

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



PLUS A STUNNING 8-PAGE
PICTORIAL ON RISING
SEX STAR SYLVA KOSCINA
A WILD INTERVIEW WITH
MINICOMIC WOODY ALLEN
A CALL FOR CURBS ON
THE CIA BY U.S. SENATOR
STEPHEN M. YOUNG

for people going places

the exclusive new
**OLD CROW
TRAVELER**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 86 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

Now you can take Old Crow wherever you go. In the tuckaway fifth is the same mellow, smooth Bourbon you find in the familiar round bottle. Famous since 1835, today Old Crow is the most popular Bourbon in the land. Enjoy the Traveler at no extra charge.

The tuckaway fifth that
packs as flat as your shirt!



Popular round fifth available as usual.



New Sprite.



Bigger engine.



Smoother clutch.



Quick and easy folding top.



Still under \$2,000.*



When the Austin Healey Sprite keeps on winning more fame and glory than anything else in its class, you know it has to be good. But

there's no law that says you can't go and make it even better. Take the Sprite's new 1275cc. engine. It's the same basic engine that powered prototype Sprites to victory in their class at Sebring and Le Mans. It runs more quietly and smoothly, wears longer with no babbing, and raises the horsepower 10%—from 59 to 65.

With more torque at lower revs and more power at higher revs, the flexibility of the engine is markedly improved along with acceleration and maximum speed. Even so, you can still get 30 thrifty miles to the gallon.

Other new touches: New easy folding top with 3.3-square foot rear window. New 6½-inch diaphragm clutch that works smoothly with minimum pedal pressure.

Plus, of course, race-bred rack-and-pinion steering and low-slung, road-gripping suspension for masterful cornering and road handling. Self-adjusting disc brakes up front for positive stops. And the comfort of wind-up windows and foam bucket seats. One thing is still the same. The Sprite is still the lowest-priced true sports car in America. Stop in at your MG/Austin Healey dealer and see how much more sports car you can now get for under \$2,000.



Sprite: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.



The Good Guys are always on the White Horse

Where else would you find them? White Horse is a Scotch with all the social graces. A taste that is smooth. Subtle. Persuasive. On the rocks or in the tall ones, White Horse comes through.

Good guys deserve their White Horse. So do you.

TO ORDER SET OF 4 GOOD GUYS GLASSES AS SHOWN (WHEREVER LEGALLY PERMISSIBLE) SEND \$3. CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO WHITE HORSE, DEPT. P-5, P.O. BOX 16F, MT. VERNON, N.Y. 10559/BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.



PLAYBILL BETH HYATT is out front again this month. (Her *PLAYBOY* cover debut, as a tattooed secret agent heralding *James Bond's Girls* in November 1965, was among the most striking in our 161-cover history.) Beth's wind-blown trackside appearance signals one of the milestones ahead on the May *PLAYBOY* circuit crowded with high-powered fiction, fast-paced articles and supercharged pictorial features. German photographer Horst Baumann and *PLAYBOY* Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy, who created this month's automotive extravaganza, *The Grand Prix*, are widely considered the world's best auto-racing photographer and chronicler, respectively. This makes the results of their collaboration here something of an ultimate essay on what has become man's most glamorous sport.

Our lead story is a work of poignant realism about the Korean War. *Day of Good Fortune* is the first published fiction of Rafael Steinberg, a Tokyo-based freelance correspondent and magazine writer. In 1951, Steinberg was in Korea as a war correspondent, of which experience he told us: "A valley like the one in this story existed, and there was such a village, and there was such a girl . . . and that's about all I should say." Steinberg—who categorizes himself as "a stupefyingly erratic player of go, a fair-weather small-boat sailor and an insatiate explorer of the Japanese evening"—adds, "I've been writing fiction, or trying to, for years. The conflicts and contrasts between East and West, Asians and Americans, is a theme that has intrigued me for some time, as this story indicates."

Other May fiction includes cartoonist-author Gahan Wilson's macabre fable *The Sea Was Wet as Wet Could Be*; a deceptive tale of biological science fiction,

Wise Child, by Britisher John (The *Midwich Cuckoos*) Wyndham; and John D. MacDonald's *Quarrel*, which describes the comic fate of a hipster whom love makes square. The ninth and tenth novels in MacDonald's Travis McGee tough-guy series are scheduled for publication this year, and a MacDonald study of the Dr. Carl A. Coppolino murder trials, to be called *No Deadly Medicine*, will appear in 1968.

Curbing America's Invisible Government: The CIA, by Ohio's junior Democratic Senator, Stephen M. Young, is an extraordinarily timely plea for greater control over the CIA by one of the few Americans with official knowledge of the Agency's scope. A decorated veteran of both World Wars and a member of the Committee on Armed Services, Senator Young is known both for his crusades against Government secrecy (he was the first member of Congress to make a public statement of his financial holdings) and for his brilliantly caustic replies to crackpot mail from constituents.

Confirmation of our long-standing suspicion that much of the world's literary legwork is done with one foot on a brass rail was contained in a note from author Max (The *Split-Level Trap*) Gunther about his researches for this month's *The Sonics Boom*: "Trying to find out about sonic weapons, I quickly found I'd get nowhere asking questions in the Pentagon. So I bought a couple of drinks for a military officer one night in a Washington bistro. He was trying to show me what various sounds sounded like, and I repeated them to check my understanding. We whistled, yodeled, hooted. Two drunken businessmen began to ape the sounds at twice the volume. The bartender threw them out, and I heard them yodel their way down the block."

The award-winning screenplay that figures prominently in Stephen H. Yafa's *My, How Fast They Learn* has, Steve tells us, grown through two and one half years into a novel—to be called *Paxton Quigley's Had the Course* and to be published late this fall. Since his graduation from Dartmouth in 1963, Steve has been studying, teaching in a Watts elementary school and writing—with the sometimes disillusioning consequences described in his first *PLAYBOY* piece, but generally with a remarkable measure of success.

Sol (Oy Oy Seven) Weinstein's tour-de-farical *Playboy Interview* with Brooklyn comic Woody Allen arrived with word from Sol that he is currently "organizing the first Bob Dylan Golf Classic and also laying the groundwork for a *discothèque* for football players, to be called the Whiskey-à-Gogolak." Besides the manic Allen interview, May's humor abounds in the form of another hairbreadth episode of *Little Annie Fanny*; and *Open Your Mouth—My Foot Is Stuck*, by D. G. Lloyd and Larry Siegel, a sure-fire glossary of fitting, if friend-losing, rejoinders to asinine questions. No less conspicuous by their presence in this issue are the redoubtable delights of the female form, most notably in *Sylvan Sylva*, an unhurried eight-page view of the sensuous new Italian sex star, Sylva Koscina; and in *The Late Show*, a pictorial revelation—through the peekaboo gaps of the latest styles in masculine sleepwear—of the admirably cantilevered configuration of *Peyton Place's* Barbara Parkins. All this and more—such as Thomas Mario's deep draught of the heady world of brunet beers in *Through a Glass—Darkly* and Lucius Beebe's *The Golden Age of Mobile Gastronomy*—are commingled within for a light and bright May collation.



GUNTHER



YAFA



PURDY



MACDONALD



WYNDHAM



STEINBERG



WILSON

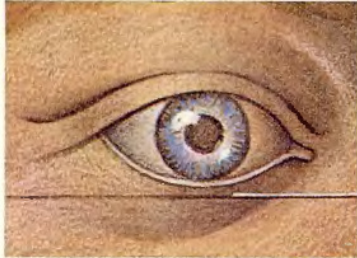


MACDONALD

PLAYBOY®



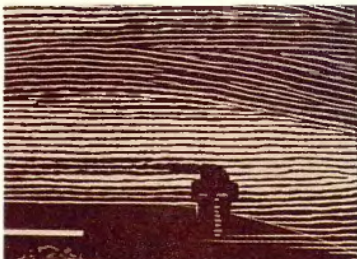
The Grand Prix P. 88



Learning Fast P. 84



Sylvan Sylva P. 116



The Golden Age P. 126

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	21
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	49
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel.....	PATRICK CHASE 53
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	55
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WOODY ALLEN—candid conversation.....	63
DAY OF GOOD FORTUNE—fiction.....	RAFAEL STEINBERG 74
THE LATE SHOW—attire.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 78
THE SEA WAS WET AS WET COULD BE—fiction.....	GAHAN WILSON 83
MY, HOW FAST THEY LEARN—article.....	STEPHEN H. Yafa 84
THE GRAND PRIX—sports.....	KEN W. PURDY 88
QUARREL—fiction.....	JOHN D. MACDONALD 95
THE CIA—article.....	U.S. SENATOR STEPHEN M. YOUNG 97
QUEEN ANNE—playboy's playmate of the month.....	98
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	106
THROUGH A GLASS—DARKLY—food and drink.....	THOMAS MARIO 109
OPEN YOUR MOUTH—humor.....	D. G. LLOYD and LARRY SIEGEL 111
THE SONICS BOOM—article.....	MAX GUNTHER 112
SYLVAN SYLVA—pictorial.....	116
WISE CHILD—fiction.....	JOHN WYNNDHAM 125
THE GOLDEN AGE OF MOBILE GASTRONOMY—memoir.....	LUCIUS BEEBE 126
A FRENCH LESSON—ribald classic.....	MARGARET OF NAVARRE 131
VERY COOL FOR MAY—attire.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 133
YOU MAY WELL WONDER, MARTY—fiction.....	KARL PRENTISS 135
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	152
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire.....	HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 201

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

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

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1967 BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL BETH HYATT, PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA, OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: JERRY BAUER, P. 3; DON BRONSTEIN, P. 3; MARIO CASILLI, P. 3 (2), 153; ALAN CLIFTON, P. 3; LARRY GORDON, P. 92, 109, 153; MARVIN KONER, P. 63; POMPEO POSAR, P. 97; JERRY YULSMAN, P. 3.

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1967, VOL. 14, NO. 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

SHELDON WAX *assistant managing editor*; MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN *senior editors*; ROBIE MACAULEY *fiction editor*; JAMES GOODE, ARTHUR KRETCHMER, MICHAEL LAURENCE *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *associate fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance*; KEN W. PURDY *contributing editor*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy chief*; DAVID BUTLER, HENRY FENWICK, JOHN GABREE, LAWRENCE LINDERMAN, CARL SNYDER, DAVID STEVENS, ROGER WIDENER, ROBERT ANTON WILSON *assistant editors*; BEV CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor*; MARILYN GRABOWSKI *assistant picture editor*; MARIO CASILLI, LARRY GORDON, J. BARRY O'ROURKE, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS UREA, JERRY YULSMAN *staff photographers*; STAN MALINOWSKI *contributing photographer*; RONALD BLUME *associate art director*; NORM SCHAEFER, BOB POST, ED WEISS, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRADENYCH, LEN WILLIS *art assistants*; MICHELLE ALTMAN *assistant cartoon editor*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager*; PAT PAPPAS *rights and permissions* • HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*; JULES KASE *associate advertising manager*; SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager*; JOSEPH GUENTHER *detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUTCH *promotion director*; HELMUT LORSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY DUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*; ELDON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director*.



Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo to a lab technician?

Underneath that pocket of pencils there beats the heart of a digital computer. This girl has already catalogued and cross-indexed the Tiparillo slim, elegant shape. And

the neat, white tip. She knows that there are two Tiparillos. Regular, for a mild smoke. Or new Tiparillo M with menthol, for a cold smoke. She knows. She's programmed.


And she's ready.

But how about you? Which Tiparillo are you going to offer? Or are you just going to stand there and stare at her pencils?



*Budweiser
is the best reason
in the world
to drink beer*





Tonight mix your daiquiris
with Ronrico, the light
tasteful rum from Puerto Rico.
You might really stir up something.



RONRICO
Rum in a new light

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C., 80 PROOF

DEAR PLAYBOY



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

MARK LANE INTERVIEW

I read with great enthusiasm your February interview with Mark Lane. Its revelations about the Warren Report were utterly shocking. It is hard to imagine, in our supposedly democratic society, that such a mockery of justice could be tolerated. I applaud Lane and his courageous attempt to unveil the truth.

Myrna Spina
San Jose, California

PLAYBOY's interview with Mark Lane was terrifying. Lane's suggestion of a possible cover-up by the Warren Commission and the FBI shakes the foundations of our Government. Not that I completely believe Lane. Like most Americans, I am utterly confused by the Kennedy assassination. However, if even one of Lane's accusations is proven correct, the authenticity of the Warren Report will be destroyed. I hope that through the work of such doubters as Lane, a new investigation will be opened. Only through a new study will my troubled thoughts (and those of countless thousands of others) be resolved.

Robert Abrams
Indianapolis, Indiana

Lane's revelations completely astounded us Filipinos, to whom your President Kennedy is a martyr. We can now only hope that the case will be reopened, and soon. Thank you for one of your best interviews yet—and for a great magazine.

Joe Mari Chan
Manila, Philippines

I found myself amazed and intrigued by your interview with Mark Lane. True as it is that Lane has a very strong case, the value of the interview does not end there. It's high time the American people stopped taking the infallible word of the Government at face value and started to question some of Uncle Sam's more dubious declarations. The primary question is not Oswald's guilt, but whether the American people have the right to know the truth. Does President Johnson's executive power also include the right to protect our virgin ears from the harsh sounds of reality? Hats off to Mark Lane

and to PLAYBOY for their attempts to lift the Golden Fleece our Government has tried to place over the public eye.

Thomas R. DuBois
Hobart College
Geneva, New York

I do not think that this whole fiasco could ever happen in England. Our representatives in Parliament might be biased, daft and ignorant—but they know who put them in power and who can just as easily put them out. That, of course, is the English people, and we would be satisfied with nothing less than the truth.

The whole of American politics is on trial now, not only before the American people but before the world. The feeling here is: "The whole thing stinks to high heaven." Get the smell out, Americans, and do justice to the man—John Kennedy—who tried to get justice for you.

A. J. Smith
Reading, England

The last time I saw Mark Lane was in the fall of 1963. He was cruising down East 14th Street in a sound truck, blaring some nonsense in an effort to establish a new "power base" on the Lower East Side of New York. Partly because of the community newspaper (*Town & Village*), which I was then editing, Lane was blocked in that effort.

A few weeks later, President Kennedy was killed, and shortly thereafter I went to North Carolina to cover civil rights demonstrations and Klan resurgence. Lane, like Captain Ahab, began pursuing the most enormous white whale in all American history.

So now it is 1967, in an America transformed by the events of November 1963. Now we are all on the dark side of the moon, in a cratered land where few men trust their neighbors. Because I once helped defeat Lane on a matter of peripheral importance—where, as a matter of fact, he richly deserved defeat—I owe Mark Lane just this:

I am stunned by the profound thoroughness and cold savagery of his position, but even more by his extraordinary growth as a human being. He exudes now a sense of icy control and purposeful integrity. It is my hope that Repre-



Shiver her timbers

with
**SEVEN
SEAS**
for men

We sailed the seven seas to bring you this swashbuckling new scent. What else could we call it? SEVEN SEAS.



brisk and buoyant cologne —
cool-as-the-ocean after shave lotion
all-purpose talc
deodorant shower bar soap.

©1966 Seven Seas Division — Fabergé Inc.

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1967, VOL. 14, NO. 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$20 FOR THREE YEARS, \$15 FOR TWO YEARS, \$8 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$4.00 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 405 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, MU 2-1000; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, MI 2-1000; JOSEPH GUENTHER, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 DEVERLY BOULEVARD, DL 2-0790; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET, YU 2-7994; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE B. BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.

Somebody finally sat down and designed a professional fishing goggle.

Every fisherman learns one fact very early: the fish has one advantage; he can see you but you can't see him. ■ Well, beginning today, Renault puts you on even terms: you can see him below the surface of the water. Just put on a pair of the great new fishing goggles, the Wide Angler. Suddenly, you're looking *into*—not *onto* the water. Ingeniously visored polarized lenses cut through surface reflection and glare. You see those sneaky, wily fish as they plot their sneaky, wily fish tricks on you. You'll find Wide Anglers (there's a great women's model, too) at the best sporting goods departments and stores throughout the U. S. and Canada. At \$7.50 you'll agree they're sensational—unless you happen to be a fish.



Renault research cuts the glare—
lets you see the fish.



1000

Sole Distributor: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.



It takes more than martinis
to build an image, mister.

An aggressive new after-shave
from the House of 4711.
Part of a complete men's line
priced from 1.25 to 4.50.



sentative Theodore R. Kupferman of New York will once again introduce his resolution calling for a blue-ribbon Congressional committee to conduct a new and more balanced investigation of the events surrounding the assassination.

Pete Young

Lawrenceville, New Jersey

Congratulations for another excellent interview. I have just one question: What can I, an average American, do to make "my" Government reopen the inquiry?

Lew Motorese

Kenmore, New York

Write to your Congressmen.

Lane has obviously done his homework and done it well, and we would like to cast our ballots in favor of reopening the investigation into the assassination. However, after considering the implication of Lane's thesis—which, though subtly put, seems to point to a Government plot involving the CIA, the FBI, the Secret Service and the Dallas police force—we must remark that the CIA and the FBI, not to mention the Secret Service, are "smarter than the average bear." They have at their disposal the most advanced technological developments. They are professionals. If there were, in fact, an organized Government plan to liquidate J. F. K., why would it be carried out in front of thousands of witnesses? The assassination, although it succeeded, seems to have been very amateurish, planned and executed by bunglers. Surely a "natural causes" death would have been far easier to arrange—and would have aroused much less attention.

G. W. A. Trimble

C. K. Haines

Kingston, Ontario

Though in my judgment your Mark Lane interview as a whole was a very sorry affair, indeed, in terms of objective analysis, the only specific comment I would wish to make is that I never, at any time, made the statement attributed to me—indeed, it is in quotes—in the interview. Nor, of course, was I or any other member of the Warren Commission ever motivated by such a sentiment.

John J. McCloy

New York, New York

Lane's statement was: "One of the Commission's members, John J. McCloy, said it was vital for the Commission to 'show the world that America is not a banana republic, where a government can be changed by conspiracy.'" Lane's source was Edward Jay Epstein's "Inquest," wherein Epstein attributes precisely these words to McCloy, from an interview conducted by Epstein in New York City on June 7, 1965. Epstein,

h.i.s. gives tradition a kick in the pants



with bold Glen Plaids featuring **Dacron®**. Get the best of two worlds. The authentic comfort of Post-Grad styling. The uninhibited look of a big plaid. For extra wear power, 65% Dacron* polyester with 35% Avril® rayon. Talon zipper. \$8. For store names write h.i.s., 16 E. 34 St., N.Y. 10016. **Press-Free Post-Grad Slacks**

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK



Something 'Intimate' is going on

In Greece
and 36 other love-struck
countries.

'Intimate'...cherished as one
of the world's
seven great fragrances.

Intimate Spray Mist
by Revlon.

contacted in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he is currently studying, told PLAYBOY that McCloy had definitely made the statement, but that the interview was not taped. McCloy, former Assistant Secretary of War and former American High Commissioner for Germany, may have been misquoted, but we think it's unfortunate that he did not elect to repudiate the remark when it originally appeared, almost a year ago, in Epstein's best-selling book—which was widely publicized and praised for its authenticity.

In his rush to sell books, magazines and newspapers, at least Lane admits he is no firearms expert. Anyone familiar with shooting can attest to the echo effect, especially in an area of hard surfaces, such as those surrounding the Kennedy assassination site in Dallas.

C. H. Houser

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

The echo question has been posed previously. Lane's reply: "Since echoes could have played such a crucial role in determining the validity of eyewitness placement of the shots, the Commission should have restaged the shooting with bystanders and actual gunfire to determine the echo characteristics of Dealey Plaza. This the Commission never did."

In your interview, Lane states (on pages 53 and 54): "I'm not a rifle expert or a policeman, but I was able to take one look at that weapon and unhesitatingly identify it as a 6.5 Italian rifle, not a 7.65 German Mauser. Because etched clearly on the stock of the gun were the manufacturer's words: 'MADE ITALY' and 'CAL. 6.5.'"

Anyone who knows anything about firearms would know that no such inscription exists. European weapons are designated, according to bore, under the metric system. Therefore, the inscription would have to read "6.5 Millimeters"—which is usually abbreviated to "M.M." on rifles. Lane states emphatically and in quotation marks that he saw "CAL. 6.5" stamped on the stock. Since he is a lawyer, he should be the first to admit one misrepresentation of fact, if exposed, can discredit a whole testimony.

Dennis Matson

Western Washington College
Bellingham, Washington

Perhaps; but in this instance, Lane is correct. A close-up photo of the rifle is published as Commission Exhibit 541 on page 239 of volume 17 of the Commission's "Hearings and Exhibits." The photo shows the inscription "CAL. 6.5." The inscription is also quoted—but not pictured—on pages 81, 553 and 554 of the Warren Report itself.

Mark Lane made a number of misstatements in his interview:

1. Numerous witnesses saw either a man at the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository or a gun protruding from the window. Witness Brennan had noticed a man in the sixth-floor window several minutes before the shooting began. Three employees on the fifth floor heard rifle shells drop on the floor above.

2. Regardless of initial misstatements by the police as to the exact make of rifle found in the building, the fact remains that ballistics experts agreed that the bullet found in Parkland Hospital and the bullet fragments found in the Presidential limousine were fired from Oswald's Carcano rifle, "to the exclusion of all other weapons." The same opinion applied to the empty cartridge cases found with the rifle.

3. Numerous witnesses saw Oswald running down the street after the shooting of Officer Tippit. Several identified Oswald at the police line-up. Empty shells at the scene of the crime were identified as having been fired from Oswald's pistol "to the exclusion of all other weapons." According to Lane, Oswald must have grabbed the murder weapon from the murderer's hands and run down the street with it. How silly can you get?

Inaccuracies such as these make all of Lane's statements suspect.

Lester F. Keene

Cape Canaveral, Florida

In the preface to your interview with Mark Lane, you quoted extensively from my critical review of his book *Rush to Judgment*. You added, correctly, that Norman Mailer had reviewed the book favorably. As a writer best known for his fiction, Mailer is frequently interesting and provocative—and a fiction writer would be as qualified as anyone to review another's fiction. But Lane's book is offered to the public as fact—a legalistic critique of the Warren Commission's investigation. And so I venture to suggest that Mailer may not be fully equipped to assess the merits of Lane's attack on the Warren Report.

It is doubtful that Mailer had read the Commission's 26 volumes of supporting exhibits before cheering Lane's "400 pages of . . . staggering facts." In any event, it is clear that Mailer had had no occasion to examine those volumes with meticulous care. Even discarding the fact that Mailer is neither legal scholar nor historian, trained and experienced in the testing of evidence, it can safely be said that his enthusiasm for Lane's profitable jeremiad would have been dampened by a comparison of it with the Commission's exhibits.

A representative example of Lane's technique can be found on pages 32 and 33 of his book. As a vital part of his



You'll wrinkle before your **h.i.s. Press-Free Shirt will.**

Pick our Triple-Track stripe or any of the many dashing patterns and colors we make. Button-down collar with longish roll and true-tapered fit. You'll look smooth from morning 'til night and from now 'til you're eligible for Medicare. Short-sleeve models, \$4 to \$6. For names of nearby retailers, write to h.i.s., 16 East 34th St., N.Y., 10016

If you're about to buy a watch, why not make sure it's a

- 1 stop watch
- 2 time out stop watch
- 3 doctor's watch
- 4 yachting timer
- 5 tachometer
- 6 aviator's watch
- 7 time zone watch
- 8 skin diver's watch
- 9 regular watch

Why not make sure it's the **Chronomaster by Croton, \$100.** Write for free fact book: Dept. P-5, Croton Watch Co., Croton-On-Hudson, N. Y.



CROTON
CHRONOMASTER
 GOES STEADY GOES STEADY
 GOES STEADY GOES STEADY

effort to demonstrate that some assassination shots came from a grassy knoll ahead of the Kennedy limousine, Lane quotes one J. C. Price as deposing that he saw running atop the rise a man who "had something in his hand." Those who care enough about the truth to check the pertinent Commission exhibit volume (19, page 492) will discover that Lane has omitted the balance of Price's statement. Price had ended his statement by saying he thought that the man might have been carrying "a headpiece." So much for Lane's sinister implication that it was a gun.

I once confronted Lane with this embarrassing example on Irv Kupcinet's Chicago television program. Lane's only response was that in a 478-page book he couldn't quote everything in the Commission volumes. (After the laughter had subsided, Lane brought out his photograph purporting to show Jack Ruby at the assassination site. He showed it to the wrong man. Kup, who has been around, promptly announced: "That's not Jack. I've known him for years." And Kup was right.)

Anyone uncurious enough to read and believe Lane's shapeless collection of distortions and sly innuendoes without first, or afterward, reading the Warren Report and its exhibit volumes, earns the name gullible. It being demonstrably true, I repeat my published statement that Lane's book "passes beyond the merely superficial, being frequently dishonest as well."

John R. Waltz
 Professor of Law
 Northwestern University
 Evanston, Illinois

THE DRAFT

I would like to commend Congressman Thomas B. Curtis for his fine article on the draft (*Conscription and Commitment*, PLAYBOY, February). Curtis presents an extremely well-articulated argument for the establishment of an all-volunteer Army. In my research, presented to the recent Draft Conference at the University of Chicago and to meetings of the American Economic Association, I have also attempted to estimate the economic costs of the draft in terms of the implicit tax that is placed on those who are forced by a draft liability to serve. The results of my study clearly support the conclusions reached by Congressman Curtis. The size of the tax is quite staggering and inequitable.

Professor Walter Y. Oi
 Department of Economics
 University of Washington
 Seattle, Washington

I have read with interest Congressman Curtis' *Conscription and Commitment*. Curtis makes a strong and solid argu-

ment for the elimination of the draft and its replacement by a volunteer Army. His article is detailed and factual, yet concise. I am interested in the possibility of reprinting this article for distribution at a national conference on conscription and its impact on American society, which the American Friends Service Committee will sponsor this spring.

William F. Medlin
 Peace Education Division
 American Friends Service Committee
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Permission granted.

I am delighted to report that I placed Congressman Curtis' article, *Conscription and Commitment*, in the *Congressional Record* on January 24.

Representative Donald Rumsfeld
 U. S. House of Representatives
 Washington, D. C.

Many of Curtis' views are shared by soldiers now in the Armed Forces. I, for one, feel that I have been cheated, or at least misused. Had I been placed in a position comparable with my civilian occupation, the Government could have saved many hours and a great deal of money. This is one of the pet peeves of most soldiers with prior technical skills—they never get to use them. I will be discharged soon, and it will take me many months to regain skills that I lost during my service. If the Army used our civilian skills—instead of making half-assed clerks out of all of us—the military would benefit, and we might also.

Sp/4 Vincent J. Fernandez
 Heidelberg, Germany

The Selective Service System is founded on the belief, in which I heartily concur, that every male American owes a portion of his life to the service of his country. Because of this, the question of inequity—or unfairness, as it is usually called—is irrelevant. Service should be rendered by each individual where it would be most valuable: as a nuclear scientist, a doctor, an aviator, artilleryman, infantryman or what have you.

Granville S. Ridley
 Chairman, American Legion
 National Security Council
 Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Good as it was, Curtis' article did not go far enough. The present draft system is not only "obsolete" and "inefficient, inequitable and undemocratic," but, even worse, it is clearly unconstitutional. The 13th Amendment plainly states: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

For guys who don't know their ascot from their elbow



h.i.s.
coordinates this
3-piece sports outfit

Stop worrying about what goes with what. We've done it for you. First we give you a natural shoulder jacket in a color and weight that are right for Spring through Summer. Then we add two pairs of Press-Free Post-Grad slacks, one in a matching color and one in a pattern. Each pair provides an authentic blend with the jacket. The trio sets you back a mere \$45. (Prices are slightly higher in the West.) For names of nearby retailers, write to h.i.s., 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Cutty Sark

America's No. 1 selling Scotch



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

Conscription is certainly involuntary servitude, and being of draft age and in good health is certainly no crime. The inclusion of the phrase "except as a punishment for crime" shows that this prohibition of slavery applies not only to private slavery but also to public slavery, as in an army. If it applied only to individuals, not government, this specific exception would have been unnecessary.

George Fink
Burlington, Iowa

In an otherwise excellent article, Representative Curtis has completely missed the point in his discussion of how the inequities of the draft affect American Negroes. To simply say that Negroes have "higher enlistment rates" is to beg the more fundamental question of *why* this should be so. The point is that American Negroes have fewer alternatives available to them. The fact that *any* American should believe that his chances of success are better in Vietnam than in Alabama is a sad commentary on American society and, I fear, on the elected representatives who see nothing morally reprehensible in such conditions.

Cedric C. Clark
East Lansing, Michigan

WISE AND FAIR

I would like to congratulate Irwin Shaw on his earthy description of the trials of the living when faced with the realization of death (*Where All Things Wise and Fair Descend*, PLAYBOY, February). Compassion, one of the thankful virtues bestowed upon man, is very effectively projected in this fine piece of fiction.

Chad Walk
Cameron State College
Lawton, Oklahoma

WORD PLAY

I presented some of Robert Carola's more innocent *Word Plays* to my fourth-graders recently and asked them—as an exercise in imagination and language facility—to design some of their own.

I thought you would appreciate this one, put up on the blackboard by one of my boys—to the delight of the other boys and the bewilderment of the girls:

PLAYBOY

Richard Siegelman
Flushing, New York

COGNAC CONNOISSEUR

Congratulations on Maurice Zolotow's February piece on *Cognac*—so wittily full of information and so genially destructive of popular fallacies. As a *Chevalier du Tastevin*, my only (very mild) criticism is that Zolotow did not sufficiently underline the point that cognac does not

improve, though it may deteriorate, in bottle. Zolotow referred to this, but did not stress it. Too many people think wines and spirits improve in bottle—and so few do: vintage port, claret and red burgundy. Most white wines are better drunk fast.

Alec Waugh
New York, New York

GOLDEN GOOF

In *The Girls of "Casino Royale"* in your February issue, a photo of me—as a "Goldfinger Girl"—was captioned "stage actress Ann Thompson." Since every actress is enthusiastic about the idea of appearing in PLAYBOY, it seems a great pity that when my picture *does* get in, I'm given the wrong name. I'm Lisa



Thomas, not Ann Thompson. Here's a picture, this time in silver rather than in gold, which you might want to print with my letter.

Lisa Thomas
London, England

Sorry about that, Lisa. *The Early Bird* satellite apparently laid an egg, as your name was scrambled en route from England to our editor's desk.

EDITORS' PRIZE

I am, of course, delighted to have won the PLAYBOY editors' prize for nonfiction writing during 1966. What I would like to give in return is my appreciation for PLAYBOY's attitude toward writers. Not only its generosity in financial terms, which manifests itself in the fact that as the magazine's circulation and revenues have grown, so have its rates to writers; but, more importantly, my appreciation is for the freedom I've experienced at PLAYBOY. While there is occasionally a problem pertaining to craft (which usually means clarity), there has never been a problem about my point of view and opinions. By contrast, I was banished some time ago from the pages of *The*




**Viceroy's got
the taste
that's right...**

right any time of the day



Here's why: Viceroy is the filter cigarette blended with natural flavor fresheners to enrich and improve the true tobacco taste. That's why Viceroy tastes rich... good... rewarding... any time you light up.

© 1966, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION  The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products



At least he knows about Koratron® permanent press

Look at those perfectly creased pants... that crisp, smooth shirt. Only Koratron® permanent press looks that good after dozens of wash-and-dry cycles. Koratron invented permanent press, patented the new exclusive process, and now licenses only the best manufacturers to use it. Whatever it is—shirt, pants, raincoat, windbreaker—if it's marked Koratron it's permanent press with a capital Promised Performance. So buy it.



Koratron Company, Inc. San Francisco • New York • Los Angeles

©1967 Koratron Company

Reporter because I disagreed with its publisher on Vietnam—and that disagreement was in another publication. There's nothing more vital to a writer than being free to say whatever he wants to say as best he can say it. And that's the name of the game, as I've found it, at PLAYBOY.

Nat Hentoff
New York, New York

This is the first time that any magazine—or in fact any kind of publication—has awarded me a prize. [For the best PLAYBOY fiction of 1966.—Ed.] But then, PLAYBOY can be always depended upon to produce brilliant surprises.

Vladimir Nabokov
Montreux, Switzerland

It grieves me to write this letter, but you guys being the editors of an organization devoted to truth and beauty and a lot of good things, I'm sure that you would want to know how I feel about the latest scurrilous body blow that you have dealt to my tottering career.

Last year, when you saw fit to bestow upon me the 1965 PLAYBOY humor award for *Leopold Doppler and the Great Orpheum Gravy Boat Riot*, I felt that that would have been enough. You realize that over countless years I have assiduously built up a vast edifice of failure and have become known in some circles as the one quavering voice of the true losers. Winning this award cost me a considerable portion of my following, who took it as a personal insult. And now comes this foul and totally unexpected attack. Upon receipt of your announcement that you had awarded me the 1966 award for humor/satire for *Daphne Bigelow and the Spine-Chilling Saga of the Snail-Encrusted Tin-Foil Moose*, I was shocked into near insensibility.

The case, of course, has been placed in my lawyers' hands. I see no alternative. It has become obvious to me and to my fast-dwindling group of followers that there is an organized plot afoot. I realize that it is customary for the recipient of such awards to show appreciation. I will follow the form, being a person who believes in simple civilities. But I will go no further. You can expect a foolscap from my attorneys, who even at this very moment are contemplating action.

Jean Shepherd
New York, New York

I was very proud and happy that *The Eastern Sprints* appeared in PLAYBOY (May 1966) and, needless to say, very flattered at winning your editors' prize for the best piece by a new PLAYBOY writer.

Tom Mayer
Saigon, South Vietnam





PHIL SILVERS STARS IN "A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM."

FUN THINGS HAPPEN WITH SMIRNOFF

You can't decide which one you like the best. Smirnoff Screwdrivers with the zestful taste of orange juice. Bloody Marys with tomato juice. The Smirnoff Mule with refreshing 7-Up®. The dryest Martinis. The

smoothes drink on-the-rocks. Filtered through 14,000 pounds of activated charcoal, only Smirnoff makes so many drinks so well. Try them all! Have a ball! *Always ask for Smirnoff Vodka.*

Smirnoff® *leaves you breathless*
VODKA





“When you’re out of Schlitz, you’re out of beer.”

Try the taste of the most carefully brewed beer in the world. The beer that takes 1,174 careful brewing steps. Schlitz. Real gusto in the great light beer.

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Deluged as we are with dull direct-mail solicitations, we're always on the lookout for an irresistible offer. We thought we had a winner recently when a letterhead emblazoned with large, carnivorous-looking insects caught our eye. The mimeographed missive was from one Hugh A. Carter of Plains, Georgia, who wasted few words getting to his point: "Sir: YOU CAN MAKE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS YEARLY RAISING GRAY CRICKETS to sell as fish bait." This, frankly, is a way of making thousands of dollars yearly that had never occurred to us. Visions of early retirement danced in our head as we read that "a cricket lays approximately 10 eggs a day and lays from 20 to 30 days. With just a little figuring you can see what 200 breeder crickets will produce for you. If you sell retail, you can get 1½-3 cents each for them. From 200 female crickets with the proper amount of male crickets you should produce 30,000-40,000."

Reeling under images of concupiscent crickets and burgeoning profits, we plowed on. "You can begin on a small scale—a small box on your back porch, in your garage or even in the corner of your bedroom." As if anticipating our unwillingness to disturb 200 females' enjoyment of the proper amount of males—or our suspicion that their enjoyment might disturb our slumber—Mr. Carter quickly pointed out that: "There is no odor, no noticeable chirping. Later you can grow into a large-scale operation and watch the dollars roll in."

If the sound of unnoticeable chirping or the roar of dollars rolling in would be too much for our belabored ears, Mr. Carter offered alternatively to set us up in the mushrooming—and presumably quieter—worm industry. Only with difficulty did we resist the urge to dash off a check for \$135 to accompany an order blank that read: "Yes! I want to start a big worm-raising operation immediately. Send me your instruction book now on how to raise and sell fishworms and crickets. When I get my beds ready [we note that this whole business centers

around the bedroom], I'll notify you when to send me 50,000 breeder worms." Remember, we were told, "50,000 breeder worms multiply to 50,000,000 in one year." Our only reservation was: What do you do with 50,000,000 hybrid red wigglers if the bottom drops out of the worm market—or out of your beds? You can't wait for the market to revive, because those 50,000,000 worms will turn into 50 billion in another year. At a conservative 50 worms per ounce, our research department informs us, that's over 30,000 tons of worms. Perhaps the solution to this earthy problem can be found in Mr. Carter's \$2.95 opus, *How and Where to Sell Fishworms and Crickets*. In any case, we know what he does with the by-products, because he closes his presentation with a coupon offer that may be the gift for the man who has everything: For two dollars he'll mail, anywhere in the U.S., "a beautiful ice bucket packed with pure worm castings." That's direct-mail talk for wormshit.

When a man is divested of job or title, there is ordinarily no term to describe his loss in a manner appropriate to his profession. While there are obvious exceptions—lawyers can be disbarred and priests defrocked—the majority of us risk only being fired, canned or sacked. To rectify this linguistic deficiency, we have compiled a nomenclature to suggest how people in various positions might be descriptively removed from them. Trivia-fixated hipsters, for example, should be decamped, and celebrities who became passé would be defamed. In the academic world, dull professors could be declassified, while slow students could be degraded; and those who cheated on exams would surely be detested. Incompetent fishermen would be outcast, and seedy fruitgrowers impeached. Hairdressers who used greasy kid stuff on their customers could be distressed, and untidy cosmetologists defaced. In public life, politicians who failed to fulfill campaign promises could

be devoted, and their secretaries defiled. Impertinent doormen could be unhinged, clumsy electricians delighted, and careless power-plant operators degenerated. In sports, bungling baseball players could be debased, and timid boxers defrayed. A falsetto hog caller could be disgruntled; waitresses who dropped trays could be justly deserved. Salvation Army workers could more effectively warn lost souls about the wages of sin if winos could be deported. Club joiners might be dismembered for failure to pay dues. And last, but not least, Playboy Club Bunnies who spilled drinks—if such a thing ever happened—could summarily be detailed.

•
A measure proposing the trout as Michigan's official state fish—and passed by the legislature—was introduced by state senator Terry Troutt.

•
Unsettling sign of the times spotted in the window of a rental agency near Uniontown, Pennsylvania: COMPANY COMING: RENT A COT, SOFA BED, HAMMOCK OR SHOTGUN.

•
Nautical and matrimonial facts for cautious bachelors to ponder: Under certain circumstances, in various parts of the world, captains of certain vessels may legally join a couple in matrimony—as binding a marriage as any performed ashore, whether by church or by state. The church can also annul marriages, and states can grant divorces. But in no part of the world, under any circumstances, may the captain of any vessel rend matrimonial bonds asunder.

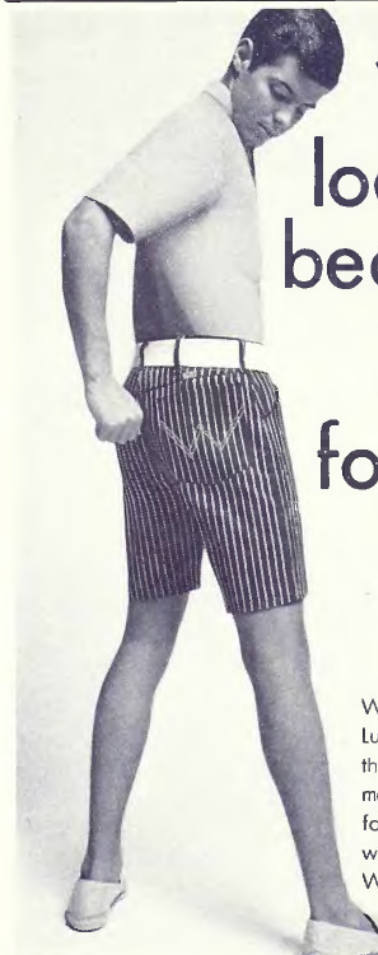
•
"It's always better at a hotel," reads the letterhead of Atlantic City's Liberty Hotel, which bills itself as a "Honey-mooner's Haven."

•
Underwear Intelligence: The *Arkansas Democrat* reports that a novel long-leg pantie is available at Pfeifers, a Little



First name for the martini **BEEFEATER**®

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



You have to
look for the "W"
because it's silent.

Wrangler®
for wreal jeans.

Want a wrugged jeans look in a walker length? Luckily, there's Wrangler, the people who make the wreal slim-fitting jeans, and now they're making them in washable striped denim cut-offs, for about \$4. All popular sizes. Shirts that go with them came from the silent "W", too. Wrangler Western Wear, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001.

©1987 BLUE BELL, INC. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Rock department store. "Choose it in white or black," says the ad, "for a line that is sleek from waist to thing."

A new twist in toilet training is being pioneered in Japan, thanks to an electronic device suitable for restroom installation. As soon as the john door is closed, a tape-recorded voice greets the discommoded visitor with "Good morning, how are you?" and continues with phrases in English for three minutes. The tapes can be changed each day, the lessons becoming progressively more advanced. The manufacturer guarantees that after a few months the men's-room scholar will know enough English to make himself understood abroad. Tokyo's *The East* magazine speculates on what the linguist will answer when asked where he learned to speak English so well.

Foiled by a fatal flaw in his plan for a perfect crime, a would-be burglar in Fairfax, Virginia, was arrested on the roof of a supermarket, while trying to break through a skylight. He had failed to notice that the store, bustling with clerks and customers, was still open for business.

That's Showbiz: The Women's Institute of St. Alban's, England, was forced to cancel its production of the play *World Without Men* because of a sudden emergency: Every member of the cast—seven women and a cat—had become pregnant.

Northwest Airlines should have demanded equal time when a Seattle radio announcer, reading a commercial for the airline, advised listeners to "Enjoy a non-flight stop to New York."


Paul Krassner's *Realist*, ever alert to discrimination in high places, reports that Gotham's Head Start posters read, in English, HELP YOUR CHILD; and in Spanish, HELP YOUR CHILDREN.

A night club in Denver, Colorado, according to a correspondent in that state of wide-open spaces—if not minds—recently sported a sign that read: GOOD CLEAN DANCING EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Batman, says the Associated Press, had a close call in Milford, Connecticut, but he escaped unscathed. A local traffic cop, after stopping a car for speeding, leaned in the window and asked, "What do you think you're driving, the Batmobile?" After Linwood Batman displayed his license and registration, the officer apologized.

A tantalizing ad in the *Cal Aggie*, at the University of California's Davis

With technological triumphs like this, it only takes 4½ hours for 2 men to make one Karmann Ghia convertible top.



It used to take longer, till we discovered that curved needles sew around corners faster than straight needles.

That's important to us, because we want to make cars as efficiently as possible. What slows us down is that we also want to make cars as good as possible.

For us to do that, a Karmann Ghia convertible comes out costing you \$2445*. Which sounds like a lot of money coming out of your pocket. Until you realize what we put into the car.

Our convertible top, for example, has a vinyl interior that covers up the cross braces you see in most other convertibles. It has a thick pad of insulation in the middle that keeps out heat, cold and noise. And it has a vinyl outside that really fits because we really hand-fit it.

We could skip all that handwork, trade in all our curved needles for a couple of machines, and make convertible tops as efficiently as everyone else.

But we'd rather be less efficient and better. Instead of just as efficient and not as good.



Volkswagen economy
is standard equipment.



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E., (\$2542 WEST COAST P.O.E.), LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL.

"refreshingly different"

English Leather®



The new, exciting scent for men—a fresh, completely new fragrance note that lasts and lasts!

AFTER SHAVE \$2.50, \$4.50
COLOGNE \$3.00, \$5.00
GIFT SETS \$5.50, \$9.50
(After Shave and Cologne)

...cool frosted bottles elegantly packaged in authentic wood boxes.

©MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

branch, called for "one or two female roommates to share large house equipped with pets and seven sources of amusement."

Privacy Invasion Department, Good Samaritan Division: The following item ran in the David City, Nebraska, *Banner-Press*—"To whom it may concern: A group of your neighbors wish to announce that the one-way frosty glass in your bathroom is facing the wrong way."

Five years ago, in Kitchener, Ontario, we discovered in the *United Mine Workers' Journal*, rear-end collisions in a plant parking lot were frequent enough to call for the services of a police traffic expert. He observed the exodus at quitting time just once, and then persuaded the company to release its female employees 15 minutes before the men got out. There hasn't been a rear-end collision in the lot since then.

Free-speech demonstrators, take heed: *National Review* reveals that Washington's national zoo has exiled (to basement cages) two mynah birds suspected of having dirty vocabularies.

Sobering note: The cable address of Grierson, Oldham & Adams, Ltd., "shippers since 1820 of Fine Wines and Spirits," is SOBRIETY, LONDON.

We applaud Simon & Schuster's *Fire-side Calendar & Engagement Book* for brightening our afternoon with a list of Puritan names taken from a 1658 jury list of Sussex County, England. Consider the prepossessing piety of such Biblical baptismal names as Be-thankful Playnard, Be-faithful Joiner, Be-courteous Cole, Be-of-good-comfort Small, Faint-not Hewett, Weep-not Billing, Seek-wisdom Wood, Kill-sin Pimple, Live-in-peace Hillary, Search-the-Scriptures Moreton, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer and Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White. We can't help wondering whether the following lived up to their appellations: Repentant Hazel, Redeemed Compton, Meek Brewer, Faithful Long, Called Lower, Obediencia Cruttenden, More-fruit Flower, Hope-for Bending, Fly-debate Roberts, Goodgift Noake, Joy-from-above Brown, God-reward Smart, The-gift-of-God Stringer, The-work-of-God Farmer, The-peace-of-God Knight, and one poor Puritan miss tongue-twistingly yclept Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-the-kingdom-of-Heaven Goldsmith. Her friends, we suppose, called her "Tribby" for short.

San Francisco Chronicle Herb Caen indicates that the legendary classic of

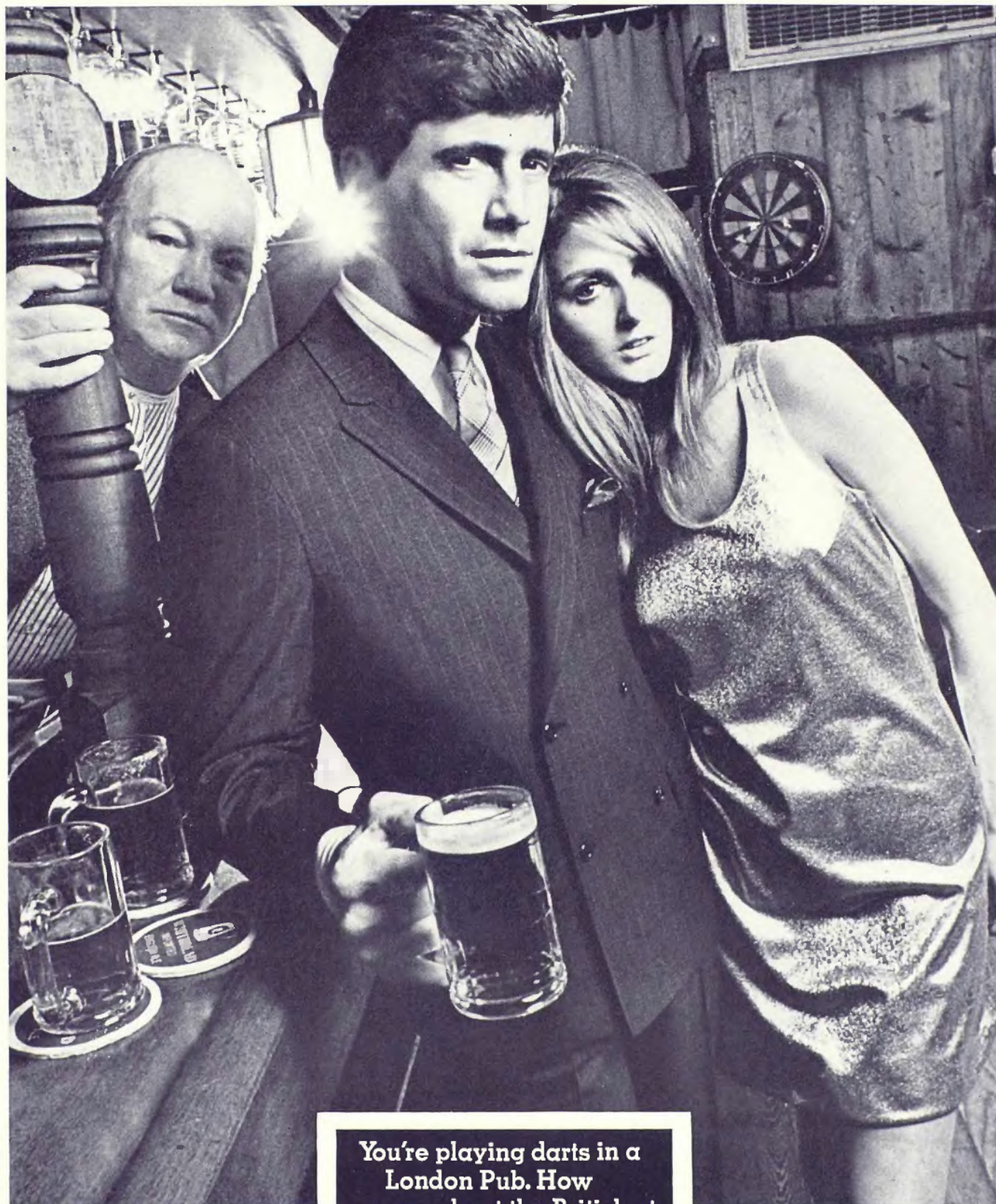


*Cuervo Created
The Margarita*

Cuervo
Makes
The
Authentic
Margarita...
Naturally

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA
(KWAIR-VO)

WHITE ON ORLD LABEL • 80 PROOF • IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN, INC. HARTFORD, CONN. 06103



**You're playing darts in a
London Pub. How
can you beat the British at
their own game?**

First it's good form to offer to keep score. That's how you get in the game. Then, when it's your turn, take your time. Lob the darts over. Since you've already caught the British off guard with your Cricketeer natural shoulder chalk stripe, four button, double-breasted, suit, you've got nothing to worry about. (55% Dacron* polyester, 45% worsted, about \$70.00).

How to speak English: "Chat Up" — means to talk to, but to "give her a bit of the old chat" means a snow job.

"Grotty"—awful. "Dolly"—pretty girl in very short skirt. "A Wilson"—(in darts)—you just squeaked one through. Other things to do to keep your advantage? Never take out a cigarette without offering the pack around. **Cricketeer with Dacron®.**

CRICKETEER®

FOR FREE COPY OF KNOWSHIP III, A YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIAL TRIUMPHS, AND STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE, CRICKETEER, A DIV. OF THE JOSEPH & FEIGS CO., 1200 AVE. OF AMER., N.Y. *DUPONT REG. T.M.

GO WHERE THE ACTION IS



You'll find more action—more of everything at the Stardust. Spend an hour and forty-five minutes at our lavish and spectacular Lido Revue. Then, catch entertainers like the Kim Sisters, Esquivel and other great acts in the Stardust Lounge. They're on from dusk 'til dawn! Have a gourmet's delight in our world-famous Polynesian restaurant, AKU AKU. Swim. Sun. Tan. Play golf at our championship course. Yes, GO...to your travel agent. Make a reservation for excitement! Or, write Reservations Director, Suite 102. Economy minded? See our "Heavenly Holidays" brochure.

STARDUST
HOTEL & GOLF CLUB, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

1,000 LUXURY ROOMS AT \$8 - \$10. PLUS 500 DELUXE ROOMS AND SUITES



Buy it by the case.

Black Watch. The name is Scotch. For best results men use it straight. Women find it intoxicating.

Black Watch cologne for men.
by Prince Matchabelli

ILLUSTRATED, COLOGNE AND AFTER SHAVE LOTION GIFT SET. ONE OF A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S TOILETRIES. MADE IN U.S.A.

latrine graffiti—"Smile! You're on Candid Camera"—has come true, courtesy of the New York Police Department. In the men's room of the Manhattan *discothèque* Cheetah, he swears he discovered a sign reading: FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR PATRONS, AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH POLICE REGULATIONS, THIS MEN'S ROOM IS ON CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV—placed there ostensibly to protect the teeny boppers from purse-snatching Teddy boys who hie to the john to lift the loot.

Our congratulations—and sympathy—to Naomi J. Cochran, named Miss Meat Inspection in a beauty contest at the Agriculture Department in Washington, D. C.

THEATER

The idea for Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* is an admitted swipe from a Chinese classical-theater scene in which two swordsmen pretend they are dueling in the dark while the stage is fully lit. Shaffer substitutes contemporary farce for ancient swordplay, but the effect is the same. The actors make believe they can't see, but the audience sees all. It is a stunning theatrical idea—for a while, until it becomes merely theatrical. The main problem is that Shaffer has settled for farce-in-the-dark, slight nonsight gags, instead of trying true black comedy. The plot is ten-watt. A sculptor (Michael Crawford) is in his studio-flat with his overcute fiancée (Lynn Redgrave), waiting for her father (Peter Bull) to arrive and give the match his blessing. They are also waiting for a filthily rich art patron to arrive and give them his patronage. To impress their elders, the young couple temporarily steal fancy furniture from the flitty decorator next door (Donald Madden). Then the lights blow and Daddy stumbles in, followed by the decorator, a matronly teetotaler, Crawford's ex-girl (Geraldine Page) and a stageful of complications and mistaken identities. The teetotaler swigs gin from the bottle. Crawford tries to return the furniture before Madden recognizes it. Miss Page, pretending she is Crawford's maid, insults her rival. In the absence of dramatic development, the actors fall back on their own invention; occasionally they just fall back. Crawford steps on a table, skids Keatonishly with the telephone as a skate. He switches Bull's chair from straight to rocker; Bull resits and, to his amazement, rocks. Miss Redgrave pours a drink in a glass and all over the floor. As busy as the actors are, the playwright is busier, making sure the lights don't go on too soon and end the play. So he hides the candles, extinguishes the matches. Actually, Shaffer is the one who is really in the dark—about what to

If Rose's is made for gin gimlets and vodka gimlets, what's it doing in a brandy gimlet? (And a rum gimlet?)



Some people think a gimlet is a small carpenter's tool. And some people think a gimlet is a delightful mixture of one part Rose's lime juice to four or five parts gin or vodka.

But there is still another group. They mix our lime juice with brandy or rum. That's a gimlet to them.

To these nonconformists we say, "Bravo!"

Our Rose's adds a calypso twist to distinctive brandy and rum flavors. Why? Because Rose's is made of tropical limes, sun-yellow Caribbean limes from the island of Dominica. Rose's isn't as tart as green untropical limes. Not as sweet as ordinary lime juice. It's tart-sweet. Deliciously calypsonian.

What about a bourbon gimlet? Well, a Rose's by any other name...



the great wrap around



Soak it up! Thirsty cotton terry cloth makes great wrappings post pool, shower or sauna. For playboys: a new kick called the bath kilt. One size fits all. For playmates: our svelte bath sari in S, M, L sizes. Snugly secured by side buttons. Each in convenient carrying-case. Clever "His" and "Hers" gift thinking: MM326, kilt, \$5 ppd; MM327, sari, \$6 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.

set for the double life



The Playboy Sweater, two great looks. Continental with its matching turtle-neck bib; or as a leisure-loving V-neck classic. Flat knit, finest pure zephyr wool in navy, wine, gold or forest green; S, M, L, XL sizes. Rabbit stitched as a subtle insignia. The plus: a snap-shut storage bag. \$30 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.

do next. *White Lies*, the curtain raiser that precedes *Black Comedy*, contrasts with it in every way but one. The lights are on, lies are told and everything is more serious; but the one-acter, like the main work, is attenuated and unfulfilled. It is a tedious fabrication about a hard-up fortuneteller (Miss Page) who is bribed to misread a fortune. Still, it is notable for allowing Miss Page to give the richest characterization on stage all evening. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th Street.

RECORDINGS

Petula Clark, the little girl with the big voice, has a big LP going for her with *Color My World / Who Am I* (Warner Bros.). From the lead-off *England Swings*, through the two ballads covered in the title and including the chart-busting *Winchester Cathedral*, Pet proves the adage that good things can come in the smallest of packages.

Ray Bryant has found himself a groove. As with several recent recordings, on *Slow Freight* (Cadet) the pianist has augmented his trio with a bit of brass—in this case, Art Farmer and Snookie Young contribute their talents. The mood in almost all instances is funky (*Ah, the Apple Tree*, with beautiful bowed bass by Richard Davis, is the exception), and our only regret is that Farmer and Young have been kept out of the solo spotlight.

Two new LPs provide an interesting comparison of the major strands in the pop-folk movement. Out of San Francisco's psychedelic-rock bag comes *Surrealistic Pillow* (Victor), the second album by Jefferson Airplane. Outstanding vocal amalgams and excellent musicianship combine to make this sextet the best of the experimental-folk-rock aggregations. They wax mellow on their hit version of *My Best Friend* and humorous on the hip *Plastic Fantastic Lover*. Jefferson Airplane provides a nice trip through psyche-rock and an interesting sample of what the excitement in the new music is all about. The Seekers, meanwhile, demonstrate in *Georgy Girl* (Capitol) that, contrary to rumor, traditional pop-folk is not quite dead. The Australian quartet slides easily along a spectrum of songs ranging from standard folk tunes such as *Well, Well, Well* through current folk such as Tom Paxton's *The Last Thing on My Mind*, to such recent hits as Lennon and McCartney's *Yesterday* and Paul Simon's *Red Rubber Ball*.

Let's hear it for the reed men. *Bud Shank & The Sax Section* (Pacific Jazz) forwards the cause of those estimable

gentlemen with both vigor and finesse. Shank has the pick of the West Coast sidemen with him—Bob Cooper, Bill Perkins, Jack Nimitz, Bob Hardaway and John Lowe—and their treatment of a spate of contemporary classics (*Summer Samba*, *Rez*, *Sidewinder*, *Señor Blues* among them) is a continuing delight.

Ramsey Lewis, the Pied Piper of funk, leads his followers south to the border on *Goin' Latin* (Cadet), but doesn't neglect to take his sack of soul with him. Lewis' threesome is big-band-backed, which gives further impetus to the Latin rhythms weaving through *Summer Samba*, *One-Two-Three*, *Cast Your Fate to the Wind* and others of that ilk. Conductor Richard Evans' arrangements prove just right for Ramsey & Co.

The blues continue to be reworked by various groups and individuals. In *Sayin' Somethin'* (Verve), the azure-eyed Righteous Brothers move back toward the pioneering hard-blues style that they had abandoned somewhat in their last two outings. Highlights include raucous versions of *Don't Fight It* and *Hold On I'm Coming*, a tense *I Who Have Nothing* and a sensitive reading of Smokey Robinson's *My Girl*. This should be one of the most significant white blues releases of the year. By comparison, the latest etching by the Rolling Stones, *Between the Buttons* (London), is as significant for what the group has of its hard-rock sound as for what it has retained. Still here are the intense emotionalism and the good humor of the earlier Stones, but with a new freshness and gentleness that first made itself heard in their last LP, *Aftermath*. While the blues feel is present throughout *Between the Buttons*, it is most evident on the up-tempo items. Included among the goodies this time are the two-sided hit *Let's Spend the Night Together* / *Ruby Tuesday* (the latter a tender, beautifully wrought rock ballad) and a witty put-down of Bob Dylan and the New Vaudeville Band on *Something Happened to Me Yesterday*. Similarly, *The Explosive Little Richard* (Okeh) reintroduces the old rocker in a new package. The distinctive backgrounds provide a rock-solid foundation for the truly explosive Mr. Richard. Especially exciting are the fresh arrangements for Chuck Willis' *Don't Deceive Me* and the driving *I Don't Want to Discuss It*.

Oscar Peterson / *Blues Etude* (Limelight) is a transitional recording. Side two has Ray Brown still on bass, with drummer Louis Hayes filling out the trio; side one finds current bassist Sam Jones teaming up with Hayes and Peterson. The session



New collector's colors by Corbin

A bright putting green and a colorful mandarin are the latest additions to Corbin's collection of Montego linens. A handsome Bimini blue and a distinctive burnt orange are new to the Pima Poplins. These are typical of the many exclusive colors highlighting this season's Corbin trousers and walking shorts.

Discover the difference fine tailoring can make in a look that is natural, a fit that is comfortably trim... the quality that is Corbin.

Corbin trousers are available at fine stores from \$17.50 to \$40. Ladies slacks and walking shorts are also available.

Gentlemen's trousers and walking shorts by

CORBIN, LTD

385 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016



How to turn on a tiger.



Get him one of these smart new Man-Time Watches. Fine timepieces in brushed-chrome, slide-shut cases for playboys, sportsmen, guys who go for the smart, sharp, and different. **\$8.98***

Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic movement. **Grrreat gift idea.**

\$9.98*



WESTCLOX
WESTCLOX DIVISION **GENERAL TIME**
Progress in the World of Time



All over the world King George IV sells at the same price as the other 'top 12' Scotches (London \$7.28) But here, it is the only 'top 12' you can buy for about \$5.00

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

King George IV

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A. MUNSON G. SHAW, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Short-cuts from eye to picture. That's why the new mamiya/sekor, with fully interchangeable lenses, is today's hottest new 35mm single lens reflex camera. Its unique *spot* meter, located behind the lens, guarantees perfect exposures. Remarkably priced under \$160. See it at your photo dealer or write for 28 page folder to Dept. PY, Ponder & Best: 11201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90064.

mamiya/sekor



is a mellifluous mixture of standards and jazz originals. Jones does not possess Brown's imaginative lyricism, but in the hard-driving items he provides stalwart support.

