's what the neighborhood needs again.

The camera pulls away sharply, blurs, and there is the screech of brakes and the sound of collision.

CUT TO: Interior. Tenement hallway. Day. Humming a little rock 'n' roll, JUAN comes down the corridor and knocks on one of the doors. It opens a crack and a little old LADY peeps out.

LADY: Why, Juan Feldman! Land sakes, it's nice you're paying me a visit.

JUAN: I'll give you a visit up the side of your head. Open the door.

LADY (opening the door and letting JUAN in): How you do talk, Juan Feldman. You're a sassy little thing.

CUT TO: Interior. Lady's room. Day. It is cluttered with furniture. Only a little light filters through the window. In the center of the room, a large cage holds a small canary.

JUAN (rolling up his sleeve): OK, fairy godmother, you know what I'm here for.

LADY: Now, Juan, you haven't paid me for the last time.

JUAN: Like, I need this! I didn't steer any action your way, did I?

LADY (getting out and preparing a syringe from her knitting basket): You're an enterprising young man, Juan. No doubt about it. But, as the heathen Chinese say, "No tickce, no fixce."

JUAN: Don't give me a hard time, man. I can see you got the stuff right there.

LADY: But this isn't for you.

She gets up and goes to the canary cage, reaches in with one hand and brings out the bird.

LADY: This is for Yellow Wings.

JUAN: A lousy canary you're going to turn on?

LADY: She's been very good, haven't you. Yellow Wings? Learned to whistle *God Bless America* in four days. And she's going to get a little jolt as a reward.

JUAN (whipping out a switchblade knife): No canary gets a fix before Juan Feldman.

LADY: Now, Juan, don't get uppity. You know I like doing things for you boys in the neighborhood. Cookies, Cokes or a fix any time. But I have to live, too.

She gets the needle in, the canary starts whistling "*God Bless America*."

LADY: Isn't she sweet? Can't see why folks make so much of parakeets.

JUAN sends the knife into her back. She lets the bird loose. JUAN grabs the syringe and runs.

LADY: Oh, Juan. Oh, my Juan. You shouldn't have done that. Oh, mercy me. You young folks are just so wild today.

She goes to the window and leans out. CLOSE-UP of her face.

LADY: Help. Juan Feldman's just about done me in. The little whippersnapper stabbed me in the back. (Chuckles) But that youngster's got a lot of gumption. 'n' if he jest gets a chance to use it right, he'll be a damned fine citizen.

She comes back into the room, staggers, drops to her knees.

LADY: Sing *God Bless America*, Yellow Wings, before your little old granny bleeds to death.

CUT TO: Exterior. CLOSE-UP of POLICEMAN. Day. He blows his whistle.

CUT TO: Exterior. LONG SHOT of JUAN on street. Day. He's running through crowd.

CUT TO: Exterior. Chase scene, streets. Day. The POLICEMAN pursues JUAN up several crowded streets and finally corners him in an alley.

POLICEMAN (gun drawn): Oh, young man, where are you running? Do you have a goal or is it just wild energy that can't be channeled into useful currents of society?

JUAN (drawing a gun): Kiss my ass.

He shoots the POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN (twitching): Oh, naughty, naughty, young man.

JUAN fires four more times. The POLICEMAN twitches with each discharge.

POLICEMAN: Oh! All right, rage against society, if you want to. Ah! I love the



*"You can't beat Christmas in the country."*



*"Look, kid, you don't believe in me and I don't believe in you, but neither of us can afford to buck the system."*

way your eyes flash. Oh! God, you're an existential beauty, young man. Society has to salvage people like you if it wants a little spice in things. *(He is hit again with a bullet)* Oh! I think that one caught something vital—but, believe me, I understand.

JUAN suddenly stops shooting, looks at the gun in disgust and throws it to the ground.

JUAN: I'm bored, man. Take me.

CUT TO: Exterior. Front of courthouse. Day.

Civil rights groups are picketing. Signs are being carried, inscribed with POLICE ARE BRUTAL PEDERASTS; IF IT HAD BEEN A ROCKEFELLER THAT KILLED A WHITE WOMAN, WOULD THERE HAVE BEEN ANY TRIAL? FIRST DREYFUS, THEN OSCAR WILDE, NOW JUAN FELDMAN! JUAN FELDMAN IS A GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD BOY!

CUT TO: Interior. Courtroom. Day.

JUDGE: Will the defendant please rise.

JUAN, flanked by his lawyers, approaches the bench.

JUDGE: Juan, I hope you understand that the jury had no choice but to find you guilty; and I, as a judge, have to sentence you.

There are mutterings of dissent in the courtroom.

JUDGE: I know, considering the rat bites your lawyer showed on you, that it seems harsh; but it's the law, old

fashioned and bigoted as it is, that makes me do this. *(He is almost crying)*

JUAN: Don't blow your cool. Judge. I understand.