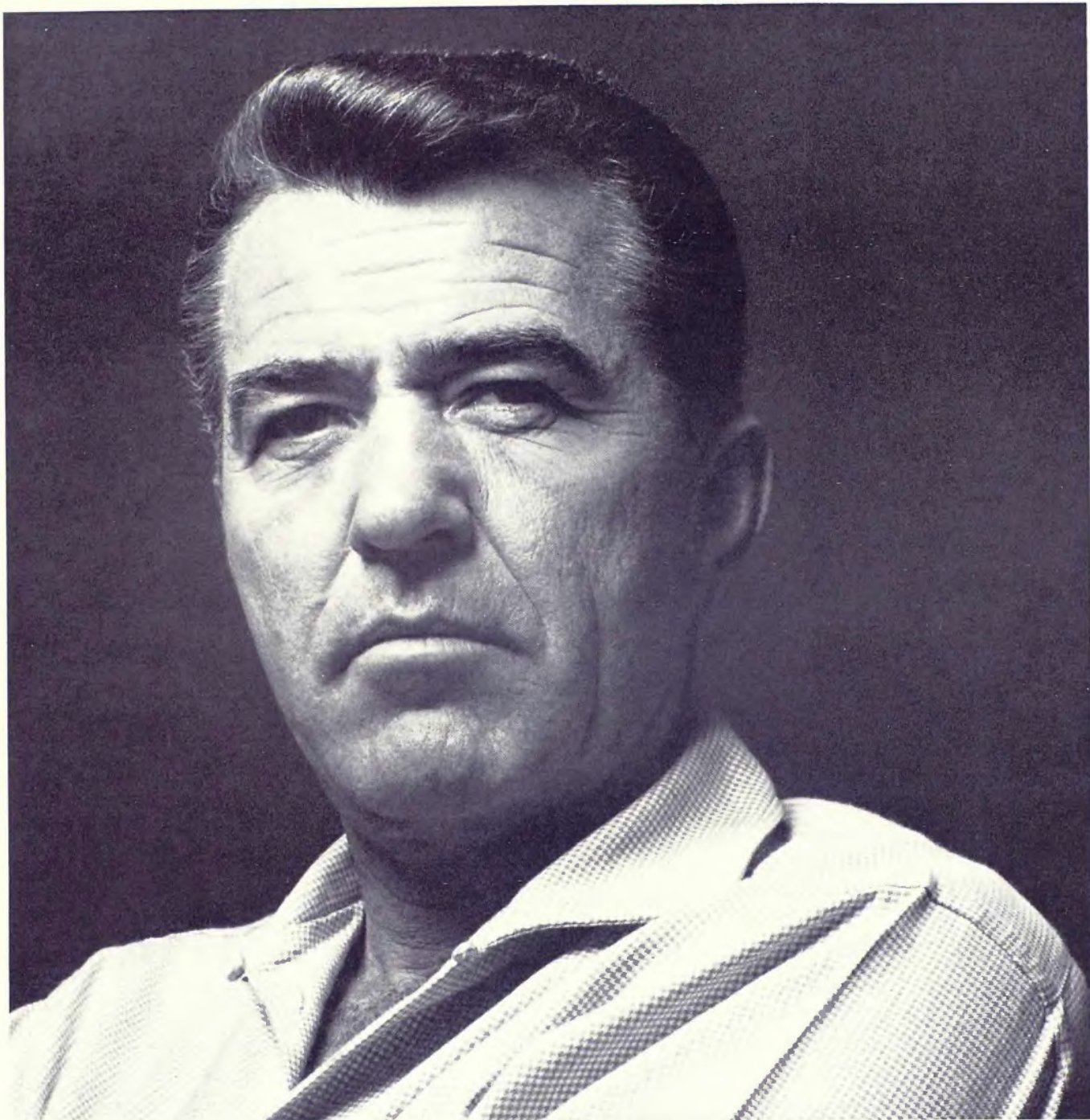
Guitar man for all seasons Charlie Byrd displays his diverse wares admirably on *Byrdland* (Columbia). Byrd performs within the context of a trio, a quartet and a quintet as he proffers a Brazilian threesome, *Meditation*, *Samba de Orpheus* and *Manha de Carnaval*; a brace from Heury Mancini—*Arabesque* and the *Theme from "Mr. Lucky"*; Alec Wilder's lovely *I'll Be Around* and *It's So Peaceful in the Country*; and other assorted delights. In all instances, Byrd soars.

The breadth of Donovan's talent (see this month's *On the Scene*) is well displayed on *Mellow Yellow* (Epic), as the 21-year-old British teen idol—buoyed up by opulent arrangements—sings his far-out, imagistic lyrics with warmth and wit; when everything is in focus, tunes like *House of Jansch*, *Hempstead Incident* and *Writer in the Sun* surpass most of the eclectic, "new" pop sounds—thanks largely to Mickie Most, whose production is slick and iridescent.

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet / Mercy, Mercy, Mercy! / Live at "The Club" (Capitol), recorded in Chicago's mammoth jazz-terria, has the numbers neatly divided—two were penned by Cannonball, two by sibling Nat and two by pianist Joe Zawinul. With bassist Vic Fenny and drummer Roy McCurdy to move it along, the Quintet cooks with typical Adderley élat, especially on Nat's pair of openers, *Fun* and *Games*.

Now that Indian instruments have become very much a part of the pop-folk-rock scene, one can appreciate them even more when they are played by virtuosi. Toward such an end, we recommend *Ustad Ali Akbar Khan / Morning and Evening Ragas* (Connoisseur Society). Ali Akbar's mastery of the sarod, a 25-stringed instrument, is awesome. His performance here, accompanied by Pandit Mahapurush Misra on tabla and Anila Sinha on tamboura, is filled with the exotic rhythms and fascinating melodic lines that are capturing the imagination of an increasingly large number of Western auditors.

Rod McKuen is one of those "legendary" figures in pop music who build fanatical followings among the hip, inspire generous praise from the critics and win sincere admiration from their fellow musicians, without ever really getting big. In a dozen albums McKuen—a *chansonnier* in the tradition of Jacques Brel and Charles Aznavour—has shown



Carroll Shelby, LeMans winner and SCCA national champion, uses Dep for Men

Carroll Shelby just had his hair styled. Any comments?

One comment. If you think that makes him anything but rugged, you're out of your head.

Shelby's a lot like those GT 350's and 500's he builds out at Shelby American. And that's plenty rugged. So how come the hair stylist? Simple.

Shelby's got a head of hair that's as tough and wiry as he is. And no time to fool around, trying to make it look neat. So once every three weeks he saves time by getting a professional styling job.

His stylist cuts his hair wet. And cuts it in the direction it grows, so every hair stays where it belongs, even while it's growing out. That's what hair styling is all about.

Dep for Men Gel in Regular or new Dry Hair formulas

Then he sets and grooms it with a clear, non-greasy gel called Dep for Men, finishes off with some Dep for Men Hair Spray, and Carroll looks like a million.

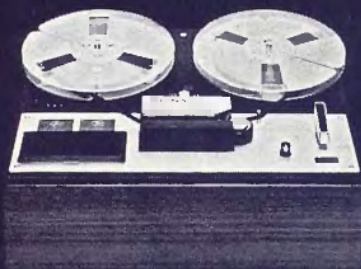
All Shelby has to do to keep on looking like a million is use a little Dep for Men each morning. It's non-alcoholic and won't dry his hair out.

If you'd like to look like a million, get your hair styled. And don't forget the Dep for Men.





Perfect Playmates



SONY SOLID STATE 250-A

Sony adds an exciting new dimension to home entertainment for less than \$149.50

Now, from World-famous Sony, the perfect playmate for your record player—the new Sony model 250 solid state stereo tape recorder. With a simple, instant connection to your record player you add the amazing versatility of four track stereo recording and playback to complete your home entertainment center. Create your own tapes from AM, FM or FM Stereo receivers, or live from microphones—up to 6¼ hours of listening pleasure on *one* tape! This beautiful instrument is handsomely mounted in a low-profile walnut cabinet, complete with built-in stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps, dual V.U. meters, automatic sentinel switch and all the other superb features you can always expect with a Sony. *All the best from Sony for less than \$149.50.*

Send today for our informative booklet on Sony PR-150, a sensational new development in magnetic recording tape. Write: Sony/Superscope, Magnetic Tape, Sun Valley, California.

For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Dept. 12, Sun Valley, California.®

SONY

SUPERSCOPE

himself to be a consistently imaginative vocal performer and a fine songwriter. On his latest release, *Other Kinds of Songs* (Victor), there are moments of high humor (*Down at Mary's Old Time Bar*), quiet affirmation (*Ain't You Glad You're Livin', Joe*), alienation (*Loneliness in Crowds*) and bitter realism (*The Women*)—all well worth the listening.

Bach's *Sonatas for Violin & Harpsichord* (Epic) have been recorded with technical brilliance and performed with consummate artistry by violinist Josef Suk and harpsichordist Susannah Růžicková in a two-LP package that is a worthy addition to the staggering and still growing number of vinyl delineations of the composer's works.

Baroque Sketches / Art Farmer & the Baroque Orchestra (Columbia) comes off as a thoroughly delightful tour de force. The combining of jazz and classical forms, in arrangements by Art Farmer's old confrere Benny Golson, is done with a minimum of strain. The orchestra (four trumpets, two trombones, bass trombone, two French horns, two woodwinds, harp, tuba, bass, drums and percussion) tackles Bach, Chopin, Albéniz, *Alfie's Theme* and *Rhythm of Life* from *Sweet Charity*, and the results are refreshing.

MOVIES

To Be a Crook is a statement against the violence of an age, from a man who prefers happy endings and who comes only with reluctance to an unhappy ending here. But Claude (*A Man and a Woman*) Lelouch, having decided to go the way of probability rather than preference, engineers an unhappy ending to top all unhappy endings, a bloodletting conclusion that belongs more properly to grand opera than to the realistic terms of the tale he sets out to tell and tells so well, with such charm and invention, until the denouement. Four young men live in the same neighborhood, work in the same automobile factory, drink in the same bistro and go to the same movies. They have no education, no imagination and no prospects; and the American movies they love have given them the notion that their only route to success is via a life of crime. They quit their jobs, pool their resources and, together with the deaf-mute girl who is the mistress of one of them, they put themselves through their own crime school. However, everything goes wrong. They line up bottles and bring out a cache of stolen artillery; but even with a machine gun, they can't break any glass. They challenge the toughest gang in the neighborhood and, employing a strategy borrowed from "Revenge of the Comanches," get their heads

beat in. Most humiliating of all, when they try to put the snatch on a trollop's German shepherd, in order to practice "le kidnapping," the dog puts them all to rout. It's great, good, frustrating fun until, at last and by a fluke, they have the misfortune to succeed in an unplanned crime, and events rush briskly into panic and tragedy. Lelouch, writer and director, gets appealing performances from his four boys and a winsome, enchanting one from Janine Magnan, who plays the deaf-mute. The dialog is consistently funny and lightly offbeat. From start almost to the unfortunately melodramatic finish, *To Be a Crook* is a brilliant job.

If seeing is believing, everyone has got to hustle over to see *Hurry Sundown*, wherein Otto Preminger proves that he is the greatest master of the cliché in cinema today. Here we have this Georgia plantation house, pillars gleaming; and inside are Michael Caine and Jane Fonda, a typical Southern couple, spending a typical evening at home, sucking up all this good whiskey straight from the bottle, while their little boy Colie screams in the next room. Michael is playing his saxophone. Jane crawls over, squirts a little bourbon in his mouth and grabs the saxophone away from him. Then, all crunched up there between his knees, she puts her little pink lips around that big black mouthpiece and goes to licking it like crazy. Michael, head lolling, regards her labors and remarks, "Some things should be left to the experts." Everyone in town, from Judge Burgess Meredith on down, is as hateful and corrupt as sin, and they've all got something disagreeable the matter with them (except the darkies, who are all perfectly marvelous). The judge, for instance, suffers from hemorrhoids. His blonde virgin daughter Sukie (Donna Danton) turns out to be the town punchboard, and the quality folk won't go to her wedding 'lessen Jane Fonda serves as matron of honor. But Jane has been insulted by the judge in her own home and, anyway, is already fully occupied trying to cheat Aunt Rose Scott (Beah Richards), her dear old nigger mammy, out of some property. Aunt Rose, wearing a white-cotton wig, expires when she learns how Jane figures to cheat her, leaving the litigation to her studly son, Reeve (Robert Hooks). Reeve is one smark buck, and one night the white vigilantes head out to his old shack to git him. All the darkies in town run over there with money and watercress sandwiches and urge him to make for the swamp. "Run, Reeve, or yo is shorely one dead nigger." In the accents of Oxford and Ghana, Reeve says that *The Time For Running Is Over*, lifts his guitar from the wall and commences to sing a stirring spiritual. Preminger's unreconstructed attitudes show again in the sex

Thumbprints.

To the inexperienced they all look alike.

Bourbons may all look alike, too.

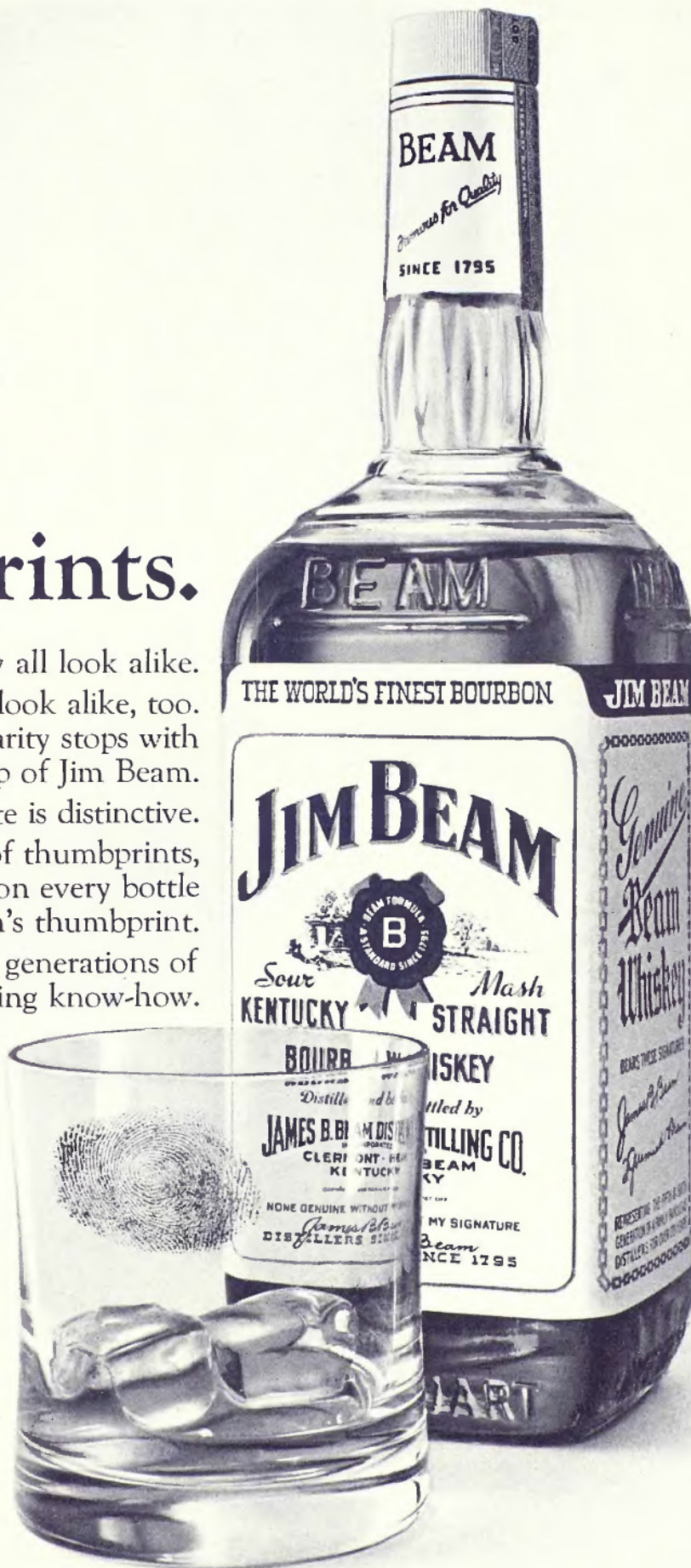
But the similarity stops with
the first sip of Jim Beam.

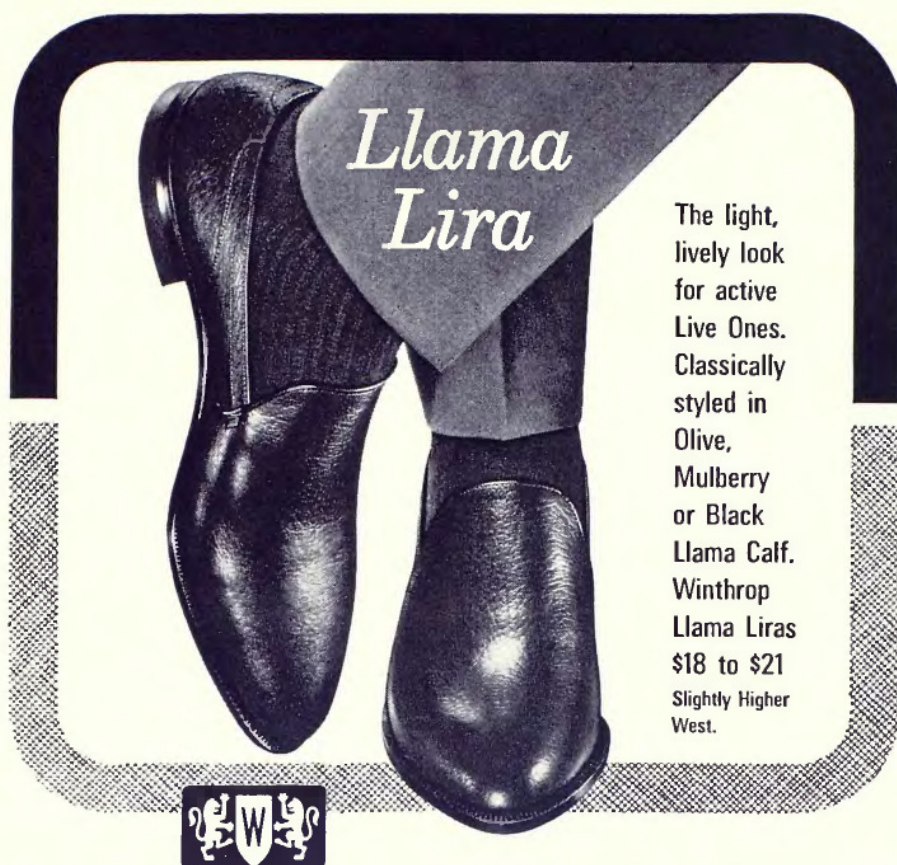
The taste is distinctive.

And speaking of thumbprints,
we call that red seal on every bottle
Old Man Beam's thumbprint.

It represents six generations of
Bourbon-making know-how.

Look for it. To the
experienced it means
the world's finest
Bourbon. Since 1795.





*Llama
Lira*

The light,
lively look
for active
Live Ones.
Classically
styled in
Olive,
Mulberry
or Black
Llama Calf.
Winthrop
Llama Liras
\$18 to \$21
Slightly Higher
West.



WINTHROP

DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

the bare essential

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.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: Playboy
Products, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michi-
gan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611—Playboy Club
credit keyholders may charge
to their keys.



scenes. Get a pair of white folks together and they can't wait to shuck off their duds and fall to kissin' and huggin' in the damndest ways with the camera gettin' right up in there with them. But let Robert Hooks flip Diahan Carroll over on the old bedsprings and that camera chastely averts our eyes for us, to stare at the bedstead instead. Must be that old natural rhythm still got Otto bothered.

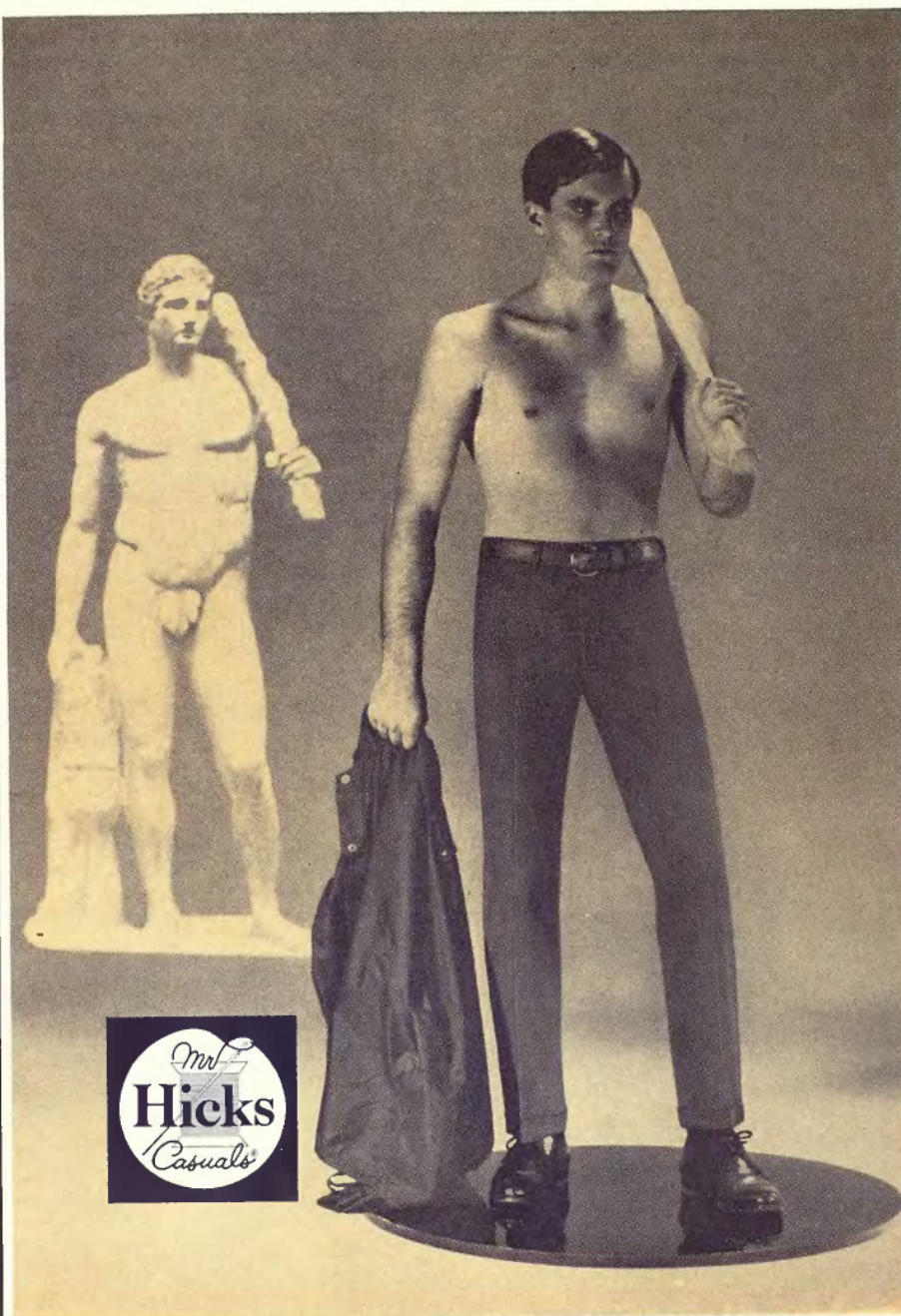
Welcome to Hard Times is a tightly disciplined mini-epic about a town that almost dies of cowardice complicated by gunshot wounds. *Hard Times* has a store, a saloon, a windbreak of wretched frame shacks and maybe a dozen inhabitants, counting two whores and an Indian. The stagecoach stops every couple of weeks, miners come down from the gold fields, and that's the whole story of the place until, one day, a crazed, cock-eyed killer (Aldo Ray) rides out of the parched hills looking like a one-man plague. He rapes the women, slaughters most of the men, puts a torch to everything that will burn, and goes. The survivors know he will come back sooner or later, and the ways they choose to get ready for him create panic in a minor key. Until Keenan Wynn appears with a wagonload of reasonably fresh whores, interest centers mainly on a revengeful Irish spitfire (Janice Rule) and a lawyer (Henry Fonda) whose yellow streak keeps him awake nights. Not very awake—but Fonda plays this sort of gig without half trying. Writer-director Burt Kennedy, whose best movie was *The Rounders* (also with Fonda), is putting his signature to a series of flavorful, offbeat Westerns, and this one offers characters firmly planted in their period, in a landscape where badmen seem as much a natural hardship as drought, snowdrifts or burning sun. We bid welcome to *Hard Times*.

Richard McKenna was a sailor most of his life, and for two years in the 1930s he served on a warship patrolling the Yangtze river. When he retired from the Navy, he got himself a B. A. from the University of North Carolina, married, wrote a best-selling novel called *The Sand Pebbles* and died. McKenna's novel was set in the troubled China of 1926, aboard an American gunboat called the U.S.S. *San Pablo*. It was mostly about a sad, alienated, engine-room sailor who didn't know he was lonely; it was a good, small story drawn against a mammoth landscape—until producer-director Robert Wise transformed it into Panavision. Not that Wise's production is all bad. The settings are as exotic as Hong Kong and Taiwan can offer, and the ship itself is a good approximation of the rusty, lovable old scow. There is a solid performance by Steve McQueen as the prototypical sailor. While McQueen is an actor of almost no range or versatility, his

simple, honest men have a sweetness about them that is touching and winning. It should also be said that Wise handles hundreds of coolies with the panache of a mandarin, and that he has moments of blood-and-guts realism—private fights and flag-waving battles—that vibrate with excitement. But he also has a script by Robert Anderson that is emotionally silly ("You only matter now as a symbol of your country") and politically simplistic ("How would you like it if Chinese gunboats patrolled the Mississippi?") and a musical score by Jerry Goldsmith that sounds as if it were left over from *King of Kings*. Richard Crenna, as the captain, belongs in charge of the H. M. S. Pinafore, and Candice Bergen, dropping her jaw rhythmically every ten seconds, proves herself a true ventriloquist's daughter. A subplot, involving Richard Attenborough's love for a Chinese girl, is allowed to echo *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*. Steve McQueen, tough little Popeye-type sailor that he is here, has more than he can do to punch his way through a production swollen with so much self-congratulation and ineptitude.

In *Deadlier than the Male*, Elke Sommer and Italian sex symbol Sylva Koscina (the star of this month's *Sylvia Sylva* pictorial) merrily disport themselves, mostly in bikinis, by killing off businessmen who happen to control valuable Arabian oil holdings coveted by their evil employer. As the means to various executives' ends, the girls sport single-shot cigars, spear guns and a paralyzing serum that wears off quickly but gives them enough time to push a victim off of his penthouse balcony. The pulchritudinous pair doesn't get away with its mischievous murders for long, however: Enter one Hugh Drummond, played by the ultracool Richard Johnson, and the girls are soon on their way to an equally explosive end. Nigel Green, who was the nastiest card in *The Ipcress File*, is magnificently odious this go-round; and if the screenplay didn't work against some fast-paced directorial touches supplied by Ralph Thomas, the film could have been a satirical sleeper. Still, Elke and Sylva are on hand, so all is not lost.

Conrad Rooks is a rich, handsome young man of 32—well born, well made, well dressed, well spoken. But since he was a teenager, he has also been a drunk and a junkie, sometimes both at once. A couple of years ago, after taking the sleep cure in Switzerland, he undertook to make a movie, which he calls *Chappaqua*, as a sort of therapeutic exercise in semi-autobiography. To see the film is to attend the personal exorcism of Rooks' own demons—a confusing, frightening and weirdly beautiful experience. Rooks plays himself, in flight from the "nightmarish maze of shifting addiction" to



Herakles, Lansdowne Collection

Catch 'er in Mr. Hicks Ivys with DACRON®

The curves will come your way, when you're in slim line Ivys from Mr. Hicks. Easy care 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton with X-Press® stays in there pitching, washing after washing, with no ironing ever! Winning new shades include: beige tan, faded blue, navy, cambridge gray, astro blue, stone green, avocado, sunkist, chili, and char brown. Try a pair soon... or several pair. *She'll love the shape you're in!* \$7.00

*DuPont's registered trade mark

HICKS-PONDER CO. / EL PASO, TEXAS 79999

pleasure pair



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Candid compendium of sage counsel. Contains provocative, pertinent, sophisticated questions-with-answers from PLAYBOY's famous monthly feature. Soft cover, 75¢.

PLAYBOY'S RIBALD CLASSICS

PLAYBOY brings you this choice, illustrated collection of 44 saucy stories of love and laughter that have entertained readers for centuries—retold in PLAYBOY's matchless style. Soft cover, 75¢.

At your favorite newsstand or send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRESS

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

prestige for the pack

Playboy's unique cigarette box. A flick of the finger, cigarette flips up. Ingenious addendum for home or office. Finest workmanship in natural finish solid American walnut. Holds a full pack, regular or king. Order by Code MM325, \$12.50 ppd. (sans cigarettes).



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

refuge and possible cure in a Paris sanitarium. Jean-Louis Barrault plays the psychiatrist in charge. William Burroughs, an embodiment of death and addiction, is Opium Jones, a constantly menacing shadow image. Robert Frank, cameraman for *Pull My Daisy*, as director of photography, is responsible for the sometimes extravagant visual brilliance of the film. Every conceivable cinematic technique is employed—the “white-out” of a heroin fix, with all but the sharpest black edges bled out of the image; the hot, blinding kaleidoscope of cascading color that emulates a peyote high—and the bleak black and white of reality. The sound track is a mélange of muffled voices, of the Fugs, of Ravi Shankar blowing sitar. Gurus of the psychedelic world filter in and out of the hallucination—Allen Ginsberg chanting mantras by a Central Park lake, Moondog striding through crowded Manhattan streets. The last images of the film show Rooks leaving the sanitarium by helicopter, cured. As the craft rises, he is also seen clinging to the highest pinnacle of the château, hospital gown flapping. His two selves greet each other as the ‘copter rounds the tower, again and again, in a brilliantly lyrical statement. After what has gone before—Rooks ossified on brandy and pills, Rooks shooting himself in the tongue with a hypodermic needle, Rooks as Dracula sucking blood—the spin around the pinnacle comes as an exhilarating affirmation of freedom. It means that Rooks will never need to make a film like this again.

In the old days, a movie about the death of a grand *Hotel* would have required such stylish transients as Greta Garbo and Lionel Barrymore, at least. Nowadays, the best they can do is Merle Oberon, hauled out of retirement, wearing \$500,000 worth of her own jewelry, to play a visiting duchess; Michael Rennie as her sniveling duke; and Melvyn Douglas, grown old and irascible, as the cornpone owner of Nyawlin's best hotel, the St. Gregory. Now, it happens that Nyawlin's has never been much of a hotel town, and clearly the fictional St. Gregory was never a Ritz. But Rod Taylor thinks it's great and, as hotel manager, he upholds the standards as best he can. Old man Douglas has mortgages to meet and no cash. Rod fixes a deal with a labor czar and it looks as if a modicum of the St. Gregory's old elegance may be saved. But Rod reckons without Kevin McCarthy, a high-powered hotel magnate, a host of troubles, who arrives determined to add the St. Gregory to his chain. Meanwhile, Richard Conte as a blackmailing house dick and “Keycase” Karl Malden as a smiling crook are troubling the wide corridors of the old joint. Most troublesome of all is Catherine Spaak, McCarthy's mistress, who woos Rod away from the front desk one after-

noon for a tour of the French Quarter. “Show me your apartment,” she demands, with scarcely a glance at St. Louis Cathedral. To her surprise, Rod's place closely resembles St. Louis Cathedral (no small trick on \$400 a week), and Catherine is so impressed that she skin-nies right out of her dress while Rod drops things in the kitchen. Back at the lobby, McCarthy is up to slippery tricks. A Negro couple arrives to check in, but in Rod's absence they are refused. When Rod staggers back to the hotel hours later, he and his close friend, the local NAACP rep, discover that the couple was planted by McCarthy. It is all going to hit the papers and queer the labor-czar deal; but the real interest is why there was ever a color bar at all, since every Negro in the movie, from chambermaid to doorman, reeks of class and Oxbridge education. Which is more than can be said about anything else in this loser.

Sweet Love, Bitter is a good movie gone wrong. It was supposed to be a long, possibly uncommercial look at a white man (Don Murray) trying to make it in a black world. But something short of an hour was chopped out of it before release, and now it is just another of those testaments to the loss of a talented black soul (Dick Gregory) in a world he never made, with the roles of formerly central figures pared down to inconsequentiality. The losers are Murray; Robert Hooks (Reeve in *Hurry Sundown*), who plays a café owner; Diane Varsi, Hooks' girlfriend—and the audience. Gregory, as a famous jazz musician stoned on drugs and booze, wasting himself in sex and intoxication, becomes the center of the new focus, but the balance is all off. Still, Gregory builds a strong figure of a man gone scatty on a career scarred with disappointments and betrayals, sniffing cocaine in hotel rooms to the soundless flapping of a TV test pattern. There is a powerful sequence when, fried out of his mind on coke and stuff, gouged by the fink-out of a man he loved, he flies into Whitey's own territory, Fifth Avenue at the Plaza fountain, outrageously attired in madras shorts, beanie, umbrella and shades, and bops around, bumping into old ladies, dancing and singing, freaking out as ostentatiously as possible. The scene was shot by distant cameras, and the glares of the passers-by are real. Too bad the rest of the film isn't.

La Guerre Est Finie is Alain Resnais' best work to date, and after excursions into such thickets of obscurity as *Last Year at Marienbad*, it is refreshing to find him leading us again along clearer narrative paths. Resnais here delivers an elegy to political idealism. The principals are Yves Montand and Ingrid Thulin, and it is a pleasure to watch them work

Try the flavor that's Springtime Fresh

Salem refreshes your taste



Rich tobacco taste · Menthol soft flavor
Try Salem filter cigarettes

Open a bottle of Sprite
and be an ear witness to the soft drink
with something to say.



Sprite. The soft drink with
a message: tingling tartness.
Switched on. Exuberant. Noisy.
Not sweet.
Not anything you've heard before.
Or tasted.
Get a carton of Sprite and hear
what we mean.
Then taste!

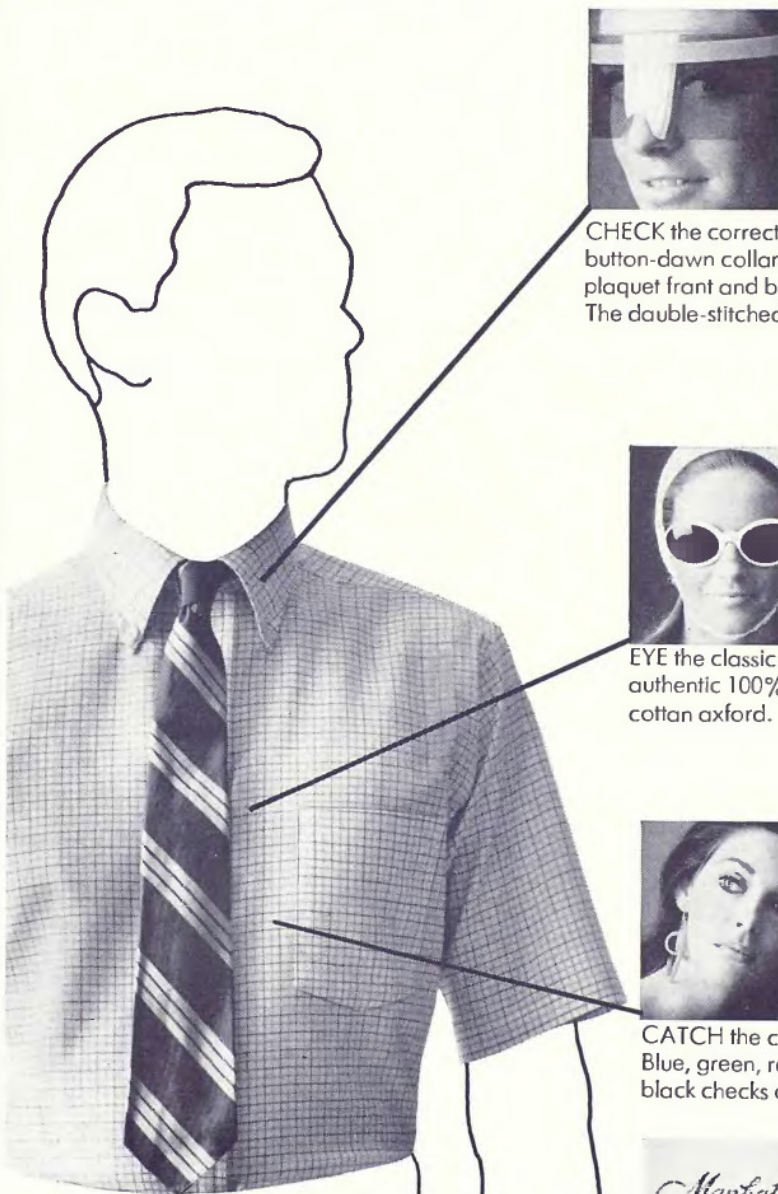
Sprite. So tart and tingling,
we just couldn't keep it quiet.

together. They are hardly beautiful people in the conventional sense—Montand with his clown's grin, Thulin with her great wrap-around mouth—but they have fine, lived-in faces. They are people one cares about. Montand is a "full-time revolutionary" from Spain, exiled in France, left over from a struggle that was resolved 30 years ago in favor of fascism. He and his aging Bolshevik comrades play games of espionage, spend hours debating theory; but in 30 years it has come to nothing, and Montand begins to see that it never will. Spain, "the lyrical conscience of the left," has come to be a beloved bore. With Thulin, adoring bourgeoisie, he has a relationship of convenience that has solidified into middle-class virtue ("I'll always be your wife, whether I am or not"). A cute young trick, Geneviève Bujold, with whom he has a sensual but meaningless affair based on a glamor she sees and he discounts, demonstrates by her energy and her associations that his kind of revolution is passé. But in the end, the old loyalties stick. It becomes a matter of "the being together—strangers who open the door—they know you and you know them." And so the game goes on. Resnais' title is all irony—the war is never really over.

Nobody plays a peasant better than Anthony Quinn. It's his thing, his bag—simple, sweaty, a strong back and quick fists, but sweet and soft as taffy with good women and little children. In *The 25th Hour*, Quinn assays a Rumanian peasant—in the words of a Jewish friend, "a nice boy but, let's face it, what a *schlemiel*." His wife is Virna Lisi, who, even in a Rumanian village in 1938, in muddy bare feet with her hair in her eyes, is one hell of a woman. The local police captain thinks so, lusts after her, and lists gentle Quinn in his monthly quota of Jews and other undesirables scheduled for arrest. And so begins one peasant's trek through the entire dislocation of World War Two. Poor Quinn is always on the wrong side. Locked up in a work camp for Jews, his protests ignored, he escapes with friends to Budapest. The underground refugee committee there smuggles his friends out, but they can't help Quinn, because he's not Jewish. ("Couldn't I *please* be Jewish?" he begs.) Picked up by the Hungarian police, he's shipped in a "volunteer" labor force to Germany. An SS madman with "scientific" racial theories pegs him for a true Aryan and, just as the Allies approach, our peasant appears in SS uniform, smiling like Mortimer Snerd, from every magazine cover in Germany. On the strength of this evidence, the Americans reimprison him in the camp they've just liberated and keep him two more years, until Michael Redgrave rushes over to defend him at Nuremberg. Henri Verneuil has directed all of this for

The Shirt Watchers Guide

Or: How to spot a staunchly traditional tattersall University Row®



CHECK the correct flare of the button-down collar. The plaque front and back pleat. The double-stitched cuffs.



EYE the classic checks in authentic 100% cotton oxford.



CATCH the color choice. Blue, green, red or black checks on white.



LOOK for Manhattan® University Row at all fine stores. \$5.

Manhattan
the style-makers

Internationally known mark of quality. And Lady Manhattan® 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., 10020

OLD HICKORY

Just made for big shots.



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

FIRST IN CLASS



Jack Purcell

The name of the game in casual shoes

When you see the name Jack Purcell® on this sneaker, you're sizing up a classic. A classic in design. Classic in workmanship. Because the Jack Purcell has Posture Foundation — the exclusive built-in wedge that helps reduce muscle strain and supports your feet properly. No wonder this shoe has been so often imitated, but naturally, never equalled.

Wherever the good life leads you, Jack Purcell belongs. It's the casual in a class by itself. Look for the name when you buy, at the stores with class.

Jack Purcell

by B.F. Goodrich

broad humorous effects. Our hero is a monumental *schlep* who never understands the significance of anything that happens around him or to him. But in the sweep of his accumulating disasters, the grand madness of those years is somehow encapsulated, and after all the laughs, the point of the exercise must finally be that it really was anything but funny.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, the popular Broadway musical now turned movie, is a curiously cold and campy commodity, a heartless satire on corporation politics in which all the laughs are hollow. The declared intent of producer-director-screenwriter David Swift was to make the movie a carbon of the show, and he's more or less succeeded. The slick, machine-tooled surface of the original has traveled onto the screen with none of the awkwardness that usually attends a movie actor who suddenly, against all logic, bursts into song. Robert Morse, re-creating a role he knows backward, does more grinning than is entirely bearable in giant close-ups, but on the whole his creepy, elfin charm works. Rudy Vallee and Michele Lee, however, also veterans of the Broadway production, bring their comic-strip characterizations intact from the stage, showing a frank detachment glossed with feigned enthusiasm. Although Maureen Arthur, Vallee's *sub rosa* paramour from the secretarial pool of World Wide Wicket Inc., fills a tight satin dress with talent, the believability of any boy-girl banky-panky is subverted by the faggoty deportment of every male in the cast. In the flurry of wrists flapping and flailing in the executive washroom, the prominent attractions of the ladies in the office are effectively overlooked. But if one of the troubles with *HTSIBWRT* is too much mince and too little muscle, another is that the intended satire hasn't enough wit in it—as when Vallee defines nepotism as “when your nephew is a damn poop.” Hardly incisive. One of Frank Loesser's tuneless tunes tells us that “mediocrity is not a sin.” Which is the best one can say about this effort.

When conservationists of the arts set about preserving great theater on film, the archives' gain is often the audience's loss. So it is with the low-budget facsimile of Peter Weiss' *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*, filmed in 18 days by director Peter Brook and members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. It is the same production that London and Broadway (see *Playboy After Hours*, April 1966) endured with intense if somewhat uncertain pleasure. Weiss' title sums up the plot. The Marquis de Sade, who was, in fact, locked up at Charenton for his sexual excesses, did

stage public performances in the asylum. And Marat was, indeed, assassinated by the mad visionary Charlotte Corday. From such footnotes to history, Weiss conjures up a wordy debate between Sade, who speaks for ruthless, self-gratifying individualism, and Marat, whose revolutionary commitment subordinates man to the masses. The argument dribbles away inconclusively, but the flaw was scarcely noticeable on stage, for director Brook made all else secondary to his conception of the Theater of Cruelty as a blend of *commedia dell'arte*, *Hellzapoppin'* and Judgment Day. As a cinematic Happening, the play-within-a-play-within-a-movie sags under the trappings of one medium too many. Brook keeps pulling back from the bleak bathhouse stage to peer over the heads of a fashionable 18th Century audience gathered to ogle the ravening, drooling inmates. Even during important speeches, Brook performs somersaults in the fashionable movie manner until one wonders whether the camera itself is being dragged away to the violent ward. The performers, in close-up, are as admirable as ever; but why must we zoom in to make something about as spine-tingling as a shampoo commercial of the famous flagellation scene in which the lovely, vacant Corday (brilliantly played by Glenda Jackson) whips Sade with her hair? *Marat/Sade* was a blood bath built for total immersion, but on film it allows only an occasional dip.

BOOKS

In December 1965, three Americans defied the State Department and flew to North Vietnam, with stops in London, Prague, Moscow and Peking. Opposed to American intervention in Vietnam, they wanted firsthand information on "the enemy" and hoped to act as some kind of bridge to help end the war. One was veteran Communist Herbert Aptheker. The other two were Yale history professor Staughton Lynd, a New Left activist, and Tom Hayden, a founder of Students for a Democratic Society. Lynd and Hayden have chronicled their journey, with some updating and analysis of the background of the war, in *The Other Side* (New American Library). Although there is little new in their book for those who have read the late Bernard Fall, Jean Lacouture, and Harrison Salisbury's recent *New York Times* dispatches from North Vietnam, *The Other Side* is a useful guide to the reader who comes late to the complexities beneath the rhetoric. For example, Hayden and Lynd document their contention that "Vietnamese revolutionaries have not only been betrayed by the Western Great Powers but have received much less than full support from

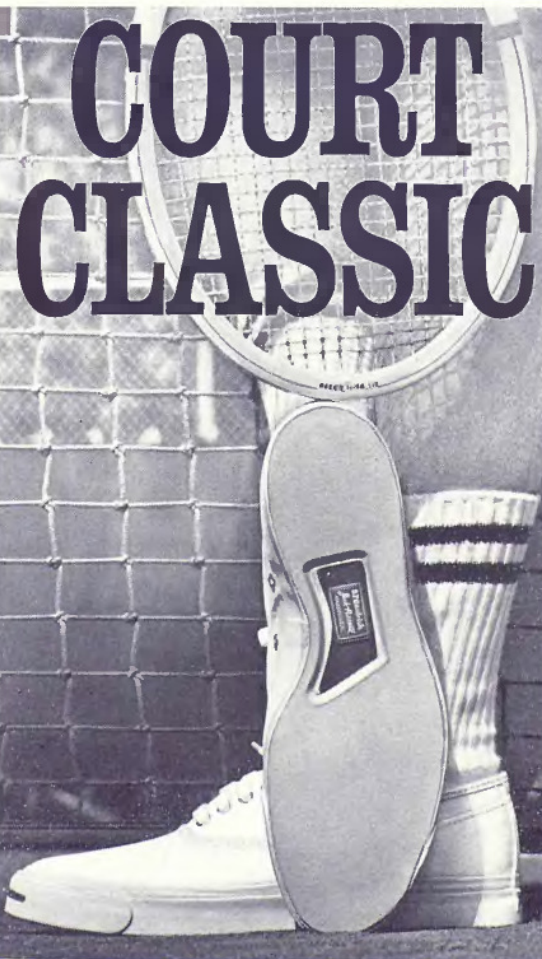


"Control yourself, Gladys, or I'll stop using this stuff."

Watch your step, when you use any of these three masculine scents from the Kings Men line-up:

KINGS MEN—when it takes more than good looks.
THISTLE & PLAID—when you're on the prowl.
IMPERIAL GOLD—when caution's to the wind.

KINGS MEN®
Fine grooming aids from \$1.25



Jack Purcell
The tennis man's
tennis shoe.

You're looking at the shoes that set the standard since Year One. Now the Jack Purcell® gives you a new winning edge on any kind of court—three different soles designed for clay or grass or hard surfaces. Whatever you play, you'll get the famous Posture Foundation wedge to help take the strain off your legs, and out of your game. And you get faultless construction and supreme comfort to match. No wonder this is the most copied court—and casual—shoe made.


Never mind the imitators. Remember, class always tells with Jack Purcell's. Tell for yourself at your kind of shoe dealer.

Jack Purcell

by B.F. Goodrich

Sero
THE GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT

The
Purist®



For the store nearest you, write
SERO OF NEW HAVEN • New Haven, Conn.

Tiny pocket-size lets you
carry day-long protection
wherever you go.



Binaca®
POCKET SIZE

Fits any cabinet
4 months' supply only
3½ inches high. **Binaca®**
HOME SIZE



Very concentrated
Golden Breath Drops.

the Communist Great Powers, in particular the Soviet Union." Nor has China, they aver, been innocent of slippery conduct. The authors also define the distinctions between North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front in the South. Their book makes its greatest impact with its descriptions of some of the people on "the other side"—in Czechoslovakia and China as well as in North Vietnam—a graphic demonstration of the desirability of more direct observation of the differing life styles within the Communist world. As a whole, the book is an effective rebuttal to the main foundations and assumptions of official American policy in Southeast Asia, which is hardly winning converts for our definition of democracy. If and when negotiations finally take place in Vietnam, the next step, Hayden and Lynd emphasize, will be "to redefine America's interests, redefine communism . . . going beyond all conceptions inherited from the Cold War, especially beyond the concept of 'the other side.'"

Ever since he dispatched five 18th Century travelers across *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* back in 1927, Thornton Wilder has been a figure to reckon with in American letters. But it's been difficult to decide exactly what that reckoning is. He has written too much out of the mind's designs rather than the heart's demands to be easily accorded rank as a major writer; at the same time, he has created too many masterpieces to be regarded as anything less. Of his handful of novels, in addition to the jewel-like *San Luis Rey*, *The Ides of March* was a brilliant tour-de-forceful view of ancient Rome's fleshpots, and *Heaven's My Destination* was one of the underrated novels of the Thirties; those young men who have gone West (Nathanael) to savor a sense of the absurdity of that era would do well to venture into this wild Wilder. So the judgment of Wilder has always seemed to stand on a teeter balance awaiting the definitive nudge. *The Eighth Day* (Harper & Row), his first novel since 1948, leaves him teetering. As square as a cup of early-morning coffee, it is also as hip as a post-midnight espresso. The story line is tenuous, but the treatment is impeccable. Breckenridge Lansing, mine superintendent in Coaltown, Illinois, is killed in 1902. John Ashley, the mine's engineer, is accused of the murder, tried, convicted and sentenced to death. But while being transported to prison, he is mysteriously rescued. Wilder then proceeds to spin out the fates of all the Ashleys and Lansings, flashing back and forth in time, leapfrogging from New Jersey to the Andes, from San Francisco to Moscow. There is the inevitable love affair between a young Ashley and a young Lansing and the inevitable attraction between an adult Ashley and an

adult Lansing. And finally, there is the formal revelation of the true murderer—whose identity we have already genteelly guessed at—and the mysterious rescuers. The theme is vintage Wilder: No one can perceive the pattern in the maze. Which brings us back to those five diverse travelers crossing that collapsible bridge in Peru. And back to the ultimate Wilderian reputation, still in its state of suspension.

One of Marshall McLuhan's favorite quotations is from William Blake: "They become like what they behold." Ironically, this electronic prophet of the death-of-print culture has become a kind of book machine himself, with four (one of which he co-authored) volumes already on the shelves and a half dozen more announced for the next year. McLuhan's current contribution to what's happening-now-baby *discothèquenology*, *The Medium Is the Message* (Random House), is his fourth solo effort—this one with photographs by Quentin Fiore. In his first tome, *The Mechanical Bride*, McLuhan analyzed "the folklore of industrial man," finding a modern mythology in pop culture and advertising. In his second, *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, he returned to origins, tracing the effect of the alphabet and the printing press on man's psyche and forms of social organization. And in his third great psychedelicatesness of a book, *Understanding Media*—serving up rare cheeses, sour pickles, hallucinogenic caviar, lots of ham and little bread—McLuhan carried his technological determinism back into the "electronically configured" present. McLuhan's basic theory is that the history of Western man has been determined largely by his technology, that media themselves have far-ranging psychic and social consequences totally independent of their content ("the medium is the message") and that the 20th Century, in its transformation from mechanical to electronic technology, is witnessing a dramatic reversal in man's psychology and social structures, from the fragmented and sequential world of the printing press, assembly line and individualism to the simultaneous all-at-onceness of television, electronic automation and tribalism. To McLuhan's admirers, this new book—a word-playful, convoluted explication, as the title implies, of electronic technology's mind-bending impact on modern man and his institutions—will seem a typographical happening. To those less impressed, it will be little more than a glib *Understanding Media Illustrated*. To McLuhan himself, it is a "collide-oscope of interfaced situations." The worst prose stylist since Immanuel Kant, McLuhan offers an exasperating mixture of hip quips and academic jargon, a kind of sociology-rock fed out on tape from an opium-eating computer, each new

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA
BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH.
86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

I married a bartender

Yes, he fishes, too. Also bowls a respectable 178.
And talks better golf than he plays, but who doesn't?

On the job, he wears a dozen hats. He's a
psychologist. A sports and current events expert.
A counselor on you-name-your problem. The world's
most tactful and sympathetic friend.
A teller of good tales and a joke-appreciator.

Off the job, he's Number One with neighbors,
friends, kids, cats and dogs. I could call him the
perfect husband. If it weren't for his hours.

Note from Hiram Walker: He's Number One with *us*, too.
And because May is National Tavern Month, won't you
join us in a toast to *your* favorite man-behind-the-bar?



Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Just 5 drops in ½ glass of water adds up to 8 gallons of great-tasting mouthwash.

Binaca®
HOME SIZE



So tiny you can freshen your breath without anyone knowing it.

Binaca®
POCKET SIZE

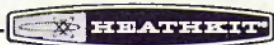


Very concentrated
Golden Breath Drops.

FREE! WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRONIC KIT CATALOG!



108 colorful pages ... illustrates over 250 kits for space-age fun at 50% savings. Build your own stereo system, color TV, electronic organ, guitars & guitar amplifier, portables, marine electronics, ham and shortwave radio, plus many more. No special skills or knowledge needed. Find out how easy it is ... mail coupon for FREE copy!



CL-256

Heath Company, Dept. 38-5
Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022
Please send FREE 1967 Heathkit Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

version merely a rehashish job. He tries to assault all the senses at once by bombarding the reader with pictures, cartoons, typographic jokes, advertisements, front pages of newspapers—and even upside-down pages and mirror images of pages to force the reader to become more “involved.” This is a book to touch, taste, listen to and smell—and even, at times, to read, preferably by strobe light. Between flashes, the reader may find plugged-in, switched-on, freaked-out, amplified prophecy: or heat-and-serve pop-up sociology.

Groucho Marx has a weakness for fast quips, bad puns, women and cigars, but probably his greatest indulgence is writing letters. Since a Groucho letter inevitably bestirs a reply, the compilers of *The Groucho Letters* (Simon & Schuster) have wisely collected missives both by and to the Marxman. They range from fan to pan. His correspondence with his oldest, most communicative side-kicks, like Fred Allen, Goodman Ace, Norman Krasna and Harry Kurnitz, is sometimes funny, but not always fascinating for the outsider—too much back-patting and legpulling. Groucho is better grouching to strangers: a letter to Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton asking him to learn the correct pronunciation of mishmash (mishmash); one to the president of Chrysler suggesting that he promote safety instead of style; a snappy retort to Marjorie Dobkin, a lecturer in English at Barnard College, who asked him to tea and cookies. He rejects the invitation as not “feasible, logical or sensible. . . . I am approximately 3000 miles away and I am tied up with my secretary. . . . Besides, it is raining outside and I never go to New York when it is raining.” He’s a one-man riposte office. To *Confidential* magazine he writes, “If you continue to publish slanderous pieces about me, I shall feel compelled to cancel my subscription.” The best of Groucho is his letters to literati such as T. S. Eliot, a pen-palship that began in mutual admiration and an exchange of photos and ended in face-to-face friendship. After Groucho visited him in London, Eliot wrote that knowing Groucho “has greatly enhanced my credit in the neighborhood and particularly with the greengrocer across the street. Obviously I am now someone of importance.” The Eliot-Marx correspondence is entertainingly sustained, but other exchanges are sketchy and sporadic (only one to Chico, one to Harpo) and arranged by scatter-gun. Reading *The Groucho Letters* sometimes seems like wading through a waste basket—but it’s worth the wading.

“My father, as a man who was clearly ahead of his time, went bankrupt in 1922.” This is the opening sentence of a

most entertaining look backward at the 1930s by veteran journalist Robert Bendiner. *Just Around the Corner* (Harper & Row)—“A Highly Selective History of the Thirties”—is informal but informative, presenting the main events and personalities of those controversial years. Bendiner hits the high spots, conveying with sophistication the essence and mood of the era without lapsing into either bitterness or sentimentality. He frankly draws on his own personal experiences, as well as those of others, which helps give his book its wittily appealing tone. He has a sharp eye for ironic juxtaposition—beginning an engrossing chapter on the “Federated Art” programs of the New Deal with the observation, “In the history of the world, few depression governments can have given housewives free piano lessons.” Writing of the campaign that ended with Roosevelt’s landslide in 1936, he remarks that after the Republicans nominated hapless Alf Landon on the first ballot, “the historically minded recalled Daniel Webster’s remark when the Whigs chose Zachary Taylor—that henceforth no man could feel safe from being nominated for the Presidency.” The principal personages of the time—Huey Long, Father Coughlin, William Randolph Hearst, and the figure who looms largest over that period of our “rendezvous with destiny,” F. D. R.—are paraded with all their faults and virtues; Bendiner is adept at cutting larger-than-life figures down to size. For those who lived through the Thirties, this book will be a nostalgia-provoking pleasure. For those born later, it provides a delightful means of getting a feel of what life was like in a watershed decade.

Recent research indicates that, at least among college students, the psychedelic generation wants out from life as it is lived by squares; they’re exit-entia lists. In *The Private Sea: LSD and the Search for God* (Quadrangle), William Braden sees religiosity as the propellant behind the blow-your-mind movement. The New Theology, the Chicago newspaperman says, is an Orient-based pantheism in which the Western notion of a Supreme Being is replaced by an “immanent” God, one who resides not in heaven but in each of us. Direct, personal confrontation, baby. This is a nonjudging deity, of the type described on the black-humor lapel button: GOD ISN’T DEAD—HE JUST DOESN’T WANT TO GET INVOLVED. Braden maintains that the cop-out brand of piety has been working its way westward for centuries, and is the snug harbor of the LSD voyagers. The author is least convincing when he attempts to establish this God-hunt as the motivating thirst of the LSDniks: on the evidence, the revelations they seek seem to be less holy than hedonistic. In fact, Braden hasn’t really written a book

Shirt you're putting me on.
You want me to believe nothing can muss
that permanent press? Not even me?

Don't expect me to take your word for it.
Oh, I'll admit it looks great on you.
I could believe it was custom made.
And I wouldn't be surprised if you told me that
the roll collar was designed just for you.
But if you want me to believe it was permanently pressed
the day it was made...and never needs pressing again
let me give that Vanopress shirt a real test.
My way.

Permanently Pressed Vanopress™ by
VAN HEUSEN®417
younger by design

Men's Wear/Boys' Wear/Passport 360-Men's Toiletries/Lady Van Heusen



The tire shape of the future—a new concept of tire safety.



The New Super Sports

WIDE OVAL TIRE



Built wide like a race tire. To grip better.
Corner easier. Run cooler. Stop quicker.

It's not what we get out of racing. It's what *you* get.
The new Super Sports Wide Oval tire. Safest tire we've
ever built. Actually developed out of our racing research.
It's a passenger-car tire, but built wide. Nearly two inches
wider than your present tire. To start faster. Corner easier.
Run cooler. Stop quicker. 25% quicker.
It even takes less horsepower to move than ordinary tires.
The new 1967 high-performance cars are on Firestone
Wide Oval tires. You can get them for your present car at
any Firestone Dealer or Store.
The Super Sports Wide Oval. Another first in tire safety
engineering—from Firestone.