JUDGE: Thank you for that, Juan. I'll sleep better at night now. And so will my wife, who has a little Spanish blood in her herself. All right, then. Juan Feldman, it is the duty of this court to sentence you to six months of stringent meditation and self-analysis at the Borden Reform and Country Day School.

There are boos from the courtroom. Shouts of "Avenge Juan Feldman," "Hanging Judge," etc. JUAN is led out of the courtroom.

CUT TO: Exterior. Front of courthouse. Day. Cheers from the pickets as JUAN is led outside. Group of Indians dances by with sign WHITE MAN'S LAW NO GOOD. JUAN waves to group. The arresting POLICEMAN pushes his way through the crowd to JUAN.

POLICEMAN: Young man, I hope you'll understand what I did was for your own good.

JUAN *(patting him on his head)*: I dig, baby.

Roar from the crowd as JUAN, led by two POLICEMEN, gets into a waiting Rolls.

DISSOLVE TO: Exterior. Reform school. Day. CLOSE-UP of sign, BORDEN REFORM AND COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL. The camera

pulls back and reveals MRS. FELDMAN and her CHILDREN peering through a high iron fence into the school. There is a rolling expanse of lawn behind the fence; in the distance, a large, white manse.

FIRST FELDMAN CHILD: I say, Mummy, Juan has become very fashionable now, hasn't he?

MRS. FELDMAN: Now my little Juan is belonging to the world.

SAMMY FELDMAN: I wonder if they've changed him, Mom.

MRS. FELDMAN: Whatever they do to him, he'll always be a good boy—the pride of the neighborhood.

MEDIUM SHOT OF JUAN. He is sitting on the porch of the manse, dressed in a blue blazer, gray slacks, white sport shirt and blue ascot. He still wears his dark glasses. A GUARD brings him a drink on a tray.

GUARD: Here you are, Juan.

JUAN: What took you so long, man?

GUARD: Most of the boys like vodka in their lemonades. It took me a while to find tequila, the way you like it.

JUAN *(sipping)*: It's real cool.

GUARD: Thank you, Juan. It makes me happy to see you light up with pleasure. You've had a hard life, and you deserve lemonades with brown sugar if you want them.

JUAN: Well, I've learned a lot. I think I know what it takes to make it the right way now.

He takes out cigarette and cigarette holder. Lights up, pushes back his dark glasses.

JUAN: Now, what's that coming up the lawn?

CUT TO: A shot of 50 young ladies in wedding veils and dresses, singing a Te Deum laudamus, approaching JUAN.

GUARD: That's a little surprise we've been saving for you. Each one of the guards here chipped in a sister or two for you to delflower and marry. We want to see you settled down in the world, Juan.

JUAN: Hey, baby, how am I supposed to support all them ofay broads?

GUARD: Juan! Those are enlightened girls. They each have ninety-dollar-a-week secretarial skills, hope for a better world and a Juan Feldman finally at peace.

JUAN: And they're going to understand my little moods?

GUARD: There are four psychology degrees in the first row.

JUAN *(standing and toasting the girls with his lemonade)*: Then I'm ready to settle down.

GUARD: The future is yours and the past asks pardon for its mistakes.

JUAN: I just might forgive the whole damned world. I just might do that, baby.

JUAN walks out to meet his brides as the camera pulls back and we FADE OUT.

## PLUMS AND PRUNES

(continued from page 148)

They kiss, very warmly. She finally draws back slightly.

DONNA (teasingly): Mustn't muss.

BRAD (soft, masterful insinuation): You know, sometimes I think you're psychic. . . . (Caresses her) That happens to be exactly what I feel like doing.

DONNA (CLOSE-UP, momentarily yielding, closed-eyed): Hmm. . . . (Sighs, begins to withdraw, whispers) Debbie will be home any minute. (Gives him a seductive wink) Why don't you make us both a nice martini?

BRAD (also sighs, somewhat theatrical-ly): Right. (Shakes his head good-naturedly as he turns to drink preparations) A child-centered home! Who would've thought it could ever happen to us?

DONNA (happily): Thank goodness she didn't hear you say that! She's a young lady now, darling. (In mock confidence, as she squeezes his shoulder) She told me so herself!

BRAD, busily engaged in martini preparation, chuckles in bemusement at the notion.

DONNA (adds, seductively): Besides, we do have our moments, don't we, darling. . . . ?

BRAD (in mischievous sex threat as he hands her her drink): You can count on that.

DONNA (flushes, pleased, starts to withdraw toward kitchen): I won't be long, darling. I just have to speak to Sarah about the Thursday dinner.

She leaves. BRAD looks after her momentarily, then turns back to pour his own drink. CLOSE-UP of a smug, virile smile on his face.