Wide Oval—Firestone TM



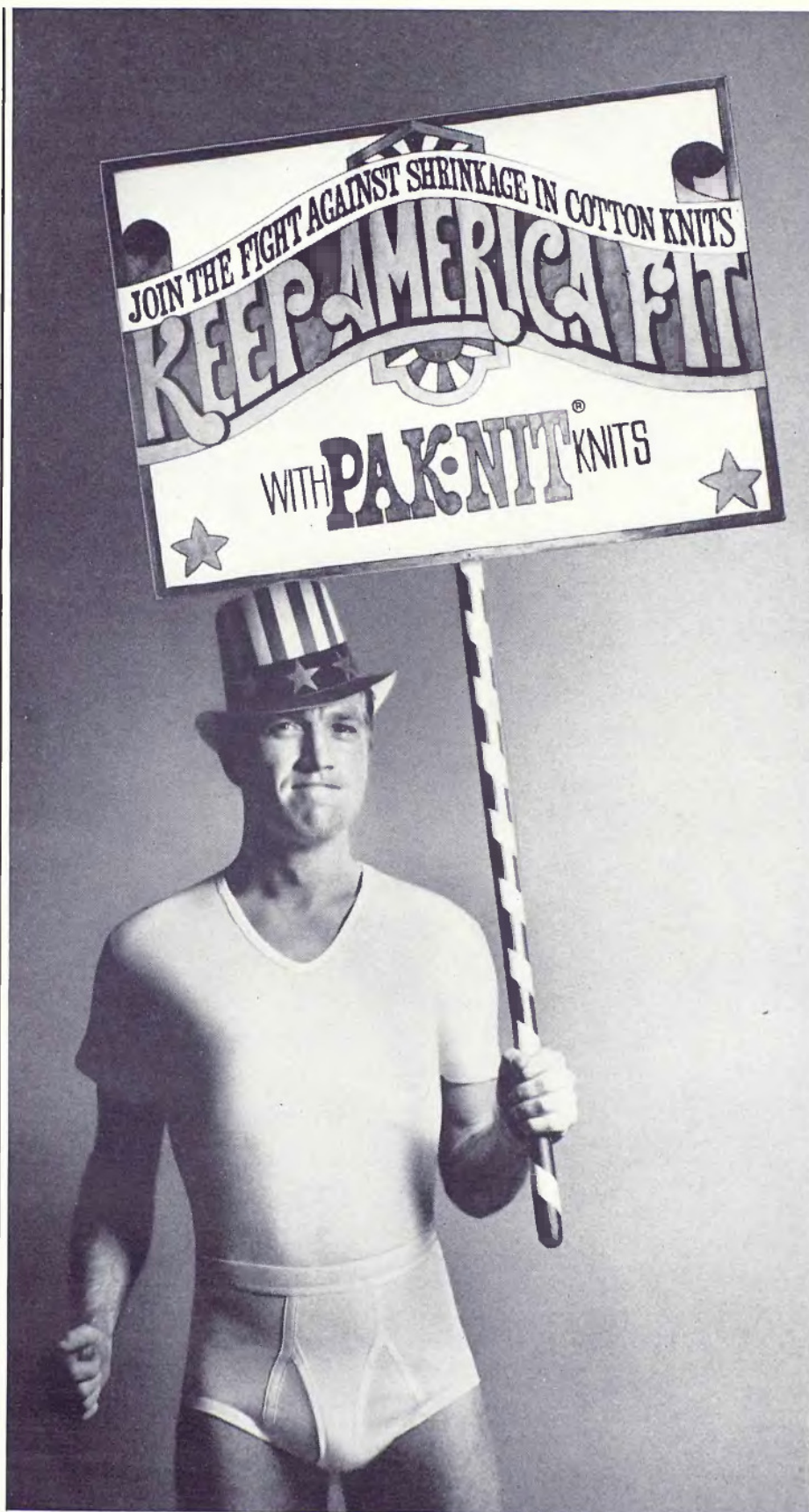
Nearly two inches wider
than your present tire.

Firestone

Your safety is our business

about LSD at all. What he has done, and done well, is to write a crisp, lucid account of a most complex phenomenon—the new theology formulated by Bishop John A. T. Robinson of England, Thomas Altizer of Georgia, William Hamilton, Paul Tillich and others. With a steady grip on an elusive subject, the author presents a plain-talking exposition of the current challenges to Judaeo-Christian concepts of God, Jesus, the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the meaning of it all. As a psychedelic side show, *The Private Sea* is a bad trip; as an intelligent man's guide to the fascinating death-of-God dialog, however, it is consciousness-expanding.


Imperious, evil-tempered, stubborn, incredibly autocratic, Harry Cohn was one of the most powerful men in Hollywood—and one of the most feared. While documenting his subject's faults, Bob Thomas, in the aptly titled biography *King Cohn* (Putnam), also shows the other side of the Cohn. The bad-guy image was partially a creature of Cohn's own imagination—the man who loved to be hated. He treated producers with contempt to goad them to produce. Cohn loved a good fight, says Thomas, and only respected those who would fight with him. No matter how deep the grudge—and many were marrow deep—Cohn usually forgave, which in his curious style meant that he tried to hire his enemies back. "I kiss the feet of talent," said Cohn. As Thomas tells it, he discovered the best, then lost them because of his power of alienation. Thomas actually catches Cohn in acts of charity, usually accompanied by, "You tell anybody about this, you son of a bitch, and I'll kill you." The book is written authoritatively—for 23 years Thomas has been the Associated Press' Hollywood man—but he was faced with a couple of obstacles. Not only was the king dead, but during his life he was almost never interviewed. Once, trapped by a reporter who asked how he liked being president of Columbia for 25 years, he snapped, "It's better than being a pimp." Almost all of Cohn's words are reproduced as remembered by others—and perhaps as censored by others. But if Thomas is never really able to tackle his monster-hero's psyche, he does catalog his quirks, such as his admiration for Mussolini, whose grandiose office Cohn copied. He tells how in moments of anger Cohn would be unable to spell Columbia correctly. And he indicates the many ironies of his long career, such as the fact that Columbia was "the home of the sophisticated film," which, says Thomas, "astounded the many people in Hollywood who considered Harry Cohn the complete vulgarian."



Manhattan® helps Keep America "Playboys" Fit with briefs and undershirts that are anti-shrink. 'Pak-nit' shrinkage control does it! Not even 1% shrinkage in length by Govt. Standard Test 7550 (CCC-T-191b). And with 'Pak-nit' control, fit stays perfectly fit even after machine drying. Make yours Manhattan.

'Pak-nit' is the trademark of Compax Corp., Woodside, N.Y.

PLAYBOY IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF AND USED WITH PERMISSION OF HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC.



There's a way to choose sportcoats and trousers that go together. These Matchmakers, for example. There's a way to get this kind of current fashion and know that old-fashioned integrity is there too, in the quality way it's made. There's a way to go for high style and find you can get it for sensibly low prices. From \$49.50 for sportcoats, from \$18.95 for the complementary trousers. And once you wear an outfit like The Matchmakers, you'll want suits made the same special way. **W**

The Tropi-Tex way.

Tropi-Tex, a division
of Worsted-Tex.
For the name of the store nearest
you, write Worsted-Tex, 2300
Walnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.
A subsidiary of Botany
Industries, Inc. Linings
Sanitized® treated for
hygienic freshness.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How do those of us who are not so beautiful as your Playmates find masculine companionship? My face is sufficient, but I'm about 45 pounds overweight. And even if I were to shed this excess weight, as I have done two or three times in the past, I would still not be beautiful: I have large bones and a small bust. Please don't try to give me a lot of "personality" advice, because I've been around long enough to know that my personality is suitable to almost any situation. I'm sorry to say that I am overly particular when it comes to the men in my life. They must be very well equipped in manners, dress, looks and personality, not to mention status, job and wages. I refuse to become part of "social groups." And I refuse to hunt males down. What sort of hope is there for someone like me?—Miss J. D., Tacoma, Washington.

As you describe yourself, you're overweight and capable of slimming down but unwilling to do it at present; and you're completely unwilling to take any kind of social initiative, even one as basic as getting yourself where the action is. We can only suggest that you stop pitying yourself long enough to realize that you are demanding qualities in men that you yourself lack. Either settle for your male equivalent or shape up and then go after the big prize.

When dining in a restaurant where there's a strolling violinist, am I expected to tip the musician even when no one in my party has called him over?—S. S., Las Vegas, Nevada.

No. Tip a restaurant musician only when you've made a special request.

I recently graduated from college and, upon reading the fine print on my diploma, I discovered the phrase "having satisfied the requirements for the degree of bachelor of arts, is now admitted to that degree with all the rights, privileges and immunities thereunto appertaining . . ." Do you know the origin of the term "diploma"? Just what are my "rights, privileges and immunities"?—S. A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"Diploma" (from the Greek word diploma, meaning "to double") originally denoted a signed, folded and sealed government document that granted certain "rights, privileges and immunities" to specified citizens of ancient Greece (later, the Romans adopted the idea). Thus, messengers and important personages, such as couriers and senators, could travel unmolested, obtain fresh transportation, etc. The wording is still included

on some diplomas (not all schools use the phrase) for the purpose of pomp and circumstance.

I am a 19-year-old Negro college man in love with a white girl. I have known her for years and our relationship has slowly progressed from friendship to an adolescent "crush," to physical intimacy, to love. Never, in eight years, have we gone out in public together; she is extremely nervous about that. Lately, she has become dubious about our whole relationship and has told me that we ought to break it up. Please believe me, I have tried. I dated other girls (although without intimacy), devoted a great deal of time to literature and involved myself in sports, but to no avail. I cannot stop loving her and I want her to love me and marry me. Is that hopeless?—C. D., Ithaca, New York.

It sounds hopeless to us. In order for an interracial marriage to survive in our largely segregated society, considerably more love and individual fortitude are required than in a conventional marriage. Your girlfriend's desire to call it off and her unwillingness to be seen in public with you clearly indicate that one or both requirements are lacking. Because of the long-standing nature of your relationship, we think it might be wise to change environments—at least for the coming summer. If a vacation regimen of varied dating doesn't turn the memory off by next fall, you might consider changing schools.

Several other airmen and myself stationed here in the frozen north have gotten into an argument over whether the Empire State Building sways in the wind. A friend and I say it does. Two other airmen say it doesn't. Who's right?—N. S., St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

A spokesman for the Empire State Building declares that the structure leans—not sways—a maximum of one-fourth inch during a high wind. We'll leave the argument over semantics to you, your friends and Noah Webster.

How much difference is there between California tokay wine and the imported tokay that comes from Hungary?—D. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Worlds of difference. California tokay, a baseborn mixture of port, sherry and angelica, is about as similar to Hungarian tokay as tap water is to a vintage Bordeaux. Genuine tokay comes from a special grape grown only in the northeast corner of Hungary. Like other rare white

for
men
only



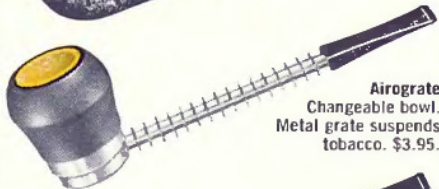
YELLO-BOLE®

THE NEW TASTE IN SMOKING

{ The all-male taste, yet so mild and flavorful you'll have trouble keeping it from "her". }



Spartan
Rich, dark finish. \$2.95.



Airograte
Changeable bowl. Metal grate suspends tobacco. \$3.95.



Thorn
Rugged, sand-blasted finish. \$4.95.



Duo-Lined
Double lining of real honey. \$5.95.

Yello-Bole is made for men who like their smoking rich and full flavored. To create this unique taste the bowl is pre-caked with a new-formula honey lining. This gentles the smoke. Smooths the taste. Enriches the flavor. So effective—the imported briar bowl is guaranteed against burn-out. Available in a variety of shapes, \$2.50 to \$7.50.

Free Booklet shows how to smoke a pipe; styles; shapes.
YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 10022, Dept. N94
by the makers of KAYWOODIE

wines, the best tokay is pressed from grapes (called trockenbeeren) that are so ripe they're almost spoiled, having been left on the vine until they shrivel, and picked not bunch by bunch but grape by grape. Alec Waugh, in his book "In Praise of Wine," wrote that an anonymous Hungarian once described his country's native nectar in these words: "Think of the most beautiful picture you have ever seen, the most wonderful symphony you have ever heard, the most beautiful sunset on earth, the fragrance of the most exquisite perfume in the Rue de la Paix and the company of the person you love most in the world. Add a touch of original sin, and there you have tokay."

When I met my girl a year and a half ago, she said she was a virgin, and I had no reason to doubt her. As time went on, we became more intimate and our sexual relationship flourished. However, I soon found that she was always one step ahead of me sexually. She was the initiator and aggressor, even suggesting we have intercourse—which we did. I soon began to have doubts concerning her prior claim of virginity. My suspicions eventually came out into the open, and we fought constantly before breaking up.

For six miserable months I was a shattered man. We finally made up, but then the pattern of suspicion and accusation began again. We are still going together—indeed, we are contemplating marriage. But I still have my doubts and she still denies any intimacies prior to our meeting. Should I give her the engagement ring she's asked for, or should I give her the air?—P. C., Long Beach, New York.

Fresh air is in order, all right, and we think it's you who should try some. Your obsession with this girl's first consent is both adolescent and hypocritical, though common enough among young men. You have reduced a complex problem to a question of trust; but we think, since you present no real evidence that your girl has lied, that the answers will be found within yourself. Your own guilt feelings and ambivalence about sex, for example, may have been the cause of a compensatory aggressiveness on her part. And your threatened self-image, caused by the possibility that you were not "first," could be behind your concern with her so-called purity. We also suspect that there is a more general fear about your own inexperience: Because you followed her lead, you may feel vulnerable and subordinate.

We certainly don't recommend marriage while you're struggling with all this distrust. Give yourself some time, and a brutally honest self-analysis, to learn why this girl's past is so vital to your future.

What do the initials "A. C." as in A. C. Cobra stand for?—F. S., Fort Rucker, Alabama.

A staunch old British firm, Auto-Carrier (now known as A.C., Ltd.), which currently produces all production bodies and suspension components for the A.C. Cobra.

Can a pair of dark cordovan shoes be worn with a white dinner jacket? If not, what shoes would be correct?—M. M., Brooklyn, New York.

Cordovans are too casual for formal wear. While black patent pumps are correct for formal wear, black calf or smooth leather slip-ons, highly polished, make acceptable substitutes.

I am a second lieutenant in the Army and the other day I took a first date to an off-post restaurant. After the meal was over, the girl took out her make-up case and proceeded to "do her face" right there at the table. I told her point-blank that it was very bad taste to apply make-up at the table and that she should go to the ladies' room to do it. She replied that it was perfectly proper for her to do what she was doing. As you may guess, the evening ended with her doing an about-face out the door. Who was right?—K. A., Petersburg, Virginia.

Technically, you were; make-up applied at the table after a meal should consist of some fresh lipstick and a discreet dab or two of powder—not a major overhaul. However, it sounds like your table manners could also stand a touch-up or two. The next time similar circumstances occur, tactfully mention the location of the ladies' room, and if your date fails to take the hint, drop the subject. You'll never recruit any addresses, Lieutenant, if you address all your dates as if they were raw recruits.

I own a 1934 Chevrolet that is in very good condition. The car has its original engine. The owner's handbook is in perfect shape. Is my car considered a "classic"?—L. R., Annapolis, Maryland.

No. The Classic Car Club of America defines a classic as "a fine or 'distinctive' automobile, American or foreign built, produced between 1925 and 1942 (except for Lincoln Continentals, which are included up to 1948). Generally, the classic was high-priced when new and was built in limited quantities. Other factors such as engine displacement, custom coachwork, luxury equipment such as power brakes, power clutch, 'one-shot' or automatic lubrication systems (known to enthusiasts as 'goodies') help determine whether or not a car is a true classic." What you own is a 1934 Chevrolet in very good condition.

Why is the word "love" used in tennis instead of "zero" or "no score"?—R. D., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Etymologists have served up two theories. The "Dictionary of Word and Phrase Origins" traces the term back to the word "amateur" (which is derived from the Latin *amare*, "to love"). "A person who 'plays for love,'" the book states, "is literally playing for nothing—at least nothing in the form of a tangible reward. Thus, the figure '0' has for more than two centuries been called *love*—and the person who remains on the *love* end of many sets of tennis must truly be called *amateur* . . ."

The recently published book "How Did It Begin?" however, hypothesizes that "love" has a purely Gallic origin: "Nil, or nothing, is zero, the figure whose shape resembles an egg. The French, always subtle and quick on the uptake, adopted their [word for] egg, *l'oeuf*, to announce 'no score.' Crossing the Channel, *l'oeuf* was adapted to British tongues by being rendered *love*." Deuce game

How accurately can a doctor name the date on which a woman became pregnant? And if he knows that date, how accurate will he be in predicting the baby's birth date?—D. O'N., Wauconda, Illinois.

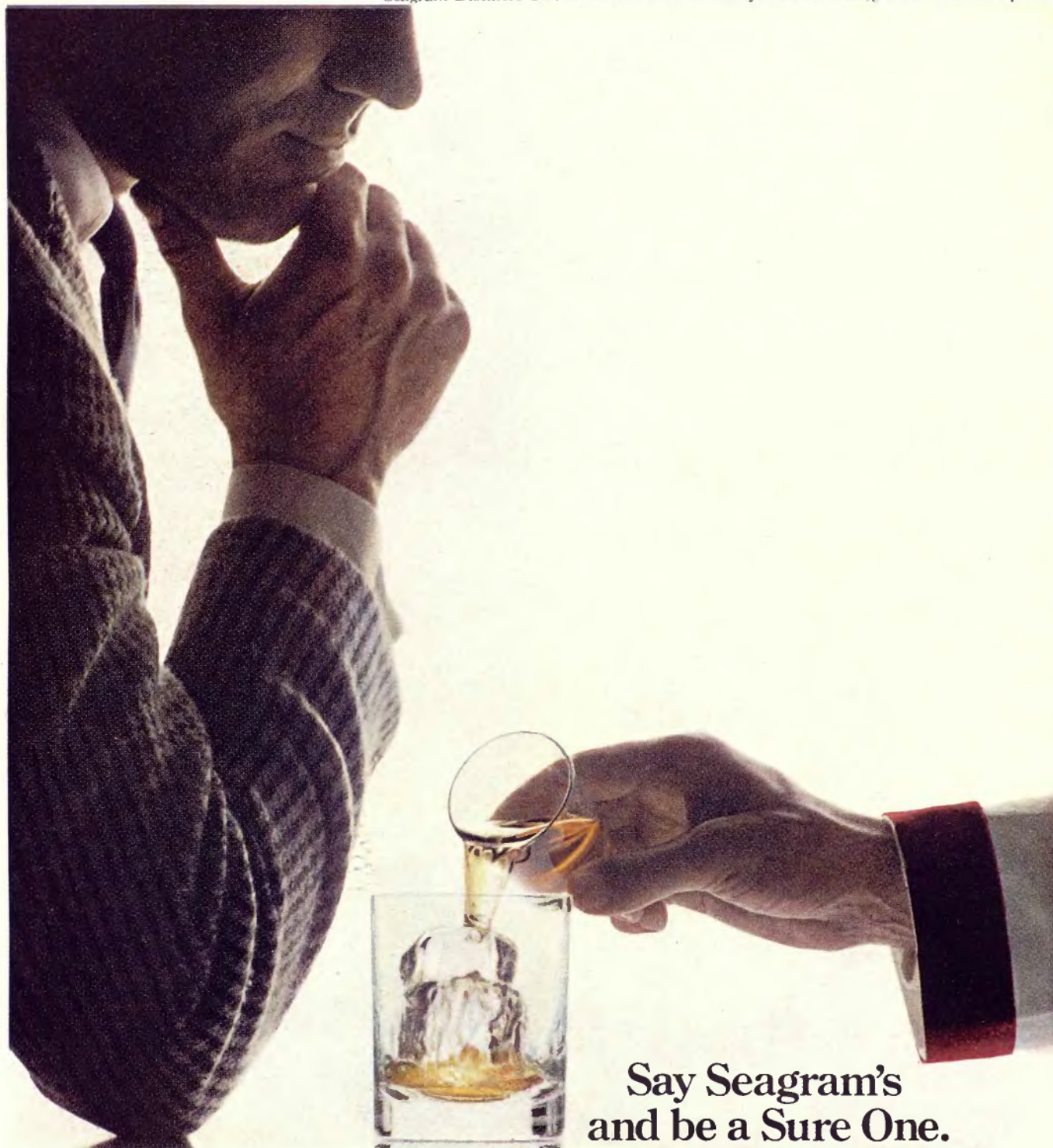
If a woman has a regular 28-day menstrual cycle, her date of conception can be estimated within a range of five days. Here's how: Normally, her fertile period extends from the 12th to the 16th day after the beginning of her last menstruation. If she had intercourse only once during those five days, the exact date of conception can be fixed. More commonly, the doctor takes the mid-point of her cycle—the 14th day—as a reasonable approximation.

Starting at this point, the date of birth is an educated guess. If the lady is in good health, the doctor predicts the birth for the 267th day after the estimated date of conception. According to the chief obstetrician of a Chicago hospital, however, the actual birth date may vary from the prediction as much as two weeks either way.

To sum it up, childbirths, like train arrivals, can be predicted, but there's no guarantee they'll be on time.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





**Say Seagram's
and be a Sure One.**

What's a "Sure One"? This is what our dictionary says: "**Sure One** (shōor wūn) n. 1. an astute person who chooses Seagram's 7 Crown because of its smoothness, its constant quality and its unvarying good taste in every drink, straight or mixed. 2. an affectionate nickname for the world's most popular brand of whiskey. Seagram's 7 Crown." For further information, consult your local bartender. Or just say Seagram's and find out for yourself.

Seagram's 7 Crown—The Sure One.



left: Jay-Bonair Harley belt loop model. right: Jay-Bonair Comanche model with inside adjusters, Bolero pockets.

*If you're looking
for a pair
of slacks to
match,
try JAY-BLAZE[†]...*



if you'd like more than one pair of JAY-BLAZE, thumb through these...

Jaymar's meticulous color coordination is the answer. Highly styled Jay-Bonair® Slacks are available in a dramatic color-matched collection of fashionable checks, solids and plaids, in belt loop and beltless models. Each is a perfect complement to your favorite blazer, shirt or sweater. What's more, only Jay-Bonair Slacks offer you avant garde styling combined with traditional high quality and unerring good taste. Try on a pair of Jay-Bonair Slacks in a crisp tropical Jay-Blaze blend of 55% Dacron® polyester/45% wool today. Jay-Bonair Jay-Blaze Slacks are priced from \$18.

* DUPONT'S REG. T.M. † T.M. APPL. FOR

©1967 JAYMAR-RUBY, INC.

A JAYMAR® SLACK with DACRON®

made by people who care for people... who care®

Product of Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana

Jaymar slacks are available at more than 5,000 fine stores coast to coast:



PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

NOTABLE for the number of English-speaking girls annually in attendance, and less relentlessly long-haired than most musical fetes, is the Edinburgh Festival, to be staged in Scotland's capital from August 20 to September 9. The event draws musicians, actors, film directors, writers and starlets from all over Europe. If you plan to stay at the famed North British, Caledonian or Carlton hotels, where most Festival stars will be quartered, reserve your room now. Once the festivities are under way, performers and visiting celebrities will be wining and dining nightly at such elegant Continental restaurants as the Epicure, the Aperitif and the North British's La Caravelle.

If you arrive in Europe a week or two before the Festival begins, by all means head for Ireland's capital and the Dublin Horse Show, August 8-12. The principal social/sporting event of Ireland's year, this equestrian extravaganza features military and civilian contests and an international jumping competition. More than 1000 horses are on display, and the show's annual auction of prime Irish thoroughbreds is always exciting to watch.

Once in Edinburgh, chances are you'll meet a wee broth of a lass while out on the town—or comin' through the rye. If you do, surprise her by suggesting a drive to the seacoast on a day when Festival activity is at a minimum. At the tiny harbor of Newhaven, just two miles from Edinburgh's Princes Street Gardens, you can buy fresh seafood directly from small incoming boats—and then repair to her digs for dinner. A short drive from Newhaven, you'll come upon the town of Cramond, still steeped in the 18th Century and offering a spectacular view of the Firth of Forth, where the North Sea enters Scotland's east coast. Try to stop at the Cramond Inn's oak-beamed dining room for the house specialties of shrimp, lobster or duckling. (The meal will be enhanced by a finger or two of the Inn's special unblended Scotch whisky.) Another Firthside stop to make is at South Queensferry's Hawes Inn, where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *Kidnapped*—and probably also relished, as you will, the Inn's first-rate kippers for breakfast.

From here, drive across the new road bridge that spans the Forth to Dunfermline, once the capital of Scotland and now equally famed as the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie; through Kirkcaldy and Largo to Fife Ness—a succession of picturesque towns and seaside golf courses.


If you've still got a girl in tow, fly with her across the North Sea to Stockholm; from there, another hour by plane will take you both to the rose-bedecked

medieval city of Visby, on the Swedish isle of Gotland. Here you'll want to rent a cottage by the sea on the grounds of the Snäckgårdsbaden Hotel, an Old World coastal caravansary with its own swimming pool and surrounded by sheltered coves seemingly built for two.

If she's a Scot and likes the outdoor life, fly farther east to what may well be the world's most fabulous fishing pool, the Malangfoss, located at the bottom of a 70-foot waterfall in Norway's River Maals. Salmon congregate here en masse; you should be able to haul in at least two a day, scaling at between 10 and 40 pounds apiece. A comfortable little fishing lodge has recently been built at the site. The Malangfoss is just a mile from Bardufoss Airport, and Oslo is a four-hour flight away. To highlight a quick weekend in Norway's capital, drop in for an evening's entertainment at the National Theater, where Ibsen's plays were originally produced (and scorned by a scandalized Oslo populace).

After hopping a jet back home, you might opt for a stay in Massachusetts' Berkshire Hills, where you'll be able to catch end-of-season performances at Tanglewood. All through the summer, Tanglewood's open-air Music Shed attracts top conductors to lead its weekend series of classical concerts. Nearby Jacob's Pillow offers a summer-long schedule of dance productions; and to round things off, there's jazz at the Music Barn in Lenox.

As a final stop, back from your European idyl, make it to New York's Hamptons, on the eastern tip of Long Island, which have displaced Fire Island in recent years as the East's swiftest summer spa. Cottages here rent for a seasonal sum of \$3000 to \$15,000. If you plan ahead, such posh hostels as the Ocean Colony and Tennis Club at Amagansett, the Yardarm Club or Dune Deck Beach Hotel at Westhampton, or those at Quogue, Sag Harbor and Water Mill may have room for you. Once ensconced, you'll find diversions as numerous as the girls who flock here from all over the East. Make it a point to stop in for cocktails at Bridgehampton's Bulls Head Inn, which serves as poker headquarters for such playwrights as Edward Albee, Arthur Kopit and Jack Gelber. The Hamptons' best watering spot for bikini watchers, known locally as Coast Guard Beach, is populated by models and would-be actresses who gather here to meet fashion photographers and producers.

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

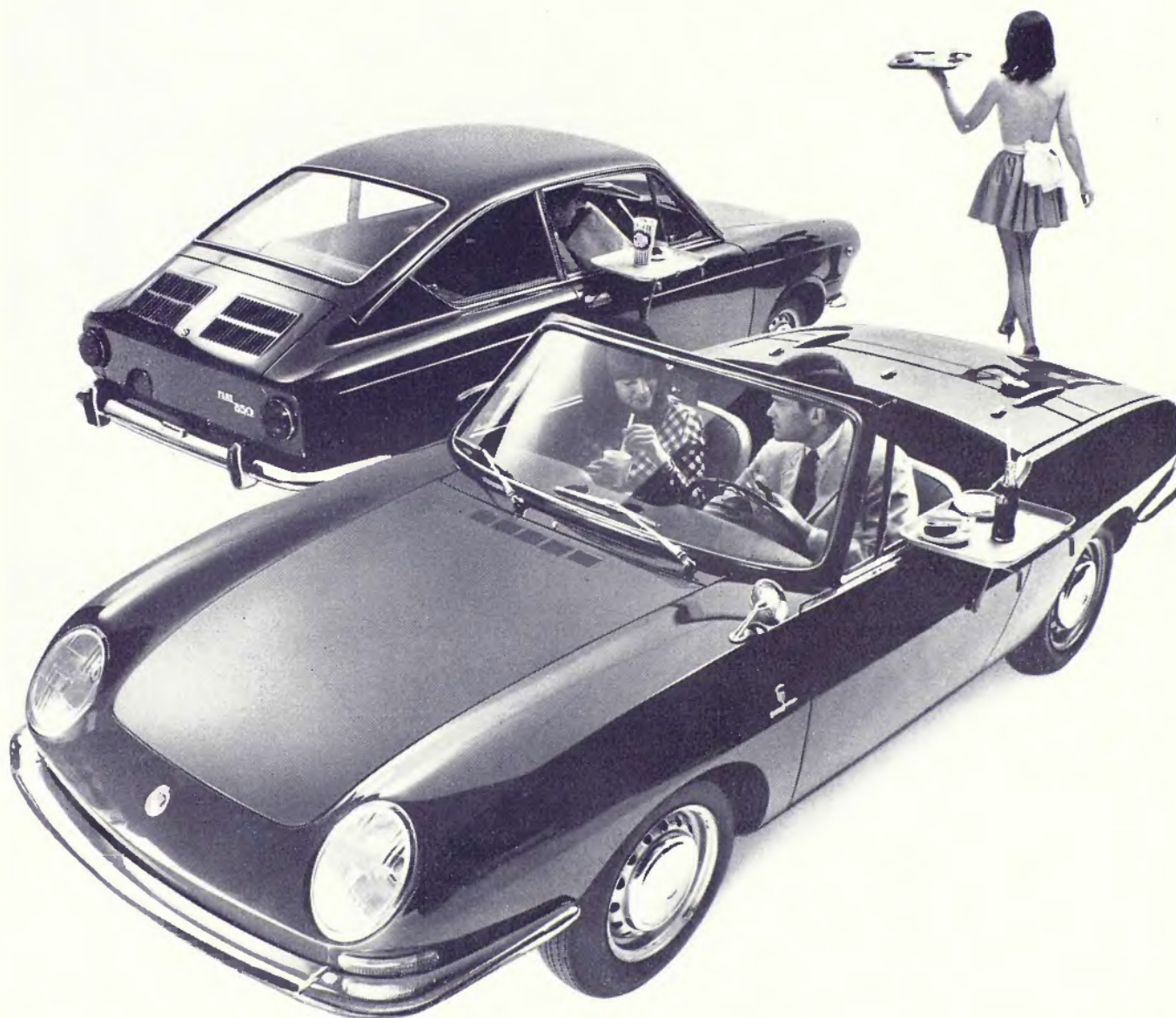
Introductory offer:



Try this completely unique experience and we will send you.

©Special Products Division of The National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md., Detroit, Mich., Miami, Fla., Phoenix, Ariz.

Fiat solves the topless controversy



Get that King-of-the-Road feeling with Fiat.

Top or topless? You can have either or both with the fast, colorful, and popular new Fiat 850. So easily! You can afford both at Fiat prices. One with a top that comes down (model 850 spider \$1998*) to give you the sun and the moon; the other with a top that stays put (model 850 coupe \$1795*) but manages to make you look just a little bit wicked anyway. Both give you the time of your life in carefree automobile ownership...the design, economy and safety that won a Fiat model the "Car of the Year" Award (voted by 50 automotive editors from 12 countries). The Fiats here have independent wheel suspension; front wheel disc brakes; instant, big-power pickup; easy-clean, vinyl upholstery; dozens of safety extras and glamor extras at no extra cost. And economy? They almost live on love.

FIAT

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE MYSTERY OF SEX

I congratulate you for your reply to nurse Barrett's letter ("Sex and Murder," *The Playboy Forum*, February).

The meaning of sex is not well understood yet, not as a physiological response nor as a sociological factor, nor even as a psychological entity. None of these areas have ever been subject to any kind of rigorous investigation.

During the past two years, we have had discussions at Notre Dame about the various aspects of sex, sexuality and responsible parenthood with a small group of noted theologians, philosophers, sociologists, psychologists, medical scientists and practitioners, biologists and chemists. We have been surprised to discover how little we actually know about the facts of sex; we cannot even speak with any degree of certainty about the implications of various social, ethical and historical factors that have created the currently prevailing sexual morality in the Western world.

While I am not sure that I agree with everything in *The Playboy Philosophy*, I feel that an open forum on this topic will certainly encourage a frank and objective discussion of sex. Such frankness and objectivity are long overdue.

William T. Liu
Professor of Sociology
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Indiana

THE DIVINITY OF SEX

Why can't we learn a thing or two from the pre-Christians? Not everything they believed should have been discarded just because we accepted Christ's compassion for others as our guide for behavior. We can keep that as our first consideration, and then we can make the sex act into a religion.

Let's turn the spotlight on the holy experience of orgasm as a sometime prelude to creativity (and a religious experience in itself). The world is discovering that churches are without significance or potency in important matters.

We need a new humanistic religion. As part of the total liturgy, parenthood could be reserved for the deserving. A mother would be a high priestess, and a father, someone special. This would solve many of our social problems, such as overpopulation.

Of course, this religion would be la-

beled and perhaps legislated against as a "sex cult." Maybe by putting "Christian" in the name, such protest could be mitigated: The Cult of Christian Creation—a humanistic approach to religious experience.

Give us sex with an open-door affiliation with God and we won't need war and aggression.

This letter is written by an over-60 little old lady—not from Pasadena—who would appreciate anonymity.

(Name withheld by request)
Tacoma, Washington

THE DEBASEMENT OF SEX

Most civilized men know that sex, at its worst, is highly desirable, and at its best, is a feast no mortal can truly deserve. In the raw, without love, it offers the slumgullion we used to scoop out of a mess kit—which at least keeps a man from starving. Love, legal or illegal, sacred or profane, is *haute cuisine* with sparkling white linen and a bottle of claret on the table.

In abandoning the adultery of Mount Olympus for today's widespread commercial greed, we have traded the sins of the gods for those of the pigsty.

John W. Rockefeller, Jr.
Elizabeth, New Jersey

A distant cousin of the rich Rockefellers, Mr. Rockefeller is the author of "The Poor Rockefellers." His new book is called "The Devil Is a Communist."

SEX AND MARRIAGE

There seems to be a great deal of concern about physical infidelity, but no one, to my knowledge, has expressed any concern about other, even more serious ways a person can be unfaithful to the marriage vows. What about the wife who derides her husband's abilities to him, to their children, to their friends? The husband who publicly compares his wife with other women—in favor of the other women? The spouse who refuses to consider his or her partner's comfort? And there is the wife (usually) who puts her family ahead of her husband; the woman who keeps her husband in debt; the man who puts bowling and hunting and "the boys" ahead of taking his wife to a movie.

These things represent greater "unfaithfulness" than an extramarital bedmate. People who place all the emphasis on the physical side of fidelity either do

shades
of **RENAULD®**



**...and now
sunglasses will never
be the same again!**

"SUN-DOWN" Cork trim. Black frame or charcoal bronze. Polarized lens banishes glare. About \$10.00

© A Div. of Renault Int'l., Ltd., 851 Burlingame, Burlingame, Calif. 94010

a most pleasant experience

English Leather®

after shave...
after shower...
after hours...

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION,
packaged in redwood. \$2.00, \$3.50,
\$6.50, \$10.00.

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe"
includes ENGLISH LEATHER®... it's the
one you'll reach for again and again.



A complete line of men's toiletries including...
...the SHAVING CREAM, \$1.50
...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50

GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes, \$3.00 to \$10.00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

play favorites

Playboy shirts
are set to swing.
Wear in or out
with everything
casual. Under the
sign of the Rabbit:
cool, free-wheeling
cotton and Dacron®
polyester knit in
black, white, navy
blue, red, light blue
or burgundy. Code
WA100, Playboy's:
S, M, L or XL sizes.
Code WA200,
Playmate's: S (32),
M (34-36), L (38) sizes.
Each, \$6 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 credit keyholders may charge to
their keys.



not fully understand what is involved in
a marriage or see the marriage vows as a
real-estate contract. In most cases, a
woman who can't keep her husband in
her bed has already chased him out.

Let me add, for balance, that I'm very
much afraid that those kids in the Sexual
Freedom League are going to learn
eventually that there is a lot more to a
relationship than "having relations."

Virginia Klipstein
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BEDROOM BLACKMAIL

As a wife and mother, I would like
to comment on the controversy in recent
Playboy Forum columns about Stanley
Eigen's comparison of wives with
whores. It was very gallant of your many
male readers to rush to the defense of
wives so vigorously, and I wish I could
agree that all wives deserve this defense.

Gentlemen, you should hear the typi-
cal suburban bridge-table conversation
some afternoon when the hubbies are all
at work. My blood runs cold at some of
the cynical attitudes bluntly expressed
by "nice" women. You would be as bitter
as Mr. Eigen if you realized how many
American females frankly regard their
bodies as gadgets to be used in a game
of bedroom blackmail to control their
mates.

Love, honesty, my children and my
wonderful husband are the things that
make life worth living for me. But the
wife who is actually a whore exists in
many social circles, even the "best" ones
—or, more accurately, *especially* in the
"best" ones.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

FRIGIDITY IN MARRIAGE

If the writer of the letter "Frigidity
and Adultery" (*The Playboy Forum*,
February) is unhappy in his marriage
with a "frigid" wife, think how *she* must
feel. I am such a woman and I can attest
to the feelings of inadequacy, unwoman-
liness and frustration she experiences.
Most probably she knows that he is un-
faithful and this only aggravates her
problem. If sex is approached as "Now
we will try hours of foreplay to bring ab-
normal you to climax," it will provoke
resentment. If, instead, the husband de-
termines to create a happy marriage, to
stop seeing other women and to get psy-
chiatric help for his wife, he will be giv-
ing them both the best possible chance
for a good sexual and personal relation-
ship.

He must talk with her, be tender with
her and try to understand that she feels
so ashamed and miserable about her lack
of reaction to his lovemaking that her
body as well as her mind is in revolt.
This requires a vast amount of patience
and love. My husband is one of the kind-
est men who have ever existed, and his
awareness and thoughtfulness in this



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 82 ©1967, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS MAY 1967

PLAYBOY CLUBS IN 17 CITIES WITH NEW MONTREAL HUTCH SET TO PREMIERE SOON!



Keyholders and playmates enjoy a leisurely early dinner in the Chicago Living Room while Bunnies serve tall ounce-and-a-half-plus beverages.

Six Days at Jamaica Playboy—\$105

JAMAICA (Special)—By making your reservations now, you can enjoy six fun-filled days and five memorable nights at the most luxurious resort in the Caribbean . . . for only \$105*.

Your prize package includes beautiful accommodations with sunken Grecian bath, daily bounteous breakfasts and gourmet dinners; two cocktail parties; a picnic party at Dunn's River Falls complete with ca-

lypso band; and a glass-bottom-boat cruise to the coral reef.

You'll be caught up in a whirl of Jamaica Playboy activities—ska parties on the patio, nightly entertainment, outdoor movies. Swim in our Olympic pool, sun on our 800-foot white-sand beach, play tennis, water-ski, snorkel and scuba-dive—enjoy all your favorite activities amid the Playboy-plush environment.

It happens only in May and June, with nine departure dates to choose from: May 5, May 12, May 19, May 26, June 2, June 9, June 16, June 23 and June 30. Send for more information to Hotel Div., Dept. 29, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

*\$105 per person is based on double occupancy, \$130 for single occupancy and \$80 for third person in a room. All rates exclusive of transportation.

YOUR KEY ADMITS YOU TO PLAYBOY EVERYWHERE

OPEN — Atlanta • Baltimore
Boston • Chicago • Cincinnati • Detroit • Jamaica
Kansas City • London • Los Angeles • Miami • New Orleans • New York • Phoenix
St. Louis • San Francisco
PLANNED — Cleveland
Denver • Lake Geneva, Wis.
Montreal • Washington, D.C.

CHICAGO (Special)—The newest link in our chain of 17 Playboy Clubs throughout the world—including the fabulous London Club and casino and the Jamaica resort-hotel—is located at 2081 Aylmer Street, in the heart of Montreal's entertainment area. The five-story hutch is across from McGill University and 10 minutes from Expo 67.

There Canadian keyholders will dine on Playboy's proven man-pleasing favorites—*filet mignon*, sirloin steak, London broil, Bunny Burgers, heaping platters from the buffet (at the same price as a drink)—and enjoy our famous ounce-and-a-half-plus king-size drinks.

Order your Playboy Key today and save \$30 (Canadian) in Montreal before the \$60 Resi-

dent Key Fee in Canada goes into effect. (See coupon for schedule of key fees in U.S.) Your key admits you to all present Playboy Clubs and to each new Club as it opens.

Bilingual Bunnies, top talent, live jazz and Playboy's friendly, informal atmosphere abound throughout the many Montreal clubrooms. When you present your key to the Door Bunny (she may be a PLAYBOY Playmate), your personal name plate is placed on the lobby board and closed-circuit TV telecasts your arrival to friends who may be awaiting you.

Open the door to excitement—mail the coupon now and apply at the special Charter Rate.

New at the Club

SAN FRANCISCO—The Living Room has a new look! A dance floor, the Toby Ben Blues Band and a curvy go-go dancer has replaced the piano bar. Week-day luncheons in the Living Room include buffet platters and London Broil at the same price as a drink. The VIP Room now offers a brand new menu featuring roast prime ribs of beef every Friday and Saturday night from 7 P.M.

LOS ANGELES—Now you may dance to the Bob Corwin Living Room trio six nights a week. Living Room luncheons feature buffet platters and Steak Diane at the same price as a drink.

NEW YORK—The VIP Room, Playroom, Playmate Bar and Living Room have been entirely redecorated. Damaged by a burst water main during the Big Blizzard, they now feature the newest in comfort concepts from our Design Department.



Better practice that swing — keyholders across the nation are warming up for the championship 18-hole course at Playboy's Midwest resort at Lake Geneva, Wis., set to open for 1968 golf season.

BECOME A KEYHOLDER. CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:
I wish to apply for key privileges.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

U.S. Key Fee is \$25 except in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi, where keys are \$50. Canadian Key Fee: \$30 (Canadian). Key Fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine. Applicant for key must be male and over 23. The Annual Account Maintenance Charge, currently \$5 in U.S. and \$6 (Canadian) in Canada, is waived for your first year.

☐ Enclosed find \$_____ ☐ Bill me for \$_____
☐ I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

282



Poolside refreshment and a Bunny attending to your needs—that's the life at the Jamaica Playboy!



FOR THE MAN OF ACTION

Hustlers The swingin'est shoe... for beach, boat, court or cook-out... or for anywhere or anytime the Man of Action wants to GO! GO! GO! The new look in comfort—slip-on or lace in popular colors. Be a Man of Action... get a pair today. At fine stores everywhere.

 **THE SERVUS RUBBER CO.** General Office and Factory, Rock Island, Ill.

Advance to **POWERFUL** motorcycling!

Move up to the high performance of a BIG BSA motorcycle! BIG BSA twins (650 cc-40 cu. in.) handle with the ease of lightweights, yet power you and your passenger up hills without shifting. Cruise all day at maximum highway limits in luxurious comfort. Big power in reserve for safety in traffic. See these handsome, powerful motorcycles at your BSA dealer!

WEST:
BSA MOTORCYCLES-WESTERN
Dept. B
2745 E. Huntington Dr., Duarte, Cal. 91010
EAST:
BSA MOTORCYCLES Incorporated
Dept. B
639 Passaic Ave., Nutley, New Jersey 07110

BSA

Write to nearest factory branch for details and full color illustrations of all the new 1967 models. Specifications may vary between Eastern and Western models.



area are so great that I can hardly wait for a "whole" me for both of us to enjoy.

If the expense of time and psychiatric assistance seems too great, let the deprived husband imagine how he would feel if no erection were possible without pain, and ejaculation could never be achieved.

(Name and address withheld by request)

The anonymous writer of the February *Playboy Forum* letter "Frigidity and Adultery" advocates premarital intercourse as a safeguard against marrying a frigid woman. He is in error. Before we were married, my ex-wife and I had relations as often as we wanted. After four months of marriage, however, she found out she was pregnant and stopped wanting to have intercourse at all. We sought the help of a psychiatrist. His findings were that sex before marriage was attractive to her simply because it was in defiance of her parents' wishes. Once we were married, the only reason for her to have sex was to get pregnant.

After pregnancy, she wanted to stop all relations, but out of "love" for me, she would lie there and let me use her to release my frustrations. She never climaxed at any time in our marriage, but I still remained faithful. In the following years we were very unhappy, but we stayed together for the sake of the children. I tried everything, including hours of foreplay, different positions, etc., with no success. Since our divorce, I have had no problems with other women.

Premarital intercourse is definitely no answer to a problem like this. Only a less repressive childhood could have saved my wife.

(Name withheld by request)
Lynwood, California

THE NEW VICTORIANS

I wish to express my appreciation for *The Playboy Philosophy* series. Such re-evaluations of our social structure have long been needed. However, the so-called New Morality seems to have spawned a rather odd breed of fish. For want of a better word, I shall call them the New Victorians. Pretending to have enlightened and broadened minds, these people rationalize in a circle right back to the same old ideas that have failed so dismally in the past. Starting with the revelation that sex is not "dirty," they go on hastily to add that sex is good and rewarding only when limited to marriage. Then they reaffirm the traditional belief that the only worthwhile goal in a woman's life is to be married as a virgin to the man she loves. This, they assure us, leads to a successful marriage, because it provides an "honorable beginning."

I submit that this is totally unrealistic. It would make a wonderful fairy tale,

Carry on



The leather-fresh fragrance that leads you into all sorts of adventure (and misadventure).

Royal Regiment by Max Factor

Cologne, After Shave, Heroic-Size Soap

©1967 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada

but in real life the odds are so great against it that in most cases such a philosophy can only lead to soul-crushing failure. Sex, like dancing and tennis, is a sensory-motor exercise of partners, in which proficiency is gained only after long practice. Sex does not "come naturally" to us. Our divergence from the instinctual course of evolution is so great that even this basic act must be learned. Until a person is well versed in the art of love, he isn't truly qualified for marriage. And this applies to both sexes. Any man who demands that his wife be a virgin is himself too immature to be considered a good marriage risk.

Curtis Keightley
Denver, Colorado

But anyone who suggests that sexual proficiency is a panacea for all the ills of marriage is guilty of grossly oversimplifying a complex social problem.

RESPONSE TO MRS. HOWAK

I agree with Mrs. C. Joseph Howak (*The Playboy Forum*, February) that *PLAYBOY* is definitely having an effect on "the moral fabric of American youth"! *PLAYBOY* is undermining many of our society's most cherished traditions with its editorial exploration of the social and sexual ills of today. Indeed, if *PLAYBOY* isn't stopped, an enlightened younger generation is apt to become so incensed over suppressive sex laws, corruption in government and transgressions against our civil liberties, they are going to demand that some real changes be made.

I sincerely hope they do.

L. L. Haight
Menomonie, Wisconsin

In the February *Playboy Forum*, Mrs. Howak tells you how much she despises your "trash." It is rather interesting to observe a woman with her opinions wasting time on an "obscene" magazine like *PLAYBOY*. I suspect she is one of those people who suffer from lack of a certain fulfillment in life and therefore seek excitement in spasms of virtuous indignation.

The views expressed in *The Playboy Philosophy* are shared by most of the enlightened people of the world. I would like to relieve Mrs. Howak of her abnormal fear that "the moral fabric of American youth" will be destroyed by liberal thoughts. I can assure you that Scandinavian youths generally grow up to be mature and responsible citizens, although their communities accept sexual freedom in almost all aspects of the word. We are still lacking in some ways—our official views on homosexuality and abortion, for instance. At present, though, the adoption of more permissive legislation in these two areas is being discussed in the Danish parliament.

So cheer up, Mrs. Howak. Forget your



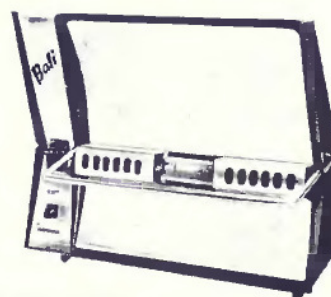
Country Club Shower Head

An extraordinary showering instrument created by Henry Dreyfus. 14K Gold face plate. Shower dial for five spray adjustments—fine needle, medium, coarse, rinse, flush. Lifetime guarantee. Simple installation. Water spray confined to the bather. \$19.95, 2 for \$39.00, 90¢ PP



World-Time Alarm

Simply set this amazing timepiece to the correct local time wherever you are, then set the rotating dial to match and tell at a glance the time anywhere in the world. Luminous hands & gold numerals. \$10.95, 2 for \$21.00, 60¢ PP



Bali Sun Lamp

A marvelous, genuine Quartz tube Sun Lamp. Unique fingertip control adjusts reflector up or down to radiate a bounty of sunshine where wanted. 80 sq. inches of reflector area provides spectrum of healthful ultra violet tanning rays. Manufactured and warranted by Hanovia. Complete with instructions, sun goggles, and tube of Tanfastic. \$19.95 plus 60¢ postage

30-day money-back guarantee on all products.
☐ Interesting free catalog

EASTMAN COMPANY
Industrial Bldg., Sausalito, Ca. 94965

Quant.	Item
Name	
Address	
City	Zip
Playboy Key #	Amer. Expr. Acc't #
Diners Acc't #	or Payment Enclosed <input type="checkbox"/>

fears and you may yet live to see American youth grow up healthy and happy in a really free society.

Vagn Jensen

Sondre Strom Fjord, Greenland

ANOTHER MOTHER'S VIEW

From one American mother: Hugh Hefner has "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" of a dirty-minded society. I am grateful that he exists and that, due to him, my daughter may grow up in a sexually saner and healthier world.

Mrs. L. G. Hansen

West Long Branch, New Jersey

THE REAL SICKNESS

There have been many accusations printed in *The Playboy Forum* that PLAYBOY magazine is one of the factors contributing to the sickness of our society. However, the real sickness is to be found in the minds of the people who support cruel and afflictive abortion laws, who persecute homosexuals with morbid zeal, who attempt to station themselves as custodians of morality in every bedroom across the nation, who are so jealous of pleasure as to think it evil and who have the incredible conceit to think that their God should be the yardstick of all mankind.

These people pervert American society, and the menace they foment is the greater because they refuse to listen to reason.

Kenneth Crossen, David Hill
Cambridge, Massachusetts

DECLINE AND FALL

Remember, gentlemen: When liberal sexual ideas like yours had a mass following once before in history, the whole Roman Empire collapsed. It *can* happen again and it *will*, unless America turns away from Hefner and back to Christ.

Mrs. M. Murphy

Newark, New Jersey

Your ideas about the decline and fall of Rome are based on Cecil B. De Mille cinemepics rather than on history. The celebrated "immorality" of emperors such as Nero and Caligula had occurred hundreds of years before, and had nothing to do with, the empire's fall; Rome achieved its greatest power and prosperity after their deaths. The empire actually began to collapse subsequent to its conversion to Christianity in 313 A.D., when the family of Constantine split it into three parts and each began conspiring against the others. Persecution of all non-Christian sects began in 325. Thereafter (except for the abortive pagan revival of Julian Augustus, 361-363), strict Christian orthodoxy reigned throughout the empire. As Gibbon points out in his classic "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," non-Christians—together with all Christians who disagreed with

the theologians closest to the emperor—were subject to arrest, torture and/or death. Thus, when Rome fell to the barbarians in 445 A.D., it had been officially Christian for 120 years.

MR. CLEAN

I would like to share the following quote with you, because it so well sums up the thinking of the procensorship mentality:

This cleansing of our culture must be extended to nearly all fields. Theater, art, literature, cinema, press, posters and window displays must be cleansed of all manifestations of our rotting world and placed in the service of a moral, political and cultural idea. Public life must be freed from the stifling perfume of our modern eroticism. . . . The right of personal freedom recedes before the duty to preserve the race . . .

The author of this passage is Adolf Hitler, writing in *Mein Kampf*, as quoted by *Innovator*, a Los Angeles libertarian publication, which printed it together with a picture of Adolf titled "Mr. Clean—Successful Pornography Fighter."

D. H. Riley

Los Angeles, California

LIBERTY IN THE LIBRARY

I am a librarian and, like everybody else occupying that position, I am constantly confronted with local would-be Hitlers who want me to remove certain volumes from my shelves. To help me in fighting back, I would like a strong quote from your copious research files—something suitable to show the book burners before they have a chance to strike their figurative matches.

Carol Stone

Los Angeles, California

Try this recent statement of policy by the library of Palisades, New York, which appeared in the January 1967 "Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom":

If a member of the library wishes to find out for himself whether a certain publication is worthless, tasteless, vicious or inaccurate, it is the function of the library to give him an opportunity to do so. Furthermore, history shows that many books that have been most controversial or objectionable to some persons or groups have in due course been recognized to be among those books that most, rather than least, belong in public libraries. If an idea is truly dangerous or evil, the best protection against it is a public that has been exposed to it and has rejected it; the worst protection is a public that has been shielded from exposure to it by official or self-appointed guardians.

Therefore, in the event that anyone in or out of the community should object to the library's acquisition or retention of a certain publication on moral, political, religious or philosophical grounds, the objection should be recognized as an indication that the publication in question may well be of more than routine interest and may be likely to be requested by members of the community who wish to judge its merits and demerits for themselves.

AUTO EROTICISM

Thought you might find the following excerpt from the *Gazette Citizen*, a weekly newspaper from the Santa Barbara, California, area, amusing:

It wasn't *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, but Santa Barbara did have its own obscenity trial last week.

And a University of California at Santa Barbara freshman . . . is no D. H. Lawrence, but the court ruled that certain writing on the student's car did have some social importance . . .

It all started on October 18, when a UCSB police detective spotted what he found to be offensive writing on the student's 1959 Fiat 600 parked on campus. . . . On the right front door were painted the words "SECOND WOMB." The right rear side proclaimed "VIRGINS OF THE WORLD, UNITE, ALL YOU HAVE TO LOSE IS YOUR VIRGINITY." On the left front fender: "FORNICATION NOW." And on the right front fender was the contention: "PORNOGRAPHY IS GOOD FOR YOU."

. . . People seeing the car [according to the judge who dismissed the case] "will look at this and laugh. . . . Isn't it really a healthy and robust kind of thing?"

A. R. Patches

Santa Barbara, California

ARCHAIC LAWMAKERS

PLAYBOY readers are always complaining about archaic laws, but how about the problem of archaic lawmakers? Not all the idiotic legislation regulating our personal lives dates back to Victorian times; some of it is fairly recent, and more of it is being introduced every day in every state of the Union. For instance, I quote from *The Charleston Gazette*:

Senator Randall Taylor . . . offered [a] bill in the [state] senate which would make it unlawful to undress in the presence of others.

Aimed at the operation of nudist camps in the state . . . the measure also would make it a crime to undress "in any place" in the presence

(continued on page 117)



BACARDI® rum is so “mixable”..



It's a one-brand bar.

The Bacardi rum is ready, and you're invited! Big, bold highballs. Light and sassy Daiquiris. Cool tonics and colas. Magnificently dry martinis. Beautiful Bacardi Cocktails. Even Bacardi

Parties where every guest can have his own favorite drink and no two alike! *That's* light, mellow, “mixable” Bacardi rum. *That's* the Bacardi style. Enjoy it!

Make a splash!



For exciting "Cycle Story" and colorful Suzuki brochure write: U.S. Suzuki Motor Corp., P.O. Box 2967, Dept. P-5, Santa Fe Springs, Calif. 96070

Solo Suzuki and the tide turns all your way.

For powerful going, our Dual-Stroke engine offers up more surf-churning sizzle than a 4-stroke—with less effort. Hup, two. Not Hup, two, three, four. And new Posi-Force lubing ends oil-gas mixing for good.

For safety, big, waterproof brakes take the plunge and still give you plenty to stop on.

For comfort, only Suzuki is decked out specially to American size and safety standards.

For smooth-sailing, take a fix on the 12 month/12,000 mile Warranty.

It leaves competition in its wake (a worthy addition at trade-in time, too). Just ask your Suzuki dealer.

While you are there, take a Suzuki out solo. And make waves.

**solo
SUZUKI**

You won't be alone!

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

WOODY ALLEN

a candid conversation with the bespectacled comedian, screenwriter-screwball, little-league lothario and self-styled superschlep

Sol Weinstein, debuting this month as a PLAYBOY interviewer, has thrice regaled our readers—in serializations of "Loxfinger," "Matzohball" and "On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen"—with the exploits of his seltzer-and-sour-cream superspy, Israel Bond. An ex-newspaperman, he drew on his deadline-at-dawn reportorial experience to beard this month's elusive subject in his New York den. Weinstein's dispatch—wired to PLAYBOY collect—begins:

"In the cavernous attic of my ancestral estate, Twin Hangnails, in Levittown, Pennsylvania, the cameramen were set to begin filming my musical version of the notorious French novel 'The Story of O,' retitled 'Maim' for the Stateside market. Under the baton of Bobby Darin, the Mavat/Sade Choir was running through the catchy score: 'Who Whipped the Flesh Right Off o' Muh Back, Ma-a-aim?'; 'A Floggy Day'; 'Flagellation T. Cornpone'; and 'You Should Always Hurt the One You Love.' Held in place by a devilish contrivance of barbed-wire clamps was the magnificent naked body quivering in anticipation of the knout. The lovely half-caste, Desirée Mandingo, fixed her fearful eyes on the cruel tip. 'Will it hurt, massa?'"

"Of course it'll hurt, dummy," I said with some annoyance. 'But you knew what you were getting into when you signed to do the picture. Now, let's keep our bargain. Go on, whip me, whip me!'"

"The lash rang out—so did the phone. For a second, I couldn't decide which

had been more agonizing—the former's bite or the contumacious snap of the PLAYBOY editor's command: 'Go interview Woody Allen; only keep it on a dead-serious level. PLAYBOY's readers have already gotten their quota of belly laughs from our interview with George Lincoln Rockwell.'"

"Damn it! This ukase from the Playboy Building would play hob with my S. R. O. schedule of big-league projects. But I owed it to Hefner ('Ner,' as he is known to the inner circle), who, by publishing the condensed versions of my Israel Bond espionage masterworks, had lifted me from the mire of obscurity to my present lofty status as a semi-unknown. I barked at my wife: 'Bring me a bowl of Red Heart immediately, clear the decks for action and hold up on the following commitments: (a) my offer to co-author with Harry Kemelman "Monday the Rabbi Turned Buddhist"; (b) my campaign to have our own rabbi, Irving Fierwerker, of Congregation Beth El, ousted because, though he is a holy, learned and fine man, he has failed to bring prestige to our synagogue by his unwillingness to solve a single murder; (c) my production of an LP, "William Buckley Reads the Poetry of the Firebrands of Watts"; (d) the telethon I was to host for the CH Foundation [Note: CH is a hush-hush disease not even the Reader's Digest dares talk about—Cerebral Hemorrhoids]; and (e) my exposé for Fact, "What Were Masters and Johnson Really Doing While They Were

Supposed to Be Observing Human Sexual Response?'"

"Stalking the career of Heywood (Woody) Allen dictated a change of costume, so I slipped on my Oy Oy Seven trench coat and trench hat, which melded harmoniously with my chronic trench mouth, and touched the flame of my Zippo to my lips, inhaling the pungent scent of scorched flesh. Now, a lesser man would have asked Woody's press agent to ship over a ton of publicity material from which a fast, shallow, insincere 'puff' could have been punched out in two hours. But I am something more than a lesser man, so I told him, 'You keep the clippings, write the story, sign my name to it and send me PLAYBOY's check by special-delivery airmail.' The funk hung up. This business is full of them."

"In its review of Woody's nutty mutilation of a Japanese spy flick, 'What's Up, Tiger Lily?,' Time magazine had described the shriveled Socrates of Brooklyn as 'an anonymous little giggle merchant who looks like a slight defect in the wallpaper pattern,' a typical, lightweight Time simile concocted patently by a man who'd never seen Woody close up. A truer depiction, I thought, would be 'the product of a mad night of love between S. J. Perelman and a barn owl.' In any case, I wanted to see for myself, so I arranged my first session with Allen at New York's Morosco Theater, where his first love offering to Broadway, 'Don't



"Everything good that I've ever written is the result of a sharp, searing blow. I smash my occipital area with a heavy mallet, then write down whatever comes. I do it for the money."



"If I could have any pet, it would be a clam. They're affectionate, loyal and keep burglars away. And they're quite responsive to commands. Of all clams, cherry-stones are the most dependable."



"I take a chocolate-covered baby aspirin now and then, and groove myself out of my skull. It heightens my orgasm. I see colors more vividly, the birth of bacteria on Formica tabletops."

This model not for sale.
For demonstration purposes only.

This model not available
with mustache.

Instant loading,
drop-in Super 8 cartridge

Push button power zoom
— for smooth close-ups
or wide angle.

Behind the lens
CdS meter sets exposures
automatically.

4 to 1 Vivitar
F 1.8 zoom lens.

VIVITAR
electronic circuitry
builds in success.

Vivitar camera
models (without girl)
from \$69.50.
See your Vivitar dealer.

Vivitar Products are marketed
exclusively by Ponder & Best:
New York / Chicago / Los Angeles
11201 West Pico Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California 90064

Ultra bright
bigger than
life-size viewing.

3 speeds.
Normal, fast,
slow motion.

Waist level finder.

CAUTION:
Do not push.
Factory
adjustments
only.

Introducing the new
Vivitar
Super 8 Movie Camera



THE PLAYBOY TOUCH IN JEWELRY

Featuring the Fashionable Playboy Tie Bar

Offhand sophistication in cuff links
and smart, new tie bar. Emblazoned
with the debonair PLAYBOY rabbit.
Lustrous black enamel on rhodium.

Playboy Cuff Links \$5

Playboy Tie Bar \$3.50

The Set \$8

All prices ppd.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

919 N. Michigan Ave.

Chicago, Illinois 60611

Playboy Club keyholders may charge
by enclosing key number with order.

Drink the Water,' was in rehearsal.

"The press agent's uncooperative attitude had put me in something of a bind, however, and during the cab ride to the theater, I wondered aloud how I could ferret out the facts pertaining to the Allen saga. 'Oh,' said the bright-faced, crewcut caddy, 'you mean the Woody Allen who started as a teenager battling out 25,000 jokes for a PR agency that used them to make its clients hilarious in print, became a top writer for Sid Caesar and Garry Moore and won the Gag-writer of the Year award from George Q. Lewis' Humor Society of America, then became a fledgling comedian at Greenwich Village bistros like *The Bitter End*, which, in turn, led to smash performances on the "Tonight" show and "The Jack Paar Show," a wild money-maker of a screenplay, "What's New, Pussycat?," a role in "Casino Royale" and the scripting of "Don't Drink the Water" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" *That* Woody Allen?"

"You've been mildly helpful to me, caddy," I replied. "As a reward, I won't mug you."

"I parked myself in the third row of the theater, my trained eye catching Lou Jacobi, Kay Medford and Anthony Roberts emoting on stage, although it was difficult to pick up their dialog because of the roar of the greasepaint. When I did become acclimated acoustically, I found myself howling at the seemingly endless spate of crackling one-liners.

"Gosh," I observed on my way to Woody's dressing room, 'more than three decades have elapsed since Kaufman and Hart brought "Once in a Lifetime" to the Great White Way—and it still holds up.'

"Yes," bleated a petulant voice. 'But I wish they had the decency to rehearse my play.'

"The room was completely empty, and I wondered where the voice had come from. Then, after a minute of utter silence, a slight defect in the wallpaper pattern began to move. Making a mental note to renew my subscription to Time, I switched on my Webcor and pleaded with Allen to say anything that was on his mind.

"Dandruff," he croaked and started to crawl back into the wallpaper.

"Woody, I'm a friendly sort, really. I got your albums, and I thought they were just meloroonery, alligator' A refreshing hipsterism would cement our relationship fast, I shrewdly reckoned.

"He wore a lavender smoking jacket that had once belonged to Laurence Harvey's dog, and a snug pair of Levi Strauss midafternoon walking jeanlets. He nervously drummed his fingers, which were genuine Slingerlands, against his red-thatched cranium. 'Be kind,' he moaned. 'I'm afraid of my shadow.'

"From what I can see, you have no shadow," I said jovially, in a bid to reassure the twitching lad.

"His uneasiness gone, Woody leaned



The Spirit of the Sea

This is it. Surfing a catamaran. The Spirit of the Sea. And you're part of it!

Catalina's part of it, too. A big part. Its great new Surfer[®] trunks and jackets set the trend every year, and '67 is no exception. Catalina started it all, and Catalina continues

to lead them all in the authentic look you want most.

From left to right, the catamaran sailors model "Rincon," jacket and trunks of DuPont nylon; "Pico Alto" jacket and trunks, and "Kahuna," the authentic Surfer[®] trunks.

Be a part of the Spirit of the Sea with the spirited suits from Catalina.

Catalina[®]
is the Spirit of the Sea



Catalina, Inc. Another fine Kayser-Roth Product.

Imagine wearing an air conditioner in your hat this summer



Now there's Koolon, a great new development that'll keep you cooler with your hat on than you've ever felt with it off. Cooler for everyday wear . . . and for sports, active or spectator.

Koolon replaces the old-fashioned hatband. It's made of mesh, absorbent and aluminum. When moistened, it uses the principle of evaporation to keep you much cooler — from head to toe — for 3 to 4 hours. To re-cool, just re-wet.

You'll find Koolon in most of the well known brands of summer dress or sport hats or caps. See them at stores and pro shops everywhere.



The Koolon Company
10 N. Charles Street
Baltimore, Md. 21201



against the dressing-room wall and began to whimper freely. This is the result."

PLAYBOY: By now, hundreds of thousands of people have seen your new Broadway play. *Don't Drink the Water*. Did you think it would be such a smash?

ALLEN: Not until some glaring faults were corrected in the Philadelphia tryout. We decided to open the curtains, light the stage and use actors.

PLAYBOY: In précis, what is its message to humanity?

ALLEN: An unequivocal admonition to refrain from imbibing H₂O.

PLAYBOY: We appreciate your candor. Why didn't you appear in it yourself?

ALLEN: Oh, I wanted to, heaven knows. I read for a part—but I didn't get it. And I even slept with the author.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to write it?

ALLEN: Four hours.

PLAYBOY: Why so long?

ALLEN: I couldn't concentrate for the first two and a half hours.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the basic concept, are there any lesser themes running through the play?

ALLEN: Yes. That people should make an effort to brush their teeth at least twice a day.

PLAYBOY: *Con Gleem*?

ALLEN: I'm not pushing any particular product. What matters is the consecrated act of brushing itself. It prevents cavities. If this play can prevent one single cavity, then I have fulfilled my obligation to American belles-lettres.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning a sequel to *Don't Drink*?

ALLEN: Actually, this play is the last part of a trilogy. Parts one and two I have no ideas for as yet. However, the best trilogies are those that run three-two-one, rather than in ascending order.

PLAYBOY: Remind us never to let you bet for us at Churchill Downs. Woody, you've just immersed yourself in the frantic, sinister world of James Bond, at least in Charles K. Feldman's version of 007, *Casino Royale*. How did you get involved in it?

ALLEN: Feldman asked me to. I would have accepted any acting role at that price—even a Greek chorus.

PLAYBOY: What was your contribution to the film?

ALLEN: Substantial—rape, looting and murder. As Sir James Bond's nephew, Little Jimmy Bond, who is sent off on assignment, I incinerate a few people, pull off some daring escapades, some romantic high jinks—the whole thing culminating in a terrific pay check. My portrayal adds a new dimension of incredible cowardice hitherto lacking in these movies.

PLAYBOY: Do you identify personally with

GT 350

Here's where you can see and drive the cars from Shelby American

ALABAMA
Birmingham/Foreign Car Center
ALASKA
Anchorage/John Stepp's Friendly Ford, Inc.
ARIZONA
Scottsdale/Paradise Ford Sales, Inc.
Tucson/Pueblo Ford, Inc.
CALIFORNIA
Caruthers/Webster Ford Sales
Costa Mesa/Theodore Robins Ford
Downey/Downey Auto Center
El Segundo/Hi-Performance Motors, Inc.
Hayward/Hayward Motors, Inc.
Long Beach/Mel Burns, Inc.
National City/City Motors
Oxnard/Robert J. Poeschl, Inc.
Pasadena/Robert H. Loud Ford
Riverside/Warren-Anderson Ford
San Francisco/S & C Motors
San Luis Obispo/Hysen-Johnson Ford, Inc.
Santa Cruz/Al Cheny Ford
Sepulveda/Galpin Motors, Inc.
Sunnyvale/Holiday Ford
CANADA
Calgary/Metro Motors Ltd.
Montreal/Sud Automobile
New Westminster/Fogg Motors Ltd.
Toronto/Wood-Larkin Ltd.
COLORADO
Littleton/Courtesy Motors, Inc.
CONNECTICUT
W. Hartford/Williams Ford, Inc.
FLORIDA
Daytona Beach/Ray Hunt Ford, Inc.
Jacksonville/Lynch-Davidson Motors
Maitland/Johnny Bolton Ford, Inc.
Miami/J. D. Ball, Inc.
GEORGIA
Decatur/Carey Paul Ford
ILLINOIS
Champaign/University Ford Sales, Inc.
Chicago/Milo Brooke, Inc.
Hinsdale/Jack Loftus Ford
Moline/Sexton Ford Sales, Inc.
INDIANA
Indianapolis/Jerry Alderman Ford Sales, Inc.
South Bend/Romy Hammes Corp.
IOWA
Cedar Falls/Larry Lange Ford
KENTUCKY
Lexington/Paul Miller Ford, Inc.
Louisville/Burns Ford, Inc.
LOUISIANA
Gretna/Dick Bohn Ford Co., Inc.
Monroe/Rivers Ford
MAINE
Bangor/Sullivan Ford Sales
Portland/Portland Motor Sales, Inc.
MASSACHUSETTS
Newtonville/West Ford Sales, Inc.
Worcester/Harr Motor Company, Inc.
MICHIGAN
Fremont/Gerber-Payne, Inc.
Grandville/Borgman Ford Sales, Inc.
Kalamazoo/Don Seelye Ford, Inc.
Lansing/Max Curtis, Inc.
Royal Oak/Stark Hickey Ford, Inc.
MISSOURI
Kansas City/Broadway Ford
Kirkwood/Yates-Stevens
St. Louis/Reismeyer Motor Co.
NEBRASKA
Omaha/McFaydens, Inc.
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord/John Grappone, Inc.
NEW JERSEY
Morristown/Dockery Ford, Inc.
Trenton/McCafferty Ford of Trenton
NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque/Richardson Ford Sales, Inc.
NEW YORK
Levittown/Levittown Motors, Inc.
New York City/Gotham Ford, Inc.
Niagara Falls/Fronter Ford Sales, Inc.
Rochester/Nagle Ford, Inc.
Syracuse/Reynolds Motors, Inc.
Troy/Hickey Ford Sales, Inc.
White Plains/Larsen Ford, Inc.
NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo/W. W. Wallwork Fargo, Inc.
OHIO
Akron/Universal Motors, Inc.
Cincinnati/Fuller Ford, Inc.
Mayfield Heights/The Marshall Motor Co.
Toledo/Brondes Motor Sales, Inc.
Vandalia/Don Wagner Ford Sales, Inc.
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City/Dub Richardson Ford
OREGON
Portland/Marv Tonkin Ford
PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown/Gilboy Ford/Mercury, Inc.
Harrisburg/Francis Fords, Inc.
Jenkintown/Pletcher Ford, Inc.
McKeesport/Eger Motors, Inc.
RHODE ISLAND
E. Providence/Tasca Ford Sales, Inc.
TENNESSEE
Bristol/Ron's Ford Sales
Memphis/Herf Motor Company, Inc.
TEXAS
Dallas/Horn-Williams Motor Co.
El Paso/El Paso Auto Center, Inc.
Houston/Republic Ford, Inc.
San Antonio/Hemphill-McCombs Ford
VIRGINIA
Falls Church/Koons Ford, Inc.
WASHINGTON
Bellevue/Metke Ford Motors, Inc.
Dishman/McCollum Motors, Inc.
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee/Northwestern Motor Car Co.

GT 500

The fact that
everybody looks at you
is the last reason
on earth for buying a
Shelby GT



(unless you love to be looked at!)

Among the reasons you'll want to buy a GT 350 or GT 500 is zesty performance. Crisp, responsive handling. Ultimate stopping power. Reassuring safety. Tasteful comfort. There are extra margins of each, as befits a road car designed by the World Manufacturers' Champion sports car builder. The head-turning looks are a fringe benefit.

See your Shelby dealer. You'll look twice at the price—just \$3995* for the GT 350, only \$200* more for the GT 500.



SHELBY G.T. 350 and 500 *The Road Cars* Powered by 

Shelby American, Inc., 6501 W. Imperial Highway, Los Angeles 90009

*MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES. OPTIONS, ACCESSORIES, DELIVERY, PREPARATION AND STATE AND LOCAL TAXES ADDITIONAL.

GAUGUIN DID IT WHY CAN'T YOU?



2 weeks in Tahiti for \$585*

(Including Air Fare)

Club Méditerranée of the South Seas makes it possible for you to have your own thatched hut (with private facilities) in Tahiti for just \$585!* And this low price includes all your meals (gourmet French cuisine), fine chilled wines, unlimited sports facilities (including deep-sea fishing), and your round trip jet fare from the West Coast on UTA French Airlines. Gauguin never had it so good! Ask your travel agent about Club Méditerranée of the South Seas. Or send in the coupon below.

*Or 3 weeks for \$630, West Coast



CLUB MÉDITERRANÉE

530 West Sixth Street
Los Angeles, California 90014

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Tel. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is _____

PB/CM-4

suave superspies like James Bond and Derek Flint?

ALLEN: No. But I did catch *Fantastic Voyage*, and I identified strongly with the germs.

PLAYBOY: We imagine you got to know London pretty well during the filming of *Casino Royale*. Is it really the switched-on city it's reputed to be?

ALLEN: Yes, yes! They have an all-night soft-drink stand.

PLAYBOY: What hip, fab, gear things did you do there?

ALLEN: I strolled about. I sat in a chair—twice. I went to a newsreel theater. I was sold pornographic dental X rays. And once a gypsy woman sidled up to me and unashamedly said the word "loins."

PLAYBOY: Did you run with the "in crowd"?

ALLEN: I had a very swinging group. We visited the tomb of Guy Fawkes and blew it up, hung out in Limehouse and hobnobbed in Whitechapel, where the Ripper does his mischief.

PLAYBOY: Does? Jack the Ripper is dead.

ALLEN: He's very much alive. I know this from personal experience. Years ago, I was taught how to dress in female garb by Irene Adler, whom I shall always consider to be *the* woman. While in London, I assumed the guise of an octogenarian trollop down to the last detail—rotting hoop skirt and bustle, cracked pancake make-up, and so on—and during one of my walks through shadowy Whitechapel, a black-cloaked man leaped out of a doorway and slashed at me with a razor, crying: "Saucy Jacky strikes again!" He was the spitting image of Basil Rathbone.

PLAYBOY: Did you buy any kinky Carnaby Street togs while you were in London?

ALLEN: Yes—a nifty sheet-metal suit and an all-crab-meat overcoat.

PLAYBOY: You shot *What's New, Pussycat?* on location in Paris. Are you happy with the way it turned out?

ALLEN: It turned out to be the greatest money-making film comedy of all time. All things considered, I thought it came off very well.

PLAYBOY: What part did you like best?

ALLEN: When Rommel gets defeated.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think *Pussycat* would have had more credibility if you, rather than Peter O'Toole, had won Romy Schneider at the end?

ALLEN: Yes—but we were going for a far-out, unbelievable ending.

PLAYBOY: Did O'Toole come up to your sexual standards?

ALLEN: He came close. But I have two or three moves he could never duplicate. Not unlike things you've seen Olympic high divers do.

PLAYBOY: It's rumored that you always

contrive to be seen nude in every film you make. Is this true?

ALLEN: I *have* done a nude scene for every picture, but you can't tell, because I have Dacron flesh.

PLAYBOY: Let's have your frank opinion of your latest cinematic effort, *What's Up, Tiger Lily?*

ALLEN: It's an experimental film I was hired to work on. Originally it was a Japanese espionage vehicle. What I did was to cut out the Japanese dialog, write new dialog and put it into the mouths of the actors. What I wrote is completely contrary to what they're doing at the same time on the screen, so it comes off funny. Matter of fact, *Tiger Lily* was just voted one of the ten most Japanese pictures of the year.

PLAYBOY: What new projects are on your drawing board?

ALLEN: I would like to shut myself up for a year and try to write a perfectly rhymed couplet. I'm also working on a way to transmute baser metals into gold. This, they tell me, is alchemy and was disproven years ago, but I don't believe their lies. I'm also creating interracial puppets, fasting as theater, nothing-happenings and organized nude string quartets. I am also tinkering with the idea of doing a musical version of the *Gilgamesh*, the Babylonian Bible. And after that, a no-character, off-Broadway drama, which I may call *Death of a Salesman* just to hypo the box office.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you're far too busy to relax with hobbies, such as the judo lessons you were allegedly taking some time ago.

ALLEN: With the help of judo, I have broken every major bone and organ in my body. Judo enables one to do that much quicker than any other form of self-defense. But I do have many intriguing hobbies. I collect stamp hinges, I play the comb, I threaten old ladies and I carve soap.

PLAYBOY: What kind of soap do you use?

ALLEN: I tried Lifebuoy initially, but Lifebuoy's a difficult medium to come to terms with. For essential purity, one should use Ivory.

PLAYBOY: What do you carve out of soap?

ALLEN: Soap dishes.

PLAYBOY: You used to play a pretty fair clarinet, too, we're told.

ALLEN: I still noodle around with it. I guess I could eke out a meager living as a clarinetist. But my real musical ambition is to be the first white bop harpist.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a jazz harpist named Corky Hale?

ALLEN: Well, I play the jew's-harp . . .

PLAYBOY: Let's backtrack a bit to your early years in show business, when you were writing jokes for Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo and Arthur Murray. Of them all, who did your material the most justice?

ALLEN: Oh, I'd say Sammy Kaye for the

In between beer and liquor
there's malt liquor.

But there's nothing in-between
about Country Club.



one-liners. Guy Lombardo for the longer, more philosophical routines. But Arthur Murray got the most mileage out of the material, because of what I'd call his "good look."

PLAYBOY: These were also the days when you were, shall we say, being phased out of New York University and City College of New York. Any regrets?

ALLEN: I wasn't exactly phased out. I was given a Section Eight, the only one ever awarded by a nonmilitary institution. My only regret is that I wasted as much time as I did in those places. The whole experience was like swirling in a grim, grisly pit of eels. When they called me before the board of deans to sever our connection, they said, among other things, that they didn't *like* being considered a grim, grisly pit of eels. They also called the police. To this day, I recall that just as the dean gave me the ax, he opened his raincoat and blushed. Queer duck.

PLAYBOY: Then came your break-in nights at various Greenwich Village bistros. Would you advise young comics to take the same route?

ALLEN: The Village still seems to be the place to get started. There's no other route. In those days I tried them all. I even auditioned at hootenannies. For many months I played a place called the Duplex at no salary and I had to supply my own cab fare and wardrobe. Things began looking up when I got a job at The Bitter End. I started at \$75 a week and in just two years I was pulling down a fast \$76 a week. Still no cab fare, though.

PLAYBOY: There's a story that the owner of The Bitter End used to send lovely models on stage during your shows to ease you through panicky moments by feeding you ice-cream sodas. Is that true?

ALLEN: Yes, but it is indicative of my maturity as both performer and human being that by the end of my engagement I had begun eschewing the ice-cream sodas and assaulting the models.

PLAYBOY: By now, do you think the public has accepted you as a star of the first magnitude and not just another pretty face?

ALLEN: I think so, although it has been very hard to overcome my uncommonly fine features in a society that puts such a premium on them. Anyone with an eye for aesthetics can see that just by scanning me.

PLAYBOY: What kind of people comprise your audiences?

ALLEN: Primarily left-handed people, single taxers, a liberal sprinkling of deviates, some Lutherans. The rest are Eskimos.

PLAYBOY: Do you think people of different social and economic milieus can appreciate the same jokes?

ALLEN: No. In order to appreciate the same jokes, you must be making the

identical salary of a person appreciating the same jokes. And that includes deductions.

PLAYBOY: Is there a personal trap in being a comedian? That is, are you always expected to be funny?

ALLEN: Yes. But I fool people. I stand in the corner at parties and pretend to be an end table.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel there's any particular need for scatology in humor?

ALLEN: Definitely. When one of my monologs starts to flag, I always insert a wild, swinging Ella Fitzgerald riff. And the laughs come back again.

PLAYBOY: We meant obscenity in humor.

ALLEN: There's no particular need. If the material is funny, that's what counts. I could watch *nuns* do an act if they were funny. However, if you're dirty and funny, you run a greater risk than being clean and funny. Dirty and funny—you're a comic. Dirty and *unfunny*—you're a child molester.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't been blessed with your comedic gift, what would you be doing now?

ALLEN: I imagine I'd be a bum. I don't believe in any sort of labor.

PLAYBOY: If you were really up against it, would you be willing to panhandle?

ALLEN: Since I can't interact socially, I couldn't take the emotional contact with the victim. Purse snatching would be far more suitable. It's over quickly. No relationship. No guilt. Also, it's tax-free and a swell way to meet women. And you can sell the purses afterward.

PLAYBOY: What gives you the inspiration for this kind of far-out humor?

ALLEN: I smash my occipital area with a heavy mallet, then write down whatever comes. Everything good that I've ever written is the result of a sharp, searing blow.

PLAYBOY: A great deal of your comedy is self-deprecatory. In your heart of hearts, do you really think you're funny?

ALLEN: I think I'm a scream—but no one has confirmed it to me as yet.

PLAYBOY: One critic has suggested that your technique of turning personal misfortune into comedy helps you "get even with the world." Is he right?

ALLEN: No. I do it for the money. You can't get even with the world. It takes too long and too many lawyers.

PLAYBOY: Much of your subject matter is derived from your middle-class Jewish upbringing. How do you feel about Jewish humor?

ALLEN: There's a common misconception about my being Jewish. What it is, really, is that I'm not gentle. My father is hieroglyphic and therefore believes in mercy killing and free lunch. My mother is an orthodox paranoid and, while she doesn't believe in an afterlife, she doesn't believe in a present one, either. I, if the

truth be known, am a devout pervert. We're a small sect who meet on crowded streetcars and worship in our own way.

PLAYBOY: You've said that your parents sneer at show business as an enterprise for "gypsies." Do they still want you to become a pharmacist?

ALLEN: Not anymore. They'd rather I got something on the docks—or prize fighting.

PLAYBOY: According to *Cahiers du Cinéma*, people laugh at you because you symbolize the little man who can't fit in with the dehumanizing world of technology. Are you still at odds with that world? It's been noted, for example, that you don't drive a car.

ALLEN: The National Safety Council this year presented me with a golden scroll for not operating a motor vehicle. They estimated that by my staying off our highways, 68,191 lives were saved.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of your mechanical incompetence, you've also discoursed ruefully about your bedroom clock, which runs counterclockwise, and a tape recorder that talks back to you in a snotty, bored fashion: "I know, Woody, I know . . ." Why do you think machines single you out for this kind of treatment?

ALLEN: There's a definite malevolence in all inanimate objects—like the pencil that breaks its point when I need it to sign something. It's willing to do that, to sacrifice itself, just to impede me. Have you ever stepped into a shower and noticed the deliberate sequence of ice-cold water, boiling water, ice-cold water again? Or the way taxicabs avoid you when you need one in a hurry? It's a conscious conspiracy. I think I'd like to write a paper on sinks.

PLAYBOY: Sinks?

ALLEN: There's evil in sinks. They have a decision-making ability no one knows about. In short, I have never known a noncommitted object. I know this theory of mine will erode the very roots of existentialism and incur the enmity of French intellectuals, but that's the way I feel.

PLAYBOY: Some of your funniest material has alluded to your psychotherapy. Has it been beneficial to you?

ALLEN: It did unblock my bank account. Though I must confess, I retain a tendency to run down the streets in undershorts, brandishing a meat cleaver.

PLAYBOY: What's your analyst's reaction to the spoofs you've done about him?

ALLEN: It's hard to say. He thinks he's a bathroom plunger. The whole thing has been eight years of unmitigated free association for him. Thus far, no breakthroughs for either of us.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ALLEN: Because I don't believe he should know *everything*. Anybody can effect an analysis if he knows the facts. But I withhold strategic information, like the

WHAT GIVES TAREYTON THE TASTE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?



The charcoal tip.
It actually improves the taste of Tareyton's
fine tobacco. So join the Unswitchables.
Smoke Tareyton.

"Us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight
than switch!"



The American Tobacco Company INC.

fact that I'm married, my fears, my sex, my occupation.

PLAYBOY: What does he think you do for a living?

ALLEN: He thinks I'm a quicklime salesman.

PLAYBOY: Who is your analyst, anyway?

ALLEN: A Croatian midget. Another reason I can't tell him everything is that he's probably in cahoots with his couch. You know how I feel about objects. I don't trust him or his couch.

PLAYBOY: What kind of financial arrangement do you have with him?

ALLEN: I get him breads.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your fears. Is yielding to homosexual urges one of them?

ALLEN: Hardly. I have a lethal heterosexual potency that I supplement with budget-priced vitamins from shady mail-order houses. I'm naturally throbbing. I could walk into a crowded room and radiate sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Do you?

ALLEN: No, because I'm crowd-shy. However, I will occasionally do it by backing into an empty room.

PLAYBOY: This legendary shyness of yours—does it still plague you, for instance, when a stranger recognizes you on the street and gives you a cheery greeting?

ALLEN: I continue to be abnormally withdrawn. My reaction to such a salutation would be to blush and mutter.

PLAYBOY: What if he tried to prolong the conversation by saying something like, "I saw you on TV, and I thought you were great . . ." etc?

ALLEN: I'd panic and deny being me. Then I'd try to force him into denying who *he* is. Then, as two impostors, we could seek new things in common, start afresh.

PLAYBOY: Some critiques of your material have suggested that your success is predicated on your failures. Yet we see before us a man with a lovely new wife, a man raking in the coin of the realm by the bushel from his plays, movies, acting roles, high-salaried night-club gigs and writing for such publications as *The New Yorker* and this learned journal. You seem to be having more fun failing than most men have winning.

ALLEN: My life is still a series of small failures accruing to a monumental catastrophe. Given a fair opportunity, I can screw up any situation. While it may be true that the external trappings of my existence have changed, the basic problems remain.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

ALLEN: I'm still striking out with women—but it's a better class of women.

PLAYBOY: Are you still paying alimony on your first marriage?

ALLEN: We've an arrangement. We alternate. I pay her for a year; then she pays me for a year. The unfair thing is I'm paying for child support and we had no children.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to have children?

ALLEN: Eight or twelve little blonde girls. I love blonde girls.

PLAYBOY: Would you like them to go into show business when they grow up?

ALLEN: I'd like to see them either in a monstrous trampoline act or hustling drinks in Tijuana.

PLAYBOY: You and your new wife just moved into an apartment in New York. Tell us about it.

ALLEN: It's still in the process of being furnished. It looks like Mount Palomar. The living room is French Moroccan with a touch of Algerian Resistance. The dining room is Aramaic; the sun parlor, Heavy Latin; the gym, Early Flemish. A stuffed Bedouin stands at the gateway to the umbrella closet. We eat off a mummy case. Our bedroom is under water, so we don't get as much sleep as we'd like. We can't hold our breath long enough to get our basic eight hours. Bags of cement lie about here and there, and clusters of garbage effectively arranged by our decorator, who's also lying about—effectively arranged by *his* decorator.

PLAYBOY: Would you call this a Playboy Pad?

ALLEN: No, I'm not a Playboy Pad type. The items I described are all from my old one-room apartment, including the decorator.

PLAYBOY: Then you wouldn't like a round, revolving bed?

ALLEN: No, I'm not fond of circles. I'd like a bed shaped like the prime minister of Ghana.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of *The Playboy Philosophy*?

ALLEN: I think it consumes space that would be better used for nude pictures. Pack the magazine with "stuff" is my philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Woody, for all your sexual braggadocio, you've admitted that you're "no fun at orgies." Now that you've become a big star and hobnobbed with the worldly international set, would you revise that statement?

ALLEN: I've never been to an orgy, honestly. If I was invited to one, I'd be the guy they sent out for cold cuts. Anyway, I wouldn't care too much for the sight of strange naked men. However, I wouldn't mind *emceeing* an orgy.

PLAYBOY: How would you emcee an orgy?

ALLEN: Oh, I guess I'd just do my regular act. And I suppose they'd do *their* regular act, so it might work out.

PLAYBOY: We doubt it. You're said to be a nonparty type who prefers entertaining in a modest fashion at home. What would be your idea of a congenial evening? Would it be spent with fellow entertainers?

ALLEN: I'd rather spend it with one other person with whom I have absolutely nothing in common. The entire evening could be spent avoiding any sort of con-

tact—mental or physical—and ducking issues, if necessary, by staying in the closet.

PLAYBOY: If you feel that way, why not refuse to answer the door when a guest arrives?

ALLEN: Oh, that would be rude. Unless, of course, I left a candy dish on the stoop.

PLAYBOY: When you're not throwing bacchanals, how do you spend your evenings at home?

ALLEN: Early evening is given to morbid introspection. After dinner it's watching the *Tonight* show for diversion. From one to three A.M.—anguish and torment. From three to five A.M.—remorse and regret. Then a review of my life's mistakes, featuring the ten outstanding blunders, 15 minutes of advanced anxiety, and so to bed.

PLAYBOY: Do you also have an organized schedule of nightmares?

ALLEN: No, I'm not an active sleeper. However, I have experienced dreams on rare occasions. In one, I am attacked by a cheese. In another, my body is dipped in a vat of feathers. In yet another, I make love to some moss formations. A fairly common one has me straying through an empty field, kissing rare minerals while my mother, symbolized by a penguin, smokes a Kool and wrestles the Harlem Globetrotters. During the filming of *Casino Royale*, I dreamed I was Ursula Andress' body stocking.

PLAYBOY: In your peregrinations, you've come in contact with some of the world's most fetching film goddesses. Who among them turns you on the most? Ursula?

ALLEN: No—Brigitte Bardot and Julie Christie. Bardot has everything—in spades. She doesn't have a defect, especially the defect of being too perfect.

PLAYBOY: And Julie?

ALLEN: She also has everything, but it's a different kind of everything.

PLAYBOY: Who's your third choice?

ALLEN: Margaret Hamilton, just the way she appeared in *The Wizard of Oz*, with contorted green face and riding a broom. She just *drips* S. A.

PLAYBOY: Aside from these three sex stars, what kind of girls turn you on?

ALLEN: Oh, tall, gelid, aloof Teutonic-Prussian girls. I adore Villagey-looking blondes. I like a girl who's arrogant, spoiled and dirty, but brilliant and beautiful.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep them in line?

ALLEN: I distribute ballpoint pens at Christmas. That keeps them faithful all year long.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed you constantly nibbling sweets throughout this interview. Does this compulsion have a sexual basis?

ALLEN: I'd rather nibble sweets than do anything else on earth. I'm a Hershey bar freak.

(continued on page 171)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who has what it takes to turn a get-together into a gala, the PLAYBOY reader is well equipped to keep a party humming. And his income level permits him to enjoy life with any of the current conveniences. Facts: Within the last year, 98 small electrical appliances were purchased by every 100 PLAYBOY households, highest for male-interest magazines and nearly double the national average. To send a sales curve upward, make the switch to PLAYBOY. (Source: 1966 Starch Report.)

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

DAY OF *she was beautiful, more beautiful than anything war could destroy* GOOD FORTUNE

fiction By RAFAEL STEINBERG

THE VALLEY HAS A NAME, and I could find it easily enough on a map of Korea, but to me it will always be Her Valley. It is a wilderness by now, and the village—Her Village—has been swallowed up by the tangled underbrush, for the armistice line that divides the country runs close by, and no one lives in the buffer zone between north and south, and no one may enter it to tend the ancient graves—or to chase down memories. She may still be alive, perhaps on the inaccessible side of that no man's land, perhaps on this side, where I could find her and thank her if I knew where to look, and if I knew her name. But all I have now is this memory of a spring day—and the knowledge that she found for me something I had lost.

It was the April after the bad winter. The fighting line had raked the little valley as our side advanced; now the gunfire had faded away to the north, the ashes were cold and Her Valley was abruptly green again with spring. But two alien armies had battled through the place, burning houses and smashing irrigation dikes, and gouging craters and foxholes in the paddy fields and up the hill-sides, and the scars of war were fresh. The Chinese had retreated, taking many of the valley's young men along and leaving only disease in the villages and threatening propaganda slogans daubed on walls. And our troops had passed through and abandoned the valley once it was won, leaving a spoor of scattered ration tins and shell casings and snarls of disconnected telephone wires. The irrigation ditches were empty and no water stood in the paddies that should have been flooded, but rain had nourished the thin green rice plants and they could still have been saved if there had been anyone to tend them.

And then, about four days after the fighting, a solitary Army truck came lurching up the rutted trail, fording back and forth across the swift, muddy stream that surged wastefully through the silent landscape, sometimes splashing clumsily along shallow places of the stream bed itself. In the back of the truck, two soldiers sat in silence, staring blankly at the ruins along the roadside, at the charred thatch roofing hanging in shreds over crumbling mud walls and shattered chunks of earthenware littering the courtyards and ragged gashes in the green fields. The two soldiers had not said a word to each other for more than an hour. Nothing but the truck was moving in the





valley. At length, one soldier spoke.

"What a place to die," I said.

There was no response from the corporal sitting opposite me. One wheel of the truck hit a stone and we were flipped off our benches and banged down again hard.

"What I mean . . ." I began, but then I had to hold my breath as we passed a fertilized paddy. "What I mean is, 'What a place to die for.' To fight for."

"Yeah?" the corporal said. And he added: "What do *you* know about fighting?"

So they had heard. Already, only a few hours after I had been attached to this unit, the men in it knew all about me. I turned away and chose one rice shoot in a nearby paddy and watched it until it was gone, blended with the green of the others, all of a color, all fluttering bravely, doomed in the drying field. Never would I be able to blend like that with other men. I realized as the truck carried us up the deserted valley. I had purchased survival, and this was the price I was paying, and this was the way it would always be. And I did not regret my choice. Of the 14 men who had panicked and fled, I alone had refused to go back to the line. There would be a court-martial in a few days, and punishment. But afterward, eventually, I knew there would be hot baths and dry martinis, and football games to watch on brisk afternoons and love on clean sheets, and thick newspapers and the whirr of lawn mowers on Sunday mornings. Never again, whatever they did to me, would I have to cower at the thump of the mortar shells or endure the sweating terror in the foxholes waiting for an attack to begin.

Brooding on my aloneness, smug in my safety, unaware of what the jolting truck was bringing me to, I gazed at the terraced paddies rising like stairways up the hillsides to where the woods began. As we ascended farther, the span of terraces narrowed, the mountain walls pressed closer, looming over us and muffling our sounds and condensing our field of view, so that when we came suddenly upon a gutted house or a burned-out tank, it appeared larger than reality and more awesome.

Far up near the head of the valley, where it was narrowest, we stopped beside a few undamaged thatch roofs. The sergeant who was driving switched off his engine and in the silence, for a long moment, the last sigh and mutter of the engine hung unfading in our ears. Then we heard the fluid yammer of the stream, and that was all. There was no trace of life in this village, and no mark of death. The only sign of the war was the message that a retreating Chinese had smeared on a wall: GI PREPARE TO DIE.

The sudden wail of a child in pain

skewered us on an icy needle of sound. Then it melted to a whisper, and a sob, and was gone. The corporal and I dropped off the tailgate, our canteens and carbines clinking, and stretched our legs. The sergeant and the Korean doctor who had been sitting beside him climbed down from the cab and walked up to the nearest house. In a moment the sergeant reappeared on the path and shouted for us to follow him.

Wordlessly, the corporal handed me a thick metal tube with a handle at one end, like a fat bicycle pump. He took another for himself from a carton on the truck and started after the sergeant. I followed, not really knowing why, or caring yet about anything or anybody in this nameless village at the end of the line.

We came around the corner of a house and filed into a muddy, cluttered courtyard, and all at once I understood for the first time why we had come to this remote and empty valley with our cargo of rice and medicine and DDT. The stench, first of all, was so strong I thought I could see it, like a fog. Fetid, rotten, sickly sweet, it hung as it had for days over the house and the courtyard, seeping into and out of the roof thatch, an evil miasma of garlic and decaying flesh, and the odor of bodies too ill to move, and their sweat and waste. In a corner of the yard, oddly small, lay a corpse, uncovered, the black mouth open in a jackal grin. From the darkness of a doorway came a low, pulsing ululation that we had not heard from the road, because it was pitched to the murmur of the stream. It rose and fell in rapid folds, as if an unseen wounded animal was panting in terror.

I held a handkerchief to my face and stepped into the house. At first I could see nothing but the sergeant standing next to me, writing in a small notebook. The moaning swelled, and out of it came the heavy accents of the doctor, first a brief conversation in Korean, all hisses and clucks, then in awkward phrases the flat, detached, professional data, spoken quickly. "No food four days . . . This woman fifty, flu one week . . . This man fifty-five, flu two weeks . . . This man thirty-four, typhus . . . They say he sick six days. He's strong, be OK, I think. But need DDT here . . ."

I could see shapes now. The doctor bent over a small bundle in a far corner, feeling the pulse on a thin arm. He moved through the room, peering into frightened eyes with a pencil flashlight, examining sores, handing out white pills. "This baby, five maybe, child of man with typhus. Smallpox three weeks ago. Now smallpox finished, but typhus, too . . ." A scrawny crone sat propped against the wall. Her frail, leathery body was nude to the waist, and she held an infant on the gray quilt that covered her legs. The baby tried vainly to grasp the

withered teats while the old woman jabbered at the doctor and pointed at the child and then stretched a knobby arm toward the courtyard where the body lay. A dozen groaning people sprawled on the floor of the tiny black room, and the doctor looked at each. And when he came to the door and glanced at us, I could see he was young. "They say, probably whole village like this. Nobody come, nobody go, nobody can move. Maybe many dead, not buried. Much typhus." Then he ducked out past me into the courtyard and hustled off to the next house in his blue-serge trousers and black city shoes. His pudgy white hands were almost hidden by the cuffs of an Army field jacket that was too big for him, and he wore his stethoscope like the silken ribbon of a decoration of honor. He walked past the dead woman, glanced down and went on.

"We'll bury that woman later," the sergeant told us. "After we see how many we got. Dust 'em good, and I mean everybody." Suddenly he remembered I was new. He jerked a thumb at me and told the corporal: "You'll have to show Harris, here."

"The name's Farris," I said, but he was gone, following the doctor.

The corporal hitched his carbine farther back on his shoulder, out of the way, picked up his dust gun and stepped over the high threshold into the gloom of the house. "DDT," he said in a loud voice. He held his spray gun up so they all could see it and pushed the plunger once. A fine white dust floated out of the nozzle and hung in the air. "DDT," he repeated, and added: "For bugs. Kills the bugs." There was no sign that anyone understood him, but the voices hushed and they eyed him warily as he moved down one side of the room spraying into the crevices between wall and floor, and into corners, and over a bundle of rags. I watched, and then took the other side, and in a few minutes we were through.

"Now comes the hard part," said the corporal. He regretted having to speak to me. "Always start with the men. Women last, so they don't think you're trying to screw them."

"Screw them? Don't be funny."

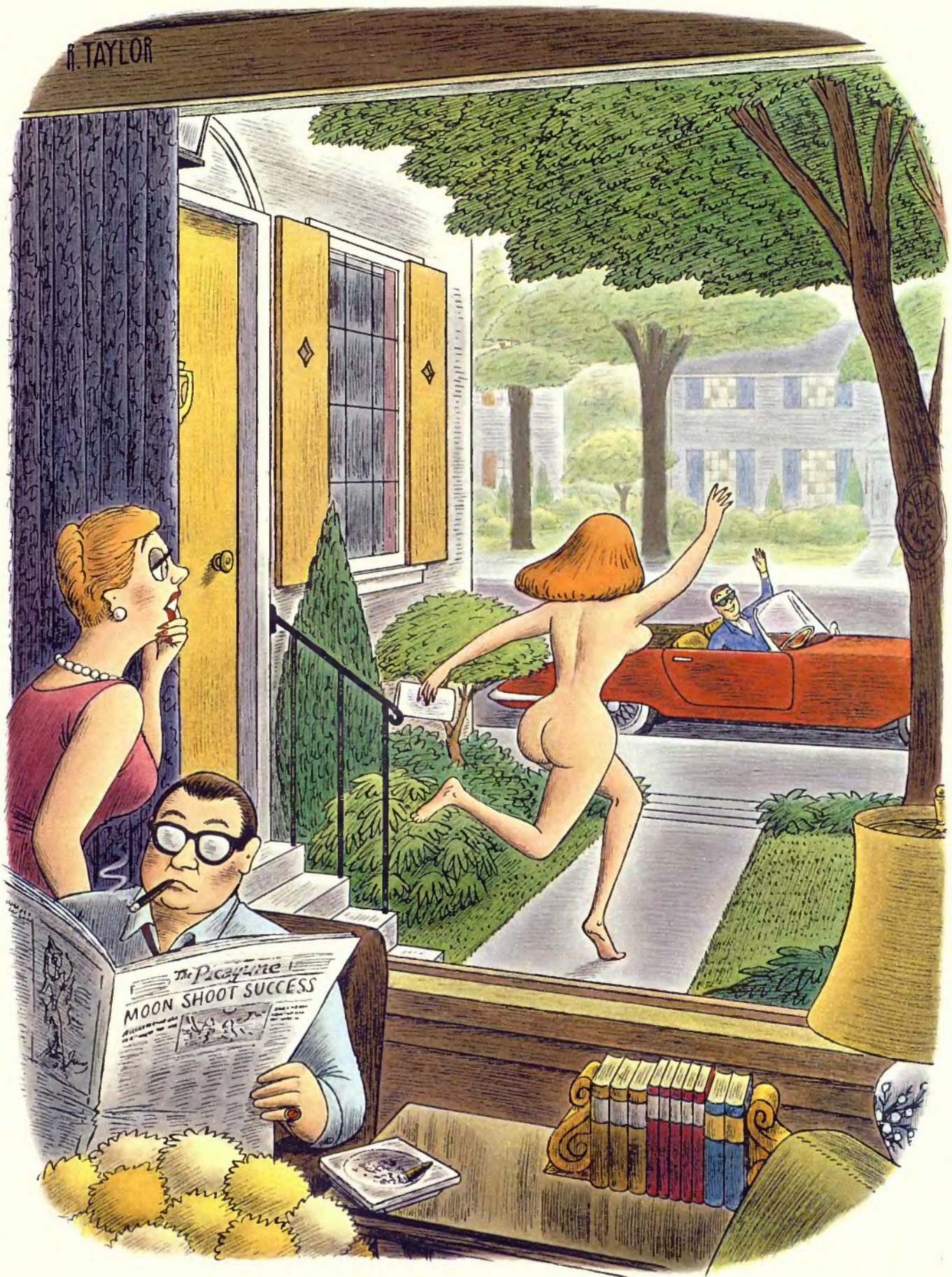
"It happens," said the corporal. His eyes were flicking over the people in the room. "Young guys are best to start on. They're more likely to know what it's about. But you don't usually find no young men."

A middle-aged farmer with a wispy beard was sitting propped against a wall, his forehead speckled with sweat. He gasped in alarm when the corporal squatted down beside him, and tried to pull away when the soldier picked up his sleeve and puffed the powder up his arm. "See," said the corporal in a cheery voice. "It doesn't hurt."

Quickly, expertly, while the man

(continued on page 82)

R. TAYLOR



"I know it's silly, but every time she goes out on a date, I worry."



attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

"peyton place" star barbara parkins models turned-on sleepwear for the tuned-in male

Fresh from the set of the video sex opera *Peyton Place*, Barbara Parkins adds a slice of distaff life to our well-rounded collection of the latest in men's PJs. On the TV show, this sleepytime gal plays Betty Anderson Cord, a teenage swinger who grew up to become the town's sultry sophisticate. Barbara, too, has grown with the part: 20th Century-Fox has awarded her a lead role in its screen version of *Peyton Place*-ish *Valley of the Dolls*. Living doll Barbara, nominated for the Hollywood Women's Press Club's Sour Apple Award as least-cooperative actress of the year, obviously was the model of cooperation for **PLAYBOY**.

THE



Barbara adds sultry sophistication to a cotton-knit zip-turtle top and tapered broadcloth bottoms, by Weldon, \$9. Switching to the bare minimum, she then models a pair of cotton sleep shorts, by Enviro, \$5.

Miss Parkins lounges in a cotton smock-type sleep shirt, by Van Heusen, \$6, before horsing around in Avril and cotton pajamas with jockey jacket that were designed by Manny Mandel for Dunmar, \$7.



LATE SHOW





Barbara looks outstanding in a cotton-chambray one-piece sleep suit, with elasticized back and short sleeves, that's designed by John Weitz for Diplomat, \$12. Hanging from the four-poster is a cotton-sateen kimono-style sleep coat with giant paisley pattern, full sleeves and a wrap-around belt, by Jayson, \$14.





Left: Barbara settles for a cotton-knit pajama top that comes with floral-print cotton-broadcloth bottoms, by Plectway, \$8. Above: Feast time finds her attired in an Avril and cotton Tom Jones-type sleep coat designed by Manny Mandel for Dunmar, \$8.

mumbled something, the corporal sprayed up his sleeves, down the collar of his dirty white jacket, into the waistband and up the cuffs of his baggy trousers. The farmer laughed in embarrassment, someone giggled, and a feeble, brave titter arose incredibly from the murk and the stench.

"OK, Harris, you start on that side. Sleeves, pants, waist and collar. Any place where the lice can get in. They're full of lice and that's what carries the typhus."

"I know that," I said, bending to an old man nearly unconscious. I had to step to the door before finishing.

"You'll get used to it," the corporal said, watching me, grinning. When I came inside again the titter had died, and the next man I dusted didn't look at me. Nor the next. Then the old crone was staring up at me, eyes glistening. She uttered a few words that evoked a grunt—was it meant to be a laugh?—from the man beside her, but no one else was paying attention by then. I tried not to look at the breasts that hung down like flaps as I pumped the white powder into the waist of her soiled linen skirt.

We finished and went out and took deep breaths in the courtyard where a few minutes earlier I had pushed a handkerchief to my nose. The corporal pumped his duster once, with something like fury, at the corpse, and then we were off at a trot, following the doctor and the sergeant.

The next house was much like the first, and so were the others. Some men struggled to their feet before we dusted them; whether they understood and wanted to cooperate, or whether they merely wanted to be prepared to defend themselves against an unspeakable outrage, I did not know. But most of the villagers lay too ill to protest or question; when we turned them over to pump the powder inside their clothing, we could tell that some of them had not moved for days.

In the beginning I was frightened of them and of my task, and was gentle with all; if they seemed to be in pain, or themselves frightened of me and my strange weapon, I just gave them a puff or two and let it go at that. But soon fright went, and with it sympathy, and I began to maul the adults, turning them over like carpets to be swept under, yanking and shoving those who groped to their feet for the ordeal, and growling in annoyance at the occasional man who protested when we touched his women, threatening him by shifting the position of the carbine strapped around my shoulder. Haste was essential, or so it seemed. There were scores of houses, and we did not know how many people. To finish with this

village, to dust every villager, bury every corpse, leave our rice and escape—that was the object, and nothing else mattered. I resented each new roomful of sick and foul specimens as just so many more barriers between me and . . . but I did not know what I was approaching.

Only with the children did I move slowly, being careful not to bruise the skin when I poked the nozzle of the dust gun at them, and laying the duster down when a child had to be turned, so that I could use both hands and do it carefully. For the fear in their eyes was a wild, animal panic. Even those adults who feared the worst from us knew what the worst was; there was a limit to their terror, because we, too, were men. But to the sick children, who had already seen death and felt their valley shudder with the thudding of artillery, our strange pale faces, our gibberish tongue, our long bodies and outlandish machines—and, of course, our preposterous activity—must have convinced them that they would be eaten alive; or so said their eyes, and without thinking it all through, we treated them more gently.

But then there would be a man with fever, whose eyes held suspicion, and I would make up for lost time, and push and pull him so the job could be done. Or an old woman, cackling and jabbering, toothless and hideously ugly—and I hated her for her ugliness and noise and stench and for bringing me here to exterminate her lice, and I dusted her quickly, roughly, furiously; and she sensed my hate and, I think, cursed me for it, so we were even.

We worked on all morning, penetrating deep into the maze of alleys in the village. Sometimes we caught up to the doctor and the sergeant and heard again the mounting statistics of disease and hunger. The sergeant kept notes and scrawled numbers with chalk high on the doorpost of each house, and as we lost count of houses and sick and dead, as the festering sores and bloated stomachs blurred in our minds so we could no longer remember which house was which or where the worst ones were, I saw the sergeant draw arrows in the earth pointing to houses where lay corpses that we would have to bury in the afternoon. The sun rose higher, the day warmed and the sticky, pungent air we breathed felt more and more like glue. And poking everywhere, our stubby instruments spread a thin, white scientific layer of dust over this eternal, fertile misery.

And then, then . . . The house we came upon was slightly larger than the others, with a tile roof instead of thatch, and a burnished wooden gate, and it was set back against the hillside so that the

garden could face the woods. What caught our eyes from the first, because it was so outrageously inappropriate, was a garland of bright-red flowers hanging on the outer wall. It was a thin, droopy garland and the blossoms were small, but beads of dew still clung to the petals. Someone had plucked and displayed the flowers that morning, and that was what brought horselaughs and bitter wit from the three sickened soldiers who wanted only to finish their task and go away.

Then we rounded the courtyard corner—all of us together, as it happened—and we saw her, and our wise-guy sarcasm dissolved on our lips.

She was kneeling on a blue pillow, but we could tell she was tall. We could see only her back, but each man could feel her beauty like a breeze fresh and clean on his skin. On her heels she sat, motionless; her long hair hung straight and sleek, a tapering black column on a garment of happy reds and yellows. The fall of her hair reached exactly and with precision to the mat she sat on and a plain pink ribbon tied the end. Each of us thought: If she turns, she will be looking straight at me. And we waited for that moment, halted as if stapled to the earth. She sat within the house, on a level above the courtyard; the sliding doors were open and the naive doll colors of her dress sparkled in the sunlight. At first we did not notice the shriveled old man, in starched bright white, who stood stiffly beside her, or the small boy who sat cross-legged on the outer portico, arms folded rigidly before his chest and glaring fiercely at the intruders in the courtyard.

But then the old man began to speak, in a voice like dry leaves, and we became aware of him and the boy. The old man addressed the doctor, and the doctor acknowledged his words with occasional grunts and a phrase or two, but it was some minutes before the doctor translated what the man had said.

"The old man says his daughter virgin, his daughter bride. Today is wedding day. This is wedding dress. She is waiting. But her man, how you say . . . ? The groom, he doesn't come. He's from the next village, the last one we passed."

"There was nobody there," said the sergeant.

"Yes, they know. Boy went north. Chinese took all young men from that village, and from this village. All young men have to go. Groom go, but bride waiting. Father says she good girl, she wait. He is waiting, too. And younger brother."

"What are they waiting for?"

The doctor shook his head. "It's wedding day. They wait. Groom's father, he very good friend of this man. They arrange marriage. Very good boy, very good girl. Also this very lucky day for wedding. Day of good fortune. Priests

(continued on page 165)

THE SEA WAS WET AS WET COULD BE

fiction By GAHAN WILSON

I FELT WE MADE an embarrassing contrast with the open serenity of the scene around us. The pure blue of the sky was unmarked by a single cloud or bird, and nothing stirred on the vast stretch of beach except ourselves. The sea, sparkling under the freshness of the early-morning sun, looked invitingly clean. I wanted to wade into it and wash myself, but I was afraid I would contaminate it.

We are a contamination here, I thought. We're like a group of sticky bugs crawling in an ugly little crowd over polished marble. If I were God and looked down and saw us, lugging our baskets and our silly, bright blankets, I would step on us and squash us with my foot.

We should have been lovers or monks in such a place, but we were only a crowd of bored and boring drunks. You were always drunk when you were with Carl. Good old, mean old Carl was the greatest little drink pourer in the world. He used drinks like other types of sadists use whips. He kept beating you with them until you dropped or sobbed or went mad, and he enjoyed every step of the process.

We'd been drinking all night, and when the morning came, somebody, I think it (continued on page 124)

something vaguely chilling swept through the little group at the approach of the two ominous strangers



MY, HOW FAST THEY LEARN

*a callow screenwriting hopeful is given a lightning postgraduate
course on how not to carve out a career in hollywood*

article **BY STEPHEN H. YAFFA**

TWO YEARS AGO, when I was a graduate playwright at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, I sat down and wrote an original screenplay about three young women who are literally seducing to death a guy named Paxton Quigley, whom they have locked in the attic of their college dormitory. I wrote it out of venomous contempt for all the Hollywood claptrap I'd ever seen that presumed to examine the sex life of young Americans and succeeded only in vilifying our lower regions. During one flashback, an outraged mother screams, "Young man, my daughter better not be pregnant!" Quigley looks at her and says: "Lady, where you been the past five years, at the movies?"

As a final gesture of disrespect, I entered that arrogant screenplay into a contest sponsored by the Hollywood screenwriters' guild. The guild members turned around and awarded my screenplay a \$1000 first prize. They flew me out to receive the award, they wined me, they dined me, they showered me with accolades. But through it all they sighed and said, It's too bad your screenplay could never be made into a film; not in this country, anyway.

Of course, they were correct, those Hollywood savants. For months my agent and I tried to peddle the *Quigley* script to America's most respected producers and directors. They wrote back courteous and charming letters, all of them, saying things like, "We're growing, but that grown we ain't . . ."

Those letters managed to confirm my previous suspicions about Fantasyland.

One of the moguls who'd read the script was producer Harold Hecht, now producing on his own at Columbia since the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster partnership dissolved several years ago. Hecht is a small man with an elfin grin, manicured fingernails and custom-tailored suits; he has his monogrammed shirts made in Paris. I knew nothing of his tailor or his grin until September 1965, when he phoned me in Seattle, Washington, where I was working for a television station. "We've read your *Paxton Quigley* script," Hecht said, "and we thought it was very funny. Could you come down here for a few days, we'd like to talk with you."

"About *Quigley*?"

"No. But a college-based story, though. Could you be in my office the day after tomorrow? In the morning, at nine-thirty? We'll of course reimburse your plane fare."

"Well, what's it concern, Mr. Hecht?"

"We'll discuss it. See you then. Goodbye."

"Goodbye." Click click *zzzzzzzzzz* . . .

Hey, wait a minute, pal, I mean— But there was I, flying United down to Los Angeles the next afternoon, trying to recall what I'd either read or heard about Harold Hecht, a man of 58 who'd garnered \$2,000,000 during his 15 years with Burt Lancaster and then proceeded to drop \$3,000,000 on his own until 1965, when he produced *Cat Ballou*. I knew that Hecht-Hill-Lancaster had produced one of the few recent American films of lasting significance, *Sweet Smell of Success*. I didn't know that at the time Harold Hecht deeply regretted making the film. I speculated that any producer of Hecht's repute who would take the trouble to call in an unpublished, untested writer of 24 must be quite dedicated and courageous. I was correct. But what I did not foresee was the muck and mire that traps many a well-intentioned Hollywood producer and hinders his noblest efforts—the slime of yesteryear, wherein a producer



Paul Davis

yanks after four or five simultaneous projects, hoping that one of them will rise to the surface.

Hecht Productions booked me into the Hollywood Knickerbocker. That night, I hung around its dismal lobby watching old people sit on long worn couches, facing each other, waiting for the end like passengers in a musty bus terminal. When I walked by, they discussed me for a while to pass the time.

Eventually I made my way to Sunset Strip, in search of diversion. Cars bumper to bumper; but unlike New York, the drivers don't honk their horns and the sidewalk crowds are strangely silent. You listen not to voices but to the shuffling of shoes on warm cement. The Strip itself is now a block-long procession of glowing pastel marquees over red and green ornate portals. Behind some portals girls of 18 jerk up and down to the thudding drone of a Beatlesque combo. The girls are 18 whether they are 12 or 36; the strands of their hair twitch a separate pattern over peaked shoulders. With luck and a prayer, they could all be Cher, their dates Sonny. With more luck, they could accomplish their ultimate design, to watusi themselves into such a frenzy that snap snap snap off pop the buttons on their capris and eureka! they have finally shed themselves of silk and Dacron and cotton, free now at last to gyrate stark-raving naked in ecstatic defiance of old age.

Behind other portals on The Strip, these fabrics have been shed for a price and the girl on the midget bandstand, a sad pastiche of something alive and vibrant, jangles her bared breasts in rhythm with a thumbing bass guitar. If she were doing the burlesque houses, she would perhaps toss a smile or two into her act. But she is a topless go-go girl, and because the clientele is hip, she caters to its New Morality. As a consequence, she attempts no expression of any sort, stares blankly at a baby-pink spot, transforms her breasts into an extension of the zinc and plastic decor, working her audience into a comatose state that parallels her own puppetlike insouciance.

Although the young infiltrate these watusi joints, most teenagers and post-teens who choose to make their own groovy scene cluster either at Fred C Dobbs or at Ben Franks, both located at the east end of The Strip. I discovered Fred C Dobbs around midnight. It is a coffeehouse tucked in a courtyard behind a realty office. A late Billy Holiday was playing on the jukebox when I entered. At the counter, one girl told her date, "I ask people if they like late Billy Holiday. If they say no, I can tell I won't care for them."

There was a Negro in a beret and shades standing behind the girl. He tapped her on the collarbone and said, "I dig early Marvin Rainwater." She

turned away, I laughed. The Negro engaged me in conversation, introduced the blonde next to him. Both were 19. "She's just come down from a trip," he explained. Later he inquired if I'd be interested, too. "Half the cats in here are takin' trips daily. Man, what'd them mothers do before LSD?"

"LSD's a big thing around here, huh?"

The Negro hugged the blonde and they began to giggle.

"What'll you do for kicks, then, when you grow up?" I persisted. They contemplated this. The girl came close and whispered: "We'll die." The Negro hummed. I left.

. . .

My agent, Hal Landers, and I agreed to meet in front of Columbia Studios the next morning, so that he might introduce me properly to Harold Hecht. Landers, a dapper, owlish agent of about 36, speaks in honeyed tones and he persuades so softly that he is known at the studios as The Candy Man. At 9:50 I was still waiting: no Candy Man. I decided to go to Hecht's office alone. It happened that Jack Lemmon and friends were also riding up to the fifth floor. Jack rolled a thick green panatela between his teeth as I stared fast, noting his deep tan, his exotic foulard. Good barber, I thought. Then suddenly he, a Superstar, was gesturing directly at me.

"Go ahead, go," he commanded, firm but polite.

Go? Go where?

I turned to the front, realized we'd reached the fifth floor, that the automatic door had opened and that Jack Lemmon was merely suggesting I walk out of this elevator in order that he and his friends might also depart.

"No, after you." Out of respect to his being Jack Lemmon, it seemed only fair that he should exit before me.

"No, no, go," he repeated, gesticulating now with both hands.

"No, please . . ."

"No, go ahead." Emphatically, he pulled the cigar from his teeth.

"No, really, after you . . ."

At length, quite guiltily, I exited first. Jack did a slight take to the men beside him, mostly a grimace. Several weeks hence, after many such imbroglios, I finally concluded that in the peculiar etiquette of Hollywood, a male star will not step from an elevator until every underling has fled. If, however, you should leave a party before the stars have left, you will have left your last party.

Still smarting, I made my way down empty gray-tiled corridors around three corners to Harold Hecht Productions. It was renovation day in the small outer office, where carpenters were hammering together a huge wooden storage closet designed to replace numerous metal file cabinets. The large blonde secretary on the left greeted me, apologized for the noise and confusion. The short black-

haired secretary on the right brought me a cup of instant coffee. "If there's one thing I refuse to drink, it's instant coffee," she said, handing me the cup.

Hal Landers entered. With the intensity of a football coach before the big game, he counseled me on Hollywood protocol. "Be sure to always wait for your agent," he confided, "the agent is always the heavy. If you're late, it's his fault; he was late. Right?" I nodded. "Just relax, Hecht's a great guy to work for. He knows his business and he'll put you down when you should be put down. He's great." I nodded again.

The intercom buzzed.

"You can go in now," the secretary on the right informed us. These secretaries, I soon came to discover, never giggle or titter: They do their work straight-faced, with a cold efficiency that astounds.

Landers opened the door to Hecht's private office for me. Impeccably tailored, Hecht stood up, walked all the way around his mahogany desk, shook hands warmly and motioned me to a seat facing his. Hecht does not smile, exactly, he beams: His eyes widen and glint, his mouth blossoms into the shape of a new moon, his cheeks knot and you are suddenly confronted by a 58-year-old cherub.

Hecht's diminutive stature furthers the illusion of defenselessness. When he repositioned himself in his massive black-leather chair, I was reminded of a small boy flopping about in his father's shoes. My mistake.

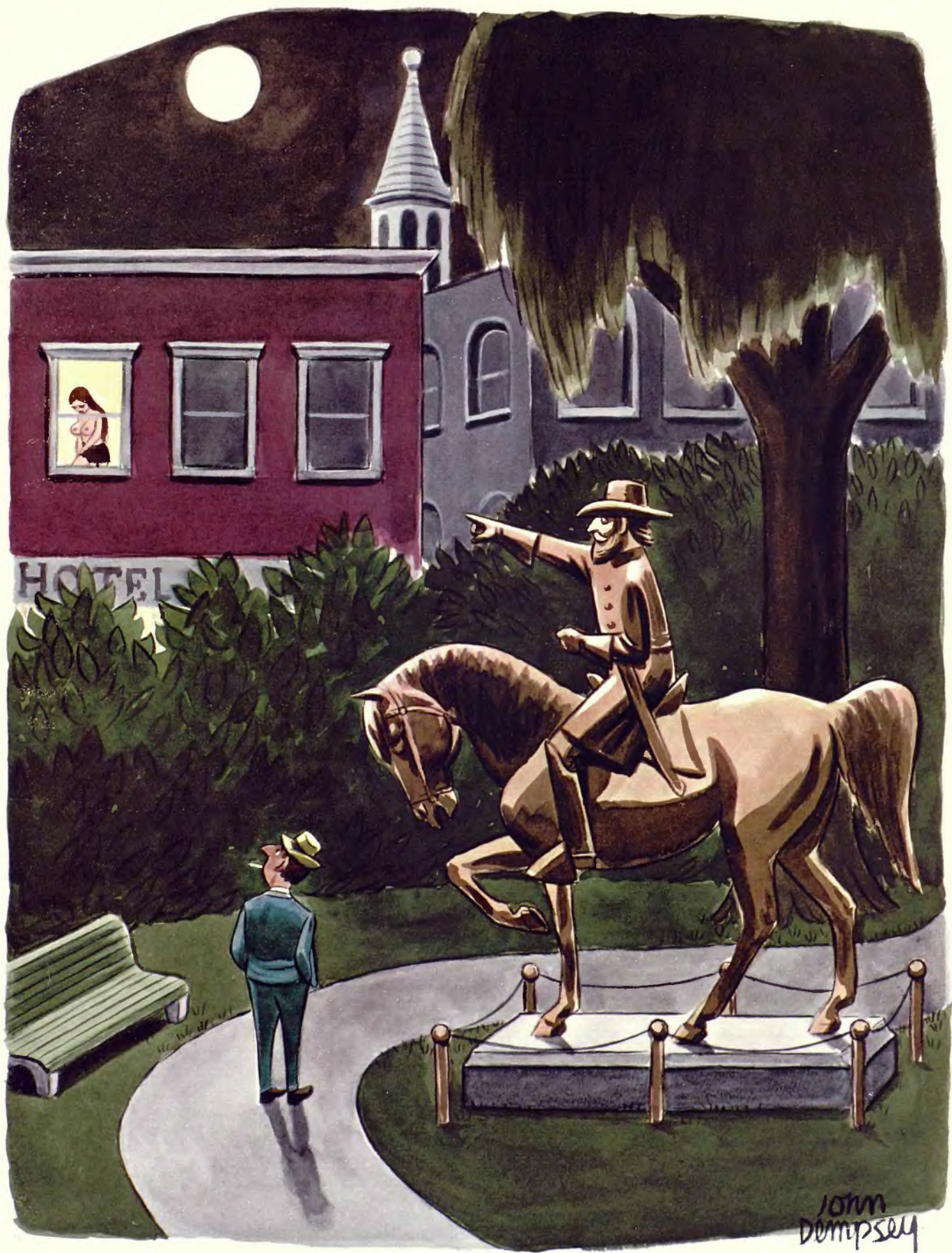
Landers, standing across from Hecht at the desk, extended his hand palm upward toward me: "He's all yours now, Harold," my agent smiled. Hecht grinned. I took inventory: four phones, two Sicilian grape gatherers cast in bronze as lamps, one on either end table straddling a tufted fuchsia couch set against a wall papered in fake brick. We might have been in a realtor's office. Hollywood producers, I was thinking, should at least make some effort to preserve their image of gauche and lavish decadence. Not Hecht, however, not these days. His previous headquarters in the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster building did convey such garish splendor: On its walls hung originals by Modigliani, Dubuffet and Matisse, and *Life* even featured it once in a pictorial. But Hecht likes his present office because it looks like an office.