FADE OUT AND IN: A few minutes later, BRAD is sitting in an Eames chair, coat off, tie loosened slightly, reading The New Yorker and sipping his martini. He is still looking as youthful and dapper as before—black knit tie, tailored shirt, etc. The door opens and in comes DEBBIE.

DEBBIE is 16 and is cute as a button—pert derrière and pert breasts—all freshness and innocence. She's wearing a pleated skirt, white sweater with school letter "F" (or "C") on it, saddle shoes and bobby socks, and carrying a small notebook and a couple of texts.

DEBBIE: Hi, Daddy. (Crosses to him, kisses his forehead)

BRAD: Hello, cutie. How's the team spirit?

DEBBIE (sighs, sitting down on the arm of his chair): Oh, it's awful, Daddy. Mulie broke his ankle again!

BRAD: Mulie? Which one is he?

DEBBIE (despairingly): The fullback! Gosh, if it had only been someone else! (Gets up)

BRAD (laughs): Preferably someone on the other team, I suppose.

DEBBIE (laughs, too): Oh, Daddy! (Kisses him again)

BRAD (gives her behind a fatherly pat): You go and get ready for dinner.

DEBBIE (crossing room): Tonight's the club dance, Daddy—remember? (Looks at her watch) Good grief, Tommy's picking me up in twenty minutes! I've got to shower and everything! (At the door) Remind Mummy I'll be eating out, will you, Daddy? (Rushes through other door)

BRAD shakes his head in bemusement, gets up, goes to the bar, pours another drink from the mixer. DONNA comes in from the kitchen.

DONNA (sigh of relief): Well, that much is done. (Brightly) Did I hear Deb coming in?

BRAD (mixing another batch, chuckles): Hmm. Not for long, though—she's got to change and everything—whatever that may mean.

DONNA (smiling): It means that she's a young lady, darling, and that she's going to the club dance.

BRAD: Where's your glass? Ready for another?

DONNA: Not just now, dear. I think I'll rest for a bit before dinner—it's such a trial getting things straight with Sarah.

BRAD (with mischievous insinuation): Say, you know I wouldn't mind a little rest myself. . . . before dinner.

DONNA (smiles, flushed and pleased, starts out): Oh, do say hello to Tommy for me, darling—and tell Debbie to behave herself. (Hesitates, adds coquettishly) Perhaps you'll. . . . wake me with a kiss, as they say.

BRAD (in a charmingly masculine sex threat): I might just do that.

They exchange meaningful looks and DONNA leaves. BRAD's eyes follow her as before; his point of view, her handsome tushy as she goes up the stairs, then CLOSE-UP of his smugly virile smile as he turns back to his drink and adds a bit of fresh to his glass. He crosses the room toward his chair. The telephone rings. He gets it.

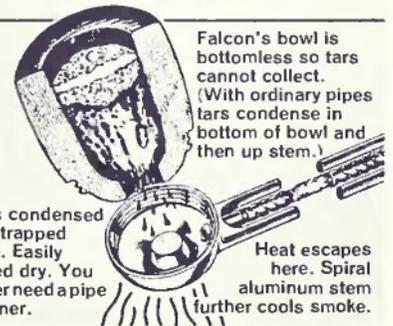
BRAD: Hello. (Glances toward DEBBIE'S room) Yes, who's calling? Oh, hello, Tommy, how are you? Sorry to hear about Mulie—doesn't look too good, does it? (Pause, chuckles) Yes, that's the spirit. . . . Hold on a minute, Tommy, I'll call her. (Covers phone, calls) Debbie! Deborah! Telephone!

We hear a distant response, indistinct but vaguely affirmative in tone. BRAD shrugs, speaks into the phone again:

BRAD: She'll be right with you, Tommy. . . . (Chuckles) I think.

He puts down phone, picks up his drink and crosses to his chair, sits down, picks up The New Yorker again. His point of view. DEBBIE comes in, picks up phone. (The phone is about 25 feet away from where BRAD is sitting, so that her remarks are indistinct, have a purring, sensuous quality, and her movements are coordinated with the sounds.) She is wearing panties and bra, and as

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she talks, she absently fingers them, smoothing the side of the panties, idly toying with the edges, waistband, checking the bra straps, etc., as though she is subliminally being undressed. These movements and gestures should have an extremely sensual and erotic quality, though performed quite absently and reflexively. She is barefoot and occasionally raises one leg and draws her toes slowly up and down the back of her calf and knee. This is all shown from BRAD's point of view, though the CLOSE-UPS give it an effect of intercut, and her remarks on the CLOSE SHOTS are clearly audible to the audience, though presumably indistinct to BRAD. Their effect, however, is by no means lost on him.

DEBBIE: Hello? Hello, Tommy. . . . Yes, I'm almost ready. . . . Uh-huh, I bet you would. (Laughs shyly) Tommy, don't be silly. . . . Yes, I'm listening. . . . Where? Indian Lake? You mean after? (Shakes her head) Uh-uh. . . . Sure, that's what you said last time, too—remember? And the time before that. (Pause) Tommy, you promised then, too! . . . I couldn't, anyway—it would make it too late getting home. (Pause, looks interested) They are? Kathy and Jean? (Hesitates) Well . . . wait a minute. (Covers phone, turns) Daddy, some of the kids are going up to Indian Lake for a cookout after the dance. It would only make it about an hour later getting in. Would it be OK?

As she turns, BRAD lowers his eyes, then raises them at her voice. There is an almost imperceptible pain in his look of nonchalance.

BRAD (slightly strained): Sure, don't see why not. (Takes a sip of his drink)  
DEBBIE: Gosh, Daddy, that's swell. (Back to phone) It's OK! (Softer) But remember what you said, Tommy. (Pause, doubtfully) Uh-huh, I'll bet. . . . Yes, in about ten minutes. OK, bye now. (Hangs up, crosses to Daddy)

DEBBIE (leans over to kiss him): Thanks a lot, Daddy—you're a darling.

When she leans over, we get (his point of view) a nice CLOSE-UP of her well-defined young cleavage, enticingly marked at the edge of the bra by a tiny crossed ribbon, almost, it might seem, in invitation.

BRAD (as though absorbed in his magazine): Sure, kitten, sure.

DEBBIE (turning away): Gosh, I've got to hurry!

She crosses the room again and BRAD raises his eyes, following the provocative twitch of her pert rump as it recedes in the distance. Camera moves slowly straight into his troubled eyes, through them to black. Camera pulls quickly back on a knock at the door. BRAD rises, walks slowly toward the door; CLOSE-UP of a slight tic appearing on his right jaw. He opens the door on TOMMY—17 or 18, leaning insolently on the casing, hands in pockets, a matchstick dangling from the

corner of his mouth, his head cocked to one side. His appearance and demeanor are a mixture of the ultimate in sneakiness and arrogance. He surveys BRAD with amused contempt, finally speaks—in a revolting nasal whine of indifference.

TOMMY: How 'bout it, Pops? That chickie got her pants on yet?

BRAD slowly, wordlessly beckons him inside. Tommy shrugs, as if to say, "What a kook!" then saunters in. BRAD carefully closes the door, faces Tommy—who is now standing about five feet in front of the door, standing slouched, a repulsive sexually demented leer on his face. BRAD casually sets himself, then delivers the most powerful right haymaker in the history of the cinema—a blow with an effect more like those of Popeye than of Duke Wayne. This should be so stated that it is shattering even to the audience—a blow of such force that when TOMMY hits the floor five feet behind him, he seems to be a couple of feet off the ground (volume should be up heavily both on the sound of the blow and on his slamming against the door). It is obviously a mortal blow, obviously a blow that crushed every bone in his head. He goes sacklike to the floor, out of frame. During the entire living-room sequence, he remains out of frame. BRAD moves with a sense of great urgency, crouches over him and throttles him powerfully. His expression is not one of anger but of a strange nameless urgency. Near at hand is the edge of the fireplace, with a wrought-iron stand holding poker, tongs, etc. Having choked the life out of him, BRAD rises, draws the poker from the stand and smashes it with incredible force against his adversary (OFF SCENE), then he picks up the entire stand, raises it on high and slams it down with tremendous power. He looks about the room, an expression of extreme urgency; his eye falls on the crossbow on the wall; he walks quickly, takes it from the wall, removes safety clasp as he returns, stands directly above the body (OFF SIDE) and shoots; then, without hesitation, he holds the crossbow like a club and splinters it in a blow of fantastic power against the adversary (OFF SIDE). He turns, crosses the room to a side table, opens the drawer and takes out a .45 automatic (or .44 magnum—the bigger the better), turns up the phonograph, walks back, working the action of the gun and slamming a shell into the chamber, picks up a cushion from the davenport on the way, cups it over the gun and, standing directly above the body, empties the clip. This should be done with full-lead blanks, so that the recoil of each shot is tremendous, jerking his hand up, realistically conveying the power of the weapon and the outlandish excess of BRAD's efforts at destruction. When the hammer clicks on an empty chamber, BRAD stands momentarily gazing

down, as though the job may be finished; then he realizes it isn't. He bends over and starts dragging his adversary toward the kitchen. Here we merely glimpse the form (LONG or MEDIUM SHOT of TOMMY).

CUT TO: Interior. Kitchen. A large, modern kitchen, very clean. BRAD has gotten the body into the sink. He presses down on it; then he reaches over, flicks the garbage-disposal unit into operation; it comes on with a loud grating sound and BRAD raises himself on tiptoes, pressing down with both hands. His expression is one of earnest urgency and high purpose, no trace of mania or anything negative.