"Most of the other offices around here look like bedrooms," he says. "How can you work in a bedroom?"

As I gazed about the room, Landers massaged my shoulder muscles. Film-industry people touch each other a lot. "Treat my boy well, Harold," he cautioned Hecht. We laughed. Landers waved goodbye and left.

Producer Hecht tilted far back in his chair and perched his feet toe to toe, as if joined in prayer, on the edge of his

(continued on page 108)



THE GRAND PRIX



sports **By KEN W. PURDY** international auto racing's formula-one competition—supercharged with glamor, skill, daring and danger—represents the ultimate test of man and machine

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HORST H. BAUMANN



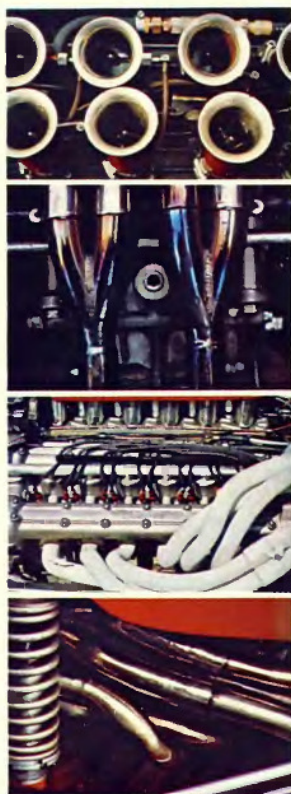


That electric moment on the starting grid just before the blast of accelerated engines is caught in the opening spread's view of Belgium's Spa-Francorchamps, the fastest road course on the Grand Prix circuit. Above left: Two-time world champion Jim Clark is airborne as his Lotus-Climax takes a hill of Germany's Nürburgring. Above right: Outer-spaceish Honda pilote Richie Ginther is about to go on track for the Dutch Grand Prix.



THE GRAND PRIX CAR is the epitome of the automobile. A dragster will outaccelerate it. A land-speed-record car will run faster by hundreds of miles an hour. A sports car is more civilized. Any kind of sedan is more comfortable. But the Grand Prix car is the ultimate expression of the purpose of the automobile: to run fast and controllably over ordinary road. It is all automobile, all function, weighing, usually, less than 1500 pounds, pushed up to 180 mph-plus by a rear-mounted engine of 400-odd horsepower, small, thin-skinned, fragile. The driver, half reclining, his shoulders tight against a wrap-around plastic windshield, holds at arm's length an absurdly small, padded steering wheel. A gear-shift lever two or three inches high lies close to one hand or the other, and the gasoline tanks are around, under and sometimes over him. Fat foot-wide tires on small wheels take the power to the road. The car is built to a precise standard, or formula, internationally agreed upon, and usually laid down, whatever else may be claimed for it, to restrict the car's top speed by limiting something—engine size, fuel capacity, minimum weight. Despite this, race-car speeds rise year by year in percentages that can be predicted. The Grand Prix car is built to Formula I, which is changed every four or five years. (A new formula came in last year.) Formula II and Formula III cars are smaller and slower, compete in their own classes. A Formula I car can cost \$50,000, the engine alone, \$15,000 to \$25,000—and ideally each car should have two spares.

This, then, is the instrument with which men play the most dangerous, demanding, scientific and expensive of all sports. Next to real tennis (court tennis), it is the most exclusive of sports as well. Eight firms make Grand Prix cars, there are 11 races for them and about 20 men qualified to drive them. (Only the spectator count goes to the other end of the spectrum. Motor racing is the number-two spectator sport, topped only by the aggregate of the three kinds of football: soccer, rugby and American.) The drivers thus make up a super-elite among the world's athlete-performers. Probably because they know that their work is more dangerous than anything comparable, much riskier than, say, bullfighting, they have little in common with men who play lesser games. They have a marked tendency to keep their own company. Like the very rich, they are really comfortable only with one another, yet they pointedly avoid forming close friendships among themselves, as gladiators did, and for the same



Far left: Men at work. In Monza pits, Jackie Stewart's crew (above) toils on British BRM; Ginther's Japanese mechanics roll out his Honda. Left: Grand Prix racing's big names (above), abbreviated for lap-time/position signboard, await posting; close-ups (below) of race cars' innards look like pop-art display.



Above: The Ferrari of John Surtees, a motorcycle champion who went on to become world auto-racing king in 1964, is a brilliant red blur as it plays the game of follow-me around a corner of Holland's Zandvoort circuit. Below: A sample of the delightful feminine scenery that often brightens Grand Prix pits provides a study in contrasts with current world champion driver and constructor Jack Brabham as he expertly plies his trade.





Above: A stream of water pours off the fat tires of Surtees' Cooper-Moserati as he wheels up for the start of a very wet German Grand Prix. Spectators have the advantage of bright umbrellas to stave off rain or sun. Below: One of Formula One racing's wildest moments as man and machine hurtle into Monaco tunnel at over 100 mph with no idea of what's round the bend. Monaco is the only Grand Prix run on city streets.

reason. They are men of marked personality and peculiar physical equipment. As nearly as we can tell, looking back, they always have been. They have been flamboyant, like the giant Vincenzo Lancia, one of the first great drivers, who upended a pint of champagne and tossed the bottle to the crowd as he started an early Vanderbilt Cup race. They have been bitterly competitive, like George Robertson, who told his riding mechanic to throw a wrench at the car ahead to make it move over, or pugnacious, like Wilbur Shaw, who was sitting exhausted after winning a 500-mile race, burned, bandaged, just out of the field hospital, and 12 pounds lighter than he'd been before the race, when he heard another driver say, "Shaw's a lucky so-and-so." Shaw hurtled over an eight-foot barbed-wire-topped fence and punched the man in the face. They have been cold, colorless and calculating to the point of fascination, like Ray Harroun, who decided that an average speed of 75 miles an hour would win the first Indianapolis race in 1911, ran the 500 miles at 74.6 and did win.

There are more Harrouns than Shaws driving today. It was plain in the late 1950s that a new breed of driver was in the making, and I think the terminal date in the sea change may have been August 4, 1964, when Carel de Beaufort was killed practicing for the Grand Prix of Germany. The Count de Beaufort of Holland was the last of the titled gentlemen amateurs. In the beginning, drivers titled or wealthy or both figured importantly in Grand Prix racing; they were still important in the 1920s and 1930s, but after World War Two there were only the



Below: A pair of world champions who captured the Indy "500." Jim Clark tries out a new 16-cylinder Lotus-BRM; on intent Graham Hill is reflected in his rearview mirror. Below right: On starting grid, Stewart displays familiar tortoiseshell helmet.





Above left: Don Gurney, owner-driver of his All-American Racers' Eagle-Climax, the only U.S. entry in Grand Prix competition, is alone with his thoughts before the start of the 1966 Belgian Grand Prix. Above right: Cors out on time trials, which determine starting position, are flagged off the wind-swept, sand-strewn Zandvoort course. Below: Fame is often the spur: Photographers surround Surtees and his Ferrari at Monza.



Marquis de Portago, killed in 1957, the German Count Von Trips, killed in 1961, and the Count de Beaufort. De Beaufort—Carel Pieter Antonie Jan Hubertus Godin de Beaufort—owned his car, a Porsche, and ran it as often as he could. He was a big man, over six feet and 200 pounds, a tight fit for a Formula 1 machine. Like Portago, he was pleasant, amusing, cultured, multilingual, much traveled, at home in any *ambiance*. Both died pitifully young, at 28. Portago's closest friend, Harry Schell, an American who had lived all his life in France, was of the Beaufort-Portago pattern. Schell was adventurous, extroverted, uninhibited, curious about everything, a practical joker on an outrageous scale. He laughed a lot, drove as carefully as was consistent with staying in the game. He had a flat in Paris, a house in Deauville, a cabin cruiser and other useful amenities, and he intended living forever, as Portago had intended. No one expected Harry Schell to be killed in a race—he had been hurt badly only once—and he wasn't: He was killed in practice for the 1960 Tourist Trophy race in England. He went flat into a brick wall at something around 100 miles an hour, no one knows why. Steering failure or hydroplaning—the circuit was wet—are the best guesses.

Swingers like Schell, who was a tail gunner for the Finns in the Russo-Finnish War, or Portago, who once flattened a man for smoking a cigar on a New York night-club dance floor, have no counterparts running today. A Formula 1 car can represent \$100,000 and its owner wants at the wheel a man who has sieved out of himself all impetuosity and derring-do. He wants him to go fast, very fast, for speed is the only name of the game, but he wants him ice-cold, unflappable, computerized, his helmet cosseting a brain full of diodes and printed gold circuits, programed to stay out of trouble, all and any kind, inside the car or out of it. Jack Brabham's number-two driver is Denny Hulme, and when they are running in the same race, Hulme's orders are to finish behind the champion. It's not on record that he ever tried it the other way. That's not done today. In the 1930s, driving for Mercedes-Benz, Manfred von Brauchitsch, an explosive red-headed Prussian aristocrat, blew loose and started to contest first place with the number-one driver. He ignored slow-down signal boards. The Mercedes team manager, the iron-willed Alfred Neubauer, was reduced to running out on the circuit to shake his fist at Brauchitsch as he charged past. Some say he had a gun in the fist. No such colorful tableau will be seen in the 1967 season.

Stirling Moss was the first of the truly modern drivers, and Jimmy Clark is the ideal today; indeed, Clark couldn't be tighter fitted to the purpose if he were the product of a 20-generation breeding

program. Clark is physically right; he's small, light and strong. He's cold, a planner to his toes, panic-proof and patient. He indulges in no public display of feelings. He's competitive on the circuit and quiet away from it. His home is a sheep farm in Scotland, and he spends as much time there as he can. He smokes and drinks little. He flies his own plane, as Brabham and Graham Hill—both married, fathers and nonsmokers—do. Brabham may drink a glass of wine or two. Hill, if he isn't working next day, will take a drop of what's going, but he would be classified a total abstainer by the ilk of Duncan Hamilton, who retired in 1959. Hamilton's career was studded with memorable incident. On a party in Milan with Fon Portago, Peter Collins, Mike Hawthorn, Luigi Musso and Eugenio Castellotti—all of them swingers, and all of them killed at the wheel—Hamilton appropriated an airport bus and did a couple of fast laps around the big square near Milan Cathedral. The police put up a roadblock. When one of them jumped up on the step, Hamilton opened the door to consider his complaint, but when the officer pointed a revolver at him, Hamilton, a big and powerful type, slammed the door on his wrist and confiscated the gun. He took the cap from another policeman whom he caught trying to climb in a window. He then announced that the honor of his family had been irreparably breached, and he would have to shoot himself. By now the ranking policeman on the scene was a captain, who pleaded with Hamilton not to do anything so rash, and finally agreed to forgive and forget, if only Hamilton would not blow his head off. In his autobiography, Hamilton notes that he could still detect symptoms of hangover a full week later.

It was the style of some of the gentleman amateur drivers of the golden period of the 1920s and 1930s to ignore the mere mechanical aspects of racing. When the car stood ready, they drew on their capeskin-and-chamois gloves and got into it, presuming it to be perfectly prepared. I think Portago must have been the last to maintain this attitude. He told me that he couldn't distinguish his car from the other two on the team unless he had put a secret mark on it somewhere. He had no affection for a car, or interest in it. "When the race is over," he said, "they can shove the thing off a cliff for all I care." The 1967 driver takes a different view. Often he is capable of discussing design on level terms with an engineer. Jack Brabham, John Surtees, Dan Gurney, Richie Ginther, Graham Hill and Bruce McLaren are all very knowledgeable people, with a test-pilot attitude toward the vehicle. Mike Parkes, an Englishman, works for Ferrari in two capacities: as development engineer and as driver. There are still drivers

whose orientation is less obsessively professional, younger men who have nonautomobilistic outside commercial interests, or private means, some who are not really dedicated, not sure that if they are able they'll be driving five years from now. One of these may take the championship this year, or next, but he can do it only by bulling his way through the little mob of 18-hour-a-day professionals at the top.

Almost as soon as the automobile ran at all, men began to race it. Exhibitions and demonstrations aside, the first genuine race was run over the 732 miles from Paris to Bordeaux to Paris in June 1895. Emile Levassor won in a Panhard, at an average speed of 15 miles an hour, and solemnly told reporters that no one should ever attempt such hideously dangerous speeds again. Many drivers were prepared to accept the risks, however, and the Paris-Bordeaux was only the first of a series of great city-to-city races, running out, with Paris as a hub, to Marseilles, Amsterdam, Lyon, Toulouse, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid. The Paris-Madrid, in 1903, was the last of them; indeed, the cars never made it to Madrid. The French authorities, horrified at the accident rate, stopped the race at Bordeaux. Of the 175 cars that had started in Paris at 3:30 that morning, only about 100 got to Bordeaux. Most of the others broke down, but there were many accidents, and at least a dozen people—drivers, mechanics and spectators—were killed. The roads were bone dry, and the great spidery high-riding cars ran through clouds of blinding dust, their drivers sometimes steering by the tops of the trees that bordered the road. Primitive as they were, some of the bigger cars would do 90 miles an hour and more, with brakes that would barely stop a bicycle. The winner averaged 65 miles an hour for 356 miles, a really astonishing rate.

In the year before, 1902, a closed circuit had been set up in Belgium, the Ardennes circuit, starting at Bastogne and running 53 miles through Longlier, Habay-La-Neuve and Martelange back to Bastogne. Ardennes was the foundation stone under Grand Prix racing, the logical extension of city-to-city racing. Fifty-three miles of road could be policed, after a fashion, and spectators could see the cars pass more than once. The American newspaper publisher Gordon Bennett had in 1900 offered a cup for an international race, first run Paris-Lyon in 1900; in 1903 it was run over a 103-mile closed circuit in Ireland. In Sicily, Vincenzo Florio founded the Targa Florio, still going today, past 50 runnings; and in the United States, W. K. Vanderbilt set up the Vanderbilt Cup series. The French Grand Prix of 1906, at Le Mans, was the first to use the term. The

(continued on page 158)



fiction By JOHN D. MacDONALD

AFTER KNOWING crazy Kaberrian seven years at least, last Sunday I got my first good look at him. In the park. I would have walked by the bench, except he said, "Hey! You! Noonan!"

So I stopped and the way I looked at him made him laugh, and from the laugh I knew it was crazy Kaberrian sitting there in the sunshine with a girl in a green suit. The laugh was the same. Everything else had been changed. With that 12 or so pounds of shiny curly black hair chopped away and shaved away, underneath was a very ordinary-looking-type person, like the uptown subways

are full of five evenings a week, like come and take away things people don't make a payment on.

Always he had all those odds and ends of clothes fastened with string, the jump boots, wrapped sandwiches stashed here and there, little signs pinned on about how to live, and always in a couple of pockets those plays of his, such a terrible mimeograph job nobody could read them but him. I had not seen him in months, and this type in the store-window suit and shined shoes was not the crazy Kaberrian I would never see again, I knew.

I put my nose level with his, five inches away, and shook my head and wanted

almost to cry. "A sell job," I said. "A fink-off. You squared it, huh, baby?"

So they both laughed, just as if there wasn't any guilt at all, him and the pretty little basket in her green suit, and Kaberrian said, "Noonan. You got Buckley aboard?"

"Like forever."

"Noonan, this is Ellie. Noonan, Ellie should meet Buckley."

Buckley was napping in the side pocket. I got him out and he blinked in the sunlight. He is gold-color. A truly Great Mouse, and she put her hand out and Buckley didn't freeze up, so I put him into her hand. No flinch, no baby talk, no kissing (continued on page 167)

*the stereotyped saga of kookie
kaberrian, and how that far-out
audiophile was lured into happy
conformity by the siren sounds
he himself had recorded*

QUARREL



"Well, when will you be eighteen?"

opinion By U.S. SENATOR STEPHEN M. YOUNG
*from capitol hill comes a demand
for congressional surveillance
of the central intelligence agency's
pervasive and secret operations*



CURBING AMERICA'S INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT: THE CIA

I KNOW WHAT SPIES DO. I've watched enough of them in action by now. I've seen James Bond and Derek Flint and Napoleon Solo and that fellow who was such a good cook in *The Ipcress File*. I know all about them. They have attaché cases fitted out with death-dealing transistorized gadgets. They are quick on the draw and adroit at getting up ladders dropped from rescuing helicopters; they tend to favor blue shirts and wear wrist watches that broadcast their whereabouts. Often, in the course of carrying out their mysterious missions in exotic lands, they have their way with curvaceous, liquid-eyed and possibly treacherous ladies. Oh, yes, I know these fellows have their troubles, too. Didn't I see poor Alec Leamas sulking his way through *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*? Let no one say, therefore, that I am writing on a subject on which I am improperly informed.

The difficulty is that we live in an age when truth is consistently stranger than fiction. We have reached a point where even the most garishly Technicolored production, dealing with the unlikeliest hocus-pocus in the most lurid locale, can scarcely compete with the real thing. It is getting progressively more difficult to know where fiction ends and reality begins. The reality of our spy system taxes the imagination far more than any cinematic thriller.

Nobody knows for sure, but it is estimated that the United States is now spending something close to four billion dollars a year on the Central Intelligence Agency and other agencies of what has turned into an intelligence empire. This sum includes the budgets of the CIA, the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency and various branches of military intelligence. This is many, many times the amount of money appropriated for the entire State Department. It is estimated that more than 100,000 Americans are employed today in intelligence work. This small army, to put it baldly, is all but operating a separate, secret government of its own.

All this is paid for by tax dollars. You would think that Congress might have some control over such far-flung

operations, which not only gather intelligence but sometimes determine U.S. policy as well. But we don't. The intelligence agencies are free to spend their billions, accountable only in the vaguest fashion to the vaguest people. They can flout international law. They can take part in shadowy conspiracies to overthrow foreign rulers. In defiance of our official policy, they can determine where the weight of U.S. support is actually thrown. They can even influence our domestic institutions, through foundation "fronts"—as was widely publicized recently. And they are scarcely accountable for their actions. After the fact, it is almost impossible to find out just what those actions were and who authorized them.

It is time this whole cavalier approach were brought under Congressional control. With the world as volatile as it is today, laxity is too dangerous to tolerate.

I am not so naïve as to suppose that the U.S. can walk through the world in this grim period of international anarchy without the most highly organized intelligence operation, any more than I would suggest that we strip ourselves unilaterally of armaments and weaponry. As long as the Russians have spies and the Chinese have spies and the British and the French have spies, we, too, will continue to need a highly organized structure of intelligence and counterintelligence. What is shocking to me and to many of my colleagues in Congress is the idea that our intelligence structure should be exempt from accountability to the elected representatives of the people.

There simply is no other branch of the Federal Government functioning with this kind of immunity. Every cent appropriated by Congress to the Federal Bureau of Investigation must be accounted for. When it comes to secrecy, there is no agency guarding more vital classified data than the Atomic Energy Commission, which operates under the intense scrutiny of a legislative committee, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. The Department of Defense must account for its activities and expenditures to the Armed Services Committees and to the Appropriations Committees of both the Senate (continued on page 132)

QUEEN ANNE

*may's playmate, budding
actress anne randall,
hopes for a long reign
in hollywood*





A BLONDE who has more fun than most, Anne Randall, *PLAYBOY*'s centerfold choice for May, is a golden girl in more ways than one. Currently pursuing an acting career in Los Angeles, Anne is as candid as she is comely. "I suppose there are hundreds of other girls in Hollywood trying to break into films," she says, "but we're not in competition with one another—we're in competition with ourselves. I think there is a standard of professionalism I'll have to attain, and when I do, any success I'll merit will come to me." Anne's acting ambition did not come to fruition simply because she blossomed into a picturesque peach of a girl. "I've been acting—and loving it—since I was in elementary school," Anne recalls. "When I was very young, I sang in a talent contest, and I still remember how the audience's applause sounded to me. I decided right then, I guess, that I'd grow up to be an actress." A native San Franciscan, Miss May was a top teen model while in high school and also appeared regularly on a Bay Area TV dance-party program. She then acted out the role of drama major for three years at Fresno and San Francisco City colleges before deciding to pull up stakes. "I realized that if you want to make it as an actress," says the lovely 22-year-old, "there's only one place to be on the West Coast—L. A. And so here I am, ready or not." Since coming to the swinging city, Anne has appeared in a number of local productions and a few weeks

The candid Anne Randall: "Women want to be desired, and being a Playmate makes me feel very desirable. . . . My favorite Mexican food is margaritas. . . . When I get the chance, I intend to travel; I've never been farther east of California than Las Vegas. . . . Jealousy is the most destructive emotion I know of—it's just another way of saying, 'I don't trust you . . .'"



ago finished a successful run in an original musical comedy staged in suburban Glendale. "It was my first singing role," says Miss May, "and it was great fun. Although I'm hardly an operatic soprano, my voice isn't bad. Last summer someone lent me a guitar and I immediately went out and bought a Beatles songbook. I've been taking lessons and I can now accompany myself." But singing is secondary to our Playmate. "Oh, I've got the acting fever, all right," Anne will tell you. "I don't like to analyze it, but I know I *have* to be an actress. It's a very compulsive thing—when I'm acting, I'm happy; when I'm not, I'm miserable." Breaking into movies, however, isn't easy. "The casting offices will only consider you when they see you on film. Who has film of me? No one! I'm trying to get a screen test." When the aspiring actress feels the need to unwind, she'll hop into her Austin-Healey Sprite for a spin along Los Angeles' famed freeways. "Only one complaint about the drivers down here," Miss Randall observes. "They sometimes can't resist passing other cars on the right. Of course, I shouldn't protest too loudly; I've smacked up my car twice since I've been here. How? I was passing someone on the right." Strongly tied to her family, Anne is never in a bind when her two younger brothers—Ronnie, 19, and Johnny, 15—come down from San Francisco for a weekend visit. "My brothers are an absolute gas," she says. "Johnny is a terrific athlete—baseball, football, basketball, all sports. Ronnie is a student at Fresno City College and wants to be an actor. But he's a very practical guy and he's going to study law so that he'll have something to fall back on. What I like most about being with my brothers is that when we're together we laugh a great deal. And that's a marvelous thing." Anne goes all out to make sure their weekends are fast-paced and laced with activities: Pool, bowling, swimming, ping-pong and horseback riding are among the family favorites. "I'm not a bad athlete myself," says our May Playmate. "I keep in condition by switching on the Jack La Lanne TV show and exercising along with him. The man's fantastic! When I met Jack, he told me he wakes up at four in the morning and works out till six. How's *that* for keeping in shape?" Fine for La Lanne, but somehow, we feel our readers will agree that exercise looks better on Anne.



When Anne's younger brothers plane in from San Francisco for a weekend visit, the three tape a late-night family sing-out (opposite page) for their parents. After going through several Beatles ballads, Anne, Johnny and Rannie form a barbershop-quartet-minus-one for their version of *Sweet Adeline*. Tap, as Johnny looks on, Anne displays fine ping-pong form as she delivers a smashing backhand. Above, our May Playmate enjoys a game of straight pool with her brothers. "I can usually sink five or so in a row, which is pretty good for a girl," says Anne.



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"I'm a city girl," says Anne Randall. To Miss May, that phrase translates into such specifics as high-rise apartment complexes ("The one I live in has a swimming pool, huge recreation rooms—the works!"), theaters, museums and a wide assortment of boutiques. "But city life can be stifling," she says. When Anne feels that way, she drives to the L.A. countryside, there to drain off urban tensions by painting and indulging in her newest kick, kiteflying.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We know a football buff who is such a compulsive gambler that he lost \$50 on the last game of the season: \$25 when the opposing team scored a touchdown from their own 15-yard line; and another \$25 on the Instant Replay.

A scientific friend informs us that celibacy isn't an inherited trait.



If you're looking for a really unusual pet," said the shop owner, "this cage contains a giant Crunch Bird. Its powerful beak and claws are capable of completely demolishing almost anything."

"How horrible," said the woman customer.

"Not at all," the pet-shop owner replied, "for the bird is remarkably well behaved and completely obedient. It is only when he is given a direct command, such as 'Crunch Bird, the chair,' or 'Crunch Bird, the table,' that he attacks and destroys the thing that was named."

"Could he destroy a television set?" the woman asked, with new interest.

"Console or table model. Color or black-and-white. If the Crunch Bird was given the command, he would turn any set into a pile of metal scrap, wires and tubes in a few seconds."

"I want him!" the woman exclaimed. "I don't care what he costs, I want him!"

When the woman returned home, she found her husband in his usual spot—directly in front of the television set. No amount of coaxing could draw him away. Her once-loving spouse had lost all interest in sex, in conversation, in everything except TV. But things will be different from now on, she thought, opening the Crunch Bird's cage.

"What sort of pet did you buy?" her husband asked, without looking up from the set. "A poodle, a parakeet, or what . . . ?"

"I bought a Crunch Bird," she replied, preparing to give the one command that would smash her electronic rival into a million pieces.

"Crunch Bird, my ass," said her husband.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *monkey wrench* as an injury sustained at a discothèque.

And then there was the eager young miss who, after a young man grabbed her knee, exclaimed, "Heaven's above!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *contraceptive* as an article to be worn on every conceivable occasion.

As Sunday approached, the middle-aged minister grew slightly desperate, for he could think of no suitable subject for his sermon. When his wife suggested that he be original and preach on water-skiing, he decided he would do it.

Sunday came and the minister's wife—ill with a virus—remained at home. As the minister drove to church, his doubts about parables found in water-skiing increased. Finally, he decided to abandon the subject entirely, and instead, delivered a brilliant extemporaneous sermon on sex.

Later in the week, a matron of the church met the minister's wife in the supermarket and complimented her on her husband's magnificent talk.

"Where on earth did he ever get all that information?" she asked. "He seemed so positive and sure of himself."

"I'm sure I don't know," the minister's wife replied. "He only tried it twice and fell off both times."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *will* as a dead giveaway.



Two slightly tipsy members of the gay set were sitting sipping cocktails in a bar when an unusually attractive, well-built blonde walked by. The first fag didn't even look up, but the second stared in obvious appreciation, emitting a long, low whistle—just loud enough for his companion to hear.

"See here," the first fag said sharply, "you're not thinking of going straight, are you?"

"No, of course not," replied his friend reassuringly, "but when I see something like that go by, I sometimes wish I'd been born a Lesbian."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"According to the legend, one night her husband drained the pool."

MY, HOW FAST (continued from page 86)

desk. "Good flight?" he inquired.

"Very smooth, thanks."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"It must be wonderful to be that young." ("He doesn't look old enough to sharpen my pencils," Hecht quipped to his associate producer moments after this interview.)

Hecht said, "You're probably wondering why we brought you down here," and I said, "Yes, as a matter of fact."

"We'd love to do *Paxton Quigley*, but—"

"But?"

"But I don't see how we could make it into a film without ruining it, do you?"

Mr. Hecht, go to the back of the class . . .

"I never thought it was particularly dirty, to begin with," I informed him. No reaction. He picked up a thick scarlet folder before him on the desk, lowered his legs, stretched horizontally across the desk and handed the folder to me, saying:

"I want you to read this outline of a college story we're thinking about. It's been loosely adapted from a novel called *Stacy Tower*. Ever read it?"

"I started it once."

"We bought the property a while back, but . . . well, I've always wanted to do a university picture, you see. The time is especially ripe for one now, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's why—"

"I think so," Hecht said, explaining that he had reserved an office for me downstairs, that the blonde secretary on the left would give me the key, that I should read the outline and meet with him in the afternoon: "How's that sound?"

"Well—"

"Good. See you when you're finished. Take your time." Then he was on the phone answering one of four calls his secretaries had held. Hecht is not a man to mince words, to dally or filibuster.

The "revised treatment" he asked me to read ran 89 pages, the collaborative effort of two writers whose last names merged with the euphonious lilt of a vaudeville team: Writing in collaboration has always puzzled me; it's like inviting a stranger into your bathroom with you. What I read valiantly attempted to work 15 principal characters into a *Grand Hotel* panorama of contemporary university life and failed abysmally. It failed for the same reasons a Frankie Avalon picture resembles nothing in the real world, except that beach-party bingos are not intended to suggest reality, and the *Stacy* outline did indeed effect a pious tone of That's how it is, that's how it really is.

After reading the first three pages of this outline, I'd already cast the film:

young Dick Powell as Paul, Joan Blondell as Tish, and Eddie Cantor in black-face as Gene The Negro.

. . .

It was almost dusk when I reseated myself across from Hecht, laying the scarlet folder on his desk. I knew, even at 24, that you can say just about anything to anybody if you suffix it with a "sir" or a "ma'am," and Hecht, huddled in that mammoth chair, seemed particularly receptive. With bemused detachment, he studied me for a while, wondering, perhaps, what the hell I was doing in his office. Then he asked:

"Did you have any reaction to the outline, Stephen?"

"Yes, sir. This thing's horrendous," I replied flatly, quite certain that within an hour I'd be on a return flight to Seattle.

But producer Hecht's face evidenced no rage. Instead, slowly and compassionately he nodded, lips drawn tight. His hands fanned up behind his head, butterfly wings, and as he gazed at the ceiling, he inquired: "If you think the outline is unsatisfactory, how would you go about improving it?"

How? I'd burn it, that's how.

"I'd burn it, sir."

No wince, not even a blink: "All of it?"

"Yeah, probably."

"And what would you do instead?"

"Start all over again, I guess. I haven't thought about it. The idea of students revolting, Mr. Hecht . . . the part of that treatment where those writers tried to bring in the Berkeley bit—situation—maybe . . ."

"Yes?"

"That could be a possibility. Otherwise, I don't—"

"It's not very jazzy, is it?"

"What, sir?"

"This *Stacy* outline."

You must be kidding. "No, sir, I don't find it particularly jazzy. How long were they working on that, if I may ask?"

"Five months," muttered Hecht like a man admitting that his dog has fleas, and suddenly he was frowning. His is a profoundly candid frown that speaks of the past and present frustrations of one producer who, surrounded by schlock merchants, has on occasion risked his livelihood to transcend kitsch. However, Hecht learned his profession among these merchants and, as I soon came to discover, adopted much of their filmmaking technique as his own. Schlock tactics dictate that the Hollywood producer summon forth the talents and non-talents of many to do the job of one, for there is security in numbers, if not artistry. And Hecht also adheres to an atavistic belief that the producer is king, not a quiet moneylender but a powerful creative force in the cinematic process. Fortunately, Hecht possesses a strong

distaste for sentimentality that makes him a kind of visionary Dr. Schweitzer in this primitive society plagued by artistic softening of the brain. I discovered the Schweitzer in Hecht only after my own brain had begun to soften and Hecht, noticing my swift deterioration into a Hollywood hack, sat me down for the cure.

But both the cure and the disease were unanticipated by me at the outset, sitting and watching him in that late September dusk as he sullenly reflected upon five months of time, money and labor squandered on the *Stacy* outline. Nor was I aware that three other projects were currently occupying his attention and that they would ultimately render him inaccessible; nor that Harold Hecht maintains a certain notoriety among film-industry personnel for his shrewd and frugal ways. He is, according to one who knows, "the toughest man in this town to get money out of." I was about to learn the latter truth firsthand.

After his lengthy reflective silence, Hecht abruptly stopped frowning: "I understand you're working for a television station in Seattle."

"Yes."

He wanted to know how much they were paying me, and I told him: the salary of a bad plumber. He drew a doodle on his jot paper, then inquired, How would I like to come to work for him down here, where I could spend all my time writing?

"For what sort of salary, sir?" I asked, thinking, *Two grand a month, pal, nothing less.*

"About the same salary they're paying you in Seattle," Hecht replied. *You're putting me on.* But I heard nothing of a practical joker in Hecht's voice, rather the laconic monotone of a seasoned gambler. "Of course," he added, "I don't want to take advantage of a starving young writer, Stephen."

You just did, Mr. Hecht, you just . . . "No, sir."

"Therefore, if we can use what you write, then I'll pay you a substantial bonus. How does that sound?"

"Well, frankly—"

"Why don't you think about what you might want to do on this story and we'll meet again tomorrow afternoon. No, let's meet for lunch. Drop in tomorrow morning and introduce yourself to Mitch, my associate producer: the next office down the corridor."

Hecht, offering me that ingratiating grin, pushed his intercom buttons and began to arrange a time for our luncheon date. I walked out.

. . .

Mitch Lindemann, liaison between Hecht and his writers, is a puffy man in his mid-40s with a grainy voice and crocodilian eyes that open and shut quite
(continued on page 188)



food and drink By THOMAS MARIO
*playboy sheds light on the prandial
and potable joys of the brunet brews*

VELVETY DARK BEER is intended for those who drink beer like wine, not like water. You pour it at the *gemütlich* dinner when you're serving whole roast tenderloin of beef, at the special board when you're carving a crown of lamb, or at the season's first feast of cold fresh Kennebec salmon. Even with fare as casual as roquefort cheese and sour-dough French bread, or with bowls of fresh crab lump and mayonnaise, it's an extremely pleasant turn-of-the-beer-tide to be able to ask your guests whether they'd prefer Danish dark Carlsberg or Oyster Stout from the Isle of Man. Understandably, beer drinkers are fiercely loyal to one kind of brew. But when four good men of different loyalties are sitting around a pinochle table, the most convivially ubiquitous balm you can dole out, after dealing the cards, is tankards of rich black beer. *In* food, rather than merely *with* food, dark beer imparts a mellow, offbeat accent that has absolutely no peer for flavoring dishes as varied as bacon-and-onion rabbit, minute steaks with beer gravy

or a dessert of warm baked apples with bread-crumbs filling mixed with dark beer, brown sugar and spices.

There's no exact point on the beer spectrum that separates light from dark. Beers range in color from the palest American blonds to the blackest of British stouts. Even the latter aren't literally black. Hold a glass of Guinness up to the light and you'll see ruby threads among the black. There are in-between hues like the Mexican Cerveceria Mochetuma, which leans toward the dark side. What makes a beer turn from light to dark when it's brewed is largely a matter of heat. Beer is liquid barley flavored by hops and fermented by yeast. During the process, the barley malt is roasted—at a low temperature, its color is light; at a higher temperature, the color is deeper brown and the resulting beer is dark. Like dark-roasted coffee, it captures that special crowd that appreciates espresso or *café noir* rather than just another cup of coffee.

In rare instances, you may encounter a phony dark beer. It's simply a light beer to which color has been added. You can spot it first by its flavor and sometimes by its collar. If the head is a deep brown and collapses quickly, a fake pigment has been introduced. If the collar is light brown and the flavor lingers, then the beer is the genuine dark brew worthy of Gambrinus himself. Needless to say, the foam on any great beer is creamy thick and holds itself proudly to the last drop.

Dark beers, like certain women, mature beautifully. Most light beers are at their peak of flavor about two to three weeks after they've come from the brewery. Because their shelf life is short, light beers should be bought at a shop with a rapid turnover. But the dust on a bottle of dark beer, like the cobwebs on bottles of rare red burgundies, is often a badge of quality. We recently downed the contents of a can of American dark beer over a year old. Its flavor was both richer and fuller than the dark beer that had left the same brewery only a few weeks before. Explanation? Oxidation. The small amount of air in the head space at the top of the can actually rounds the breed of dark beers to perfection, whereas it weakens its lighter liquid brethren. The new draught Guinness in bottles will handily survive 18 months, a far beer cry from the suds Queen Elizabeth I drank, so strong "no man durst touch," and which the good queen insisted should be matured at least seven or eight hours before she would drink it.

Once a year American and European brewers genuflect to the goat that heralds spring and the bock-beer season. Bock is dark beer with more than usual body, and hoppier—that is, with the added pleasant bitterness that comes from hops rather than malt. It's now on

tap, and is the most pleasant kind of prelude for a man learning to savor the brunet brews. Among America's dark delights, Pryor's, with its opulent flavor, is closest to the great German and Scandinavian brews.

The best way to explore the dusky brews is to pour them into large tulip-shaped glasses, just as you would with wine at a wine-tasting party. All first-rank beers, particularly the dark members of the tribe, have a definite malty aroma that is part of their taste profile. If you're tasting two darks or a dark versus a light, keep a pile of bread sticks or water crackers and wedges of hard cheese nearby. Take small nibbles of each between tastings to clear the palate. With plenty of beer, the hopfest can go on for hours.

The darkest and boldest in flavor of imported brews are the British stouts. Mackeson's, once called milk stout because it's brewed with milk sugars, will actually float on top of certain British light beers. Guinness speaks the brogue of its old Dublin dynasty. You may be somewhat less than ecstatic the first time you sip it. Like an initial tasting of Italian aperitif bitters, stout's rich, insolent flavor probably will surprise you. Then, as it slowly flames your appetite and lingers in the back of your mouth, you'll inevitably want more and more. In Malaya, children of Cantonese extraction are still baptized with Guinness instead of water. When Guinness is finished brewing, fresh wort (beer with unspent yeast) is added just before the stout is poured into bottles or kegs. As with champagne, the fermentation is then completed in the container. It's this final step that helps give Guinness its rare ebullience.

Of mixed beer drinks, the most illustrious is black velvet—half stout and half champagne poured into tall Pilsner glasses. It originated in 1861, when Londoners were mourning the death of Queen Victoria's consort, Albert the Good. Champagne was part of the sad ritual, but its color was embarrassingly bright. To make it more in keeping with the grievous event, black stout was added by the steward of the fashionable Brooks Club. The black plush is a variation in which sparkling cider is substituted for champagne. In this country, a more doughty drink is the boilermaker, neat whiskey washed down by beer. We especially like its Teutonic version: ice-cold Steinhäger gin (like the Dutch Genever gin in flavor) followed by dark Munich beer. For men whose thirsts can only be assuaged by tonic water, we suggest the refocillater: 6 ozs. ice-cold tonic water, 2 ozs. ice-cold stout and 1 oz. ice-cold brandy poured into a prechilled goblet without ice but with a slice of lemon floating on top.

A. E. Housman once proclaimed, "And malt does more than Milton can/ To justify God's ways to man." Dark

malt does even better. Use it when you hop from your usual beer and skittles to beer in victuals, of which some splendid examples follow.

BAKED CLAMS, CHIVE STUFFING

(Serves four)

- 2 doz. large chowder-size clams on half shell
- 6 slices bacon
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup dark beer
- 6 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 tablespoon minced fresh chives or 2 tablespoons freeze-dried chives
- 1 tablespoon minced fresh dill

Preheat oven at 450°. Cut each slice of bacon crosswise into 4 pieces. Combine bread crumbs, beer, butter, chives and dill. Mix until thoroughly blended. Spoon 1 tablespoon stuffing on top of each clam, spreading smoothly to cover clams completely. Place a piece of bacon on top of each clam. Place clams in shallow baking pan or casserole. Bake until bacon is crisp. Serve at once. Note: Large-size clams, when covered, will be more tender than smaller clams, which heat quickly penetrates and toughens.

MINUTE STEAKS, BEER GRAVY

(Serves four)

- 4 boneless steaks, 8 to 10 ozs. each, cut from the shell
- Salt, pepper
- 1/4 cup stout
- 1/4 cup dry red wine
- 1/3 cup water
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon finely minced shallots or scallions
- 1 packet instant bouillon

Preheat electric skillet at 390°. Slash edge of each steak in two or three places to prevent curling. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pan-broil steaks without added fat until brown on both sides or to degree of rareness desired. Remove steaks from pan. Add all other ingredients. Bring to a boil. Scrape pan bottom to loosen drippings. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Pour over steaks on platter.

BACON-AND-ONION RABBIT

(Serves four)

- 8 slices bacon, cut into 1/2-in. squares
- 1 medium-size onion, minced
- 1 lb. sharp process cheddar cheese
- 1 1/2 cups dark beer
- 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 4 egg yolks
- 1/4 cup dark beer
- 6 pieces toast cut in half diagonally

Cut cheese into 1/2-in. cubes. In top part of double boiler, over a low direct (concluded on page 182)

FOR EVEN a mediocre conversationalist, the most frustrating cliché to deal with is the pointless question or comment. It's a kind of imbecile's one-upmanship, because you can neither ignore it nor acknowledge it without sounding like a boob. In the guerrilla war against hackneyed chatter, total victory is never possible. But one can learn how to derail an enemy train of thought. For such a campaign, the following answers are recommended highly. They may not blitzkrieg your interrogator, but they're bound to make him fall back and regroup.

"Yes, I *did* have my ears lowered. They used to be on top of my head, and it was a terrible disfigurement. They were always getting lodged in the sweat band of my hat, and then when I'd get on an elevator, I couldn't get my hat off, and women would glare at me. But that's not *all* I've had lowered. Wait till you hear what used to be in my navel . . ."

"Nothing's cooking, but I know why you ask. You smell it, too, don't you? We've been getting that odor for the last half hour. I've been all over the place, though, and I can't find any smoke or anything. I even went outside, but the only glow is in the windows of that house down the block. Say, that's *your* place, isn't it . . . ?"

"Boy, have I *ever* read any good books lately! I just finished a four-volume study of latent homosexuality. Tells how to spot 'em and everything. Did you know that psychiatry has now discarded the 'illness' theory? This book says the kindest thing you can do for a queer is kick the hell out of him. Incidentally, what kind of perfume is that you're wearing . . . ?"

"*Tricks*, you say? How's *tricks*? I thought you'd never ask. Have I learned a corker! Got it out of one of those party books, and no one has given me a chance to try it. It's a whiz-bang. First of all, have you got a twenty-dollar bill? Fine. Now, I'll just tear it in half, and snip off your necktie with these scissors and make you a blindfold . . . no, don't worry, you're really going to be surprised . . ."

"You wouldn't *believe* how busy they've been keeping me. Like a lousy

stud, that's how. The ladies just won't leave me alone. Practically tear the pants off me. Why, just a few minutes ago, in the bedroom—you see that voluptuous blonde over there? Oh, she is, huh? Really? I didn't realize that. Well, let me tell you, you dog, you've got a mighty fine little woman there . . ."

"I've been *trying* to stay out of trouble, but I can't seem to avoid it. Take tonight. When I noticed your car parked outside with the headlights on, I should simply have come in and told you. But no, I had to be Joe Nice Guy! It wasn't my fault that your hand brake looks like a light switch. Anyway, when you park on an incline, you should always cut your wheels in to the curb. Leaving already . . . ?"

"No, not lately. As a matter of fact, I haven't been getting any for over twenty years now. Rotten war wound at Anzio. I take long walks at night and read a lot. It takes my mind off it. Sure, every once in a while, when I'm reminded of it, I weaken a bit. Like that time last year. See these scars on my wrists . . . Luckily, they got me to Bellevue just in time . . . No, no, please don't feel bad about bringing up the subject. Believe me, it doesn't concern me anymore . . . Oh, I wonder if I could borrow the keys to your car? Thanks. No, you needn't bother opening the garage door."

"Well, the fact is . . . they're hanging upside down, since you ask. On the back porch. We figured they'd ooze less that way. Later, when I've had a couple of blasts to fortify me, I'll go slither them onto the grill. How did you know about them, anyway? People are so damned squeamish; but honestly, if they're cooked right, you won't even be able to tell. Hope you've got an appetite . . ."

"Hell, no, not *nearly* hot enough for me. Until about a month ago, my late assistant and I were living in this village in Ethiopia, and it used to hit about 130 there, though not in the shade, of course. In the shade it never got above 118. Isn't it funny how you get so used to something like that and then you kind of miss it? I was doing research on rare contagious (*concluded on page 181*)

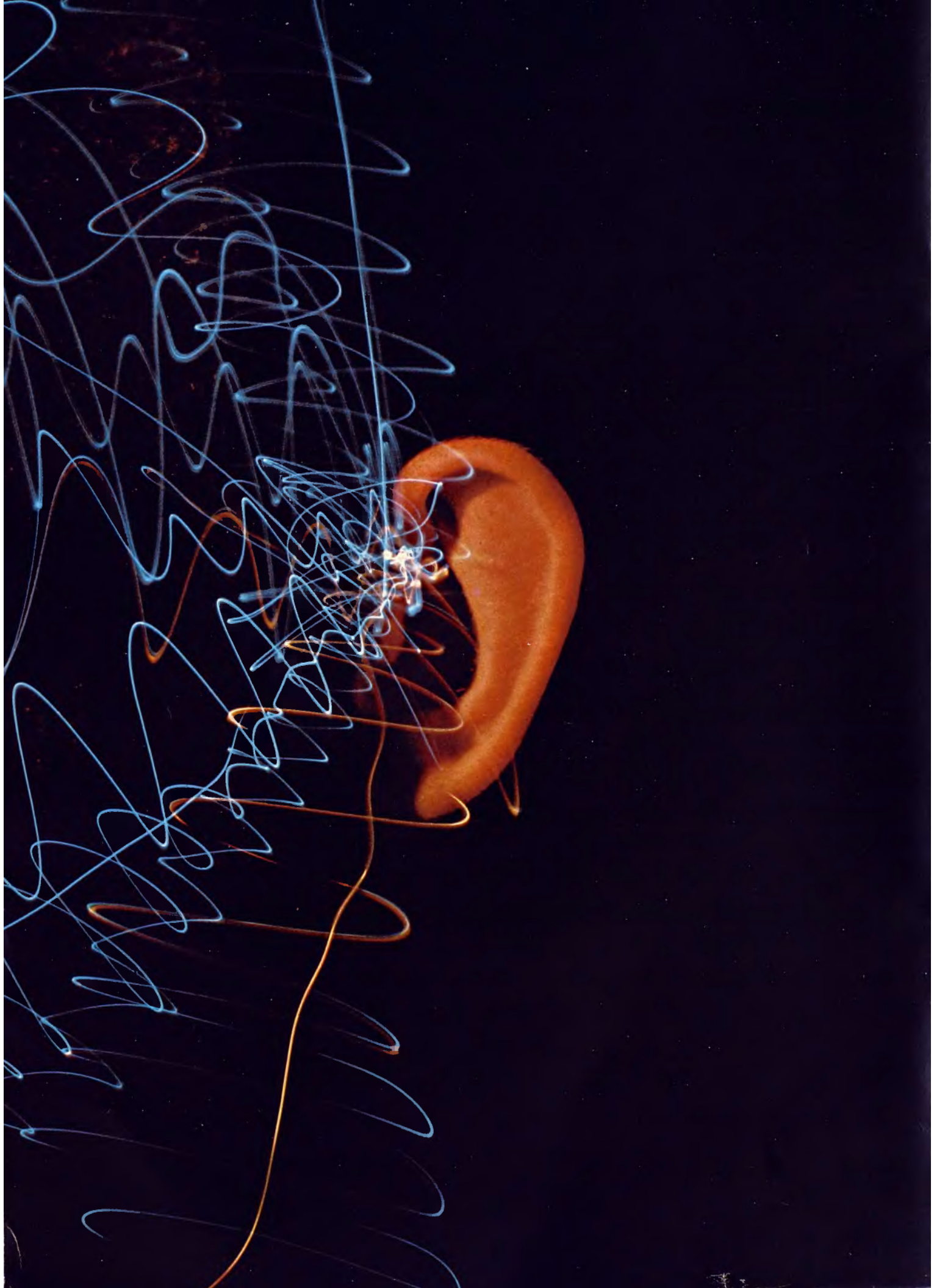
OPEN YOUR MOUTH—MY FOOT IS STUCK

outrageous answers designed to stem the tide of cliché questions



humor

By D. G. LLOYD
and LARRY SIEGEL



THE BUILDING IS ON A MILITARY INSTALLATION somewhere in the United States. It is a most inhospitable building. It has no windows and only one entrance, heavily guarded. Its administrators obviously don't want the public to know what goes on inside, and perhaps this is kind of them. Inside are nightmares.

In one of the large laboratory rooms, two physicists and a biologist stand about a heavy metal table. They wear thick ear pads. On the table is a dial-covered device about the size and shape of a television set, with a trumpet-like horn protruding from its face. The device is a kind of siren, designed to produce high-frequency sound of outrageous intensity. The scientists are studying the effects of this sound on materials, animals and men. They are wondering if sound can be used as a weapon.

A small delegation of official visitors from Washington shuffles nervously into the room. The visitors are supplied with ear protectors and settled in chairs behind the siren. The physicists turn the device on and tune it in. A colossal high-pitched shriek fills the room. This is the audible component of the generated sound. It is loud enough to hurt the padded ears, but it is only a whisper compared with the main body of the generator's huge yell. The main body is in a higher range of frequencies—higher than the human ear can hear.

One of the physicists begins the demonstration by picking up a wad of steel wool with a tonglike instrument on a long pole. He holds the steel wool in the invisible beam of sound that issues from the horn. The steel wool explodes in a whirling cascade of white-hot sparks.

Next he picks up a flashlight and turns it on. He wants to show what an intense sound field might do to an enemy's delicate electronic gadgetry—the guidance mechanism of a missile, for example. He holds the flashlight in the beam. The light goes out instantly. A fraction of a second later, the glass faceplate shatters.

The biologist has brought a white rat into the room in a small cage. The rat is running around the cage, looking unhappy about all the noise. But his worries don't last long. The biologist lifts the cage into the sound field. The rat stiffens, rises up to the full stretch of his legs, arches his back, opens his mouth wide and falls over. He is dead. An autopsy will reveal that he has died of instant overheating and a massive case of the bends. There are bubbles in his veins and internal organs.

Such is the power of sound. And such is the state of sonics technology in the 1960s.

Sound has been a part of human life and death since prehistoric man used it to track his meals and warn him of danger, and scientists have been interested in it since Pythagoras first tried to figure out the mathematics of musical intervals some 2500 years ago. Yet until the past few years, the science of sound was distinctly low-caste. It had a grubby, hangdog air. Most of the men who pondered it down through the centuries—Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton, Albert Einstein—were men whose main interests lay in other, more glamorous fields. The few men who did concentrate on sound were regarded by most other scientists as unimportant, if not actually nuts.

Nobody gave them any research grants or set them up in expensive laboratories. They had to improvise their own equipment. In the 19th Century and early 20th Century, for instance, three separate teams of French experimenters studied the speed of sound and other phenomena by going underground and sending noises through water pipes and drainage conduits beneath Paris. The miles-long mazes of pipe served the purpose, but the scientists became damp and irritable. A Paris gendarme, hearing strange sounds from a street grating one night, peered into the hole and saw a man squatting below with a lantern and a flute. The man was scientist J. B. Biot, studying some mysteries of musical pitch. "What are you doing down there?" asked the gendarme. "Playing a flute, of course," snapped Biot.

Men like Biot spent much of their time trying to convince the scientific world that they deserved to be listened to. This only made things worse. Professor Dayton Clarence ("Shockwave") Miller, a founding father of the Acoustical Society of America, used to stomp around what is now the Case Institute of Technology in the 1930s with a copy of a 1929 history of science under his arm. "Look at this damned book!" he'd howl, waving it at anybody he could buttonhole. "It has more than five hundred pages, but there are only twelve lines devoted to sound!" His hearers would nod politely. "Gee, Professor," they'd mumble, "that's a shame." Miller later wrote a science-of-sound history himself. It promptly sank from sight in a vast silent sea of indifference—immersed so thoroughly that the New York Public Library's copies, now 30 years old, are still virginally free of thumbprints.

But times change. The science of sound began to get some attention during World War Two with the development of military applications such as sonar (Sound Navigation and Ranging) for tracking enemy vessels at sea. In the 1950s, studies of other sonic phenomena began to disappear one by one behind a shroud of military secrecy—perhaps the most sincere honor that can be granted to any research project. And now, in the 1960s, the science of sonics is distinctly hot. It is glamorous, it is "in" at last. Big old companies such as Westinghouse and Goodrich have established sonics laboratories and are pouring money into them. More money is pouring in from the U.S. Government. New hot-shot sonics companies are springing up on all sides to cash in on the boom. There are acoustics societies and publications and awards and noisy conventions. Suddenly, everybody is fascinated by sound.

A lusty choir of sound-emitting gadgets has arisen to buzz, hoot, whistle and roar in the world's ear. Hospitals use high-frequency sound to clean instruments, dentists to clean teeth, nuclear submarine crews to shiver the rust off tools

THE SONICS BOOM

article By MAX GUNTHER

*until recently a neglected stepchild of the technological revolution,
the science of sound in exotic frequencies is now cloaked in glamor—and secrecy*

and scorched food off cooking pots. Athletic trainers use it to massage sore muscles. Surgeons use a more intense variety to detect tumors, remove warts, disintegrate parts of the brain in maladies such as Parkinson's disease. Lower-frequency sound is used as an anesthetic.

Companies big and small have staked their reputations and finances in the sound game. Honeywell and others have invented devices that send out sounds and, by analyzing the returning echoes, give characteristics of objects off which the sounds bounced. Such a device was used in 1965 to find a barge loaded with deadly chlorine gas that had sunk off Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and another will be used this summer by an MIT professor to find two lost ancient cities under the Mediterranean. Smith Kline Instrument Company, of Philadelphia, makes similar gadgets in miniature to detect trouble spots in the human body and to find foreign objects in delicate organs such as the eye. RCA has invented a typewriter that understands spoken sounds and will type anything you say to it. Ling Electronics of California makes a noise generator whose gigantic howl, loud enough to tear electronic equipment apart, is used to test the toughness of space-flight hardware. A New York store, Hamacher Schlemmer, sells a smaller noise generator that is supposed to drown out (with "white sound," a gentle hissing noise) other night sounds and help you sleep. And in case your neighbor's noise generator bothers you, B. F. Goodrich has invented a rubbery material called Deadbeat that stops sound almost completely.

Odd research projects are afoot. The U.S. Department of Agriculture is trying to find out why, in some cases, corn grows taller and cows give more milk when serenaded with music. The U.S. Navy wants to know why ship propellers sometimes sing (a lovely musical tone, but it interferes with sonar); what whales say to each other (they sound like morose cows); and how porpoises under the water and fishing bats over it use sonic echoes to home in unerringly on their prey. Scientists of the Bell Telephone Laboratories tried to discover how we identify an anonymous voice over a phone, and exactly why, and in what ways, music played in New York's Philharmonic Hall sounds different from that in the Mormon Tabernacle (one reason: The Tabernacle's builders used cattle hair to strengthen their wall plaster). The National Aeronautics and Space Administration wants to know what loud rocket noises do to people around a launching pad, and why such noises occasionally cause nausea, fainting and epileptic-like fits. University of Pennsylvania researchers are experimenting with high-frequency sound as a means of shaking

slow-penetrating medicines into body tissues. Researchers at the Max Planck Institute in West Germany want to know why workers in noisy places such as iron foundries have more emotional and family problems than those in quieter places. Once-obscure subspecialties such as psychoacoustics (the study of how we hear a sound and what we do about it) and forensic acoustics (dealing with the growing number of noise-annoyance and ear-damage cases taken to court) are growing important enough to begin forming societies and holding conventions of their own.

"It's nice to be needed at last," says New Jersey sonics expert Lewis Goodfriend. He is a dark, wryly humorous man who worked on sonic weaponry during World War Two and now has his own acoustics company, Goodfriend-Ostergaard Associates. The company earns its living by such means as designing quiet offices, determining the effects of noise on aircraft personnel, testing sound-deadening materials and appearing in court as an expert witness in noise-annoyance cases. It is a small outfit but—typical of the times—wealthy enough to afford a complete sound laboratory full of shiny equipment. Says Goodfriend contentedly: "In the last few years this business has gained status. It's hard to explain why, exactly. There haven't been any really revolutionary new discoveries. Most of the work being done today is a continuation or intensification of earlier work, but it sounds new because people never heard of it before and it wasn't used before. I can't say what caused this upswing, but I will say I like it."

Sound, the phenomenon that all the noise is about, is a wavelike disturbance in a solid, liquid or gas. The disturbance travels at about 1090 feet a second in air at sea level, roughly five times as fast in water and 15 times as fast in iron. It is unfortunate that we do most of our hearing in air, for air is one of the poorest conductors of sound. A detonated 50-pound dynamite charge can be heard for maybe ten miles in still air, but for more than 10,000 miles in water—which is why the U.S. Navy is hopefully developing equipment for hearing enemy vessels hundreds of miles away.

Sounds have two main characteristics: frequency and intensity. The frequency is the number of waves (usually called cycles) that pass a given point in a given time. The human ear and brain detect frequency as pitch—how "high" or "low" the sound is. An average young man can hear tones from about 15 cycles per second to 20,000 cps; but as he grows older, his upper threshold drops, and he may end his life virtually deaf to tones higher than 10,000 cps. Luckily for him, most music lies within that range. The lowest note of an organ

(made by a pipe 32 feet long) is about 16 cps. The lowest A on a piano is 27½ cps; the lowest note a basso can sing is about 80. A soprano can reach as high as 1200 cps; a piccolo, 4186; an organ (with a pipe less than an inch long), 8372.

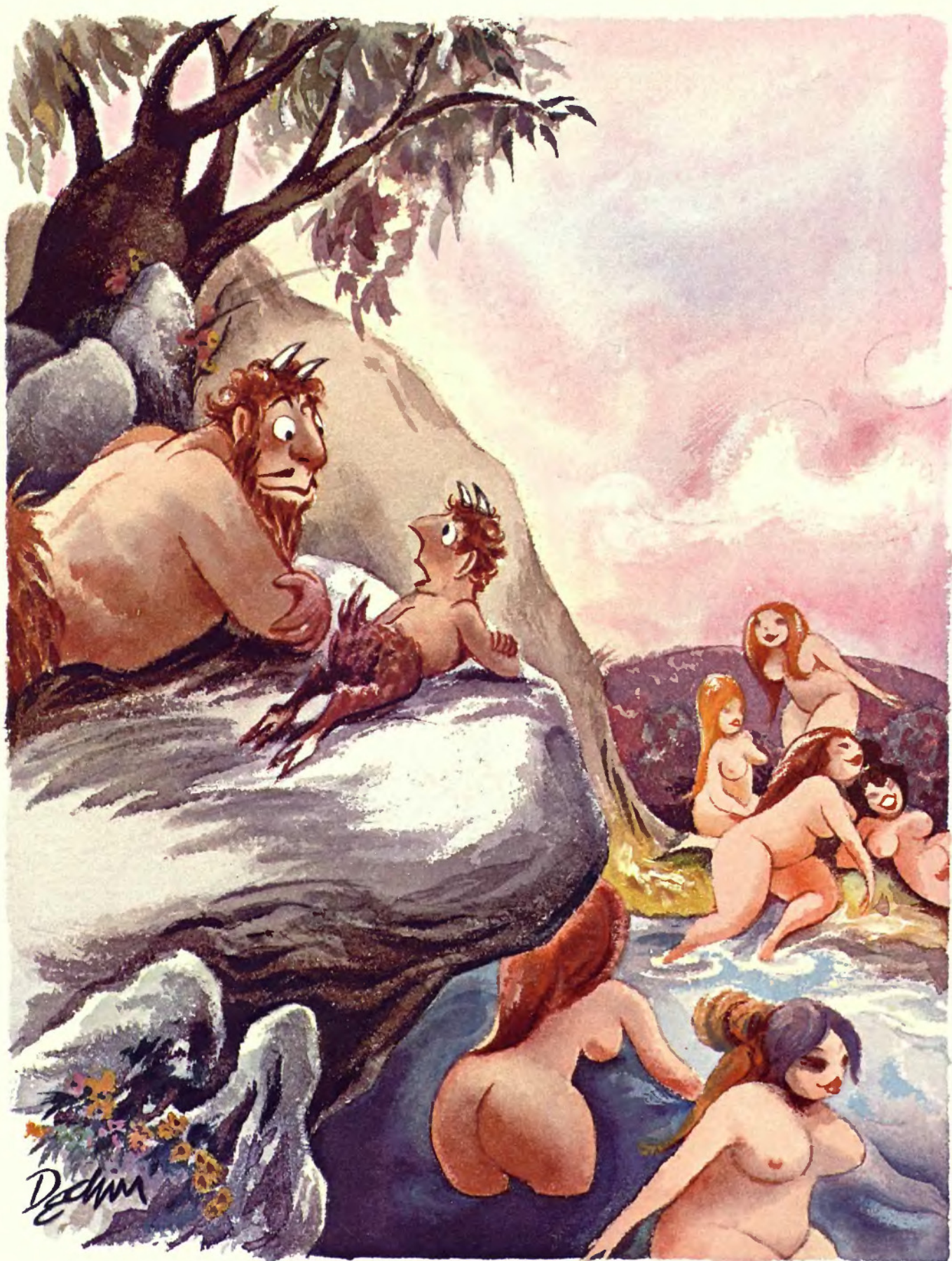
Sensitivity to pitch differs from person to person. There are various degrees of "tone deafness," the inability to hear fine differences in frequency. At the other end of the scale are people such as piano tuners, who can hear the difference between an A tuned at 440 cps (the international standard) and 441 or 442 cps (which some orchestras prefer). Still more rare are the 25 people in a million with "absolute pitch," the ability to sound a perfect 400-cycle A or any other note from memory. "I've never thought about it much," says one man who has this rare knack, Connecticut musicologist-composer-organist-choirmaster Dr. Robert Rowe. "I remember a note the way I remember your name. It's there when I want it, that's all."