CUT TO: Same. Motor is off; BRAD bends down, opens cabinet door beneath sink; there is the familiar trap receptacle; he stares at it momentarily, then reaches in and wrenches it off in a powerful motion; he stands holding it, looking around the kitchen, then walks quickly back toward the living room.

CUT TO: Interior. Living room. BRAD comes striding in, with the receptacle under one arm, places it on the floor, goes to closet, takes out a heavy oblong cardboard container, tears it open, draws out a 16-pound sledge hammer. He raises the sledge on high and begins to smash the receptacle, tremendous blow after blow. CLOSE-UP of his face, guiltless, earnest resolve and heroic effort.

Wavering DISSOLVE and MATCH SOUND to CUT BACK to beginning, where BRAD was on his way to the door. Sound of knocking synchronized to sound of sledge blows, which grow rapid toward the end as we discover that this killing sequence has all taken place in an instant in BRAD's mind.

BRAD now is still on his way to the door, opens it on TOMMY. It is the same TOMMY, except that his manner is extremely normal.

TOMMY: Hello, Mr. Jeffery.  
BRAD (unsteadily): Good evening, Tommy. . . . I think Deb is—

At that minute, DEBBIE appears, hurrying across the living room.

DEBBIE (brightly): Who says girls aren't ready on time! (Gives Daddy a peck) Bye, Daddy!

TOMMY: So long, Mr. Jeffery.  
They go down the steps, DEBBIE taking TOMMY's hand. BRAD stares after them; DEBBIE's stouping skirt and pert derrière. He slowly closes door, face still away from camera. DONNA calls down from upstairs, seductively.

DONNA (OFF SIDE): Brad . . . darling. . . . BRAD slowly turns. CLOSE-UP of his face has transfigured into that of an 85-year-old man. He moves slowly.

BRAD (looking vaguely in DONNA's direction, speaks in a voice ancient with age): Yes, darling . . . I'm coming. . . .

FADE OUT.



# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER  
WITH LARRY SIEGEL

**O**UR TALE IS TOLD AGAINST A BACKDROP OF DEATH-DEALING DEVICES OF EVERY SIZE AND CALIBER! IT'S THE TOY MANUFACTURERS' CONVENTION! OUR DOUGHTY DARLING IS WORKING AS A DEMONSTRATION MODEL OF SORTS FOR THE DINKYWINKY TOY COMPANY. WE OPEN IN A PLUSH, PRIVATE SHOWROOM WITH TOY TYCOON J. P. DINKYWINKY, MODEL ANNIE FANNY AND ANOTHER RATHER FAMILIAR-LOOKING FELLOW, WHO HAS BEEN HIRED BY THE COMPANY AS A SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT ESPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION... GREAT GOLDFINGERS! CAN IT BE? ... YES, IT IS -

AGENT 007,  
AREA CODE  
212! JAMES  
BOMB! WHAT  
ARE YOU DO-  
ING HERE,  
JIMZIE?

I'VE GIVEN UP  
INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE,  
ANNIE, MY PET. THE FIELD'S  
TOO CROWDED! SOLO! HELM!  
FLINT! BLAISE! ... TOO MUCH  
COMPETITION! ... TOO LITTLE  
OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT!  
-HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO  
GET INTO THIS WORK.  
YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW  
FEW POSITIONS ARE  
ADVERTISED IN THE  
TIMES UNDER "S"  
FOR "SECRET AGENTS  
WITH CRUEL MOUTHS  
AND LICENSES  
TO KILL."



I'LL BE UNVEILING SOME SPECTACULAR NEW PRODUCTS AT THE TOY SHOW NEXT WEEK. THEY SHOULD MAKE DINKYWINKY THE TALK OF THE INDUSTRY... AND OUR COMPETITORS WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO GET A LOOK AT THEM AHEAD OF TIME. YOUR JOB WILL BE TO GUARD THESE PRODUCTS WITH YOUR LIFE, MR. BOMB!

HERE IS OUR LINE OF TOY WEAPONS. WONDERFUL, AREN'T THEY? THIS LITTLE NUMBER IS NAMED THE "BLASTER 8"! IT'S ACTUALLY EIGHT WEAPONS IN ONE... EIGHT DIFFERENT WAYS FOR A TOT TO PRETEND HE'S KILLING HIS PLAYMATES. AND HERE'S THE "BLASTER 13" FOR MORE ADVANCED YOUNGSTERS!

AND HERE'S AN ITEM CERTAIN TO APPEAL TO ANY ALL-AMERICAN BOY... A TOY ATOMIC WEAPON CAPABLE OF THE MAKE-BELIEVE DISINTEGRATION OF AN ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD, GIVING THE ILLUSION OF THE COMPLETE ANNIHILATION OF EVERY LIVING THING WITHIN A RADIUS OF SIX CITY BLOCKS FROM THE SPOT THE TYKE CHOOSES AS GROUND ZERO.

QUITE A DEADLY-LOOKING ARSENAL, MR. DINKYWINKY.





I REALLY THINK THIS ONE IS CUTE AND HARMLESS-LOOKING - YIII!

CONFOUND IT, ANNIE! ... THAT'S MY BERETTA!



YOU CAN'T EXPECT A REAL WEAPON TO LOOK AS DEADLY AS ONE OF TODAY'S TOYS.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, OUR KIDDY KAP PISTOL - MADE OF LIGHT, DURABLE PLASTIC - IS SO AUTHENTIC IN APPEARANCE THAT NINE OUT OF TEN LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS CAN'T TELL IT FROM THE REAL THING. MORE KIDDY KAP PLASTIC PISTOLS WERE USED IN "FAKE GUN" HOLDUPS LAST YEAR THAN ALL OTHER TOY GUNS COMBINED.

NOW LET ME SHOW YOU OUR BOXED GAMES.

GUNS! UGH!

STICK 'EM UP!



I THINK WE HAVE THE ANSWER TO MONOPOLY HERE.

THIS IS THE ULTIMATE "BUSINESS" GAME. IT IMITATES HIGH FINANCE WITH ASTONISHING FIDELITY. WE CALL IT "CHEAT." IT'S SIMILAR TO MONOPOLY, WITH PROPERTY CARDS AND PLAY MONEY. THE OBJECTIVE, HOWEVER, IS TO OBTAIN YOUR OPPONENT'S MONEY BY GRABBING IT WHEN HE ISN'T LOOKING, OR BY FORCE.

CAN YOU PASS GO AND COLLECT \$200?



HERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW PRODUCT FOR AGGRESSIVE BOYS AND GIRLS CALLED "MR. CRUSH." THIS TOY CAN TEAR DOWN ANYTHING AN ERECTOR SET CAN BUILD. IT'S VERY EFFECTIVE FOR KNOCKING DOWN DOLL-HOUSES AND TROUBLE-SOME PLAYMATES.

BUT NOW LET ME SHOW YOU OUR DOLL LINE!

DOLLIES! I JUST LOVE TO CUDDLE DOLLIES!

HUG!

HUG!



I SAY! ME, TOO!

HUG!

HUG!

YOU'VE SEEN OUR LITTLE NEENY NONNY BABY DOLL. WELL, THIS YEAR WE'VE GIVEN HER ONE INNOVATION THAT SHOULD CAUSE SOME EXCITEMENT.

NOT ONLY WILL THE LITTLE NEENY NONNY BABY DOLL WALK, TALK, LAUGH, CRY, COUGH, BURP, BELCH, WET, DRIBBLE AND DROOL, BUT ... THANKS TO A BREAKTHROUGH IN OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT, SHE WILL BE THE FIRST DOLL CAPABLE OF ACTUALLY CONTRACTING ANY OF A DOZEN DIFFERENT CHILDHOOD DISEASES. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. WE'VE ALSO FOUND A WAY TO MAKE HER DISEASES CONTAGIOUS FOR OTHER DOLLS. AS YOU CAN SEE, FOR EXAMPLE, THIS BOOBY DOLL IS STARTING TO CATCH YOUR NEENY NONNY DOLL'S MEASLES.