Nobody knows why people's pitch sensitivity differs or where the gift of absolute pitch comes from. Some say it results simply from an unusually loud and steady ringing in the ears. You probably found this ringing especially loud the last time you had a fever. It's thought to be caused by miniature vibrations of ear parts. The interesting thing about it is that, in any one individual, it's usually about the same pitch. If you want to fake absolute pitch, you may be able to do it by using this ringing as your reference point.

Frequencies higher than the human hearing threshold are called ultrasonic. Dogs, bats, porpoises and other creatures can hear higher frequencies than humans—in some cases as high as 150,000 cps. "But this doesn't make them anything special," says an engineer of the Hewlett-Packard Company, which makes ultrasonic listening devices for detecting leaks in boilers and other pressure systems. "Hell, with a little ingenuity, a man can hear any frequency he likes." At the University of California, in fact, physicist Klaus Dransfeld has produced and recorded frequencies in the fantastic neighborhood of 20 billion cps. High frequencies like that are usually produced with piezoelectric crystals such as quartz, which change shape in an electric field. They can be made to hum ultrasonically by applying a rapidly alternating field.

The other main characteristic of a sound, its intensity or "loudness," is most often measured in decibels—which is unfortunate, for decibels are hard to talk about. The decibel scale is a logarithmic scale, not a scale of equal-sized units like inches or pounds. Every upward step of ten decibels represents a tenfold multiplication of sound energy.

(continued on page 183)



"Pop, I don't think I'm approaching puberty fast enough."

SYLVAN SYLVA

*bidding farewell to her
roman villa, italian screen
goddess sylva koscina heads
for the hollywood hills*

While a physics major at Naples University, Sylva Koscina was chosen to award flowers to the winner of a bicycle race. Newspaper photos of the ceremony led to a screen test and to a role in Pietro Germi's *The Rainbow Man*. Sylva has since been a star in ascendency, and in Federico Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits*, her sensual side aroused international interest. This year, Sylva appears opposite David McCallum (in MGM's *Three Bites of the Apple*), Paul Newman, Horst Buchholz and Richard Johnson. In an exclusive PLAYBOY portfolio, she intimately reveals the charisma that is Koscina.





*"When I was a girl,
I wondered what it would
be like to be a star.
Now I know—and it is
more marvelous than
I imagined. But it also
means waking and
working before dawn,
and traveling too
much: I have lived in
hotels for the past
five years. I am a
woman without a home."*





*"To be beautiful is to walk
into a room and have
a man remember you for
the rest of his life.*

*I want to be beautiful and
happy. I say to my-
self, 'Sylvia, other girls
are not so lucky as
you,' and I know it
to be the truth."*





*"Who is Sylva? Sylva is a
mystery, a cocktail of life.
Sylva is laughter, anger,
sentimentality, bitchiness
and passion—much passion.
Sylva was born in Yugoslavia,
came to Italy as a child
and feels as if she
is an international woman.
I love being Sylva."*



was Mandie, got the great idea that we should all go out on a picnic. Naturally, we thought it was an inspiration, we were nothing if not real sports, and so we'd packed some goodies, not forgetting the liquor, and we'd piled into the car, and there we were, weaving across the beach, looking for a place to spread our tacky banquet.

We located a broad, low rock, decided it would serve for our table and loaded it with the latest in plastic chinaware, a haphazard collection of food and a quantity of bottles.

Someone had packed a tin of Spam among the other offerings, and when I saw it, I was suddenly overwhelmed with an absurd feeling of nostalgia. It reminded me of the War and of myself soldier-boying up through Italy. It also reminded me of how long ago the whole thing had been and how little I'd done of what I'd dreamed I'd do back then.

I opened the Spam and sat down to be alone with it and my memories, but it wasn't to be for long. The kind of people that run with people like Carl don't like to be alone, ever, especially with their memories, and they can't imagine that anyone else might, at least now and then, have a taste for it.

My rescuer was Irene. Irene was particularly sensitive about seeing people alone, because being alone had several times nearly produced fatal results for her. Being alone and taking pills to end the being alone.

"What's wrong, Phil?" she asked.

"Nothing's wrong," I said, holding up a forkful of the pink Spam in the sunlight. "It tastes just like it always did. They haven't lost their touch."

She sat down on the sand beside me very carefully, so as to avoid spilling the least drop of what must have been her millionth Scotch.

"Phil," she said, "I'm worried about Mandie. I really am. She looks so unhappy!"

I glanced over at Mandie. She had her head thrown back and she was laughing uproariously at some joke Carl had just made. Carl was smiling at her with his teeth glistening and his eyes deep down, dead as ever.

"Why should Mandie be happy?" I asked. "What, in God's name, has she got to be happy about?"

"Oh, Phil," said Irene. "You pretend to be such an awful cynic. She's *alive*, isn't she?"

I looked at her and wondered what such a statement meant, coming from someone who'd tried to do herself in as earnestly and as frequently as Irene had. I decided that I did not know and that I would probably never know. I also decided I didn't want any more of the Spam. I turned to throw it away, doing my bit to litter up the beach, and then I saw them.

They were far away, barely bigger than two dots, but you could tell there was something odd about them, even then.

"We've got company," I said.

Irene peered in the direction of my point.

"Look, everybody," she cried, "we've got company!"

Everybody looked, just as she had asked them to.

"What the hell is this?" asked Carl. "Don't they know this is my private property?" And then he laughed.

Carl had fantasies about owning things and having power. Now and then he got drunk enough to have little flashes of believing he was king of the world.

"You tell 'em, Carl!" said Horace.

Horace had sparkling quips like that for almost every occasion. He was tall and bald and he had a huge Adam's apple and, like myself, he worked for Carl. I would have felt sorrier for Horace than I did if I hadn't had a sneaky suspicion that he was really happier when groveling. He lifted one scrawny fist and shook it in the direction of the distant pair.

"You guys better beat it," he shouted. "This is private property!"

"Will you shut up and stop being such an ass?" Mandie asked him. "It's not polite to yell at strangers, dear, and this may damn well be *their* beach, for all you know."

Mandie happens to be Horace's wife. Horace's children treat him about the same way. He busied himself with zipping up his windbreaker, because it was getting cold and because he had received an order to be quiet.

I watched the two approaching figures. One was tall and bulky, and he moved with a peculiar, swaying gait. The other was short and hunched into himself, and he walked in a fretful, zigzag line beside his towering companion.

"They're heading straight for us," I said.

The combination of the cool wind that had come up and the approach of the two strangers had put a damper on our little group. We sat quietly and watched them coming closer. The nearer they got, the odder they looked.

"For heaven's sake!" said Irene. "The little one's wearing a square hat!"

"I think it's made of paper," said Mandie, squinting. "folded newspaper."

"Will you look at the mustache on the big bastard?" asked Carl. "I don't think I've ever seen a bigger bush in my life."

"They remind me of something," I said.

The others turned to look at me.

The Walrus and the Carpenter . . .

"They remind me of the Walrus and the Carpenter," I said.

"The who?" asked Mandie.

"Don't tell me you never heard of the Walrus and the Carpenter?" asked Carl. "Never once," said Mandie.

"Disgusting," said Carl. "You're an uncultured bitch. The Walrus and the Carpenter are probably two of the most famous characters in literature. They're in a poem by Lewis Carroll in one of the *Alice* books."

"In *Through the Looking Glass*," I said, and then I recited their introduction:

*"The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand . . ."*

Mandie shrugged.

"Well, you'll just have to excuse my ignorance and concentrate on my charm," she said.

"I don't know how to break this to you all," said Irene, "but the little one *does* have a handkerchief."

We stared at them. The little one did, indeed, have a handkerchief, a huge handkerchief, and he was using it to dab at his eyes.

"Is the little one supposed to be the Carpenter?" asked Mandie.

"Yes," I said.

"Then it's all right," she said, "because he's the one that's carrying the saw."

"He is, so help me, God," said Carl. "And, to make the whole thing perfect, he's even wearing an apron."

"So the Carpenter in the poem has to wear an apron, right?" asked Mandie.

"Carroll doesn't say whether he does or not," I said, "but the illustrations by Tenniel show him wearing one. They also show him with the same square jaw and the same big nose this guy's got."

"They're goddamn doubles," said Carl. "The only thing wrong is that the Walrus isn't a walrus, he just looks like one."

"You watch," said Mandie. "Any minute now, he's going to sprout fur all over and grow long fangs."

Then, for the first time, the approaching pair noticed us. It seemed to give them quite a start. They stood and gaped at us and the little one furtively stuffed his handkerchief out of sight.

"We can't be as surprising as all that!" whispered Irene.

The big one began moving forward then, in a hesitant, tentative kind of shuffle. The little one edged ahead, too, but he was careful to keep the bulk of his companion between himself and us.

"First contact with the aliens," said Mandie, and Irene and Horace giggled nervously. I didn't respond. I had come to the decision that I was going to quit working for Carl, that I didn't like any of these people about me, except, maybe,

(continued on page 142)

WISE CHILD

fiction By JOHN WYNDHAM

so what if they called it a crackpot idea; they would change their tune when the tests proved him right

DR. SOLWAY folded his napkin, put it neatly beside his place and rose from the table, leaving his wife and his assistant still seated there.

"I think I'll put in an hour or two in the lab," he announced as he left the room.

"Just"—said Helen Solway—"just as if he didn't always 'put in an hour or two' every evening."

The assistant looked at her for a moment, then, with a little shake of his

head: "He is annoy I think I get sack now."

Helen Solway frowned.

"Oh, no, Marcel! Not as bad as that, surely?"

"But yes, I think. We have big row this afternoon. He is much—how you say—*bouleversé*? Is not first time, you know, but is more serious."

"Oh, dear. Marcel, why can't you be more tactful with him?"

The assistant shrugged.

"Is not matter for tact—is time for truth."

"You don't mean you've lost faith in his work—in his ideas?"

"*Non, non.*" The young man's headshake was emphatic. "His ideas is good. Is proved. But *zis*"—he waved a comprehensive hand—"is not right *milieu*, setup, now. Is too little. No good."

He paused.

"*Aussi,*" he went on, "is not good for me—for me (continued on page 175)

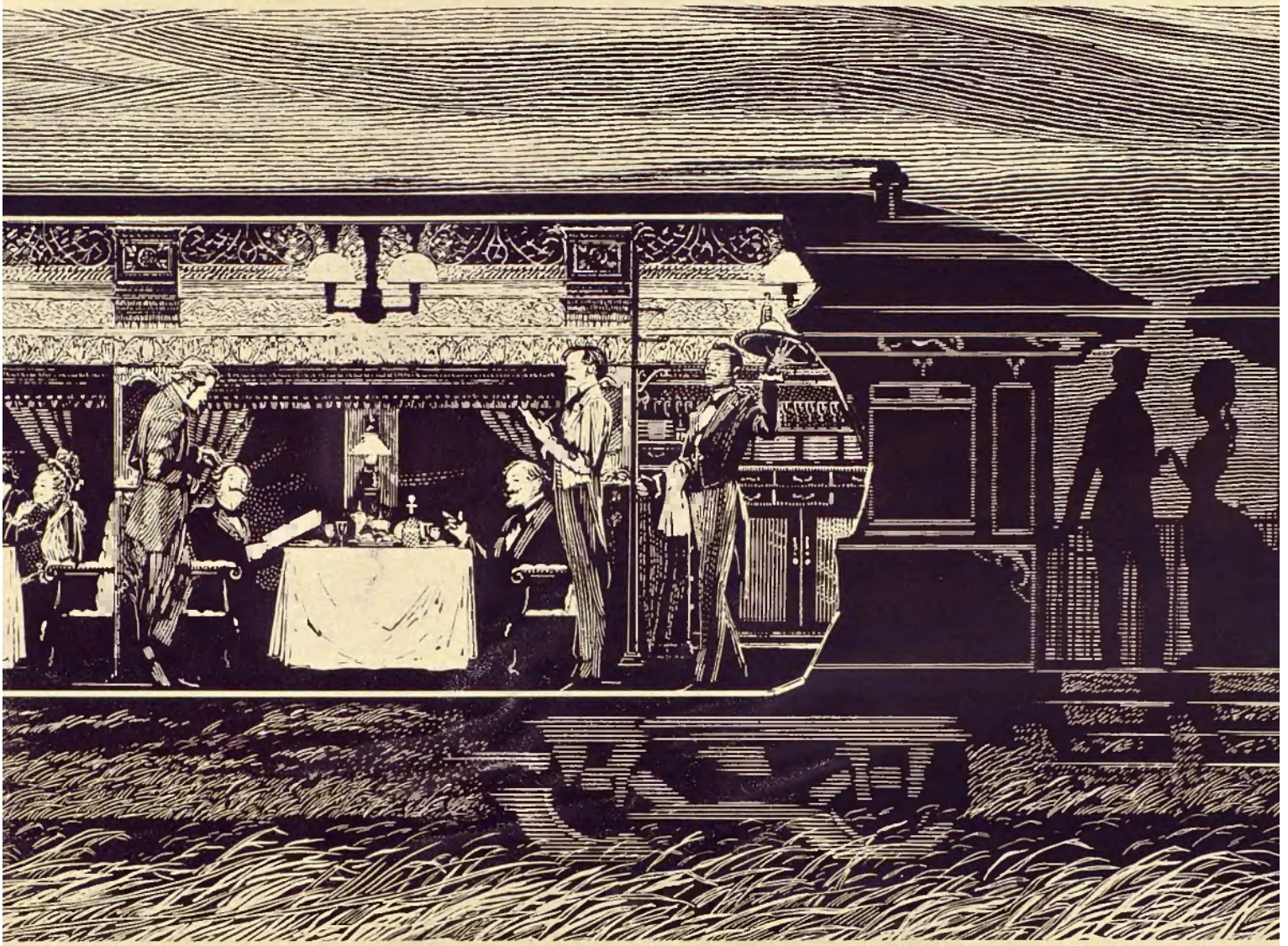




memoir BY LUCIUS BEEBE **THE GOLDEN AGE OF MOBILE GASTRONOMY**

*the late connoisseur of restaurants and railroads
recalls when the two combined to transform
a train trip into an epicurean delight*

WHEN THE CONTENTED PASSENGER, dined to repletion on The King's Dinner aboard the altogether remarkable Panama Limited of the Illinois Central Railroad between Chicago and New Orleans, pushes back his liqueur glass that has lately contained Cointreau, dips his fingers in warm, lemon-scented water in a silver finger bowl upon a candlelit table and lights up a post-prandial Don Diego to relax in well-upholstered gustatory comfort, he will be among the last residual legatees to one of the noblest of American inheritances: a good dinner on the steamcars. There are only a prideful handful of trains now in operation where this pleasant practice can be enjoyed with all its old-time amenities intact, where once throughout the length and breadth of the land men gloried and drank deep aboard trains of ineffable splendor. But it is an inheritance honestly come by, for once, in a period known to students of surface transport as the *belle époque* of overland travel, the best food in America was served aboard the name trains of the land. This is not an idle phrase or glittering generality; it can be attested to by the record and the sworn testimony of living men and women and, furthermore, it obtained when such temples of gastronomy as the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Antlers in Colorado Springs and the Palace in San Francisco were in fullest culinary flower to supply competition. For perhaps three splendid decades, Americans ate better on the cars than they did anywhere else. Qualitatively and quantitatively, they put away a superb



assortment of comestibles, gorgeously confected, lovingly served and generally regarded as the finest achievement of the industry that was for the better part of the 19th Century the preoccupation of the American people.

The King's Dinner on the Panama Limited, while unique in its ample components and majesty of dimension, is by no means the whole dining-car story today. A knowing traveler who has the good judgment to eschew the plastic swill-pail devisings of the airlines can do very well, indeed, aboard the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited, the Great Northern's Empire Builder or any of the Fred Harvey diners of the far-reaching Santa Fe. Also well spoken of are the Northern Pacific's North Coast Limited, the Baltimore & Ohio's Capitol Limited and the Florida streamliners of the Seaboard Air Line. These happy few, however, are but a token survival where once hundreds of trains rolled gloriously on their occasions in the aroma of terrapin Maryland and broiling antelope steaks, where the wine cards were of bed-sheet size and dinner was an event. Partly the decline of errant gastronomy is attributable to the patrons who ride the cars as well as to the carriers that maintain them. Once there were men to match the menus, men to whom six courses was an acceptable snack if, as on the Baltimore & Ohio's Royal Blue trains to Washington, the dollar dinner embraced both lobster newburg and porterhouse steak.

Let us glance in admiring retrospect at a sagacious traveler

of the year 1895 aboard the Southern Pacific's truly resplendent Sunset Limited as it crosses the Texas vastness at the breakfast hour. In today's calorie-conscious wasteland of gastronomy, it would be a rare and perhaps suspect passenger who would ask to be served three manhattan cocktails at eight in the morning; but at the time of which we write, it was a commonplace practice, noted in belles-lettres by Mark Twain and assiduously observed by him. No sissified fruit juices were included in the breakfast menus of that abundant age, although our voyager might well have a large plate of fresh Arkansas strawberries floating in double-thick cream before getting to work on an order of sweetbreads *financière*, a mushroom omelet, broiled sage-fed prairie chicken and a stack of little thin hot cakes, all served to the accompaniment of a bottle of what was usually at that time listed as "breakfast wine" and turned out to be Mumm's Cordon Rouge, at just three dollars the bottle. All the carriers listed wines suitable for breakfast, with champagne and Rhine wine predominating.

In the closing decades of the last century, our hero was encountered on all name trains, and his luncheon and dinner conduct was of a piece with his breakfast requirements. He did himself proud in the diner three times a day; and if he was a regular patron of the road or perhaps a consequential shipper, financier or Senator, the steward had no hesitation about telegraphing ahead for a dozen or so fresh Maine lobsters or a ten-pound fillet of buffalo. Let us attend our well-heeled and

knowing traveler, not upon any such preliminary skirmish as had been represented by the slender breakfast mentioned above but on an occasion of gustatory moment: that is to say, dinner, a meal of dimensions on which both the management and the ultimate consumer were prepared to spare no pains.

Shown to his table, commanding a fine view of plains and mountains through its broad picture window, our man of the world spreads the skirts of his gray traveling frock coat across the brocade chair, negotiates some extra slack in the gold Albert watch chain across his waistcoat, smooths his constabulary mustaches with sweeping assurance and picks up the menu, which approximates in size the vast linen napkin he has just unfurled and whose typography is a miracle of the printer's expertise. In the beginning, there will be an assortment of shellfish, preferably oysters—lynnhavens or cotuits in the East, Olympias on the West Coast. At evening in the heartland of the continent on the granger roads such as the Burlington, Alton and Union Pacific, there will be a profusion of fresh seafood. Ask not how its freshness is assured in an age innocent of scientific refrigeration. There will be fresh mountain trout on General William Jackson Palmer's Denver & Rio Grande, lobster newburg on the effulgent Baltimore & Ohio and Primrose Lake whitefish on the Santa Fe rolling westward out of Chicago.

There will be soup. It was an age when dinner presupposed a full tureen of substantial potage: mulligatawny, mock turtle, clam chowder, lobster bisque or Philadelphia pepper pot. Ignoring, for the moment, the cold dishes that usually included pressed beef, corned beef, aspic of salmon and sliced pork, our passenger of the period will have at a variety of game and entrees that today's Colony Restaurant in New York or Jack & Charlie's "21" would be hard put to match: all the conventional steaks—excepting only the minute cut, which hadn't been invented—chops and roast beef and chicken, supplemented by diamondback terrapin, ruddy duck, tame duck, potted pigeon with mushrooms, game *pâté en gelée*, broiled quail on toast, venison ragout, capon with egg sauce and saddle of Colorado mutton with capers. For dessert there was Neapolitan ice cream, sultana roll, Champagne jelly, Malaga grapes, California pears, Edam cheese and fresh figs.

Anybody with an eye to free-loading in the Eighties and Nineties would have been well advised to travel on Christmas Day, when almost all carriers with any pretensions to magnificence made a practice of running up a Christmas dinner on the house, some of which compared favorably with such renowned yuletide collations as those furnished forth at Parker's Hotel in School Street, Boston,

and at Potter Palmer's eye-popping caravansary in Chicago. The Chicago & North Western at the time was a Vanderbilt road, and the free Christmas dinner recorded aboard The North Western Limited for 1896 suggested the grand manner of its owning family. It was also very American, though with overtones of Charles Dickens. Aside from the conventional oysters in stew, on the half shell and broiled with bacon, the menu included roast young bear, bear's paws *en gelée*, Maryland coon with Mephisto sauce, broiled roe deer, mallard duck, roast Christmas goose, leg of elk, buffalo steak, sweetbreads *financière*, grilled prairie hen, Vermont turkey, terrapin stew and an unthinkable luxury that rarely listing as a separate course: fresh hothouse asparagus, with drawn butter, on toast. After all this, the obvious dessert was English plum pudding in flaming brandy sauce; but if anybody were still hungry, there were mince, apple and peach pies baked on board, rum pudding, cabinet pudding and candied ginger.

The splendor that characterized American railroad travel in the period beginning roughly in the 1880s and continuing down to the time of the 1914 War had its inspiration directly and unequivocally in the "floating palaces" of the Mississippi river traffic, whose passengers had by now been absorbed almost in their entirety by the steamcars. Aboard the ante-bellum river packets, American travelers had encountered their first heady experience with public luxury. After the Civil War and until the closing decades of the century, these magnificent steamers, awash with Gothic trim, rich furnishings, crystal chandeliers, plate-glass mirrors, Turkish carpets, potted palms and, above all, an explicit ostentation of eating and drinking, had established new standards of deluxe travel. "As beautiful as a steamboat" has survived in the language as a tribute to their hold on the public imagination and, as much of the traffic came to be diverted to the railroads in the 1870s, so did many of the more voluptuous amenities of luxury and convenience.

As they were placed in service, the more mature devisings of George Mortimer Pullman, Webster Wagner and the other carbuilders of the age came to be known as "Palace Cars"—and they were just that. Diners, sleeping cars and public lounges rejoiced in richly ornate woodwork, the craftsmanship of Black Forest artisans in the famous "Marquetry Room" at the Pullman shops. Stained glass appeared in clerestory and window Gothic; and there were plush, velour and cut-velvet upholstered armchairs, berths and divans. Bevel-edged French mirrors reflected the images of well-fed and self-satisfied patrons. Diffident females aboard the parlor cars

languished amid thickets of palms and rubber plants. Name trains were staffed with valets, manicurists, lady's maids, librarians and barbers in addition to the conventional train crews and dining-room waiters and chefs.

Even the uniforms of train crews assumed overtones of the grandiose. Conductors aboard the Wagner sleeping cars that gave Pullman a run for his money until 1899 wore white-kid gloves and blue greatcoats with shoulder capes lined in scarlet. All conductors of importance wore beautifully cut tail coats (blue in winter, pearl-gray in summer) and sported boutonnières. Everything about railroad travel bespoke style and the ostentations of class distinction peculiar to a democracy. Going first-class became a preoccupation of the American people, and the trains they rode reflected their pleasure and pride in rich devisings and luxuries theretofore available only in the private homes of the very well to do. Occupants of the coaches forward were prevented by locked compartments from intruding on their betters in Pullman.

The most glittering showcase for railroad style was the dining car. Here the carbuilders' expertise reached new heights of rococo splendor in the form of mahogany paneling, rare inlaid marquetry and fluted columns from Honduras, elaborate and costly lighting fixtures, rich table linen and napery and silver services from Shreve in San Francisco and Tiffany in New York. The classic standard of comparison was Delmonico's, and the holy name of this resort of fashion was evoked with ample justification in the way travelers dined as they rolled over mountain and prairie.

Generally speaking, the greatest concentration of deluxe was on the transcontinental runs where, until the faster limits of the 1920s and 1930s, passengers between Chicago and California lived aboard the cars for three days and nights. It was a trip comparable with, and of but little less duration than, an Atlantic crossing via Cunard or White Star, and its amenities were almost as grand.

Throughout the Nineties, the almost universal standard of culinary excellence in the United States was represented by the dollar dinner on the marvelously ornate and comfortably upholstered dining cars of the great carriers of the land. Whether one rode between New York and Washington on the Baltimore & Ohio's Royal Blue trains or to California on the Santa Fe's crack California Limited, a silver dollar got the best of everything, and a two-bit tip to the dexterous and amiable waiter established the donor as a magnifico.

Not only did the dollar dinner run, east of the Mississippi, to Maine lobster, terrapin Maryland, soft-shell crabs and
(continued on page 197)



"Can't you read? 'In Use'!"



*"I just can't understand
why I've had so few
gentlemen callers lately."*

Vargas



BALLS WERE THE BIG THING in the duchy of Milan, and to one of them came Bonnivet, a visiting Frenchman, all silk, beard and lasciviousness. Like a hunter on the trail, he moved among the dancers with a stealthy tread and a scanning eye, until he suddenly stopped, rooted to the parquet—he had a beast in view.

It was surely the loveliest beast of the Lombardy plain, a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty in green velvet. Bonnivet stalked her carefully; he approached her with sweet, baited words. But the prey was both quick and proud. She'd have nothing to do with Bonnivet, and there were three good reasons: husband, lover and a decided distaste for the French.

"Silly excuses," he thought, bowing and saying adieu—but to her back; the lady was already moving off. It was a chase requiring strategy; Bonnivet returned to his quarters to plan.

Her ridiculous prejudice against the French was of no consequence; ignorance disappears with the proper kind of sentimental education. So Bonnivet concerned himself with buying wine for such gossips as he encountered and asking careful questions about the husband and about Rinaldo, the lover. He was charmed to find out that the former was so aged that he had long since lost the key to wedlock and that the latter was so young and shy that he couldn't have known how to fit it. Bonnivet, changing the figure, foresaw a feast: The affair would be *potage de canard* for him. No—perhaps in Italy one ought to say chicken cacciatore.

He contrived to meet Rinaldo at another ball, ingratiated himself, sympathized with the fellow's unsuccess and offered advice on the latest French hunting techniques. Rinaldo was dazzled. Sigh close to her ear. Strip her naked with your eyes. Be bold. Bonnivet was even slightly ashamed of himself for expounding such elementary lessons.

Rinaldo went away with new confidence; he returned overwhelmed with success. The lady had listened and smiled and touched his hand—and finally had whispered, "Tonight at midnight."

But—Rinaldo turned pale at the thought—what if he failed when he got there? "You have taught me the art of stalking, Frenchman, but you have said nothing about the methods of the kill!"

Bonnivet smiled and once again admired the superb perfection of his own plan. "Listen," he said, and bent close to Rinaldo's ear. For half an hour, he lectured in detail as the astonished and grateful suitor listened.

Then Bonnivet went back to his quarters and shaved off his beard, ending up with Rinaldo's smooth, boyish

look. "But how do I smell like an Italian?" Bonnivet reflected. Seized with inspiration, he bathed in olive oil and rose from his bath shiny beyond recognition. While Rinaldo was sitting in his house, humming a *canzone* and trying to remember all his instructions, Bonnivet was stealing through the darkened corridors of the lady's house. Once in her room, he blew out the candle immediately and began to undress.

"But you are an hour early!" came her voice from the bed.

"I couldn't contain myself, *carissima*," he said, and soon proved what he meant.

Tallyho and view halloo, it was a spectacular demonstration of Gallic virtuosity. Bonnivet played every trick, practiced every ardent device invented in his fertile country. But the lady? The lady, astonished and overcome, thought it was something like an Italian renaissance. She felt as if she were dropped from the Tower of Pisa, soaring from the pinnacle of Saint Mark's, deluged by the fountains of the Villa d'Este, raised to paradise with Dante—or run over by the eight white Arabian stallions and the gilt coach of the Duke of Palermo.

Even the magnificent Bonnivet grew a little exhausted. And time was growing short. As he slipped from the bed, he whispered in the lady's ear, "*Voilà, un leçon en français, chérie.*"

"What? What?" she asked. And, a few minutes later, when Rinaldo slipped into the room: "Are you back so soon?"

Rinaldo took Bonnivet's place, but it was soon obvious that he was far from able to fill it. Somehow, the instructions he'd had from his master turned out to be all the wrong things. As he fumbled, the lady said, "Oh! What are you doing, you idiot? Be careful! My, how you have changed!" Finally, she sprang out of bed and lighted the candle—and looked at Rinaldo's red face.

She began to understand. "Do you speak any French?" she demanded.

"What a question," he said. "No, not a word."

"*Mon dieu*," she said, realizing now what had happened. "*Vive la France!* Begone, you wretched Italian!"

The next day, Bonnivet heard the scandalous rumor about the young man found in the wrong bedroom, crowned by a chamber pot and pushed down the stairs. When asked what he thought of it, Bonnivet shook his head gravely and said, "*Incroyable*. Such things never happen in my own country. But then, everyone in my country speaks French."

—Retold by Robert McNair



AMERICA'S INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT *(continued from page 97)*

and the House of Representatives.

The CIA, however, is accountable only to an informal committee known as the Special Group, consisting of the Director of the CIA, the Deputy Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, the Secretary and Deputy Secretary of Defense and two Presidential representatives. They meet about once a week and make many of the crucial decisions affecting our secret policy abroad—all in the most informal way. There is no regular consultation with objective experts outside the Special Group. All the regular forms of democratic control are absent. The CIA, as Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield pointed out as far back as 1956, is free from practically every ordinary form of Congressional check and scrutiny. Control of its expenditures is exempted from the provisions of the law that prevent financial abuses in other Government agencies. Its appropriations are hidden in allotments to other agencies. A few years ago, 34 other Senators joined Mansfield in sponsoring a resolution calling for a joint Congressional Committee on the Central Intelligence Agency. None of these 34 Senators, nor Mansfield, nor myself, is insensitive to the CIA's need for secrecy. What disturbs us is secrecy for secrecy's sake. The Mansfield resolution was defeated in the Senate. And so today you cannot directly learn anything about the CIA operation—not what it does, nor what it costs, nor how efficient it is, not even when it succeeds or when it fails—until it is too late to make any useful judgment.

If the record of the CIA were more impressive and more in keeping with our officially expressed foreign policy, there might be less reason for concern. Perhaps those of us whose natural suspicions have been aroused would not have been trying—in every one of the last 11 years—to secure proper Congressional control over the CIA. Too often, however, the CIA has not only sent men who are little more than adventurers to dabble in underground plots and maneuvers on foreign soil but has also ended up aiding just those right-wing regimes showing the least in common with our publicly announced democratic objectives. In other instances, the CIA has simply led us through a maze of shadowy political cloak-and-dagger obfuscation, resulting in our making fools of ourselves in the eyes of the entire world.

Take the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. It would be painful and futile to delve into that complex fiasco at this late date except as an object lesson in stupidity and international police failure. As the full story came out, it was appalling to learn how thoroughly all the signals were confounded—the lack of coordination, the waste of manpower, the failure to provide the promised umbrella of

bombers over the beaches as the Cuban freedom fighters made their landing. The late President John F. Kennedy gallantly took the blame for the Bay of Pigs disaster. "I am the responsible officer of the Government," he said; but it was plain by that time how disgracefully faulty had been the information he was given before the April 1961 landings, how ill-advised he had been by both the CIA and his military strategists, how mismanaged the whole affair was from beginning to end, largely by CIA bungling. After all, the CIA had virtually guaranteed that the invasion of Cuba was assured of success. Even if they couldn't overthrow the Castro regime immediately, the invading exiles were supposed to be able to reach the mountains and operate as a trained guerrilla force. As it turned out, the guerrilla brigade had undergone no guerrilla training and had no guerrilla plan. They were taught only the techniques of amphibious landings and infantry assault tactics. The CIA not only deceived the President in this case; the people of the United States were also deceived, and quite deliberately. Some devious mind in the CIA cooked up the idea of wheeling a B-26 bomber out on a Central American landing strip, peppering it with machine-gun bullets and getting an exiled Cuban pilot named Mario Zuniga to fly over Miami with it in a propaganda raid. After the first air strike against Castro's Cuba, Zuniga was to claim that members of Castro's air force turned their own planes against the dictator and bombed his bases. This story was palmed off on the American public through the American press, and Ambassador Adlai Stevenson was supplied with CIA propaganda that was false. Relying on its truth, he was subjected to humiliation in the United Nations. He displayed photographs of Zuniga's bullet-ridden plane as alleged proof that defecting Cubans had staged the bombing on their own initiative—only to learn that he had been misinformed, in fact, duped, by CIA officials and others. This highly honorable statesman should never have been deceived by the CIA. Yet as far as is known, there were no resultant dismissals or shake-ups at or near the top of the CIA hierarchy. The CIA concocted and conducted the whole operation. Cuban exile commanders reported later that even if President Kennedy had called off the invasion, they were going to go ahead, pretending to overthrow the CIA men who had trained them, in the smug expectation that the full might of our military would back them up against Castro. It seems evident they had been assured of this.

It is equally distasteful to recall the U-2 incident seven years ago that wrecked a summit conference with the Soviet Un-

ion. The apologists for the CIA point out that by the very nature of its operations, it is impossible for the Agency to have the sort of public relations available to other branches of Government. They "cannot talk" about either their failures or their successes; they cannot put out press releases explaining or justifying what they have done. Like the heroes in the spy movies, they must keep their mouths shut, even under the torture of public criticism.

"Until we have world stability," said an unnamed high-ranking veteran of the CIA recently, "our Government is going to have to have intelligence and it is going to have to be on a world-wide basis. There is no place we don't need information."

We who advocate Congressional control have no quarrel with this. We do not object to the surreptitious collection of information by intelligence agents. In this space age of change and challenge, with its Cold War and highly developed methods of espionage, counterespionage and subversion, no one questions the need for secrecy in intelligence activities. But enfolded in its nebulous cloud of secrecy, the CIA has played too large a part in the making of our foreign policy. It has assumed responsibilities that were heretofore solely those of the President and of Congress. Its officials have squandered taxpayers' money. Payments of \$2500 per month for U-2 pilot Powers and certain unemployed reservist National Guardsmen seemed customary. When spies and adventurers are given power to make decisions more appropriate to statesmen, democracy is in trouble. Unfortunately, the record of the CIA proves this in one incident after another.

In Burma in the 1950s, our ambassador, William J. Sebald, found his authority flouted and ignored by CIA operators, who conspired to keep 12,000 Nationalist Chinese troops on Burmese territory, despite our assurances to the Burmese Government that they would lay down their arms. These maneuvers not only endangered our relations with Burma but contributed to the decision of General Ne Win, when he seized the government in a bloodless coup five years ago, to move his nation to the left.

In Indonesia, an American pilot was shot down after he bombed and strafed an airstrip on Ambon island on instructions from the CIA, which was secretly supporting a rebellion against President Sukarno. The incident helped turn the country at that time against the whole concept of parliamentary democracy.

In Laos, the CIA supported General Phoumi Nosavan and his royalist army for years—one of the many instances in which this privately operated wing of our Government has put its money and

(continued on page 151)

attire
By ROBERT L. GREEN

VERY COOL FOR MAY

*a colorful call to arms
for the hot times ahead*

This summer, the cool approach to outdoor casualwear will be supported by a strong show of arms. Heading for the hills with a close friend, the young man has donned a fully lined sleeveless suede vest with snap-front closures, back yoke and snap side tabs, by Robert Lewis, \$20. It is coordinated with his muted Mexican-stripe cotton slacks, by Carwood, \$6, and his leather belt with raw edges and round, polished-brass buckle, by Canterbury, \$6.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA





Smilby

it was a fine club—exclusive, dignified, comfortable—and those torpedoes sitting in the corner made it a very nice place to do business

YOU MAY WELL WONDER, MARTY

THE BARTENDER put his thick hand over the telephone.

"You have a guest at the desk, Mr. Braden," he said. "A Mr. Nichols."

"Have Tony bring him up," Arthur Braden said.

"Bring the gentleman up," the bartender said softly. He let the phone slip out of his hand into its cradle.

Arthur Braden stared into his martini. Floating on its crystal surface, oily, perfect, he counted, not counting, the globes of essence of lemon. He waited.

"So there you are," he heard Marty Nichols say, behind him.

"Here I am," he said. "Sit. Another of these, Peter, if you will," he said to the bartender.

"I might want something else," Nichols said.

"What you want, Marty," Braden said, "doesn't matter."

The bartender flailed the ice, gin and vermouth with his long silver spoon, pounding it. The stuff bubbled and clouded under his beating, frost built on the bar glass. He poured it.

"A twist?" he said.

"Please," Marty Nichols said. He tasted. "Very nice," he said.

"Nonsense," Arthur Braden said. "A martini is a martini. Cold gin." He took a bite of his own. "I am reminded of a story," he said. "It is nine-thirty in the morning, and a man comes running into Saks Fifth Avenue. He tears past the cosmetics, the gloves, the what-the-hell, an elevator is waiting, the starter sees him, holds it, he slides in. It's full, what else, of dames rushing to spend a dollar, they've got to hate him, making them wait; there they are, fat, loaded, eager, hell, desperate, to get rid of the stuff. They're all staring at him. The kid running the elevator slams the door and hits the button and it starts up. The guy is still standing there, facing the wrong way, looking at all these creepy dames, and they're looking at him. He speaks: 'You may well wonder,' he says, 'why I have called you together this morning.'"

"Funny," Marty Nichols said.

"You, too, may well wonder," Braden said. "You well may."

"All right," Nichols said. "I wonder."

"You've been here before?" Braden said.

"No," Nichols said. "This is not, if you'll forgive my saying so, a young man's club."

"True," Braden said. "The tone here is, I suppose, security, and luxury. You will note that we are on the third floor of the building when we are in this



room, shielded from the noise, the debris, the hazards of the street; you will have marked the soothing gloom, the old leather, the old oak, old wool under our feet, old plaster on the ceiling. And, of course, the other thing: no one in the room, unless, like you, he's a guest, spent fewer than five years waiting for the right to sign a chit at this bar. All right, sometimes, as perhaps in my own case, it helps if one's father was a member."

"That's what I said," Nichols said. "It's not a young man's club."

"Yes," Braden said. "You said that."

He drank off his martini and slowly slid the glass to the bar's inner edge. "My other guests may be in the market, too, Peter," he said.

"Right, Mr. Braden," the bartender said. He looked toward the waiter, old, bored, at the elbow of the bar, and twitched his eyes, or nodded, or did something elliptic or telepathic, and the old man waddled to a table in the corner and waddled back with empty glasses on his little tray.

"Two bourbons," he said.

Nichols looked over his shoulder.

"You don't buy martinis for everybody?" he said.

"Not for everybody," Braden said.

"Do I get an opportunity to meet your other friends?" Nichols said.

"You may very well, indeed you may, Marty, lover," Braden said, "although to call them my friends is to use the term loosely. Better, perhaps, to call them my associates. Temporary associates, I should say. I don't know what term you young fellows use, but in my generation, years ago, you know, back there when Harding was taking the oath—"

"All right, Art, all right," Nichols said, "you can let me up now. I take it back. So, it's a young man's club, and I'm a creep, and not good enough to get put up for it, much less elected, and I was sticking it into you, and I take it back. You know there isn't all that much spread between us, I'm thirty-four, will be anyway next month, and you, you're forty-eight or so, and—"

"You know goddamn well I'm fifty," Braden said. "You told me so, three months ago, at ten-forty-five in the morning, in your own goddamn office. 'You're fifty, Art,' you told me, 'and, if you'll forgive my being so frank, you're too old, tired and beat-up to play on my team, and you're too old, tired and beat-up to hold down a hot eighteen-inch ass space on the bench, if it comes to that.' That is, I think, a reasonably accurate quotation of what you said, no?"

"All right," Nichols said. "That's what I said. And if you want me to say it

again, all right, I'll say it again. That's just the way it is. It's got nothing to do with you and me, I mean, as friends or anything. It's just the way things are. That's business. That's life, if you want it that way."

"As I was saying, before you got off on your philosophy," Braden said, "about my associates in the corner, in my own time, back there decades before you were born, we used to call them torpedoes. I don't know what you young fellows call them, but in my time, as I recall it, the term was torpedo, and that's what I call them. Basically they are assassins, although they will undertake, for lower fees, lesser assignments, beatings, maimings, and so forth. What are they doing here, in this old men's club? Why have I called you all together this noon? You may well wonder. The facts are simple. I wish to talk with you about something. And while I am talking with you, I wish my associates to learn to know you, so to speak. The blond one has already made three or four profiles of you with his little black Minox. Also he has an excellent memory. Both my associates have excellent visual memories. It is a professional trait, one might say."

"I think you're stoned, Art," Nichols said.

"Stoned I am, somewhat, somewhat," Braden said, "but no more than somewhat, and by no means to the point where I'm dreaming anything up. You are indeed looking at a pair of veritable torpedoes, and they are looking at you. At nobody else. Just you."

"I don't see what good this whole bit can do you," Nichols said. "So you get me bumped off—I believe that was the term, in your day?—because I fired you? And you tell me about it in advance, so I can be quite sure you go to the chair for it? This is bright? This is planning? I'm beginning to think you should have been dumped five years ago, not ninety days ago."

Braden laughed. "You are confused," he said. "You are under a strain, and your brain-box circuitry is reflecting it. You have jumped to a conclusion, and it is an erroneous one. The function of my associates over there in the corner is not to bump you off, as you say, because you fired me. No. Their function is merely what I said it was: to get to know you. Because after we have had our little chat, you are going to be sore at me. You might even be tempted to have me removed from the scene, although that would be unwise, because of certain documentations that would inevitably survive me. But, you see, Marty, pal, I want you to know that if I should be removed from the scene, you are as good as gone. As a matter of fact, from this moment on, you have a very strong interest in my

health, in my well-being. Your position is, unhappily, hazardous. I mean, suppose I am walking along the street and a cornice falls off a building and dents me, fatally. This would be very bad for you, Marty, very bad, even though at the time you were on the ninth tee at Meadow Brook. However, as you said yourself a few minutes ago, there is nothing personal in it, it is just business. This may make it easier for you to bear, and it may not. I don't know."

Nichols took a big sip of his martini. He peered thoughtfully into the glass. "Well," he said, "since it's such a big day for announcing future plans, I'll tell you what *my* plans are. I'm going to walk out of here, and the first cab I see, I'm going to the Thirtieth Street station house, and I'm going to ask the cops kindly to come over here and pinch you and your out-of-date associates and put you in a bin somewhere." He slid off the bar stool. "Thanks for the drinks, Art," he said.

"Marty," Braden said. "Marty, you faked the Collins proxies. Also, there was never an option from the Hitensile outfit in Sweden. Also, the Otardi proxies are as wrong as nine dollars Confederate, and I ought to know, because I fixed *that* batch myself." He smiled. "Sit down, Marty," he said. "You look pale. Kind of gray, like. Have another drink."

Nichols sat. "You're a goddamned liar, Arthur," he said.

"Don't you wish it, lover?" Braden said. "Don't you just wish it?"

"You're a dedicated, lifelong two-timer, Arthur," Nichols said. "I've watched you lie and heard you, fifty times before this, and you're doing it now. I know you've pulled some deals in your time that should have got you twenty years to life, but you didn't pull this one. All those proxies were checked and you know it. And the Hitensile deal, hell, *that* one—" His voice shut off abruptly.

Braden laughed. "You know what you remind me of, Marty, baby?" he said. "You reminded me just then of a TV commercial when somebody hits it with a cutoff button from across the room. Cut off dead in the middle, like a slice of baloney. Yes. That's very apt. Like a slice of baloney. Only you cut yourself off. And the reason you cut yourself off is that you just this minute thought who it was set up the Hitensile deal, didn't you?"

Nichols took what was left of his martini, too fast. He got the lemon with it.

"Sure you did," Braden said. "Jerry McAlpine set that one up. And that was when he had his coronary, remember? And three days later I had to go to London, remember? Why did I have to go to London just then? You may well wonder. It was long before you fired me, old

buddy, but not before you'd had the *idea* of firing me. Right? Peter, please, another couple of servings of cold gin. And see what the boys in the back room will have."

"The other gentlemen left a couple minutes ago, Mr. Braden," the bartender said.

Braden looked around. "So they did," he said. "Well, never mind, their work was done."

"You son of a bitch!" Nichols said. "You crawling old creepy son of a bitch! You think you're going to run home with this one? You are like hell. Not this one, by God!"

"Life is studded, as it were, with uncertainties," Braden said. "One never really knows. But I will say this: I have every conviction that tomorrow will turn out to be a Wednesday, and I am equally convinced that I have you nailed to the wall like a picture. Like a picture, Marty, boy. Hung up like a picture."

"All right, creep," Nichols said. "We'll see. We'll see."

"Please check it fully," Braden said. "I will be disappointed if you don't. But may I make a suggestion? Do it quietly, Marty, sweetheart, because at the moment only you and I and dear Jerry McAlpine, up there in The Big Broker's Office In The Sky, *know* that you're hung on the wall like a picture—a portrait, I think, titled, let us say, 'The Chump.' Just us three old associates, Marty. And should any more old associates find out, you will be, to put the kindest face on it, unemployed. I mean, you will be unemployed, and unemployable, forever. Oh, I'm not saying *every* door will be closed to you. Some companies are less discriminating than others. I understand that there are filling stations in the Deep South, for example, where a man can walk in off the street and catch a job pumping gas, and cleaning up the johns on the side, without so much as a reference. But anything on a grander scale than that, well, Marty, I would say you wouldn't make it. You would be thought unsuitable. Not because of your age, as I have been unsuitable since you threw me into the middle of Nassau Street on my head, but unsuitable because you would be reputed to be a crook, an embezzler, a looter of orphans' piggy banks, a fast man with a poor box, and in general, a specimen given to crawling into the till. And also because you would have done a little time, like five years. A terrible picture. I am almost not happy when I think of it. I would feel sorry for you, Marty, lover. Be on your guard. Don't let it come to that."

"Don't worry," Nichols said. "I won't."

"Good," Braden said. "You give me heart. An apt expression. Because you,

"This time I won't forget.

When Ed says
Scotch, he means
Johnnie Walker Red.

Johnnie Walker Red
Johnnie Walker Red
Johnnie Walker Red."



Coat by Monte-Sano and Pruzan



Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

yourself, you are all heart, as we know."

"Could we turn off the crap now, Arthur?" Nichols said.

"Marty, lover!" Braden said. "You are choking up? I wouldn't have believed it. Why, when I went home the other night and told Charlotte that my sixteen fruitful and rewarding years of association with Devlin, Dolan and MacLean had come to an end, I really couldn't restrain my enthusiasm, telling her with what force, and yet what warmth and fervor you had rewarded me for making a rich son of a bitch out of you, when all your life you had been just a medium-well-off son of a bitch. 'There is greatness in Marty Nichols,' I told her. And here you are folding up in the clutch. I'm shocked. I think maybe I should have stuck the fork into you five years ago, instead of this noon."

"I'll say one thing for you, Arthur," Nichols said. "You have a great line of crap."

"For an old man, you mean, Marty,"

Braden said. "For an old, out-of-date crock. I have a great line of crap."

"That's right."

"I'm glad you agree with me, finally," Braden said. "Have another cold gin, and brace yourself, because I am about to get down to the short strokes."

"Gee, how exciting," Nichols said.

"Yes, we come now to what we used to call, in the good dead old days, the payola, an archaic expression deriving, as you might suspect, from the word 'pay' or 'payment.' It involves, as a rule, money."

"I thought it might. The universal solvent," Nichols said.

"No. Cold gin is the universal solvent, Marty," Braden said. "But in some cases, money does solve certain problems, and it can, I think, solve yours. Of course, you may well wonder, at this point, how much solvent I have in mind. You do wonder, I imagine?"

"I wonder, Arthur," Nichols said.

"Well, it's like this," Braden said.

"The other day, when I left, for the last sad time, the memory-freighted premises of old DD and M, I took with me, as you know, and with your blessing, one thousand shares of common and five hundred of preferred. Right? And credit options and bonuses and retirements and crud like that in the amount, all together, of \$265,618.14, right? Right. And figuring in the stock, it comes to \$506,799.87. Right. You may well wonder at my facility for recollecting figures. It is something on which I have always prided myself. You should cultivate it, if you will forgive advice from an old has-been to a youth still striving for his first fifty merit badges. Now, \$506,799.87 is a nice sum, but it falls short of complete satisfaction to me, in two particulars. One. It is the least amount of money you could possibly have got away with giving me. The least. This bothers me. Second, it fails, by exactly \$493,200.13, of amounting to a million dollars. Marty, I know you will find this hard to believe, but all my life I have been convinced—absolutely convinced—that I would retire with a million dollars. And I'm short. By this much." He tore a bar chit off the pad in front of him, turned it over and wrote carefully on it, \$493,200.13. "Here, Marty, old buddy," he said. "I know you don't have my head for figures, so take this to remind you. That is, as we used to say, the old payola. The price."

Nichols took the slip involuntarily, held it for a couple of seconds, and dropped it to the bar.

"Marty, your hand was shaking!" Braden said. "What you need, boy, is more cold gin. Dutch courage, we used to call it, back there in McKinley's time. That's what—"

"Goddamn you!" Nichols said. "Will you get off my back on that old man bit! Will you, for Christ's sake?"

"Lower the voice, Marty," Braden said. "In these precincts, the hushed tone, the discreet mumble, prevail. Control yourself. And pick up the nice piece of paper and stuff it nicely into your nice little wallet, so that you won't lose it. Because you lose sight of that figure, Marty, baby, you lose sight of something very important in your life."

Nichols picked it up. His hand shook and he let it shake. He stared at the absurd piece of paper, the printing on the other side of it striking through, and the eight figures in Braden's scrawl.

"You look at it like it was your death warrant," Braden said. "Take the long view."

"It could be," Nichols said.

"Nonsense," Braden said. "It's just a piece of commercial paper like any other. The world of business and finance



"I understand that up until last month they were practically unknown . . ."

no introduction needed...

SWANK®

THE FLORENTINE, with richly textured finish, \$5.00



THE VERBIER, with the watch-case look, \$7.50



THE PANTHER, with sleek two-tone effect, \$7.50



THE FERRARI, 10-karat gold*, adjustable band, \$25.00



THE BUCKLER, unusual "buckle & strap" design, \$7.50



STERLING SILVER, with bold link chain, \$18.00



ON CAMPUS, classic oval with link chain, \$5.00



LE MANS, with unique French chain, \$7.50



THE CATAMARAN, new elegance in two parts, \$7.50

all styles suitable for engraving; at fine stores everywhere
*gold-filled

floats, as you well know, on a sea of commercial paper: stock certificates, options, invoices, bills of lading, payolas, receipts, bribes, all that kind of thing. That one in your hand isn't even a *big* piece of commercial paper. You have seen far bigger ones, haven't you, Marty, baby, far bigger ones, and lately, too, right?"

"Yes, Arthur. Bigger."

"Of course you have. And Marty, I want to say right now, I'm *glad*, it makes me feel warm all over, that you haven't said to me, 'Arthur, I can't *do* this.' Because if you said that, if you tried to hand me a boy-scout con like that, Marty, old associate, I would ask Peter here for a bottle of cold gin and I would brain you with it. Because if there's one thing you *can* do, you can declare me in on a few more shares of stock and some odds and ends that will amount to \$493,200.13. That you can do. In recognition of my invaluable services, somehow previously overlooked, to the house of Devlin, Dolan and MacLean, or, as I believe I heard the other day it would shortly be called, the house of Nichols, Dolan and MacLean, Horace Devlin

being scheduled for a plank-walking in the immediate future."

"I'll shove off now, Arthur," Nichols said.

"It was a pleasure seeing you again, Marty, lover," Braden said. "Don't forget the little slip of paper."

"I won't need it," Nichols said. "I can add and subtract, if I have to."

"That's good, because you'll have to, all right," Braden said. "Bye, now. And Marty—don't be a long time about it, because there's that matter of my health, you know. I don't want that hanging over your head. The way I see it, you'll have those proxies checked by four this afternoon, and the Swedes by noon tomorrow, and then you rear back and call a quick picnic for your stooges on the board, that's Thursday noon, and you sign the checks and stuff about three hours later and I've got it Friday. Right? And by Friday noon I'll have spoken to my associates, paid them the rest of their modest retainer, and released them for other opportunities."

Nichols walked out of the bar.

"I'll have one more, Peter," Braden

said. "They seem to be doing me some good."

"You haven't been feeling too well lately, I gather, Mr. Braden?" the bartender said.

"Not too well," Braden said. "But it was a temporary thing. I feel OK now. I feel a lot better."

"Glad to hear it," the bartender said. He poured the drink.

"Let me have the phone, please, Peter," Braden said. He gave the switchboard a number. He braced the phone loosely on his shoulder and opened his cigarette case. A match flared in the bartender's hand. He nodded his thanks. "Mr. Horace Devlin, please," he said. "He's in the Pine Room." He smiled. What a pleasure, he thought, to be the bearer of glad tidings. "Dev," he said. "He bought it, of course. He's running downtown like a thief this minute, to check it out. That's right. Me, too, Dev. I tell you, I'm falling off the chair. I'm on the floor, laughing. I gave him to Friday morning to deliver, and don't worry, he will. Marty knows the real iron when he feels it in his belly. He knows when you're kidding, and when you're not. Yes. Beautiful. Bulletproof. A real work of art. We can congratulate each other. Thank you. And I you, Dev. All right, now take this down: \$493,200.13. That's right. And half of that is—that's right. You're quick, Dev, for an old man. And I want you to know that in gratitude for your invaluable role in this little deal, I am going to take the six cents, and you are going to have the seven cents. No, I insist, Dev. I absolutely insist. I am a generous man. You know that. Sure. You, too. Bye."

He motioned away the phone. He sighed. There is no satisfaction in life, he told himself, like the skilled exercise of one's God-given talents. Accomplishment, work, after all, only that way lies contentment.

He reached for the chit and automatically totaled it. "My friends in the corner had only two bourbons, Peter?" he said.

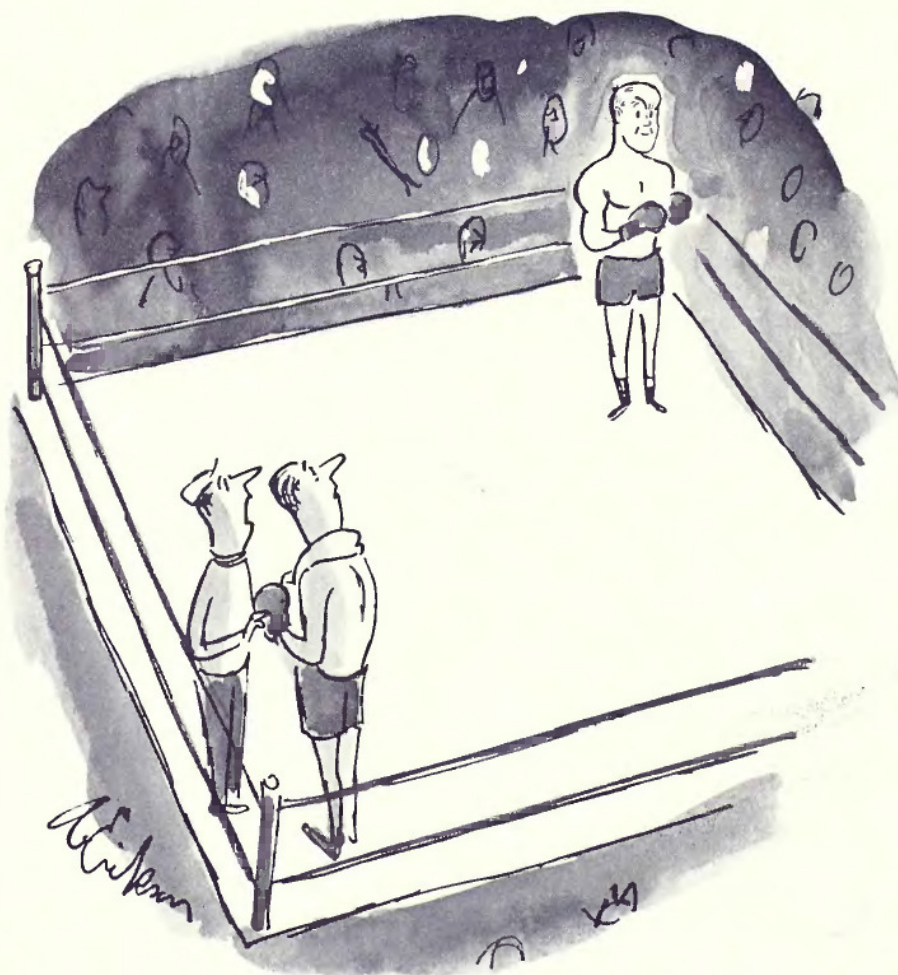
"That's right, Mr. Braden. Two apiece. The gentlemen haven't been in the club before, have they? I thought I recognized the dark-haired gentleman."

"You might have," Braden said, "your memory for faces being what it is. They're both on TV now and then."

"I see," the bartender said.

"They get around," Braden said. "No big parts, but they make a living. You know, cowboys, cops, hoods, that kind of thing."

He stood. He looked at himself in the bar mirror. He liked what he saw. He left the room, steady on the soft carpet, a man deep in thought. He was thinking that he would have cold salmon for lunch.



"It can't be!"

Sneaker-wearing for beginners.

"Beginners?!! Are you kidding? Who the heck has never worn sneakers?" you're probably saying to yourself.

No, we haven't lost our marbles. We realize that most of you, at one time or another, have worn sneakers. To play tennis. Or softball. Or handball. Or tag.

However, that's athletic sneaker-wearing. What we're talking about is non-athletic sneaker-wearing. (That is, wearing sneakers, no sports attached.)

So, if you're one of the many unfortunate Americans who have not yet experienced the sheer joy of non-athletic sneaker-wearing, pay attention. It is for you that we offer these simple but brilliant suggestions.

To start out with, it is imperative that you buy the right sneaker (and the left one, too). We recommend a pair of white

Keds® Champion Oxfords. Champion Oxfords are more universally accepted than other sneakers. So the chances of people pointing to your feet and laughing are very slight.

The outfit that we suggest for the beginning sneaker-wearer is a real humdinger: a pair of chinos (any color), a gray shetland sweater (or a sweat-shirt, which is sort of a cheap gray shetland sweat-

er) and a pair of white sweat socks.

We also suggest that you carry a rubber ball in your back pocket (for the first couple of weeks, at least). So if any wise guy says, "Hey, Henry, how come you're wearing sneakers?" you can always tell him you're going to play ball as soon as you finish doing what you're doing.

(Keds Champion Oxfords are also excellent for athletic sneaker-wearing.)

Which brings us to our last suggestion. Don't try to keep your sneakers clean. Please. Lily white sneakers are the mark of the novice.

Let your sneakers pick up smudge marks where they may. Wash them every month or so (Champion Oxfords are machine-washable, too). And in a few months, they'll turn a nice musty gray (except for the blue Keds label, which will turn a nice musty blue).

Then, you'll be ready to go seek out a beginning sneaker-wearer and look down your nose at him.

Keds UNIROVAL
The new worldwide name of US Rubber



Don't go too far from home at first.



The official sneaker sock.



Congratulations!
You're not a novice anymore.



Your shoeshine kit.

Irene, and that these two strangers gave me the honest creeps.

Then the big one smiled, and everything was changed.

I've worked in the entertainment field, in advertising and in public relations. This means I have come in contact with some of the prime charm boys and girls in our proud land. I have become, therefore, not only a connoisseur of smiles, I am a being equipped with numerous automatic safeguards against them. When a talcumed smoothy comes at me with his brilliant ivories exposed, it only shows he's got something he can bite me with, that's all.

But the smile of the Walrus was something else.

The smile of the Walrus did what a smile hasn't done for me in years—it melted my heart. I use the cornball phrase very much on purpose. When I saw his smile, I knew I could trust him. I felt in my marrow that he was gentle and sweet and had nothing but the best intentions. His resemblance to the Walrus in the poem ceased being vaguely chilling and became warmly comical. I loved him as I had loved the Teddy bear of my childhood.

"Oh, I say," he said, and his voice was an embarrassed boom, "I do hope we're not intruding!"

"I dare say we are," squeaked the Carpenter, peeping out from behind his companion.

"The, um, fact is," boomed the Walrus, "we didn't even notice you until just back then, you see."

"We were talking, is what," said the Carpenter.

*They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand . . .*

"About sand?" I asked.

The Walrus looked at me with a startled air.

"We were, actually, now you come to mention it."

He lifted one huge foot and shook it so that a little trickle of sand spilled out of his shoe.

"The stuff's impossible," he said, "Gets in your clothes, tracks up the carpet."

"Ought to be swept away, it ought," said the Carpenter.

*"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"*

"It's too much!" said Carl.

"Yes, indeed," said the Walrus, eyeing the sand around him with vague disapproval, "altogether too much."

Then he turned to us again and we all basked in that smile.

"Permit me to introduce my companion and myself," he said.

"You'll have to excuse George," said the Carpenter, "as he's a bit of a stuffed shirt, don't you know?"

"Be that as it may," said the Walrus, patting the Carpenter on the flat top of his paper hat, "this is Edward Farr, and I am George Tweedy, both at your service. We are, um, both a trifle drunk, I'm afraid."

"We are, indeed. We are that."

"As we have just come from a really delightful party, to which we shall soon return."

"Once we've found the fuel, that is," said Farr, waving his saw in the air. By now he had found the courage to come out and face us directly.

"Which brings me to the question," said Tweedy. "Have you seen any driftwood lying about the premises? We've been looking high and low and we can't seem to find any of the blasted stuff."

"Thought there'd be piles of it," said Farr, "but all there is is sand, don't you see?"

"I would have sworn you were looking for oysters," said Carl.

Again, Tweedy appeared startled.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"

The Walrus did beseech.

"Oysters?" he asked. "Oh, no, we've got the oysters. All we lack is the means to cook 'em."

"Course, we could use a few more," said Farr, looking at his companion.

"I suppose we could, at that," said Tweedy thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid we can't help you fellows with the driftwood problem," said Carl, "but you're more than welcome to a drink."

There was something unfamiliar about the tone of Carl's voice that made my ears perk up. I turned to look at him and then had difficulty covering up my astonishment.

It was his eyes. For once, for the first time, they were really friendly.

I'm not saying Carl had fishy eyes, blank eyes—not at all. On the surface, that is. On the surface, with his eyes, with his face, with the handling of his entire body, Carl was a master of animation and expression. From sympathetic, heartfelt warmth, all the way to icy rage, and on every stop in between, Carl was completely convincing.

But only on the surface. Once you got to know Carl, and it took a while, you realized that none of it was really happening. That was because Carl had died, or been killed, long ago. Possibly in childhood. Possibly he had been born dead. So, under the actor's warmth and rage, the eyes were always the eyes of a corpse.

But now it was different. The friendliness here was genuine, I was sure of it.

The smile of Tweedy, of the Walrus, had performed a miracle. Carl had risen from his tomb. I was in honest awe.

"Delighted, old chap!" said Tweedy.

They accepted their drinks with obvious pleasure, and we completed the introductions as they sat down to join us. I detected a strong smell of fish when Tweedy sat down beside me, but, oddly, I didn't find it offensive in the least. I was glad he'd chosen me to sit by. He turned and smiled at me and my heart melted a little more.

It soon turned out that the drinking we'd done before had only scratched the surface. Tweedy and Farr were magnificent boozers, and their gusto encouraged us all to follow suit.

We drank absurd toasts and were delighted to discover that Tweedy was an incredible raconteur. His specialty was outrageous fantasy: wild tales involving incongruous objects, events and characters. His invention was endless.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,

*"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-
wax—*

*Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."*

We laughed and drank, and drank and laughed, and I began to wonder why in hell I'd spent my life being such a gloomy, moody son of a bitch, been such a distrustful and suspicious bastard, when the whole secret of everything, the whole core secret, was simply to enjoy it, to take it as it came.

I looked around and grinned, and I didn't care if it was a foolish grin. Everybody looked all right, everybody looked swell, everybody looked better than I'd ever seen them look before.

Irene looked happy, honestly and truly happy. She, too, had found the secret. No more pills for Irene, I thought. Now that she knows the secret, now that she's met Tweedy, who's given her the secret, she'll have no more need of those god-damn pills.

And I couldn't believe Horace and Mandie. They had their arms around each other, and their bodies were pressed close together, and they rocked as one being when they laughed at Tweedy's wonderful stories. No more nagging for Mandie, I thought, and no more cringing for Horace, now they've learned the secret.

And then I looked at Carl, laughing and relaxed and absolutely free of care, absolutely unchilled, finally, at last, after years of—

And then I looked at Carl again.

And then I looked down at my drink, and then I looked at my knees, and then I looked out at the sea, sparkling, clean, remote and impersonal.

And then I realized it had grown cold,

Plymouth is out to win you over with Belvedere GTX.



GTX. Plymouth's exciting new Supercar. King of the Belvederes. Standard equipment: the biggest GT engine in the world. Our Super Commando 440 V-8. Optional equipment: the famous Plymouth Hemi.

This Plymouth goes flat out to win you over. And there's nothing hidden about its promise. Check the twin hood scoops up front, twin chrome exhaust megaphones out back.

Note how the GTX sits up on its special suspension. Obviously, this is something special—right down to the new pit-stop gas filler, Red Streak tires, chrome valve covers and custom, no-nonsense grille.

Now, if this Belvedere is a little heady for you, we've got 21 other models—all with varying degrees of devilment—out to win you over.

Be prepared to be persuaded.

Plymouth



quite cold, and that there wasn't a bird or a cloud in the sky.

*The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.*

That part of the poem was, after all, a perfect description of a lifeless earth. It sounded beautiful at first, it sounded benign. But then you read it again and you realized that Carroll was describing barrenness and desolation.

Suddenly Carl's voice broke through and I heard him say:

"Hey, that's a hell of an idea, Tweedy! By God, we'd love to! Wouldn't we, gang?"

The others broke out in an affirmative chorus and they all started scrambling to their feet around me. I looked up at them, like someone who's been awakened from sleep in a strange place, and they grinned down at me like loons.

"Come on, Phil!" cried Irene.

Her eyes were bright and shining, but it wasn't with happiness. I could see that now.

*"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick . . ."*

I blinked my eyes and stared at them, one after the other.

"Old Phil's had a little too much to drink!" cried Mandie, laughing. "Come on, old Phil! Come on and join the party!"

"What party?" I asked.

I couldn't seem to get located. Everything seemed disorientated and grotesque.

"For Christ's sake, Phil," said Carl. "Tweedy and Farr, here, have invited us to join their party. There're no more drinks left, and they've got plenty!"

I set my plastic cup down carefully onto the sand. If they would just shut up for a moment, I thought, I might be able to get the fuzz out of my head.

"Come along, sir!" boomed Tweedy jovially. "It's only a pleasant walk!"

*"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.*

*"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach . . ."*

He was smiling at me, but the smile didn't work anymore.

"You cannot do with more than four," I told him.

"Um? What's that?"

*"We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."*

"I said, 'You cannot do with more than four.'"

"He's right, you know," said Farr, the Carpenter.

"Well, um, then," said the Walrus, "if

you feel you really *can't* come, old chap . . ."

"What, in Christ's name, are you all talking about?" asked Mandie.

"He's hung up on that goddam poem," said Carl. "Lewis Carroll's got the yellow bastard scared."

"Don't be such a party pooper, Phil!" said Mandie.

"To hell with him," said Carl. And he started off, and all the others followed him. Except Irene.

"Are you sure you really don't want to come, Phil?" she asked.

She looked frail and thin against the sunlight. I realized there really wasn't much of her and that what there was had taken a terrible beating.

"No," I said. "I don't. Are you sure you want to go?"

"Of course I do, Phil."

I thought of the pills.

"I suppose you do," I said. "I suppose there's really no stopping you."

"No, Phil, there isn't."

And then she stooped and kissed me. Kissed me very gently, and I could feel the dry, chapped surface of her lips and the faint warmth of her breath.

I stood.

"I wish you'd stay," I said.

"I can't," she said.

And then she turned and ran after the others.

I watched them growing smaller and smaller on the beach, following the Walrus and the Carpenter. I watched them come to where the beach curved around the bluff, and watched them disappear behind the bluff.

I looked up at the sky. Pure blue. Impersonal.

"What do you think of this?" I asked it.

Nothing. It hadn't even noticed.

*"Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."*

*"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue,
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"*

A dismal thing to do.

I began to run up the beach, toward the bluff. I stumbled now and then, because I had had too much to drink. Far too much to drink. I heard small shells crack under my shoes, and the sand made whipping noises.

I fell, heavily, and lay there gasping on the beach. My heart pounded in my chest. I was too old for this sort of footwork. I hadn't had any real exercise in years. I smoked too much and I drank too much. I did all the wrong things. I didn't do any of the right things.

I pushed myself up a little and then I let myself down again. My heart was pounding hard enough to frighten me. I could feel it in my chest, frantically pumping, squeezing blood in and spurring blood out.

Like an oyster pulsing in the sea.

"Shall we be trotting home again?"

My heart was like an oyster.

I got up, fell up, and began to run again, weaving widely, my mouth open and the air burning my throat. I was coated with sweat, streaming with it, and it felt icy in the cold wind.

"Shall we be trotting home again?"

I rounded the bluff and then I stopped and stood swaying, and then I dropped to my knees.

The pure blue of the sky was unmarked by a single bird or cloud, and nothing stirred on the whole vast stretch of the beach.

*But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because . . .*

Nothing stirred, but they were there. Irene and Mandie and Carl and Horace were there, and four others, too. Just around the bluff.

*"We cannot do with more than
four . . ."*

But the Walrus and the Carpenter had taken two trips.

I began to crawl toward them on my knees. My heart, my oyster heart, was pounding too hard to allow me to stand.

The other four had had a picnic, too, very like our own. They, too, had plastic cups and plates, and they, too, had brought bottles. They had sat and waited for the return of the Walrus and the Carpenter.

Irene was right in front of me. Her eyes were open and stared at, but did not see, the sky. The pure-blue undisturbed sky. There were a few grains of sand in her left eye. Her face was almost clear of blood. There were only a few flecks of it on her lower chin. The spray from the huge wound in her chest seemed to have traveled mainly downward and to the right. I stretched out my arm and touched her hand.

"Irene," I said.

*But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.*

I looked up at the others. Like Irene, they were, all of them, dead. The Walrus and the Carpenter had eaten the oysters and left the shells.

The Carpenter never had found any firewood, and so they'd eaten them raw. You can eat oysters raw if you want to.

I said her name once more, just for the record, and then I stood and turned from them and walked to the bluff. I rounded the bluff and the beach stretched before me, vast, smooth, empty and remote.

Even as I ran upon it, away from them, it was remote.



Yes, you are seeing double.



clubman[®]
sportcoats

Double-breasted.

It has never been out, but now it's in more than ever. And no one is more aware than Clubman. But it's never just enough to anticipate a fashion.

Not for Clubman, at least.

You have to tailor it right. Use the right fabrics. Put on the right buttons. Line it just right. And make it available in the right stores.

Seeing double is not half as bad as it's cracked up to be. When the label says Clubman.



PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 60)

of another person, which conceivably takes in shower rooms at high schools, YM-YWCAs and even one's home.

Don't laugh: West Virginia is the state that sentenced Donn Caldwell to one to ten years for oral-genital relations with a female. There is a very real chance that this law will pass and we will all be compelled to undress in the closet, like Grandpa, before getting into bed with our wives.

Ronald Smith
Charleston, West Virginia

DISGRACEFUL LAWS

Congratulations to the Berkeley Police Department for its courage in *not* acting against the Sexual Freedom League (except in the case of a formal complaint). For years our police have been expected to act as unthinking robots, upholding laws that are a disgrace to the Constitution and the state legislatures. Many of our sex laws are ridiculous and deserve respect neither from the citizens nor from those expected to enforce them.

Jerome W. Sampson
King Salmon AFS, Alaska

CONVICTION WITHOUT A TRIAL

In the February *Playboy Forum*, a letter writer describes a case in which a school superintendent was arrested for allegedly mailing obscene letters; his career was ruined; then the charge was dropped.

This raises a basic problem in law. Under our criminal statutes, prosecutors have been given enormous amounts of discretion. They must decide whether to prosecute an arrested person, thereby turning him into "an accused." There are very few controls limiting prosecutory discretion and practically no reviews of the prosecutor's decisions. In fact, the criminal-law procedures in Federal courts, which are questioned in your magazine, are among the best, however inadequate they may be. For example, in the Federal courts there is a screen between the prosecutor and the police that operates as a check on prosecutory discretion. I refer to the grand-jury hearing. While this check may not be as effective as some of us would like, it nevertheless is better than no check at all. In most states, a prosecutor need not subject his decision to prosecute to any review, grand jury or otherwise, but may directly file an information in a court. Thus, the person accused is put through tremendous embarrassment, pain and expense.

What has been said about prosecutory discretion prior to filing charges applies with almost the same intensity to prosecutorial discretion to dismiss charges once they have been filed. In the

usual situation, a prosecutor has complete power to withdraw the charge from a court because, although a court must agree, agreement is usually perfunctory. This means, of course, that if an innocent man has been charged and the charges are dropped, the man has no opportunity to prove his innocence, although he has suffered all the burdens of publicity.

Several suggestions have been made that are aimed at controlling prosecutorial discretion. Perhaps the best one is the accurate, sensitive and particularized definition of specific crimes. Cowcatcher clauses and blunderbuss criminal statutes produce vague definitions and place arbitrary power in a prosecutor, not to mention a jury.

A second suggested control would be some sort of supervision over the prosecutor's discretion to file charges in the first instance. Perhaps something like the English system would work. This would mean that after a grand jury returns an indictment, the prosecutor would send the case out to a local member of the bar association, a private practitioner, and ask his opinion on whether or not the prosecution should go forward. Another check of the English variety is that once a decision has been made to prosecute, instead of the prosecutor doing the prosecuting, the case is sent to a member of the bar association who then conducts the prosecution. This diffusion of duties tends to eliminate prejudice and promotes a greater amount of reasonableness and exactitude.

The American penchant for institutionalizing all functions is such, I suspect, that a wholesale carry-over of the English system wouldn't be adopted. Under these circumstances, the best device for controlling prosecutorial discretion would be that of sharing among several agencies the decisions to prosecute or to terminate prosecutions.

Arval Morris
Professor of Law
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

As Professor Morris has indicated, the questions of prosecutorial discretion are complex and manifold. We think they would be greatly simplified and a tremendous burden lifted from state and Federal prosecutors if laws dealing with consensual behavior involving no harm to other members of society were removed from the books. In the case of the school superintendent, a man was alleged to have written sealed letters containing "impure" thoughts to a couple of women whose acquaintance he had made via correspondence clubs. As it turned out, the "women" were a postal inspector, who had spent the time necessary to discover that the man had a connection with correspondence clubs and had encour-

aged him—by writing enticing letters—to commit a Federal crime, which he probably wasn't even aware he was committing.

We submit that Federal and state prosecutors (as well as investigators) would be in a better position to protect society if they were not obliged to enforce laws that create crimes without victims.

HOMOSEXUALITY IN PRISON

In *The Playboy Forum* for February, you printed a letter from a young man in the Preston School of Industry at Lone, California, claiming that homosexuality is widespread at the school.

I have been working with wards of the state Youth Authority for over five years, and I personally know that the charges made in this letter are false. We have had some cases of homosexuality, but they are rare. Every attempt is made to give the wards some constructive outlet for their spare time and they are supervised better than anywhere else in the entire world. You have done a disservice to the State of California and to those of us who work with the boys. Worst of all, you have damaged the reputation of every youngster who is now in custody of the California Youth Authority. Things like this can cause alarm where it is not needed or justified.

John F. Okel
Ontario, California

If the California Youth Authority has solved this serious problem, which bedevils all other American penal institutions, they have managed to keep their success a secret, and we would like to learn more of the details. We find it difficult to believe that the "supervision" and "constructive outlets" you mention represent by themselves any such solution. These methods are used in the other 49 states without much success.

Most authorities agree that sexually segregated penal institutions are breeding grounds for homosexuality; and homosexual practices are so commonplace in many prisons that officials admit, at least privately, their inability to adequately cope with the problem. In this instance, a letter from an inmate of a correctional institution of the California Youth Authority describes the rate of homosexual activity there as "appalling"; but his letter is a plea for help, not further hypocrisy. Commenting on the severity with which homosexual activity is dealt with when detected, the inmate states: "If this letter were to result only in our having more rigid rules and tighter security, that would be a travesty of justice. Most of the boys here are in the age bracket when, according to Kinsey, sexual need is strongest. With no girls present, they must turn to each other—no matter how tight the security."

In "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," Kinsey and his associates estimate the percentage of inmates involved in

homosexual activity in sexually segregated "mental or penal" institutions varies from "30 to 85 percent," depending on the nature of the institution. With reference to the imprisonment of adolescent males, Kinsey states: "The problem of sexual adjustment . . . is even more difficult than the problem of the boy who lives outside in society. . . . If these adolescent years are spent in an institution . . . his sexual life is very likely to become stamped with the institutional [homosexual] pattern."

Kinsey also comments on the tendency to self-deception on the part of those who have to cope with the problem: "Administrators who have these young males in their care are generally bewildered. . . . In many cases, the situation is simply tolerated or ignored, and the administrator would prefer not to be aware of the activities."

We don't think that an honest appraisal of the situation is a disservice to the inmates of any institution. Indeed, it is in their behalf that the issue is being raised. For a more enlightened approach to the problem, see the following letter.

SEX IN PRISON

I read with interest Alan G. Evans' letter on "Sex in Prison" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). The following ex-

cerpts from an article by Norval Morris point out customs in Swedish prisons that undoubtedly help prevent psychopathological developments in prisoners:

. . . Women are found to be working not only in institutions for younger offenders in Sweden but also throughout their adult correctional system. I do not mean working only in the front offices outside the security perimeter; I mean within the walls and within the cell blocks. And there are women governors of prisons for male prisoners. . . . The advantages of our learning this lesson from Sweden are obvious; women bring a softening influence to the prison society, assisting men by their presence to strengthen their inner controls, through a variety of deeply entrenched processes of psychosocial growth . . .

The lesson is clear and is that women should be employed within the correctional institution for those skills in psychology, casework, administration and counseling that they can offer as well as men, and nothing but advantage to the entire correctional system will ensue . . .

From open institutions, Swedish

prisoners now get home every three months after a fixed proportion of their sentence has been served; from closed institutions, they get such home leave every four months . . .

One important consequence of the furlough system is the gross reduction of the problem of homosexuality within Swedish prisons. Small institutions and the attitudes and programs I have sketched are important factors in minimizing this problem; so also is the general attitude toward sex in Swedish society. But furloughs obviously diminish libidinal pressures for the inmates and lessen the likelihood of their homosexual expression. Visits also have this effect in many Swedish prisons . . .

In many institutions, wives and girlfriends are allowed to visit prisoners in their cells—the conventions of privacy are not officially prescribed, but they are observed. I report a frequent practice, not an official rule . . .

Norman H. Mellor, M.D.
Corona, California

The distinguished criminologist Norval Morris is Professor of Law and Criminology and Director of the Center for Studies in Criminal Justice at the University of Chicago.

IN DEFENSE OF MARIJUANA

I have never heard a valid argument against marijuana. Most commonly, we are told that it's bad because it's illegal and it's illegal because it's bad.

Were the possession, sale and use of marijuana to be legalized in this country, it would benefit the public. A clear distinction would be made apparent between this harmless and pleasant intoxicant and the really destructive narcotics like heroin and morphine. An alternative to physically harmful stimulants and depressants—like tobacco and alcohol—would be offered. Persons seeking the pleasure of this now commonly accepted, nonaddictive herb would not be drawn into criminal circles when obtaining it.

No one needs to get "high" or "stoned," any more than anyone needs automobiles, air conditioning or Cinemas. But as long as they're here to stay, let's make the best of them and use them wisely.

Ralph D. Lynch
Wilbraham, Massachusetts

An uninformed citizenry is responsible for a great many of our asinine laws. One such law, enforced by the Federal Narcotics Bureau, is the statute outlawing the use and/or possession of the "dangerous" drug marijuana. Marijuana is less "dangerous" than alcohol, a beverage consumed by the majority of adults in our society. It is said that marijuana is



"The way I see it, you can't trust anyone over nine."

addictive and will lead its user to heroin, cocaine, opium and other addictive narcotics. Marijuana is *not* addictive. Of all the people I know who use marijuana, none of them have ever even considered using dangerous addictive drugs.

(Name withheld by request)
Northridge, California

AN UNWED MOTHER'S VIEWS

You have recently printed several letters from girls who either had abortions or put their illegitimate children up for adoption ("illegitimate"—what a cruel word!). There is a third choice, which I took. I kept my twin daughters, after their father refused to marry me. I'm afraid I would simply have fallen apart at the seams if I had given them up after holding them in my arms just once. Looking back honestly, though, if there had been a way to obtain an abortion eight months earlier, I would have had it done.

Some say abortion isn't Christian or ethical. How Christian and ethical are our orphanages and institutions for unwed mothers? Anybody who has been in one will tell you they are *horrid*. I, myself, tried a home for unwed mothers and lasted one week—that place would make an excellent prison for particularly vicious and unredeemable felons. If you are not half out of your mind with guilt and fear before you enter a hellhole like this, you will be before you get out. Besides, they nearly starve you to death and they work you like a coal miner.

So, with the help of my wonderful parents, I kept my babies. It has caused a lot of trouble and heartache to my family, but the joy and happiness of having the twins (now 21 months old) has been a great consolation. Many, many problems face the unwed mother. "Good women" regard you as a whore. Men think they are doing you a fantastic charity, unequaled since Jesus forgave Magdalene, if they date you and try to drag you to bed afterward. They actually believe you are so oversexed that you climb the walls at night without them. And, in spite of this, you still have the need to love a man and be loved in return—if you can find one who will treat you as a human being. It's lonely having children to care for without a mate.

There are many sides to the story of every nonmarital pregnancy—who is to say which way is right? Men make the laws and women suffer the consequences. I'm for letting the girl make her own choice—without legal interference—whether it be abortion, adoption or my own difficult yet rewarding decision.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

PHYSICIAN FOR ABORTION

As long as we, as a society, retain abortion as a criminal offense, there will be no significant improvement in all the tragedies associated with clandestine



abortions. "Liberalizing" the law will *not* (1) allow a physician to use all medical resources in treating his patient, (2) allow women the control of their own reproductive systems, (3) decrease the high death rate and the hundreds of thousands of serious illnesses caused by clandestine abortions or (4) help make real the right of every baby born to be wanted and loved by its mother. Only repeal of *all* laws relating to abortion performed by licensed physicians will allow positive action in these four areas. The law should designate who is qualified to perform abortions, but not on whom they may be performed.

Obviously, no one is going to force any patient or any physician to participate in an abortion. The patient is simply free to consult her physician, who is then free to use or not use this medical procedure. A precedent has already been set in the distribution of birth-control services. Some physicians do not offer these services to any patients, married or not, because they feel that it is unethical to do so. Other physicians offer birth control only to married women. Still others offer it to all women over a certain age,

regardless of marital status. And, finally, there are some physicians who have no rigid rules and evaluate each patient according to the particular circumstances.

Lonny Myers, M.D.
Illinois Citizens for the Medical
Control of Abortion
Chicago, Illinois

ABORTION TEST CASES

Since *The Playboy Forum* has provided a broad discussion of abortion and abortion laws, I think you will be interested in the facts surrounding two dramatic test cases in San Francisco.

On May 16, 1966, the attorney general announced that he was going to file charges against a number of top San Francisco doctors for performing abortions. The group represented the community's most distinguished physicians and the abortions had been performed with the full approval of physicians' committees in local hospitals. Consultations with other doctors had been held, the patients had given consent and the operations had been performed in hospital surgeries. The operations were therapeutic abortions on women who had

contracted German measles early in pregnancy.

German measles (rubella) in early pregnancy causes monsters. National Institute of Health reports indicate that this disease, if contracted in the first month of pregnancy, produces birth defects in 47 percent of the cases; it produces defects in 22 percent in the second and third months. But, according to California law, abortion is illegal unless the life of the mother is threatened.

On May 20, 1966, the State Board of Medical Examiners officially filed charges of unprofessional conduct against two prominent San Francisco obstetricians, Dr. Seymour P. Smith of the St. Francis Memorial Hospital and Dr. J. Paul Shively, chief of the Obstetric and Gynecologic Service at St. Luke's Hospital, while the attorney general's office went on investigating 19 other local physicians. The therapeutic-abortion committees in hospitals all over California began backing off; they were frightened into inaction. As a result, many mothers were compelled to go out of the state or to illegal abortion mills.

The anti-abortion drive was spearheaded by Dr. James V. McNulty, a member of the Board of Medical Examiners and a leading Catholic lay figure in Los Angeles. In March 1966, when the California Medical Association voted to press for changes in the abortion statute, Dr. McNulty threatened the state doctors with a Medical Examiners Board crack-down if they persisted in interpreting the present statute loosely. Apparently Dr. McNulty had appointed himself watchdog for his Church's point of view, and the whole issue became polarized on a Catholic versus non-Catholic basis.

The Roman Catholic bishops of California denounced proposed liberalization of the state's abortion laws as "infamy that poisons society." They condemned all doctors who performed abortions to prevent monster births as murderers. They insisted there is no difference between a fetus and an infant and denied the mother any rights to its disposition. One result of the action of the Catholic group was an explosive outcry in favor of the accused doctors and in favor of changing the abortion laws. California's leading educators, including the deans of every medical school in the state except one, filed a legal brief, which was submitted to the state supreme court. It attacked the present law as an arbitrary invasion of the right of privacy of parents and the right of all persons to the best medical care available: "The state cannot legislate a religious philosophy in the face of necessary and sound medical treatment." Eminent obstetricians, pediatricians and deans from all over the country are supporting the brief.

The two physicians received further support from the president of the San Francisco Gynecological Society, who

announced that a poll of the members showed 100 favoring liberalization of the abortion statutes and three opposed. On June 28, Dr. J. Blair Pace, president of the California Academy of General Practice, declared that the accused Doctors Shively and Smith "should be commended rather than criticized."

In October, the Northern California Conference of American Baptists overwhelmingly urged a change in therapeutic-abortion laws, permitting abortion when the physical or mental health of the mother or the child was threatened. At that time, Dr. Edmund Overstreet, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of California Medical Center, announced the results of a questionnaire that had been mailed to 943 diplomates of the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology in California. In reply to a question as to whether therapeutic abortion was justified for material risk of significant fetal abnormality, 77 percent of the polled physicians replied in the affirmative. Dr. Overstreet asked the respondents if they had actually performed therapeutic abortions, and of the 730 answering the question, 590 said yes.

A citizens' committee to raise funds for the defense of the accused is being formed, with Chauncey Leake and William Coblentz, two distinguished San Francisco laymen, as co-chairmen. Dr. Overstreet said that he and more than 30 other obstetricians are prepared to tell the State Board of Medical Examiners that they have performed abortions just like those Doctors Shively and Smith are accused of doing.

In addition, an ever-increasing groundswell of support for new legislation is apparent. The champions of change favor legislation proposed by the American Law Institute in 1962. The Institute's Model Penal Code proposes legalizing abortion performed in a licensed hospital by a licensed doctor, when two other physicians certify its justification on the basis of one of three causes: (1) if continuation of the pregnancy would "gravely impair" the physical or mental health of the mother; (2) if there is "substantial risk" that the child will be born with "grave physical or mental defect"; (3) if the pregnancy results from rape or incest, certified by local authorities. Such a proposal is again being introduced by state legislator Beilenson.

Gerald Mason Feigen, M. D.
San Francisco, California

The California state legislature is one of 12 that have introduced legislation this session to liberalize antiquated abortion statutes. All the proposed therapeutic-abortion bills are similar in that they offer no more than the minimal reforms recommended in the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code (accurately described in Dr. Feigen's letter).

We agree with Dr. Lonny Myers (previous letter) that the law should only designate "who is qualified to perform abortions . . . not on whom they may be performed"; however, we think that, until the legislatures are ready to accept this truly humane point of view, it is first necessary to achieve the rudimentary reforms contained in the therapeutic-abortion bills. We therefore urge PLAYBOY readers who wish to support abortion-law reform in the states considering it to write to their state senators and representatives and to the following legislative leaders:

California: Senator Hugh M. Burns and Assemblyman Jesse Unruh, Sacramento.

Colorado: Senator Frank L. Gill and Representative John D. Vanderhoof, Denver.

Connecticut: Senator Edward Marcus and Representative Robert Testo, Hartford.

Georgia: Senator Julian Webb and Representative George L. Smith, Atlanta.

Maine: Senator Harvey Johnson and Representative David J. Kennedy, Augusta.

Maryland: Senator Howard Hughes and Representative Marvin Mandel, Annapolis.

Minnesota: Senator Stanley W. Holmquist and Representative L. L. Duxbury, St. Paul.

Nevada: Senator B. Mahlon Brown and Assemblyman Mel Close, Carson City.

Oklahoma: Senator Roy Boecher and Representative Rex Privett, Oklahoma City.

Oregon: Senator Al Flegel and Representative F. F. Montgomery, Salem.

Pennsylvania: Senator Stanley Stroup and Representative Kenneth B. Lee, Harrisburg.

Rhode Island: Senator Frank Scamato and Representative John J. Wrenn, Providence.

Bills were recently defeated, vetoed or killed in committee in Arizona, Indiana, Nebraska, New Mexico and New York.

We will publish progress reports on these bills in "The Playboy Forum," as well as information about new bills as they are proposed.

"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.



World's fastest sports car priced under \$3700.[†]

With a gung-ho V-8 and a sure-footed British chassis, our Sunbeam Tiger puts high-priced competitors on their very best behavior.

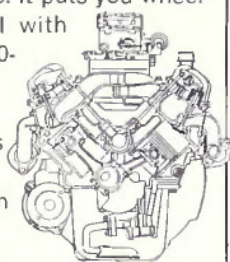


Go ahead. Search under \$3700 for a sports car that (1) delivers ultra performance, (2) does 0 to 60 in 9.2 seconds, (3) turns 164 hp @ 4400 rpm.

There's one—Sunbeam Tiger V-8. It puts you wheel-to-wheel with the \$5500-\$7000 jobs.

Tiger's secret? Sunbeam and Chrysler Motors Corporation started with a very tough Class F Alpine, built to sell in volume. (A truly hot car, yet priced under \$2600[†] in the United States!)

They gave it a potent V-8 and matching powertrain and modifications to accommodate same, and out



came Tiger's unique performance/price proposition.

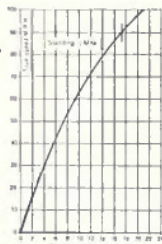
Spectacular specs

Tiger's own four-speed gearbox is close ratioed, starting with 2.32:1 in 1st. With a 2.88 axle and quick clutch, things happen in a hurry here.

That includes braking. Girling self-adjusting discs (9.85") up front, 9" drums behind. And they're power assisted at all four corners besides!

It also includes steering. Rack & pinion, 3.1 turns lock-to-lock. Very positive.

On the road, Tiger reacts without surprises in an essence or a drift, and is sur-



prisingly smooth over both bad roads and tar strips.

Comfortable cockpit

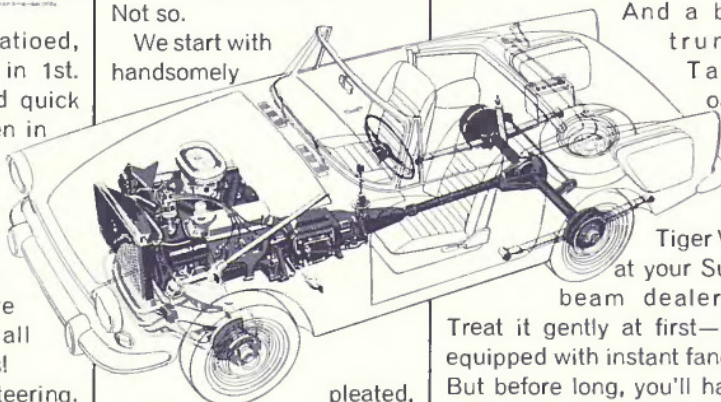
With this much punch at the price, you might suspect some short-changing inside. Not so.

We start with handsomely

Adjustable foot pedals. And footwell ventilation to take the curse off a hot day.

You also get a two-speed heater (standard) for cold days. Plus niceties like a lockable console. A walnut dash. An easy-to-work top.

And a big trunk. Take on a



pleated, foam-padded bucket seats. Then make them fully adjustable—with reclining backs.

Then we give you a telescoping steering wheel.

Tiger V-8 at your Sunbeam dealer's.

Treat it gently at first—it's equipped with instant fangs. But before long, you'll have sold yourself a \$2000 head start on competition.

[†]Based on mfr's suggested retail prices, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra. West Coast slightly higher. **FOR MONEY-SAVING EUROPEAN DELIVERY**, ask your dealer about Sunbeam's Overseas Delivery Plan.

ROOTES
SUNBEAM


CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

ON THE SCENE

DONOVAN *the sound of sunshine*

THE CURLY-HAIRED YOUTH INTONES, in a quietly intense voice that makes teeny boppers sigh and hippies nod in approval, "Fly trans-love airways, getcha there on time." Known to the world on a first-name basis, Donovan Leitch, 21, is the minstrel of a wide-awake generation that loves its freedom and seeks to free its love. The Glasgow-born singer-writer put aside his art-student paintbrushes at the age of 18 and set off to roam Britain with his guitar and his longtime buddy, Gypsy Dave, absorbing sunshine and folklore and celebrating both in song. Since scaling the international folk-music charts with *Catch the Wind*, *Colors* and *The Universal Soldier*, he has graduated to the world of psychedelics and electrified, Oriental-flavored music. *Sunshine Superman*, Donovan's first Epic album—like its title song, a number-one seller—contained lush, mobile arrangements utilizing brass, strings, woodwinds and amplified instruments from around the world. The songs evoked a sensory kaleidoscope, and despite occasionally obscure images, the themes of universal love and drugs as aphrodisiacs of the soul were clear enough. Donovan sang euphorically of "happiness in a pipe." His latest hit album—named for his million-selling single, *Mellow Yellow*—further extends his communion with the world around him: at various moments he is humorous, lyrical, introspective and socially opinionated ("Yourself you touch, but not too much—you've heard that it's degrading," he sings to a symbolic single girl). Both LPs fuse elements of traditional ballads, blues, ragas, jazz and classical music: the key to Donovan's success is that his keening melodies and flexible formats approximate the shifting moods and life textures of his time. What's more, the bulk of his output is simply "happy." Resisting critical tags such as "message" singer ("the word 'message' is for the older generation"), the trend-conscious Donovan has made unique contributions to the growing body of "personalized" pop music. Now experimenting with films and stage productions designed to "engulf" the audience, the mild-mannered hit maker seems set to live his own lyric and "follow through a dream to the end." Considering his tender age and manifold abilities, odds are that the sunshine superman will continue to set the style for his contemporaries.



THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS *the sound of shekels*

NOT SURPRISINGLY, the pop-music scene is involved with "sounds." There is the surfing sound of the Beach Boys. There is the Lovin' Spoonful's good-time sound. There is the Detroit sound and the Chicago blues sound, and there are hard-rock, psychedelic-rock, raga-rock and folk-rock sounds. And a while back, the scene was buzzing with talk about the newest sound—out of California. The Mamas and the Papas had just released *California Dreamin'*, their first big hit, and the word was: Dig the California sound. Only trouble was, the new group's roots were in Greenwich Village, where it started out. If the new style needed a tag, "the sound of the Mamas and the Papas" was the most accurate: The sound is a unique blend of voices that, in the old advertising phrase, has been seldom imitated, never duplicated; it belongs to them alone. "Actually," says bearded John Phillips, baritone, songwriter, arranger and leader of the group, "I've always kind of thought of it as the Virgin Islands sound. That's where we worked most of it out, lying around the beach two summers ago. That was 1965. We came back in September, formed the group officially in October, recorded in November and had a hit in January." Michelle, John's wife, provides the soprano that skitters around above the rest of the sound. Denny Doherty is the tenor. And Cass Elliott. Big Momma Cass. The mother of mankind, producer Lou Adler called her. Hers is the lusty contralto belting out leads, working around the other voices in the ensemble sections of numbers such as their Grammy-winning version of *Monday Monday*. Living in poverty only two years ago, the Mamas and the Papas today luxuriate in Underground splendor in their Southern California superpads. Where they used to scrounge for the bus fare uptown from the Village, they now own expensive foreign sports cars. Thanks to advance sales, their records win gold million-seller awards even before they are released. Through it all, the Mamas and the Papas manage to keep their cool. Cass says, "Oh, yeah. We had problems. But we aren't forcing it anymore. We worked only six weeks of concerts last year and that's more than enough." On tap: more records, some television, including an hour special on NBC scheduled for September, "and a lot of groovy times."



SIMON AND GARFUNKEL *the sound of the city*

IN A LOT OF WAYS, Simon and Garfunkel are weirdies. In this day of Electric Prunes and Grateful Dead, for example, Simon (left) and Garfunkel use their real names. For another thing, they do their own material, their own way. They don't go in for freaky frills: no long hair, no way-out behavior, no odd clothes. In concert, they eschew theatrics in favor of a straight delivery based on a rapport built up over years of working together. Their LPs show a consistent pattern of growth that can't be bagged: not folk, not rock, something new and different. "It's not really all that strange," says Paul Simon, who is the songwriter and guitarist of the pair. "We just try to be ourselves." Art Garfunkel, who does the arranging (when he's not studying at Columbia for his impending master's degree in mathematics), agrees: "We don't want to get too hung up on anything." They both sing, of course, and at 25, with ten years of experience and almost 6,000,000 records behind them, they are riding high atop a wave of enthusiasm that shows no sign of cresting. Simon's songs—understandably, given their popularity with the teeny beats—are about the pathos of being young. He writes about growing up ridiculous in an urban environment that is seldom controllable or comprehensible. His songs are about love and indifference and sex and absurdity. In compositions such as *The Dangling Conversation*, he cries out at man's failure to communicate: "I cannot feel your hand/You're a stranger now unto me/Lost in the dangling conversation . . ." Or, in a song such as *I Am a Rock*, he captures the defensiveness and self-protection that is a sorrowfully important part of life in the modern metropolis: ". . . I have my books and my poetry to protect me/I am shielded in my armor, hiding in my room. . . . I touch no one and no one touches me." Garfunkel's arrangements provide apt settings for Simon's lonely lyrics; the finely wrought harmonies he conceives, full of unexpected turns and quiet understatement, have become the duo's hallmark. On stage, Simon, short, playfully aggressive, commands the audience, makes it his; Garfunkel, tall, lithe, caresses the crowd with his gentle voice and supple gestures. Together they create gems of song, written by a youthful moralist and performed by a polished musical team.



AMERICA'S INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT (continued from page 132)

its maneuvers on the side of rightism and reaction.

The CIA is proud of its record in Guatemala, where it claims to have masterminded the overthrow of the Communist-influenced government of Jacobo Arbenz Guzman in 1954. Yet who was it our CIA agents backed afterward? A ruling junta led by Colonel Castillo Armas! He routed the Communists, all right. Then he set up a committee that seized without compensation some 800,000 acres of land from the peasants, returned rich holdings to the United Fruit Company, repealed laws guaranteeing the rights of workers and labor unions to bargain for their wages and, within a week after taking over the government, arrested 4000 persons on suspicion of Communist activities. In Guatemala today, 2,000,000 Indians continue to toil for starvation wages while ultrarich and antidemocratic landowners flourish. Their wealth is increasing, but, according to reports, anti-United States, pro-Castro sentiment has been smoldering under the surface.

In the days when John Foster Dulles was practicing brinkmanship in the State Department and his brother, Allen, was heading up the CIA, some fancy prose works were issued to justify the operation of the CIA adventure. In a book entitled *The Craft of Intelligence*, Allen Dulles cited the story in the *Book of Numbers* about Moses sending spies to the Land of Canaan, offered a solemn history of medieval Europe, alluded to Disraeli's coup in connection with the Suez Canal and, in general, built up a hair-raising picture of clear and present danger to justify the free-ranging powers of his agency. Mr. Dulles made eloquent arguments, but on the wrong subject. We who call for Congressional supervision of intelligence activities are not so much disturbed by the fact that billions of dollars are being poured into the collection of information. We are more disturbed by the fact that the CIA is not satisfied to be our watchdog, but wants to be its own master. It has taken on the character of a second government, answerable only to itself.

The CIA was never intended to direct the foreign policy of our country. It was organized as an intelligence-collecting agency only, not as an operating, policy-making branch of Government. Congress created the Agency in 1947 because of the failure on the part of our intelligence to anticipate the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The duties of the CIA were set forth in five short paragraphs:

1. To advise the National Security Council in matters concerning such intelligence activities of the

Government departments and agencies as relate to national security;

2. To make recommendations to the National Security Council for the coordination of such intelligence activities . . . ;

3. To correlate and evaluate intelligence relating to the national security, and to provide for the appropriate dissemination of such intelligence within the Government . . . provided that the Agency shall have no police, subpoena, law-enforcement powers or internal-security functions . . . ;

4. To perform, for the benefit of the existing intelligence agencies, such additional services of common concern as the National Security Council determines can be more efficiently accomplished centrally;

5. To perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct.

There is nothing in those paragraphs about overthrowing foreign governments, or mounting invasions, or offering \$3,000,000 bribes—as was done to Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew in Singapore. There is nothing about interfering in the affairs of the Dominican Republic or Vietnam—where I heard from an American official in October 1965 that Vietnam Nationals employed by the CIA had, in one instance, posed as Viet Cong and committed atrocities in a South Vietnamese village, either to discredit the Viet Cong or to prove loyalty to them. Whether such allegations were true, I cannot say. Other Senators visiting southeast Asia heard similar reports. All these powers were usurped on the basis of the little phrase "other functions." That is too broad a definition for me. Even President Truman, who called the CIA into being in 1947, wrote in 1963:

I never had any thought that when I set up the CIA that it would be injected into peacetime cloak-and-dagger operations. Some of the complications and embarrassment that I think we have experienced are in part attributable to the fact that this quiet intelligence arm of the President has been so removed from its intended role that it is being interpreted as a symbol of sinister and mysterious foreign intrigue—and a subject for cold-war enemy propaganda.

The far-flung power of the CIA operates not only in foreign lands today but even within the continental limits of the United States; 70 percent of all those

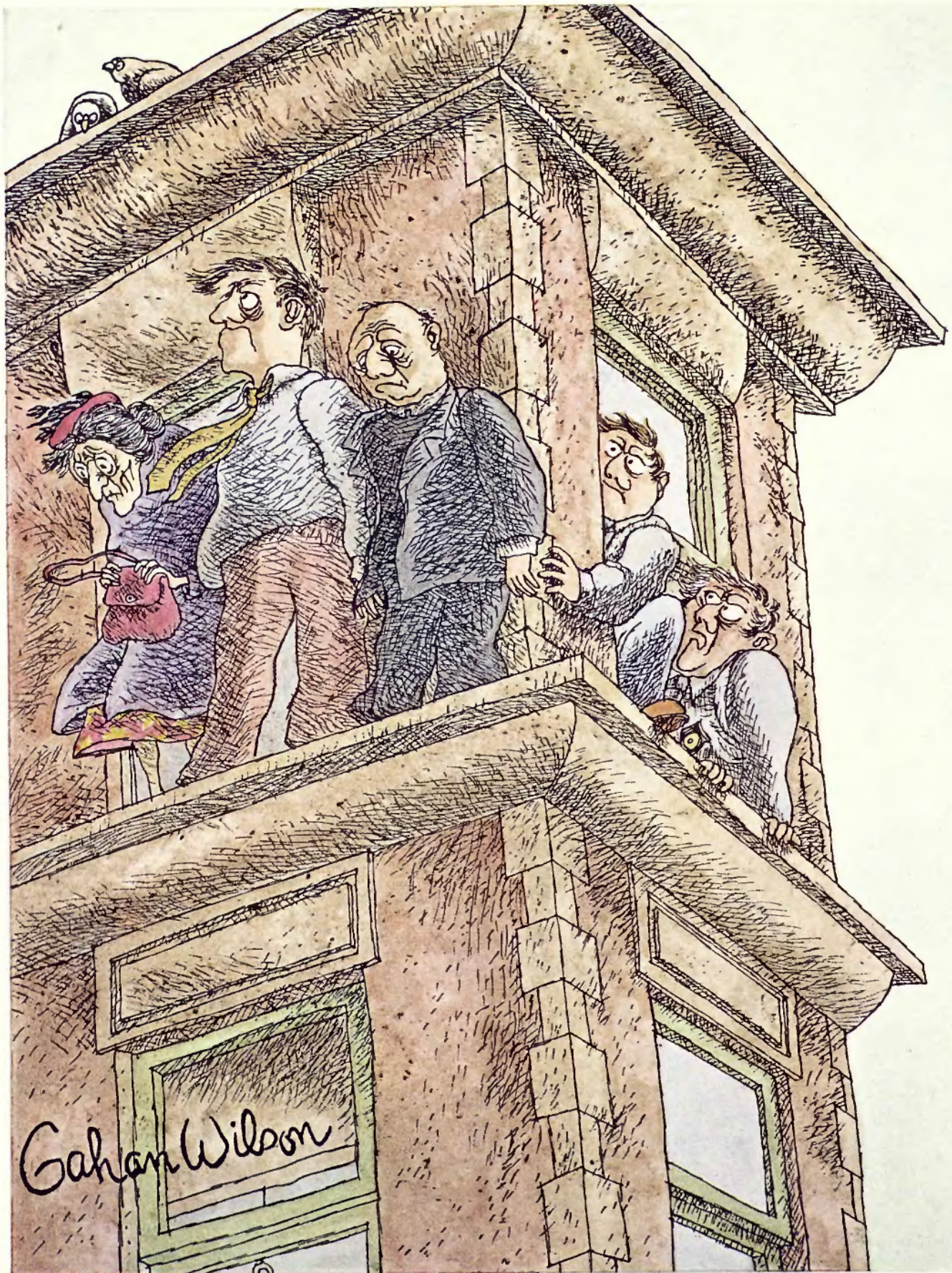
thousands of employees are wearing their cloaks and carrying their daggers right here at home. There are regional CIA offices in most of our major cities. There is CIA money subsidizing college programs, subtly and sometimes not so subtly influencing academic attitudes.

Such was the case when Michigan State University was used from 1955 to 1959 as a cover for CIA operations connected with our activities in South Vietnam. At Michigan State, the CIA is reported to have spent millions of dollars to train policemen and officials for President Ngo Dinh Diem; the university neglected its functions of scholarship to groom leaders for a foreign government. So, at least, were the accusations in an article in the April 1966 *Ramparts*, written by Stanley K. Sheinbaum, former coordinator of the university's Vietnam project. Mr. Sheinbaum certainly ought to know. Ralph Smuckler, acting dean of the Office of International Programs at Michigan State, has deprecated the story, asserting that everything in it was false and distorted. Other responsible department heads at the university say that there was substance in Sheinbaum's charges. The most disturbing part of the story is that there is no way to get at the real truth. There must be good reasons, however, for Harvard and other reputable universities to have refused to have any institutional involvement with the CIA.

Even more shocking was the disclosure in February that for 15 years the Central Intelligence Agency gave secret financial support, totaling millions of dollars, to the National Student Association, the nation's largest student organization, and additional millions to other youth, labor, education and church groups. The discovery of such maladroit maneuvers on the part of the CIA reduced virtually all scholarly and professional groups in America to the ranks of the suspect.

Such CIA interference in organizations outside its jurisdiction is inexcusable and indefensible. In this case, it brought embarrassment upon us at home and humiliation abroad. And it still poses a serious threat to academic freedom. Certainly other means could be found to handle financial assistance for these organizations and for similar ones when our country needs to be represented abroad. What the CIA did was not only immoral but in the end worked to the detriment of our national interests. It seems at least a possibility, for instance, that the National Student Association will disband. Certainly its overseas operations will be drastically curtailed. Henceforth, the credibility of all the organizations that received CIA funds—in some cases unwittingly—will be diminished.

The CIA also supports foundations and cultural groups, a publishing firm



"Now, for God's sake, Harrington, don't let him convince you!"



**come
on
strong!!**

DRESS BY DI SEY JOHNSON FOR PARAPHERNALIA. EARRINGS BY R. J. L.

Get that "livin'-end" feeling in Forward Fashion Sport Coats and Slacks. In the exclusive Daroff slim silhouette, with a bold thrust of shoulder. Choose from a burst of color. From the brightest Burnished Tones to the coolest blues. Fun-up your day in the sun...under the moon...everywhere.

Wear them. Compare them. Even to higher-priced clothes. See what the Daroff Personal Touch can do for you. See smarter fit. Looks that last. Superior, pre-tested fabrics—exclusive Dacron® and worsted blends. Looking for the hand-tailored quality that pays dividends in satisfaction? Discover 'Botany' 500 Forward Fashion Sport Coats \$45.00 to \$69.95, Slacks \$18.95 to \$32.95, Suits \$69.95 to \$110.00.

'BOTANY' 500® tailored by **DAROFF**



For name of nearest 'Botany' 500 dealer, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Industries). Prices slightly higher in the West. Linings Sanitized* treated for hygienic freshness. Also available in Canada, Peru and Australia.

and even a few trade unions. The CIA director can bring 100 foreigners into this country every year, totally exempt from our immigration laws. Some supposedly spontaneous demonstrations by anti-Castro Cubans and others may well have been inspired by the CIA. There is no way of finding out for sure.

What kind of minds control this vast organization? For the most part, they have been military in orientation. The first director of the CIA was Rear Admiral Roscoe S. Hillenkoetter, a brilliant Annapolis graduate who speaks three languages. He was succeeded in 1950 by General Walter Bedell Smith.

In February 1953, Allen Dulles was appointed by President Eisenhower to head the CIA. Dulles certainly brought remarkable experience and tremendous zeal to his post. He had earned a brilliant reputation as chief of the OSS in Switzerland. Educated at Auburn, Paris and Princeton, a former English teacher in the Far East, a successful international lawyer who knew personally many of the political and industrial leaders of Europe, he was eminently qualified for the job. Besides, his brother was Secretary of State.

Dulles' successor was John McCone, a man with white hair and a kind face. The American public learned little about him. He was not in the habit of giving interviews or making speeches. It is known, however, that he is a multimillionaire who made money in the ship-building business in wartime, directed the Panama Pacific Tankers Company (which carries oil to the Middle East); and that he received an engineer's degree from the University of California in 1922.

McCone was followed by Vice-Admiral William Francis Raborn, Jr., U.S.N. (retired). Admiral Raborn had been a Navy man since he received his ensign's commission in 1928. He had served his country with distinction as a Naval officer through the years. He helped develop the Navy's guided missiles and aviation ordnance. He became Director of Central Intelligence in 1963 and was formerly deputy chief of Naval Operations.

The present ruler of the CIA empire is Richard M. Helms, 53, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Williams, who speaks three languages and has been in the spy business for 25 years. During World War Two, he worked for the Office of Strategic Services and—after a brief stay with the War Department's intelligence unit—he joined the CIA when it was founded in 1947. Unlike most of his predecessors, Helms is not a professional military man. As a civilian, he is presumably better suited to head this civilian agency.

What kind of people work for the CIA? On the one hand, there is the vast number of employees who work in the

headquarters at McLean, Virginia, and in the various regional offices. Many of them are recruited on college campuses from the cream of the student body. All are young people with excellent educations, many of them Ph.D.s. Quite different are the agents in the field. The "career" secret agent must have an unusual combination of skills. He must be keen and sensitive, adept at languages, at geography, at duplicity. He must be highly motivated and patriotic, willing to undergo dangers, yet always remain anonymous. But from the report on CIA operations in countries like Laos and Guatemala, there is clearly a streak of the adventurer in many of these individuals. They may not be as colorful or sartorially impeccable as James Bond, but a number of them have certainly shown themselves capable of equally highhanded, picaresque behavior. While many have proved themselves competent spies, few are the type to whom the American people would be likely to turn for the fateful decision-making powers that have sometimes been left in their hands.

At the CIA's \$46,000,000 "hidden" headquarters in Langley, Virginia, the interior architecture is so designed that half the time, I am informed, one CIA employee hasn't the slightest idea what anyone else in the place is up to. This secrecy within secrecy may reinforce the security of the operation, but has been known to interfere with its efficiency and economy. The building contains some fantastic facilities—enough to gladden the heart of any spy-movie director in the world. There are special explosives, miniaturized weapons, invisible inks, an electronic brain, a phototype robot with the thrilling designation of Intellofax, and a huge library containing 200,000 newspapers, books and other periodicals. The CIA's electronic brain can call up information stored on 40,000,000 punch cards. I was amused to learn also that the CIA library harbors a gigantic collection of spy and mystery stories, from Edgar Allan Poe to Ian Fleming. It is comforting to know that if our boys ever run out of their own ideas, they can consult the creative masters in the field.

All of these resources, of course, help account for the staggering sums funneled through the CIA and the other agencies in our intelligence effort. Don't misunderstand me. If the CIA is our most hush-hush agency, that is surely as it should be. If everything about it is kept under cover, the needs of the operation would seem to require this. I would be the last to want to hamper CIA employees from satisfactorily performing their important duties. *But how can I, as an elected representative of the people, be sure that this is happening?* I know of ample evidence, which has come to light just in the past three years, to cause me to doubt the efficiency and good judg-

ment of some CIA employees and officials. About some of the details I prefer to exercise the charity of my own silence. The purpose of this article is not to impugn the motives of our intelligence people nor to hamper their legitimate work in protecting our interests, but to suggest a better form of control. Many millions of taxpayers' dollars are being spent for the maintenance of this operation, and the taxpayers are entitled at least to reliable assurance that money for the CIA is at all times being spent wisely.

Twelve years ago, the Hoover Commission recommended a joint Senate-House "watchdog" committee to supervise the CIA. Primarily because officials of the CIA opposed it, this recommendation was never implemented.

I recently introduced a legislative proposal providing for a joint Congressional committee to serve as master to the CIA watchdog and to monitor its activities and expenditures. My bill proposes that a special committee be set up, composed of 12 Senators and Representatives, one majority and one minority member of each of the House and Senate committees on Armed Services, Appropriations and Foreign Relations. This joint Congressional committee would be empowered to hold regular executive or secret sessions and would be provided with adequate funds, space and staff.

The present two informal committees—one in the Senate, the other in the House—have no staff whatever. They are composed of the chairmen and ranking majority and minority members of the Appropriations and Armed Services committees of both houses. The members of these two committees already have a tremendous work load. I must say, I was surprised when I learned that one very influential member of Congress, with considerable seniority and a fine record of personal and political achievement, had stated sometime following his appointment to this committee, "I don't know much about the operations of the CIA and I don't want to know." That's a shocking state of affairs.

Our founding fathers, who were the architects of our Constitution, gave the Senate the power to offer advice and consent to the President in making treaties with foreign nations and to advise and consent to the appointment of certain high officials in the Executive and Judicial branches of our Government. The Congress alone is the source and must remain the source of all foreign-policy legislation. Congress alone must decide the proper appropriations for foreign assistance. If it is true that the CIA, however indirectly, is infringing on the responsibilities of the State Department, the Defense Department and the authority of Congress, this infringement must stop.

I have no way of *proving* that the CIA 157



is overstaffed. I have no way of *proving* that the CIA is spending too much of the taxpayers' money. Neither can any other Senator or Representative. But we have good reasons for suspicion. We do not need two governments; one is enough.

In their eye-opening book on the Central Intelligence Agency, *The Invisible Government*, David Wise and Thomas B. Ross state:

Can the Invisible Government ever be made fully compatible with the democratic system?

The answer is no. It cannot be made fully compatible. But, on the other hand, it seems inescapable that some form of Invisible Government is essential to national security in a time of Cold War. Therefore, the urgent necessity in such a national dilemma is to make the Invisible Government as reconcilable as possible with the democratic system, aware that no more than a tenuous compromise can be achieved.

What, then, is to be done?

Most important, the public, the President and the Congress must support steps to control the intelligence establishment, to place checks on its power and to make it truly accountable, particularly in the area of special operations.

The danger of special operations does not lie in tables of organization or questions of technique, but in embarking upon them too readily and without effective Presidential control. Special operations pose dangers not only to the nations against which they are directed but



to ourselves. They raise the question of how far a free society, in attempting to preserve itself, can emulate a closed society without becoming indistinguishable from it.

In our free society, the end cannot be construed to justify the means. The danger of emulating the methods of our enemies is that we may find ourselves also parroting their morality. Those inside the secret ring of the CIA are all too likely to succumb to the simple human failing of rationalizing their own decisions and behavior. Objective evaluation by responsible elected representatives is the best way to counteract this. That is the whole point of our constitutional system of checks and balances. Swashbuckling, duplicitous, highhanded, adventurous behavior is tremendously amusing in books and movies—the more the better. But when dealing with the real world, and real human lives, secrecy and duplicity cannot be allowed to run amuck with our safety, our prestige and our national welfare.

A small joint committee on the Central Intelligence Agency, such as I have proposed, would provide the safeguards necessary to prevent abuses of power by the CIA. It would assure that Congress is included in decisions vital to our national security, in accordance with the provisions and intent of the Constitution of the United States.

In the CIA's vast hideaway in Virginia, the marble inscription on the left wall reads: AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE. How about that?



GRAND PRIX

(continued from page 94)

concept of true motor racing as a competition by fast cars over ordinary two-lane roadway had been established as the ideal. It still is.

Some courses, like Le Mans and Rheims in France, incorporate regular highway; one, Silverstone in England, is based on a World War Two airport; Watkins Glen in the United States and the Nürburgring in Germany were designed and built for racing, and simulate roadway. The length of the course can be anything: Monte Carlo is 1.9 miles to the lap, the Nürburgring is 14.2. A race at Monte Carlo, or, properly, Monaco, is 100 laps. The Grand Prix of Germany at the Ring is 15. This year's 11 races (there were 9 last year) will be run in France, Monaco, Holland, Germany, Belgium, England, Italy, South Africa, Canada, the United States and Mexico. These are the races that count toward the world championship for drivers and the championship for constructors, the manufacturers of the cars, on a system of points for winning and placing. They are properly called *grandes épreuves*—the word means "test," or "trial"—and purists argue that only the old European races are *grandes épreuves*, excluding such social climbers as Mexico and the United States. That aside, a country can have a number of Grand Prix races, that is, races run to the standard set up by the world governing body of the sport, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, but it can nominate only one as its *grande épreuve*, and this one is designated with the name of the country: the *Grand Prix de France*, and so on. The G.P. of the United States is run over the 2.3-mile course in Watkins Glen, the Upstate New York village where American road racing was re-established in 1948.

The first 1967 Grand Prix was the South African, run January 2 at Kyalami. Pedro Rodriguez won in a Cooper-Maserati. Rodriguez had not won a G.P. before. His primary reputation, and it is a formidable one, is as a long-distance specialist. Pedro and his younger brother Ricardo began their careers on the Mexican motorcycle circuits. They moved to sports cars and Ricardo won a race at Riverside in California before he was old enough to have a license to drive on the road. He was killed in practice for the Grand Prix of Mexico in 1962.

The drivers' world-championship system was set up only recently, in 1950, and nine men have held the title since. One, Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina, won it five times; Jack Brabham of Australia, the current holder, three times; and Jim Clark of Scotland and Alberto Ascari of Italy, twice each. One American has been champion: Phil Hill in 1961. Fangio won 24 Grand Prix races during his career. Clark, next highest

ranked, has so far won 20. British drivers have dominated the field for more than a decade.

It is usual, in American journalism, to qualify the champion's title, the ordinary form being "road-racing champion of the world." This is a gratuitous and egregious error. The fact is that the champion of the world is just that: the universal boss, properly ranked over the lesser talents who drive only stock cars, midgerts, dirt-track cars, sports cars, Indianapolis cars, and so on. The Grand Prix driver's car, and the terrain over which he moves it, demand all of the separate skills of the other and lower categories, raised to the nth power. It is basic to an understanding of the fantastic level of skill required to drive a G. P. car flat out to know that it has nothing whatever to do with driving a two-seater sports car at 100 miles an hour on a parkway; there is virtually no connection between the two things, save one so tenuous as to be analogous to that between a hand-cranked hurdy-gurdy and a cathedral organ. Thus, the really great Grand Prix driver can drive anything. He can outmatch the specialists in their own fields. Examples abound. Stirling Moss of England, probably the greatest driver who ever lived, was as capable in sports cars as in Grand Prix. He won the most demanding of all sports-car races, the 1000-mile cross-country Mille Miglia, at the highest aver-

age speed ever recorded, almost 100 miles an hour, which meant doing 175 on slippery two-lane roads, and going into cities at 150. He won the coveted Coupe des Alpes of the Alpine Rally, a stock-car event, three times in succession for not having lost a single point, a feat accomplished only once before. He drove land-speed-record cars and he drove karts.

When Jimmy Clark came to Indianapolis in 1963, moguls of the "500" establishment, parochial as Tibetans, unlettered and naïve, were merry at the prospect of a "sporty-car" driver pitted against the brutal reality of the "Brickyard" and the hairy men who ran on it. It was instantly obvious that as far as skill mattered, Clark could blow off any driver in the place when and where he pleased. Two years later, having sorted out problems of rules, rubber and pit crews, he did just that. There were those who were astonished, because Indianapolis was the first big track race Clark had tried. They need not have been. Jack Brabham ran for years on Australian dirt tracks. It was valuable schooling, but he didn't learn how to drive, in the full sense of the word, until he went to Europe.