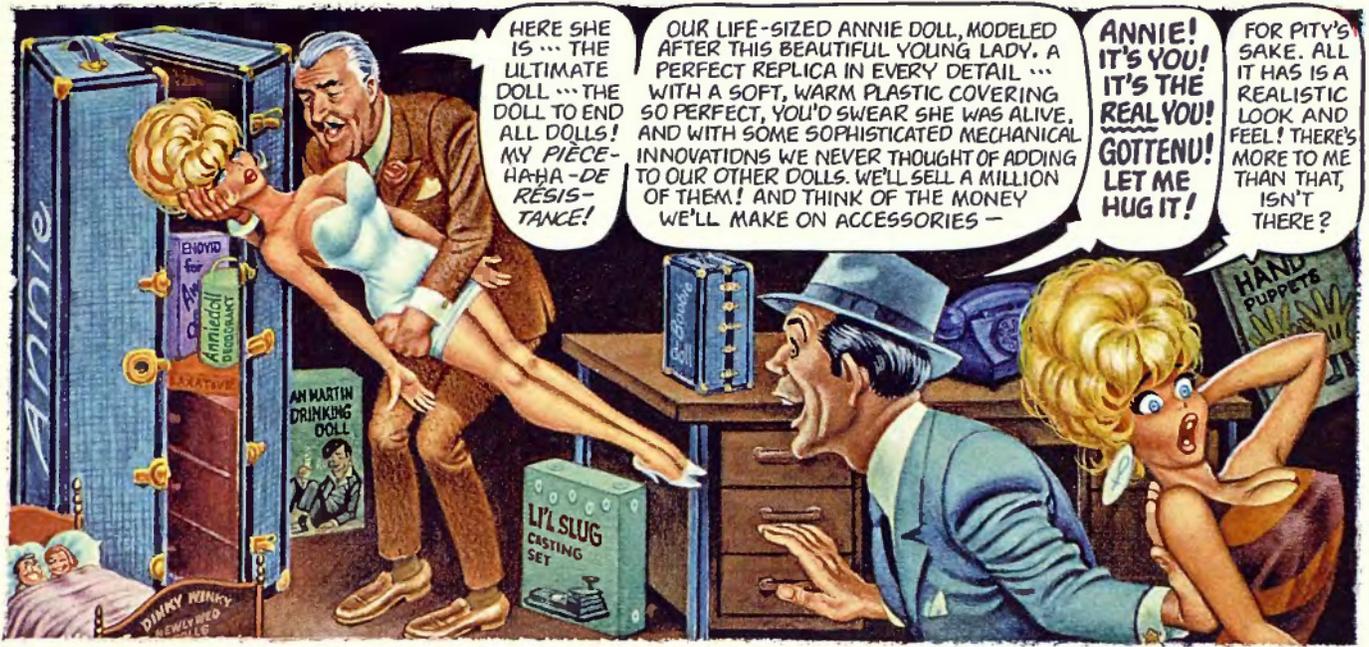


HUG! HUG! HUG!

NOW, JIMZIE... BE NICE!

OF COURSE, YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH OUR FAMOUS BOOBY DOLL AND WHY WE CALL HER THAT, EH? WE MAKE A FORTUNE WITH HER, PARTICULARLY WITH HER EVER-CHANGING SEASONAL WARDROBES AND ACCESSORIES.

BUT AS PROMISING AS THESE MANY INNOVATIONS ARE, I NOW WANT TO SHOW YOU THE MOST EXCITING NEW DINKYWINKY PRODUCT OF ALL - THIS IS THE LITTLE NUMBER THAT'LL MAKE THEM STAND UP AND PAY ATTENTION AT THE TOY SHOW!



HERE SHE IS ... THE ULTIMATE DOLL ... THE DOLL TO END ALL DOLLS! MY PIÈCE-HAHA-DE-RÉSISTANCE!

OUR LIFE-SIZED ANNIE DOLL, MODELED AFTER THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY. A PERFECT REPLICA IN EVERY DETAIL ... WITH A SOFT, WARM PLASTIC COVERING SO PERFECT, YOU'D SWEAR SHE WAS ALIVE. AND WITH SOME SOPHISTICATED MECHANICAL INNOVATIONS WE NEVER THOUGHT OF ADDING TO OUR OTHER DOLLS. WE'LL SELL A MILLION OF THEM! AND THINK OF THE MONEY WE'LL MAKE ON ACCESSORIES -

ANNIE! IT'S YOU! IT'S THE REAL YOU! GOTTENU! LET ME HUG IT!

FOR PITY'S SAKE. ALL IT HAS IS A REALISTIC LOOK AND FEEL! THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN THAT, ISN'T THERE?



I SAID, "ISN'T THERE?"!

REMEMBER, MR. BOMB ... I WANT YOU TO GUARD THIS WITH YOUR LIFE BECAUSE ...!?

...UH...EXCUSE ME, BUT DID YOU JUST SAY "GOTTENU"?

HE MOST CERTAINLY DID, SIR. YOU SEE, THIS CHAP'S AN IMPOSTOR.



אנני היא לא אמיתית! היא רק בובת!

I SAID, "ISN'T THERE?"!!

TELL THEM WHO YOU REALLY ARE ... NOT JAMES BOMB, BUT ISRAEL BOMB, A FORMER SECRET AGENT, BUT NOW A SPY FOR THE COMPETITION -



YOU SEE, MR. DINKYWINKY ... THIS BOUNDER RENDERED ME UNCONSCIOUS, TIED ME UP AND POSED AS ME, HOPING TO STEAL YOUR TOY SECRETS FOR YOUR COMPETITOR.

STOP HIM! HE'S GOT THE ANNIE DOLL! IT'S THE ONLY WORKING MODEL THAT WE HAVE! GRAB HER! GRAB HER!

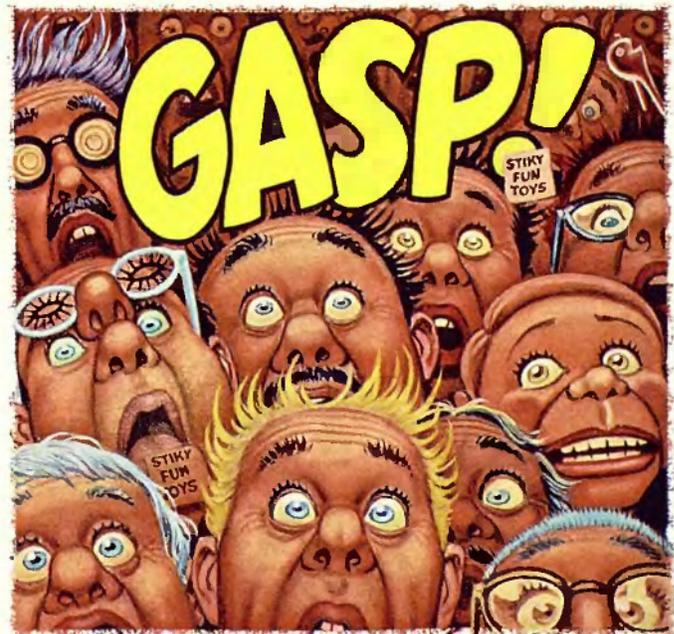
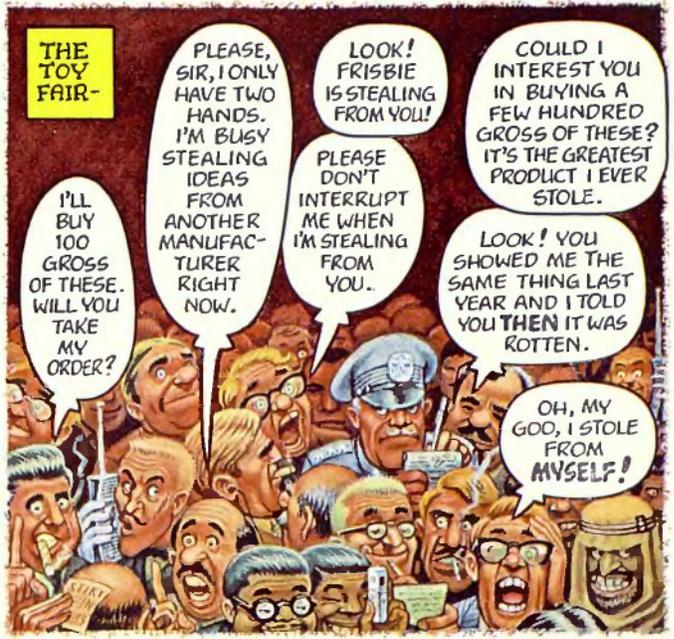
THE DOLL, JIMZIE, THE DOLL!

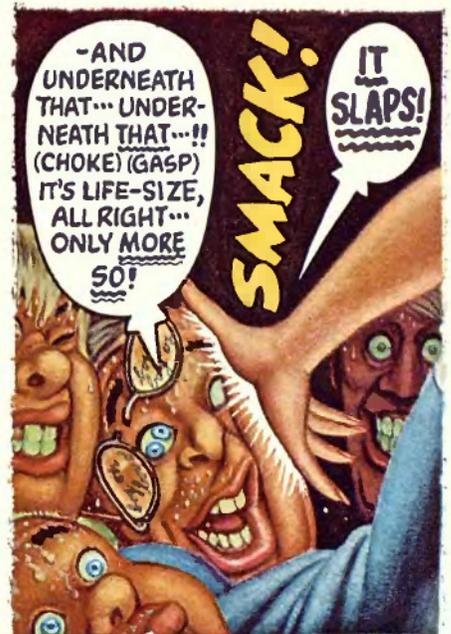
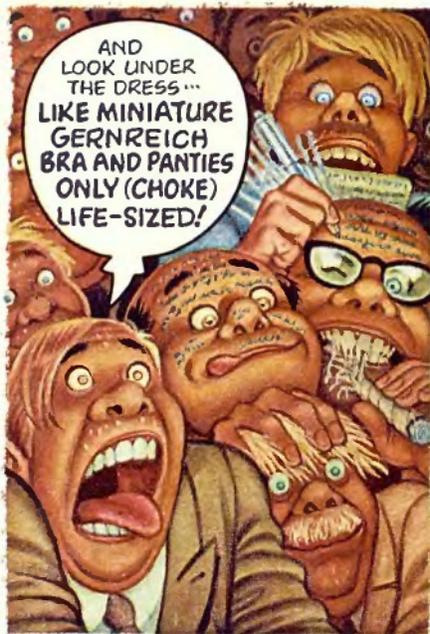


YOU'RE TRAPPED, ISRAEL, OLD BOY! THERE'S NO WAY TO ESCAPE -

IF MY COMPANY CAN'T HAVE THIS DOLL, THEN NOBODY WILL HAVE IT! LONG LIVE THE MENDEL TOY COMPANY! EEE EEE EEE

CRUNCH!





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