Of every 100 men who attempt a serious stab at Grand Prix racing, talented men with good backgrounds in other kinds of driving, two or three will, in the course of anything up to five years, make

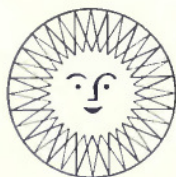
it: They will step into the ring of 20 or so drivers who are internationally "ranked," which is to say, licensed to drive Grand Prix cars. Of this number, perhaps half will be good enough to be serious contenders for the world championship; one out of five of this group will almost certainly win it. In some years there may be one out of the top five—he will not necessarily be the champion—so incredibly skilled that he approaches the eerie. In its 72 years of existence, motor racing has produced five such: Tazio Nuvolari, Rudolf Caracciola, Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss and Jimmy Clark. All of them were clearly gifted far beyond common capacity, and all remarkable for obsessive single-mindedness and blinding concentration.

Concentration is the single most valuable attribute of a Grand Prix driver, assuming he has the ordinary armorarium of needed skills. It is easy to see why. Think of yourself in a car that will do 190 miles an hour, on the Bonneville Salt flats, with a completely clear, billiard-table-level ten miles ahead, marked on the crystal surface by a six-inch-wide tar-black line. One mile from the end of the course, you have arranged for two bright-red flags to be stuck into the salt, so that you will have time to brake. You have only to crank the car up to 190, keep it reasonably close to the black line, and stop it gradually. For miles around,

Carsuals® Swing!



A swinging combination — non-cuff styled ivy slacks with the Carsual flair. • The action-set swings out in subtle hues of care-free Permanent Pressed diagonal twills and polyester/combed cotton Carsual slacks. • Carwood Carsuals—featured at swinging stores everywhere. About \$7.00.



Carwood Manufacturing Company

Division of Chadbourn Gotham, Inc., Winder, Georgia

there's nothing you can run into. In this simple situation, so placid in the telling, you will find yourself concentrating until your head hurts, because once you have passed 125 miles an hour, a single coarse movement of the steering wheel, a bungled gear shift, a panic lunge at the brake is enough to start the car sliding, to roll it, and to kill you.

Now, put yourself in the situation of a Grand Prix driver running in the race that usually opens the season: the Grand Prix of Monaco. You are wearing flameproof underwear and flameproof overalls, leather gloves and the best helmet the aviation industry can produce and money can buy. Your goggles cover the top half of your face. For the rest, you tie on a mask of white flameproof cloth. You are now fireproof—for a maximum of 30 seconds. If you're not out of the burning car by then, all bets are off. You have lowered yourself into the vehicle by stretching your arms over your head and tucking them into the car afterward. You have just enough arm movement to turn the steering wheel through the limited arc it requires and to flip the gear-shift lever through its 4, 5 or 6 slots. You are going to get tired of that, because you'll have to shift every three to five seconds for two hours and 40 minutes: about 2500 times—and 2500 clutch-pedal movements. You'll put the brakes on as hard as you know how 600 times. The car has been set up, or chassistuned, to your precise requirements, which may have made it almost undrivable by another man. You may prefer that it understeer a bit in the corners, tending to go straight, or plow, where another driver would rather have the rear end swing out. Within reason, your mechanics will adjust the car to do anything you like, to help you in your basic problem, which is to make it go just as fast as it possibly can every foot of the way. This means holding it at a speed just a hair under the rate at which it will lose all tire adhesion and fly off the road into the scenery. If you go slower, everyone will pass you; faster, you'll be out of the race and probably into the hospital. Everything is complicated by the fact that you are going to race through city streets, nowhere more than two cars wide. Monte Carlo is a hilly city, and you are going to go steeply up and steeply down; you are going to go through right-angle corners, hairpins, fast bends; once a lap you are going through a tunnel (at about 115) so curved that you can't see the exit from the entrance, and will have to hope, 100 times, that no one is sliding crosswise in front of you. Out of the tunnel you will howl along an unfenced water front. High curbs, marble and granite buildings, plate-glass windows, trees and water border the circuit. There is not a yard of ground in which a driver can make the slightest mistake and not pay for it,

in lost time, damage to the car or injury to himself.

No two circuits are alike. The Nürburgring has 176 bends, and rises and falls 3000 feet. Zandvoort, in Holland, lies in dune country. A strong wind blows off the sea and lays sand, nearly as slippery as oil at high speeds, on the corners. At Spa, in Belgium, it nearly always rains. Last year the weather was clear at the starting line, but halfway around the 8.7-mile circuit the whole field of cars, running about 140 mph, slammed into a wall of rain. Because he must constantly adjust to changes in his environment ranging from minor to startling (driving a G. P. car fast in traffic requires about five decisions a second), the driver must function at a high efficiency without interruption, and he must have unusual equipment to begin with. Most G. P. drivers are slightly but strongly built. (Big men are unusual.) They have notable endurance and they recuperate quickly from injury. They are rarely ill.

It's hard to think of one who is not physically compelling in one way or another, and since women are irresistibly attracted to men, no matter what they look like, who are conspicuously wealthy or conspicuously brave, racing drivers can move centered in shoals of good-looking women. The committed ones—wives, mistresses, friends—cluster around the pits, and the closer they are to the drivers the more likely they'll be actively helping, scoring, timekeeping, whatever. They want to be busy, they don't want to think about what it's like on the circuit, about what may happen out there. The others, most of them attached to men of lesser rank than drivers, men concerned with the sport in any capacity from team manager to spectator, float about looking madly glamorous in hippies or golden-leather miniskirts. The drivers are not more than momentarily diverted. The girls, they know, will be around forever, but this race, today, will never be run again.

A London psychologist, Berenice Krikler, made the only study of the G. P. driver I know, using as a sample five of the top rankers, including two world champions. She found that they were well above their national levels in intelligence; that their motor reaction times were, on average, no faster than those of a control group of nondrivers, but that they were capable, when motivated, of reaction times quite beyond those of the control group, and were particularly fast in foot reaction; that their concentration was superior, equal to that of college graduates of higher intelligence than theirs; that their mental speed was below average in relaxed circumstances but extraordinarily high when they were put under stress. (Most people, of course, react oppositely.) They were nonimpulsive, attentive to detail, patient, persistent,

and very realistic in the goals they set for themselves. They felt somewhat detached from ordinary life, and took a great sense of exhilaration, power and control out of driving, so much so as to indicate that retirement is probably harder for a race driver than for any other comparable professional. The root fascination for the driver lies in his control over a vehicle that combines brute power and great delicacy, with high stakes riding on his maintenance of this control: wealth, fame, life or death.

Wealth is probably the least of it. One or two drivers at the top of the tree may get into the \$100,000-a-year bracket, sometimes perhaps quite a little way into it, but most are pleased to do \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year. On European circuits, first prize for a big race may be less than \$3000, to be shared with the owner of the car. (First prize at Indianapolis in 1966 was worth over \$150,000 to Graham Hill, the 1962 world champion who won.) The driver will take up to \$1000 in "starting money," paid if he begins the race, regardless of where he finishes. A top-ranking driver will have contracts with manufacturers of everything from tires to toothpaste, and these can bring him \$50,000 a year, or \$1000, depending upon how well he did the season before. The percentages of owner-driver splits are tightly held secrets, but they are not often as good as 50-50. The driver's solution would seem to be to race his own car, but the cost is so nearly prohibitive that there are only three men trying. Joakim Bonnier, a Swede, and Guy Ligier, of France, are independently wealthy; Bob Anderson, an Englishman, actually makes racing support him, a feat for which he is held in awe.

Another factor militating against privateers is that the race-car manufacturers will not sell cars as good as those they propose to run themselves. The only private *patron* still trying to buck the factories is Rob Walker of the Johnny Walker Scotch whisky firm. Walker's financial resources are of course ample, but no amount of money will buy a duplicate of Enzo Ferrari's or Jack Brabham's number-one car. Walker has had his triumphs—one of Moss' greatest races was Monaco 1961 in a Walker-owned Lotus, the second time a Walker car had won that Grand Prix—and, in the old British sports tradition, he will probably go on as long as he has a chance of winning and as long as the tax people will let him; but when he finally steps aside, it's unlikely anyone will take up the torch.

The major firms currently building Formula 1 cars are Honda of Japan, Ferrari of Italy, All-American Racers of the United States, McLaren, Brabham, Lotus, Cooper and BRM of Great Britain. Ferrari and Lotus sell passenger cars in limited numbers, as does Honda, which also has a broad supportive base in

The Informal Formals

We're not saying you don't need a conventional tuxedo. But there are times when you need something less—well, less formal. So we added a new kind of formalwear to our collection.

We call it the Informal Formal.

What you get with the Informal Formal is a whole different look. Which, in turn, gives you a whole different feeling. You know, all dressed up. But in a



and self-conscious? And started to squirm. It's not that your tuxedo was tight. It's just that you weren't loose.

Or how about the times your wife got all dressed up in a new cocktail dress that just knocked you out? And you put on your good tropical suit. And

you just didn't make it.

You'd have made it in an Informal Formal.

What you do is hang one between your tropical suit and your tuxedo. And when the time comes (as it must in every man's life) when you don't know whether to reach for the tropical or the tux, you reach for this.

You can wear the Informal Formal to lots of places.

For example, dinner and dancing at the Club—on a Tuesday night.

At a romantic candlelight dinner for two—with domestic champagne.

To a very expensive supper club—when you're only sitting at the bar.

You get the idea.

Now, why not get the Informal Formal?



casual kind of way. And how many times have you wished for that?

How many times, for instance, have you felt just a little overdressed



FORMAL WEAR: TRADITIONAL, CONTEMPORARY, AVANT GARDE, AND ALL ACCESSORIES FROM HATS TO SHOES

after
Six

BY RUDOLFER, 22ND & MARKET STS. PHILA.; 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NY



**The well behaved suit
for the man
who won't behave**

A cool dimension in fine raiment... for the man on the go... the active man... the jet set man... whose business or pleasure may take him anywhere... from Tokyo to Topeka. Globe Circler, a blend of Mohair, Dacron® and Worsted has the true lustre of high fashion... keeps its crease, resists wrinkles... looks as good at 9 PM as it did at 9 AM. Distinctively styled for the man in a hurry... ideal for Spring and Summer's busy schedule. See it at fine stores everywhere.

industry. Brabham manufactures race cars for sale and has sold 250 of them (Formula II, Formula III, Formula Junior), which makes him a General Motors-like giant in a field in which the sale of a dozen cars is a big deal. McLaren—a firm headed, like Brabham, and Dan Gurney's All-American Racers, by a driver, the New Zealander Bruce McLaren—makes Grand Prix cars. Cooper has a profitable backup in modifying passenger cars to go faster than standard. All-American Racers sells Indianapolis cars, Gurney-Weslake cylinder heads, and has had oil and tire sponsors.

In the beginning, race cars were fast versions of passenger cars by the same builders, and their costs were reasonably charged to advertising. In the 1930s, the Italian and German governments under Mussolini and Hitler subsidized Grand Prix teams as instruments of national propaganda, a gambit that reached its zenith in the monster Auto-Union and Mercedes-Benz cars running just before World War Two. One of them, the W125 Mercedes-Benz of 1937, weighed less than 1650 pounds and produced 646 horsepower. The German cars were unbeatable, and they did serve a provably useful propaganda purpose. Today propaganda is still the root support behind motor racing, but it is commercial, not nationalistic in purpose. An oil company may allocate \$500,000 a year to racing, to be able to advertise that So-and-So won the G.P. of Whatzit on Blotz gasoline and oil. It was to make this support possible that exotic fuels based on alcohols were forbidden in Grand Prix racing a few years ago in favor of gasoline—aviation gas, to be sure, but gas just the same. The connection between the 130-octane fuel in a G.P. car and the regular in an MG in Birmingham is meaningless, of course, but it sells gasoline. Only three companies make racing tires today—Firestone, Dunlop, Goodyear. The competition among them is fierce and on a 24-hour-a-day basis. Spark-plug makers, battery companies, all manner of people lumped as accessory suppliers are willing to buy some of the publicity value of Grand Prix racing. For the builders of whole cars, it's a little tougher. A sports car or a *gran turismo* car can look a lot like a standard showroom sedan—thus the millions it cost Ford to win Le Mans were intelligently and usefully spent—but it's hard for the average motorist to relate his station wagon to a Lotus. A Grand Prix car is not a desirable consumer device.

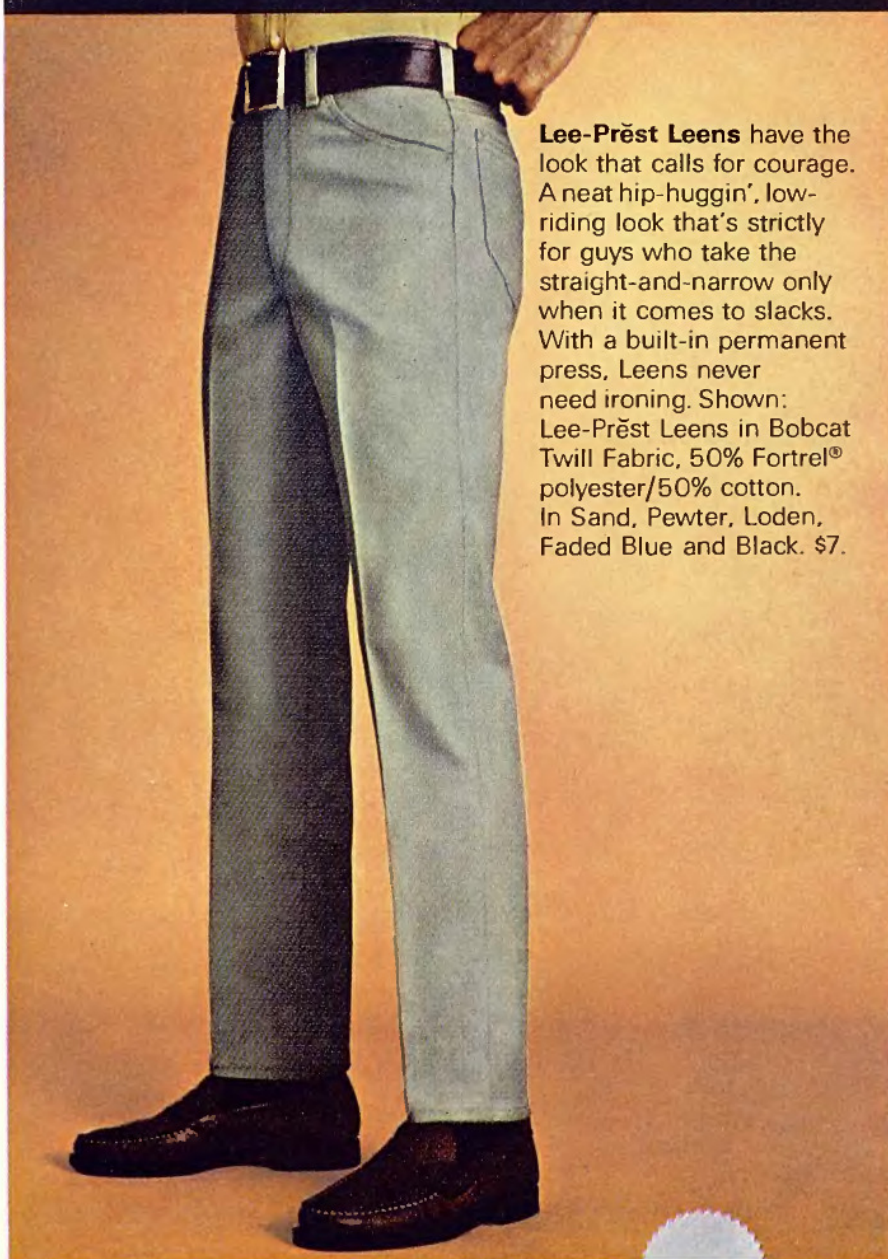
Advocates of sports that are dull, dangerous or immoral have always been resourceful in fostering and defending them. Boxing, as ugly an endeavor as has been sanctioned for public display in our time, is touted as character-building. Until it became totally absurd, the cliché traditionally supportive of horse racing

was, "it improves the breed." Fleeter carriage horses, sturdier draft animals were available, our grandfathers were asked to believe, because of the Mendelian pressures built up on the tracks. The boredom of baseball was excused on the ground of patriotism, the game was held to be as American as apple pie—a European culinary invention, by the way. Motor racing has its own cliché: "The race car of today is the passenger car of tomorrow." This line is most often hustled by motoring journalists anxious to inflate the importance of the field they cover and by race-track promoters. It is completely without substance. The late Laurence Pomeroy, the foremost world authority on Grand Prix automobiles, wrote, "Nearly all the worthwhile inventions of automobilism had been lodged in the Patent Office before the first Grand Prix of 1906, and the few remaining discoveries virtually coincided with the early period of Grand Prix racing. . . ." He goes on to list 12 basic inventions, all of which have repeatedly been claimed as originating in racing, and none of which did. He might have added two dozen other things, from the automatic transmission and power steering to the limited-slip differential, to disk brakes, all of which came to racing long after their use by civilians. I did believe for years that motor racing had contributed one thing to the general welfare: the rearview mirror. I believed and even, *mea culpa*, lay down on paper that Ray Harroun, who won the first Indianapolis "500" race, had devised the rearview mirror because he proposed to run the race alone, without the usual riding mechanic to tell him what was going on astern. This jolly little fable was lately blown out of the water by one Thom Skeer of Woodbridge, Virginia. Writing to the magazine *Road & Track*, Mr. Skeer avers that the rearview was patented (No. 516,910) in 1894—for use on bicycles. He deserves a vote of thanks. It is enough that automobile racing has produced such nonutilitarian devices as seats made out of gas tanks and engines that will turn at the unlikely rate of 200 times a second. The rest is hypocrisy. One does not hear the Swiss argue that ropes developed for mountain climbing have meant stouter clotheslines for the housewife. The Spanish would deny that the *corrida de toros* has improved the breed of anything except the bulls, and that only to make them more nearly absolutely useless for anything except killing horses and men. Grand Prix racing similarly should be its own justification. There are few endeavors in which men voluntarily add life risk to the production of an aesthetically moving spectacle. That is enough. More should not be asked.



straight and narrow slacks

(not for the narrow-minded)



Lee-Präst Leens have the look that calls for courage. A neat hip-huggin', low-riding look that's strictly for guys who take the straight-and-narrow only when it comes to slacks. With a built-in permanent press, Leens never need ironing. Shown: Lee-Präst Leens in Bobcat Twill Fabric, 50% Fortrel® polyester/50% cotton. In Sand, Pewter, Loden, Faded Blue and Black. \$7.

Lee-PRÄST® Leens®

KORATRON
LIC. U.S. PAT. 2,974,432

H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Dept. A, P. D. Box 440, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66201. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



Go ahead. Change that tame, old room into a delightfully wild one. With the most unusual Furniture® you've ever seen. ■ Carefully upholstered with deep, plush fabrics featuring the rich, pelted look of precious fur by Norwood Mills. (Looks and feels unbelievably real.) ■ Available now for immediate delivery at fine stores everywhere. Write for more wild information: Howard-Parlor Furniture Co., 3737 S. Ashland, Chicago 60609.

HOWARD~PARLOR

WILD UP A TAME ROOM



say so, fortunetellers say so. So they wait."

"But if the boy has gone with the . . ."

The dry leaves in the old man's throat were rustling again, and when the doctor translated he was careful and suddenly formal. "He welcomes you to village. He congratulates your Army for victory. He promise cooperation his family, his friends. He asks only permission to wait."

"To wait? Sure he can wait," said the sergeant. "Whatever he's waiting for. But tell him he can start cooperating right now. Tell him that we gotta spray this place and them with DDT now."

The doctor looked away. "Nobody sick here. Looks clean."

"I know, but we got orders."

"OK," the doctor said, "OK." And he spoke again to the weathered face of the father. All this time the girl sat unmoving. But it was not repose: It seemed too still for that. Even her breathing was controlled, invisible. She was wound up tight, concentrating on the moment, absorbing every word, hearing every dink and shuffle behind her. I was sure that she knew, without turning, how many of us were there, and what we carried and what we looked like; and suddenly I had the sensation that she also knew what I was thinking, and at that thought desire plunged through me, followed by shame. But then the doctor started translating the father's words and all reverie ended.

"I told him what you say. He says, No. He says you cannot enter house today. He says, you go in house, you try touch girl, he will try kill you. He says, maybe he can't kill you, maybe you shoot him, but he will try. He says you come in and touch girl, you must kill him and young boy, and maybe girl, too."

We all stared into the seamed face of the old man. His glittering eyes stung each of us in turn and passed on. For a long moment no one moved, no one spoke; we stood in a frieze, an invisible line drawn between the three people in the house and the four of us in the mud of the courtyard. There was the sunshine, dazzling on the white garment of the old man, a gleam of red lacquer deep in the shadows of the room beyond the girl, her blue-black hair, and the prattle of the stream. I felt the dust gun, heavy in my hand, and heard, from the woods behind the house, an unfamiliar birdcall, lonesome and sweet.

Finally the sergeant found his voice. "Tell Papa-san we have to spray and there's nothing he can do about it. Tell him what DDT is, about typhus and lice,

and about all the people who are sick in his village. Tell him it won't hurt her. Tell him."

The doctor sighed and began. He spoke softly and the old man watched and listened, and still the girl didn't move and the young boy glared. We were damp with sweat, our uniforms grimy. We carried weapons and the rude dust guns, and our boots were covered with mud and filth. And then I looked at the old man in his brilliant white robe, and at the girl in her carmine skirt and embroidered yellow jacket, and at the blue-silk cushion and the ribbon in her hair. And I wondered if the hygiene lesson was as incomprehensible to them, who understood the language, as it was to me, for whom the sounds were meaningless.

At length the doctor finished and it was the old man's turn. He gestured toward the girl, and to us, and it seemed he shook his head. "OK," said the doctor. "I think DDT OK. But he say girl clean, she wash body every day, no lice, no typhus here. This clean house, he say. This virgin girl. Man never touch her. If man touch her wedding dress, specially if GI touch her, she cannot marry. But he say DDT OK, but he will give DDT. You DDT boy, he will watch, then he will DDT the girl."

The sergeant sighed. "OK," he said. At an order from the old man, the boy stood up. Taking my dust gun, the sergeant stepped up on the flat stone under the portico. The boy came to him and the sergeant pumped powder into the boy's sleeves, and down his neck in front and back, and up the legs of his trousers

and down around the waistband. For each operation, he gently turned the boy so the old man could see what he was doing. The boy's eyes narrowed and his lips set tight; and still the girl had not stirred. When the sergeant was finished, he walked over and handed the duster up to the father. The old man took it, holding it backward, and muttered something.

"He is very sad," the doctor translated. "He says again, she wash every day, not sick. He think maybe DDT very bad thing for bride, for virgin."

The sergeant's voice tightened. "You just tell him it won't hurt her, and that if he don't do it, I will." And he hitched his carbine around so that the old man would be reminded of it.

The father studied the sergeant, nodded slowly and walked around to face the girl. Words fluttered from his mouth, long sentences, and he seemed to bow slightly. We waited. And then, in slow motion, like wood smoke drifting upward on a calm day, the girl rose to her full height, tall as the old man, taller. The fall of black hair hung straight for half her length, glossy and cool, and the pink ribbon at the end swayed saucily. A small red flower, like those of the garland on the gate, fell from her lap to the floor. Her figure was hidden within her billowing red skirt; but in the soft contour of shoulder and neck, there was sign enough of youth, grace and beauty to kindle us all. We knew she felt our stares and that somehow she was fencing with our lust: Tall and erect though she stood, she was poised to spring away if we approached too near, or to vanish entirely by some stroke of girlish magic. I heard the strange birdcall again, nearer



"I never met a man I didn't like."

now, and fancied that it came from within the house.

The old man spoke and the girl lifted her arms toward her father. Her hands seemed strangely small and pale. Nervously, the old man edged the snout of the dust gun under one cuff and looked at the sergeant. The sergeant nodded. The man twiddled the handle and blinked in bewilderment when nothing happened.

"Harder," said the sergeant, making a fist and pushing the air. The father muttered what sounded like a curse, planted his feet wide and pumped the gun vigorously. His eyes were moist. We could see some white powder puff out through the pores of the long lemon-yellow sleeves, but the girl stood rigid. The old man glanced at us again, took a deep breath and started on the other sleeve. Abruptly, the doctor turned away and studied the label on a bottle of pills. But the three of us, hoping that the girl would have to turn, could not unfasten our eyes from the back of her head.

When the sleeves were done, the old man turned pleading eyes on us again, but the sergeant pulled at his own belt and pointed inside his trousers and into his shirt. For a second longer, the old man watched the sergeant's face, weighing, wondering. Then he spoke softly to the girl. Her arms came down and the back of her high waistband tightened as she pulled it out in front. Over his daughter's shoulder the father gazed, looking at us and beyond, as if he could somehow lessen the insult of the thing

by counting the trees along the hilltop across the valley; and the sprayer worked briskly in his hands.

It could have ended there, I suppose. No one really thought that the dusting of the girl was essential, and I am sure that the sergeant, when he first insisted, had not imagined what it would lead to. Now he had obeyed his orders and he could have halted the performance. But the event was running and no one thought to turn it off; we were all caught up in it, desperate to see the face of the girl. So when the father looked to us again, the sergeant pointed to the girl's back with one hand and to his own with the other.

And now the old man had a problem: to turn the girl or to come around and dust her from our side. He considered, and whispered a phrase. Smoothly, as if she were on a turntable, the bride moved around to face us, her hair glistening in the sunlight.

The face we saw was small, eternal and composed, the living model for all the ivory dolls in all the curio shops in all the East. It was a shockingly young face, cream smooth and glowing with a golden tint that was only partly embarrassment. Her lips, damp like the red flowers she had gathered, were slightly parted, but she knew the danger of smiling at strangers on her wedding day. From her moist brown eyes—wide, profound and serene—an oceanic gaze laved over us, floating us one by one to an ancient peaceful land of pagodas and silks and strange music, the Orient of the picture

books. I thought I heard a temple bell, and for a long dream, in the instant she looked at me, the guns had never fired. Then the tide of her eyes receded; she dropped us one at a time and we were discarded, floundering and gasping, in the war-struck village at the valley's head.

It was over in a minute. The girl stood motionless and patient while her father pumped DDT into the back of her blouse and skirt. Then her small, soft hands gathered the folds of her skirt together. But before she knelt again, she looked out over our heads, and at that instant I heard the bird once more. The girl heard it, too, and caught her breath; a smile tugged at her lips, and she spoke one word.

"What did she say?" The question came from three of us.

"The bird," said the doctor. "What do you call it? Nightingale, I think. She said, 'Nightingale.'"

Again the girl spoke, and this time she looked at us.

"She asks, do you have nightingales in your country?"

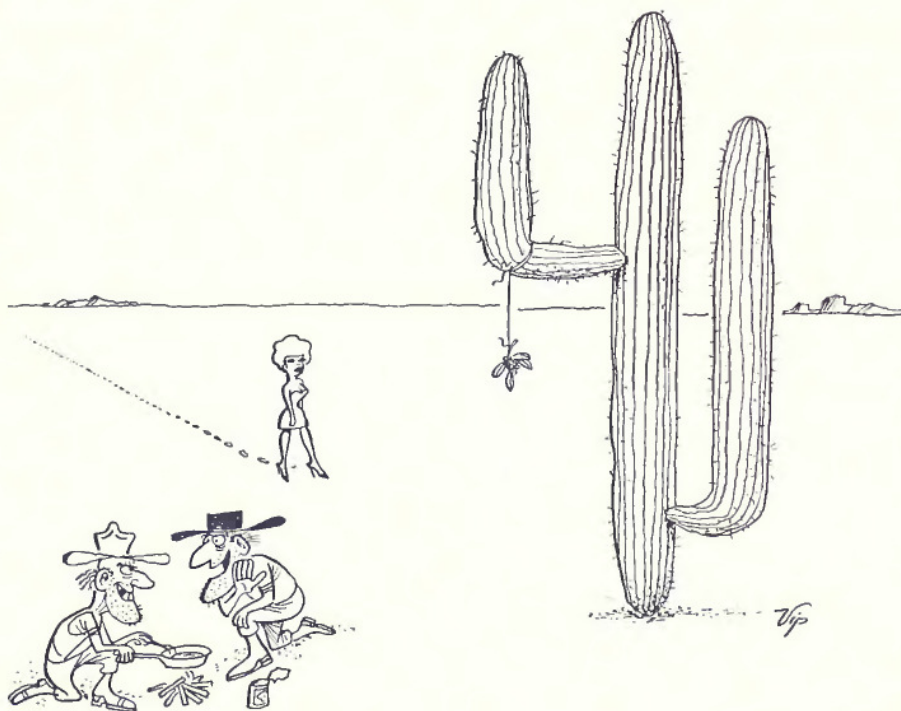
"Nightingales?" asked the sergeant.

"No," I said. "Tell her we do not have nightingales in our country."

The doctor translated, and the girl listened. She still stood with the folds of the carmine skirt gathered in her hands, and when the doctor had finished, she sank gently down again to kneel upon her blue cushion, and rocked back upon her heels, and regarded us for the last time. She was not smiling now, but when her treasure-laden eyes made fast to mine, there passed between us a wave of such tenderness that I, mistaking it, began to rejoice—and then I saw the sorrow in that gaze, and felt the pity in it, and could not bear to look at her. She spoke then, and her voice was grief, and one white hand took the fallen flower and carried it gently back to her lap. Deep in the woods the nightingale sang again. Then the old man slid shut the paper door on his child.

"She said," the doctor stammered. "She said . . . her words, like this: 'I am sorry for you. What a poor country yours must be if it has no nightingales.'"

We dusted the old man and we hurried out of that courtyard, and we hurried through the remainder of our task, the passing out of rice, the burials, the inoculations. I do not remember that part clearly. But in the days and weeks that followed, I know I listened often for the song of the nightingale, and sometimes I thought I heard it, in those rare moments when the mortars were still, when I waited, sweating in my foxhole, for an attack to begin.



"Wait'll she gets directly underneath it."



QUARREL (continued from page 95)

noises. She just said, "Hi, Buckley," and stroked the top of his head with a thumb and gave him back and I put him back in his pocket and pretty soon heard the little crackling as he got going on one of the peanuts. So then the Ellie basket looked at her watch and gave Kaberrian a little housewifey smacko and went off, and he looked dreamy as he saw her depart, and it is worth admitting that she walked very girl in every way.

"Museum," he explained. "Front desk. She drew the Sunday trick this week."

I sat down beside him and said, with maybe a little creak in my voice, "What happened, Kaberrian? What happened to you?"

So he told me he got married. He told me they had an apartment, even. He told me he had a job. In a store. Selling high-fidelity schlock. Tape recorders, certainly. Those years crazy Kaberrian spent trying to use tape recording to make accidental plays the way painters get accidental paintings, he learned enough he could tell Ampex which way to go.

It hurt me. So I explained how everybody has this terrible tendency to give up the fight, man. Square it out, and fink off, and start dying of conformity and plastic coffee. But when he started

yawning, I had the idea I wasn't getting to him.

"So I know *what* happened, Kaberrian. So now tell me *how*."

So he yawned again, looking sleepy, happy and sold out in the park in the sunshine, and he talked about months and months ago in that walk-up pad he had on 12th Street, a room 10 by 12, maybe, and so full of electronics one guest at a time was absolute tops, and then it had to be a very friendly guest. An empty room on each side of him.

"On the same day, Noonan, into one moves this Ellie bird, and into the other moves her buddy, this Geoffrey Freeman, playwright. It is always Geoffrey the whole name, and he has never got past a second act on anything, but calls himself a playwright, by God."

"The inner reality is the truth by which we . . ."

"Shut up, Noonan. What it is, I find out as soon as I breadboard me a rig with some sensitive induction mikes, is love. She will not exactly live in the same room with him, but she is the only one earning bread, and she pays both rents, cooks, cleans, everything. I think finally I got the play I've been looking for, on account of it is a comment on everything. You cannot believe how square is that little bird. She has such a deep belief in all the old-timy values, it

could make you lie down and cry your eyes out for the pity of it all, or make you laugh yourself to sick. They do not get along so great. The playwright is using the little bird. If he finishes a play it will be crud, so the safest way is never finish one.

"I think that the fights are going to give me a stack of half-mil four-track thirty-six-hundred-foot tapes. I'll have to scrounge the whole village to keep up, and I think that sooner or later they are going to say everything anybody can say about the lousy man-woman relationship. I am going to call the play *Quarrel*. I am going to edit so they are always answering each other on different levels. Nice resonance, Noonan baby. The shape of it is he fakes up this hurt pride on account of being supported, and then she gets all humble, and then he calls her a peasant who can't understand like the delicate fiber of his creative soul, and so on and so on. So I get me five ugly sessions. I think three in her pad and two in his. You know what? Halfway through number six, I kill the tape. It is the same quarrel! Every time the same. A couple of little switches here and there. Not enough to matter. I tape onto tape and try editing and keep coming up with nothing. Speed changes, echo effects, nothing.

"One time I am just listening, trying to figure out a route, and I get a burr in the pickup, he sounds like a rusty



are you
the
Kawasaki
kind?

Crave action? Samurai SS! 31 hp, up to 105 m.p.h. Yearn for adventure? Samurai SS! Twin cylinder, twin rotary disc valve and the only 250cc 2-stroke with crossover pipes. Seek conquests? Samurai SS! 5-speed, constant mesh, return change transmission. Climbs 39° grades. Get what you want with the Kawasaki 250cc Samurai Street Scrambler ...the motorcycle built for people who know what it's all about!

**American
Kawasaki
Motorcycle Corp.**

Precision engineered and manufactured by Kawasaki Aircraft Co., Ltd., Japan.
12 mo., 12,000 mile warranty • See your dealer or write: American Kawasaki Motorcycle, P. O. Box 2066, Gardena, Calif. 90247

baritone sax. So all of a sudden I've got it! A new approach to the whole schmeer. I am going to call it *Duet*. Remember Snake? What he can do with that clarinet when he's on just the right amount of pot? I put together the best hunks of all the quarrels, made forty minutes of it, then got Snake up to listen. He dug it twice through, and then the third time around he got the idea of how to do it, and I had him play right with her each time she talked, and recorded it on an empty track. Man, he did that crying part at the end just perfect! Snake dug up a type named Walker, who needed gin instead of pot to warm up, and Walker did the playwright lines on an English horn.

"Noonan, it took me three weeks of work to get that thing mixed and re-taped and edited and smoothed out just the way I wanted it. *Duet*, a tone poem for voice, clarinet and English horn in three movements. First movement I started with straight voice, Ellie and Geoffrey chewing on each other, and I faded him out and brought up the horn to take over for him. Walker made that horn bleat and moan and grumble just like the playwright. Second movement, voices again, but with her fading out and the clarinet coming up to take over for her. The third and last was the great one. I faded *both* voices out and it turned into an instrumental duet, and in the last five minutes I'd bring in him instead of the horn, and then her instead of the clarinet, and I found a way to wind it up just right. I had one place

where she said, close to tears, 'Why do you hate me so?' So I put that on repeat, and when she said it the third time I mixed in the clarinet for that same phrase. Three together, and I faded them just a little bit and brought him up, saying, 'You've never understood me.' I had that on repeat, and they took exactly the same time, so I overlapped for a counterpoint effect, brought up the horn to go along with him and *then*—get *this*—I mixed the clarinet with *his* line, and the horn with *hers*, and brought up the gain to all the tape would take, and suddenly chopped it off into dead silence, and, man, it would make for the blood to run cold, indeed.

"Noonan, everybody was nuts about it. But you know what the real test had to be. Sure. So one night I nailed them in the playwright's pad and said I had something they should hear on tape, and when they were trying to brush me, I said *they* were on the tape, so she turned pale and he turned red and they let me set up my good portable I built most of and bring in two of the speakers Marty built for me that time, and I set it up and kicked off. They were on the couch. The first couple of minutes he kept trying to jump up, yelling about suing and invasion and degenerates, but she'd hush him and yank him back, and listen with her head sideways and her eyes narrow and her lips sucked white.

"They got real still, and all of a sudden after about the first two minutes of the straight instrumental duet, the little bird threw her head back and she started

roaring with laughter. It was the biggest gutsiest happiest laugh you ever heard come out of a little bird like Ellie. Then he was trying to shush her, and he couldn't and he missed the end because he went running out and banged the door behind him. The end broke her up the rest of the way. She laughed so hard she cried. Not hysteria. The other kind of laugh-cry. Me, too. Laughed until we hurt. She doesn't call it the time we laughed. She calls it *The Cure*. Once you laugh that hard with a bird, Noonan, all you can do is marry it. Which I did."

"What, what, what?" I said.

"The beard got smaller the more she kept putting on buttons instead of string, so it's gone all the way. Man, we laugh a lot. Ellie and me, it's all a swinging place for us. We start to fuss some, and either she says, 'Why do you hate me so?' or I say, 'You've never understood me,' and then we both say, 'Poor Geoffrey,' and we laugh."

We stood up and I had given up on him. Crazy Kaberrian was no more. This was a happy laughing sales-talk clerk, buttoned up and bird-happy, like nobody could have guessed would be his future. He asked me how things were at Columbia, and I said I was auditing the Oriental-religions thing again, the same course Kaberrian and I had audited maybe seven years ago together, which is how we met. I said they had changed it a little, but it was still stimulating.

So I asked him if I could maybe stop by his place if he'd give me the address, and I would like to hear that tape. The last masterwork of Kaberrian.

"Oh, one night a month ago I got up in the middle of the night and I dug it out and put it on the box and erased it clean."

"Why, why, why?"

"In it my Ellie too many times is telling that clown how much she loves him, when she found out later love is something a lot different. We both found out, man."

I sighed. Shook the head. Stuck my hand in the Buckley pocket and rubbed his head a little. "Maybe it could have made a fortune, you crazy Kaberrian."

"A fortune!" he said. "Off Ellie, like that way?" His eyes looked like the Kaberrian of old, the one who expressed revolt one time by running onto the *Today* show when it was live and holding up in front of Lescoulie a sign saying FINK CAPITALIST STOOLIE. Kaberrian's eyes had that old gleam. "Noonan, you fink off your way and I'll fink off my way."

Off he went. That's the last we'll ever see of him. Who's going to keep up the good old traditions if we keep on losing the Kaberrians one at a time? Who can laugh in a world like this one?



"Now, let's see if I have this straight, Mrs. Ames—you say your husband is accusing you of infidelity?"



You can do the sportiest things in a shirt jac, if there's Fortrel in it.

CAPRI designed this handsomely tailored "Prado" shirt jac for this type of impasse. When a guy is slowed to a standstill, his clothes are more disclosed. Like that one-piece Capri collar. And the ocean pearl buttons. The adjustable side tabs. And the rich, linen-textured fabric. Which is Norwood's cool blend of Fortrel polyester and cotton—which makes it easier for a guy to keep his cool in a situation like this. In white, blue, olive, maize, orange, red and black, sizes S-XL. About \$9. at better stores nationwide. For the name of the one nearest you, write: Capri Sportswear, 1052 South Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

CELANESE **FORTREL**
THE FRESHENING FIBER
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 72)

PLAYBOY: Has your wife been forced to disguise herself as a Milky Way or a Three Musketeers in order to . . . ?

ALLEN: She doesn't have to. My wife is very sexy.

PLAYBOY: Many stars have proclaimed the virtues of Wheaties as an aid to virility. What is your position on Wheaties?

ALLEN: I agree with Kierkegaard and the findings in his essay *On Wheaties*. Kierkegaard speaks for me on all major matters relating to breakfast cereals.

PLAYBOY: How do you get into shape for the love act?

ALLEN: Like any other act I do. I write it first. Then if I think it'll play, I do it.

PLAYBOY: We were referring to physical preparations.

ALLEN: I work out with the New York Rangers.

PLAYBOY: But they have a long off season.

ALLEN: That's so. But I only have sexual intercourse during the fall and winter. Every once in a while, though, I barn-storm.

PLAYBOY: Could you possibly have any respect for a girl who wants you solely for your body?

ALLEN: My body is a miracle of engineering comparable to the aqueduct. I see no reason to fault a girl because she finds it unbearable to suppress an urge to taste nirvana.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of physicality, to what extent do you think your success as a performer depends on your physical appearance?

ALLEN: Well, I feel I must *show up* before I can really do anything.

PLAYBOY: Our readers might be fascinated to learn just how big you are. Would you tell us?

ALLEN: I'm five feet, six and fluctuate between 118 and 125 pounds. The exact poundage depends on certain shifts in the earth's crust. It's very involved.

PLAYBOY: What's your chest measurement?

ALLEN: Eight inches. Ten, expanded.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep your body in such superb physical condition?

ALLEN: Every now and then I have a representative of a metallurgical cartel come and give me an acid bath. And I buff myself regularly with Ajax.

PLAYBOY: Do you oil your body before posing for pinup shots?

ALLEN: No, I secrete a natural grease. I sweat Vicks—an unusual phenomenon. On a sultry day I'm like a swamp.

PLAYBOY: Who requests these pinups?

ALLEN: Beggars, convicts, an occasional shut-in and the sort of unsavory types whose names appear regularly on the blotters of the morals squad.

PLAYBOY: You were once quoted as saying, "I'm an intellectual Cary Grant." Is that true?

ALLEN: I never said that. Some writer did

in an interview. But I believe it. Hell, the mirror doesn't lie.

PLAYBOY: You also claim to exude an animal magnetism that women find irresistible. What's it like?

ALLEN: It's what I'd call "the new sex appeal." I'd link it to the Michael Caine or Belmondo look, not commercial or waxy. Women sense in me a willingness to be violent.

PLAYBOY: Do you come across female mashers often?

ALLEN: Yes, because I deliberately place myself in jam-packed subways and buses and try to look as bewitching as possible by wearing a cuddly sweater or cardigan. You'd be surprised how often it works.

PLAYBOY: You once said, "I could be mugged and three weeks later come up with something funny about it." Can you say that now?

ALLEN: I felt that way until I *was* mugged. The only thing I came up with was my lunch.

PLAYBOY: You look like you're still wearing the suit you were mugged in. What do you say to haberdashers who lament your rumpled appearance?

ALLEN: To be truthful, I have a supreme noninterest in clothing. My favorite item of apparel is my Hathaway hair shirt, which I use to mortify myself over a fantastic guilt I have, based on accepting a cupcake once when I didn't deserve it. When I do buy clothing, it's because it looks great on the dummy. I've even gone to parties with the clothes still on the dummy.

PLAYBOY: Were you a hit at these parties?

ALLEN: No, but the dummy scored heavily. I still possess brand-new clothing I purchased three years ago, unworn to this day. My apartment is a treasure house of unworn clothing.

PLAYBOY: How do you choose your *ensemble du jour*?

ALLEN: I'm a first-hanger man. If it's on the first hanger, I wear it. If the first hanger is empty, I wear the first hanger. In addition to my hair shirt, I adore my huge turtle shell. It's wonderful when the weather's cold and, besides, it protects me from my natural enemies, squid and barracuda. As for shoes, if I find a pair that fits, I wear them relentlessly. It's also more comfortable to wear them with the shoe trees inside. Gives me a seductive shuffle when I walk.

PLAYBOY: Upon rising, do you have a regimen for cleanliness?

ALLEN: The left side of me is cleaned compulsively—the left of my nose, mouth, chest, navel, etc. Everything on the right side I let remain steeping in my natural body oils.

PLAYBOY: You do this, presumably, to make yourself sexually irresistible. Yet

we're told that you got an unlisted phone number when your career took its sensational upturn. Why?

ALLEN: When it was listed, some of my loyal adherents would call at all hours. But then I began to get crank calls, people shrieking that they were considering committing suicide.

PLAYBOY: How did you handle them?

ALLEN: I'd try to be soothing and suggest various ways. But I myself am not suicidal. I have an animal fear of death.

PLAYBOY: Still, if you had to choose, how would you prefer to go?

ALLEN: Smothered by the flesh of Italian actresses.

PLAYBOY: Besides the crank calls, have you ever gotten any hate mail?

ALLEN: Once in a while. It generally comes in two categories—either unsigned or from my family. And every so often I get a sexual proposition.

PLAYBOY: Do you turn them down?

ALLEN: It depends on the photo with the letter.

PLAYBOY: You certainly come off as a cool, jaded, worldly type. Are you?

ALLEN: My nerves are like ice water. Although I do have a propensity for throwing up under pressure, I'm basically very cool.

PLAYBOY: What procedures do you recommend in setting the stage for a seduction?

ALLEN: (1) Find a girl. This method will also work on a camel or a bacon rind, but a girl is probably the most satisfying. (2) Lean her against something soft—preferably another girl. (3) Put on the most seductive recording you can find of *Sheep May Safely Graze*. (4) Blow into her ear with a bellows. (5) Slip into something provocative, like a mink posing strap. (6) Assume a false name like Laslo or Helmut. (7) Impress her with your collection of post-impressionist chopped meat. (8) At the crucial moment, bring the New York Rangers out of the closet.

PLAYBOY: How do you tell a girl to be gentle at the moment of surrender?

ALLEN: I explain to her that (a) it won't hurt, and (b) it'll all be over in eight seconds.

PLAYBOY: Would you warn a girl, "Baby, I'm no good for you"?

ALLEN: I wouldn't have to. Rough going is written all over my face. A girl starts in with me, she knows what the score is. I carry an automatic and leave town fast. I also have a tendency to dribble—that hurts my chances sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Has it always been easy for you to get dates?

ALLEN: No, generally it's been hard. I'd rather not say how I met her, but I once dated a lady embalmer for five months. Neither one of us had any complaints.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, do you have any repellent personal habits or indulge in unspeakable acts of perversion that

your PR men have tried to cover up?

ALLEN: I enjoy chewing gum already chewed by a midget. And sometimes I dress up in a nurse's uniform and talk bawdy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other secret vices?

ALLEN: Yes. Keeping 200 live Chinese in my bedroom at all times, prison food, eating out of tin plates—small, tasteless portions of beans, watery soup—and being pummeled by sadistic guards who look like Barton MacLane. I also love herbs, roots, locusts and larvae.

PLAYBOY: Are you on a nature-food kick?

ALLEN: Yes. The best thing is a good piece of timber—sequoia, if possible; if not, some of the hairier lichens. The best diet is fatty and cholesterol-rich, with gigantic amounts of sweets. Heavy smoking on top of all that builds the body. Exposure to radioactivity doesn't hurt, either.

PLAYBOY: What physical feats can you perform?

ALLEN: I can stand on my eye. I can

sneeze backward. I can touch both ears together. I am able to lift large quantities of decayed matter. I both lie and make love pathologically.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever experimented with the mind-expanding drugs?

ALLEN: I take a chocolate-covered St. Joseph's baby aspirin now and then, and groove myself out of my skull. It's fantastic; it heightens my orgasm. I see colors more vividly, the veins in leaves, the birth of bacteria on Formica tabletops. Gradually I hope to up the dosage to two per trip.

PLAYBOY: So much for your predilections. Do you have any aversions?

ALLEN: I do not like turning rapidly to my left; I move right in a 270-degree arc until I'm facing left. I am fond of the Atlantic Ocean, but not the Pacific, which says nothing to me oceanwise. I have a psychological fear of dancing with a mailman. Had it since childhood. Oh, and a morbid phobia of breaded veal cutlets.

PLAYBOY: What else bugs you?

ALLEN: The fact that my jokes are constantly being purloined by other comedians.

PLAYBOY: Do they do your bits well?

ALLEN: They lack my command, authority and great natural warmth.

PLAYBOY: Are you feuding with anyone in the business?

ALLEN: One feud, a long-standing one with the nearsighted Mr. Magoo. No one will invite us to the same party.

PLAYBOY: Yes, we saw that item in *Winchell*. Do your pet peeves include pets?

ALLEN: I don't find pets distasteful. If I could have any pet, it would be a clam. They're unusually affectionate, loyal and keep burglars away. They're quite responsive to commands, more so than dogs or chimps. Of all clams, cherry-stones are the most dependable.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about world affairs. What do you think of De Gaulle?

ALLEN: I don't trust anyone who speaks French that good.

PLAYBOY: How about L. B. J. and his crew?

ALLEN: He's got a ranch and one of those hats. Terrific!

PLAYBOY: Prayer in schools?

ALLEN: I'm in favor of it. There are no atheists during mid-term exams.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the bussing of school children?

ALLEN: I would just run over the more precocious ones.

PLAYBOY: Invasion of privacy?

ALLEN: My views on invasion of privacy must and will remain private. I deeply resent your boorish intrusiveness.

PLAYBOY: Black power?

ALLEN: I know nothing about chess.

PLAYBOY: The Red Guards?

ALLEN: Or checkers.

PLAYBOY: What's your draft status?

ALLEN: 4-P. In the event of war, I'm a hostage.

PLAYBOY: If you were 1-A, would you consider burning your draft card to avoid induction?

ALLEN: I regard the draft boards as I regard boards of education or any other inanimate objects—as sinister. As far as burning a card is concerned, I wouldn't be able to make a fire. I can't see feigning homosexuality; a stud like me wouldn't know how to begin. But if I did go into the Army, my natural tendency would be to be a hero—if they gave out medals for desertion. Actually, I'm at work on an incredible secret weapon to use against the Viet Cong—an electronic beam that will give them postnasal drip.

PLAYBOY: Where do your sympathies lie in the debate between the Hawks and the Doves?

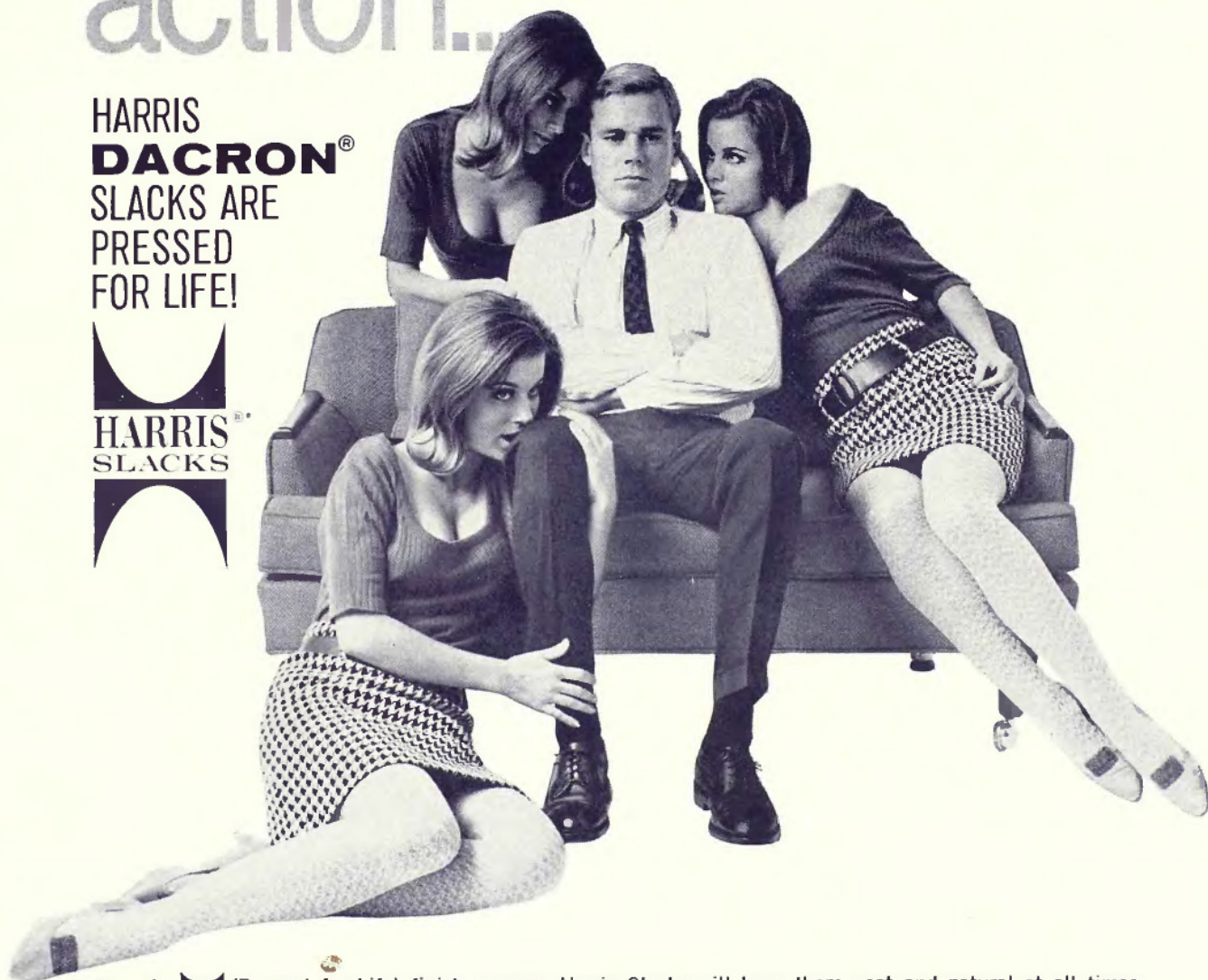
ALLEN: To be honest, my sympathies lie with myself. I have a terrific empathy with myself, tend to identify with myself more and more. Anyhow, I don't know who the Hawks and the Doves are, but



"I feel sorry for her, but I just don't want to get involved."

no matter how strenuous the action...

HARRIS
DACRON®
SLACKS ARE
PRESSED
FOR LIFE!



Yes, the **PFL** (Pressed for Life) finish on your Harris Slacks will keep them neat and natural at all times . . . no matter how strenuous the "action" . . . The easy-care fabric, of course, is 65% **DACRON®** polyester and 35% combed cotton, a power-packed combination for durability and good looks. Popularly priced from 7.00-10.00 at leading men's and boys' stores.

HARRIS SLACKS, 110 WEST 11TH STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

•® Reg. Union Mfg. Co.

® Du Pont's Reg. T.M.

You don't go to Caesars Palace in Vegas to play chess



For reservations, rates, color brochures—see any travel agent or write Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nevada 89109

teaming up

The Playboy warm-up shirts. On the beach, the campus, it's the newest action-ready gear for guys and gals.

The rugged good looks of fine cotton outside, soft, absorbent double-brushed fleece inside.

Machine washable.

The rollicking Rabbit is embroidered in white on black or black on white. S, M, L, XL sizes.

WA106, short sleeve, \$4.50 ppd.

WA107, long sleeve, \$5 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.



when I find out, I'm going to ring their doorbells and run.

PLAYBOY: Lately, we've seen the emergence of an apocalyptic strain of comedy termed black humor. Have you had any particular vision of the apocalypse?

ALLEN: Death has visited me in the form of a shrouded figurine. I'm playing him gin rummy for my soul—at a penny a point, just to keep it interesting.

PLAYBOY: Are there any cultural trends you find pernicious?

ALLEN: I'm against evolution. The present progressive evolvement of the species toward higher forms is a dangerous trend that should be arrested—reversed, if possible. If I had my way, this Mr. Scopes of "monkey trial" fame would have been convicted.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the monkey, do you frequent *discothèques*?

ALLEN: Quite often. My body generates a rhythm that can best be described as Indonesian. Once Sybil Christopher stopped frugging at Arthur to watch me with ill-concealed envy and hostility.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Mod fashions?

ALLEN: I like short dresses, but only on extremely fat girls with bulbous thighs, huge muscular calves and thick varicose ankles.

PLAYBOY: What's your position on long hair for men?

ALLEN: I'd rather see a man in long hair than a pageboy.

PLAYBOY: For many young people, long hair seems to be a symbol of nonconformity and defiance of the establishment. How do you feel about student protest?

ALLEN: I'm all for it—and student riots, too.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about "the new morality" on campus?

ALLEN: The present sexual revolution in the colleges has almost caused me to reregister. When I was in college, there was no all-out sexual revolution, just some sporadic guerrilla warfare. And I wasn't very good in ambushes.

PLAYBOY: What, in your eyes, is the major cultural contribution of the 20th Century?

ALLEN: The movie version of *Act One*.

PLAYBOY: What would you place in a time capsule to represent the best of our age?

ALLEN: I would fill it with feathers. Plenty of feathers.

PLAYBOY: Master Heywood Allen, with your hit play, your movie scripts, your acting roles, your night-club and concert engagements making your name a household word, you stand astride the entertainment world, as one critic has phrased it, like "a Colossus of Toads." Is all this enough for you, or do you have some greater mission in life?

ALLEN: Yes, to invent a better yo-yo and, even more important than that, to accumulate the world's biggest ball of tin foil.



WISE CHILD

(continued from page 125)

professional, you understand. Last month the *docteur* read a paper to the *Société*. 'Observations on the Inheritance of Acquired Abilities,' he call it. *La matière*—ze stuff—she is good. But ze manner—*mon Dieu! Maladroit*—not make them to understand what he say. They listen polite, but afterward they shake the heads and laugh. 'Is Lysenko-ism,' they say. 'Why he not go to Russia? Is crackpot.'"

Marcel paused again and shook his head sadly.

"*Le docteur* is not crackpot. Is clever man. Is great thing he does—very great, *formidable!* But he is *tout à fait égoïste*—you say, ver', ver' selfish. Do it 'imself. No one else. So all glory, all *éclat* is for him."

Mrs. Solway did not disagree with that. She said:

"But I thought you said he has proved his ideas, Marcel?"

"Oh, yes. Little proofs. But necessary now is big proofs—big-scale tests. Such is not possible here. With big tests they take notice. Is way of common sense."

"These things I tell 'im. 'Put your work to *Société*,' I say, 'to *Université* to make test, then you have prestige, official standing. Then they listen.' He do not like. Is not my business, he say. I say his discovery *is* my business—is every man's business. Is important, too important for small thinking. Is pity 'e do not speak French. I explain then more *gentiment*—more tactful, per'aps." He shrugged. "Or maybe not so. Anyway, so we 'ave big row. So I think I get sack."

"Oh, I am sorry, Marcel. Perhaps he will have cooled off by tomorrow."

"Me, I am sorry, too. But I do not think he cool off zis time. He is great man, your husband—also very little man . . . *Alors* . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "So four, five weeks, perhaps, and I think I go away . . ." He brooded for a moment, then his tone lightened:

"But now is enough of this . . . Let us to talk of other things more interesting than sacks . . ."

. . .

Dr. Solway's "hour or two" was, as usual, more nearly four, so that it was after 12 when he came upstairs. He found his wife in bed, but still with the light on, reading. He sat down on the side of the bed and started to unfasten his shoes.

"The children all right?" he inquired. "I thought I heard David cough as I came past."

"It's nothing," she told him. "Just the vestige of his cold. Not a peep out of them the whole evening." She considered him. "You're looking tired, Donald. You work too hard. You really ought to ease off, you know."



"I am tired," he admitted. "But it's really finished—the important part of it—now. Just a matter of checking and cross-checking results so that none of my dear colleagues can pick holes in them. What I must have is evidence that is accurate, plain and indisputable. Something that *can't* be ignored—that, and the opportunity of a fair hearing . . ."

He sat moodily swinging his shoe on a finger hooked inside the heel.

"If only I could make a start by knocking into their thick heads what I'm talking about . . ." he muttered more to himself than to her. "Every time I attempt a public explanation, it's the same old story: A lot of dimwits who've not been listening to what I've been telling them dismiss the whole thing with parrot cries of 'Lysenko! Lysenko!'—and a number of still dimmer wits rally round to congratulate me because Lysenko is a Russian, and Russians are wonderful, so he must be right; and off they launch into dissertations on the inheritance of acquired characteristics . . . And after a bit I lose my temper and shout at them, and everyone thinks it's uproariously funny, and all that happens is that they go away more convinced than ever that I'm cracked . . ."

"They won't one day. I can promise

them that. But in the meantime, the result is that they're all too prejudiced to give my evidence a fair hearing—damn them!"

Helen, regarding him thoughtfully, said:

"But you do have enough evidence, Donald?"

"Plenty—for a fair-minded man. The trouble is they can't clear their addled brains enough to be fair. Again and again I've explained to them that it's *not* acquired *characteristics* I'm concerned with—it's the inheritance of acquired *abilities*, which is utterly different, and they ought to have the wits to see it is . . ."

"Well, to someone like me, it does sound like rather a fine distinction, Donald."

"They're not supposed to be someone like you, my dear. Their job is to think about such things, professionally—only they don't."

"The difference is as wide as an ocean, Helen. Look, everyone knows that if you were to amputate a mouse's right foreleg for ten, twenty, fifty generations, its offspring still would not have acquired the characteristic of being born without a right foreleg—and never would . . . But compare the case of a bird that

builds a particular kind of nest. Somewhere back along the line, its ancestors *learned* to build their nests like that, and the present bird builds nests that are absolutely the same in construction—nobody taught it; it *inherited* the ability that its ancestors had acquired.

"Very well, then, some species can do that—then why not others? Is it not utterly preposterous that while a spider can endow its offspring with the ability to construct such a complicated engineering proposition as a web, a man should not have the power to hand on to his son even the ability to do simple arithmetic? Of course it is. It was quite clear to me that there must be some way of inducing such a capacity.

"Look at the waste that's caused by lack of it! No conservation or progress. Every child having to begin exactly where its parents began: generation after generation tediously having to learn its A, B, C. and two-plus-two, and cat-sat-on-the-mat over and over again, just

as if no one had ever learned it before. It's a nonsensical way of going on. It simply *can't* be more *difficult* to hand on the rudiments of reading, writing and figuring than it is for a bee to hand on the complicated social knowledge required to run a hive.

"I argued that there must be a reason why in some species the capacity to hand on an acquired characteristic was very strong—even though it may have ossified later—while in others it is virtually indiscernible. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I think so, Donald. It really amounts to asking why some kinds of creatures have very, very complex instincts and others only the simplest, doesn't it?"

"Roughly, yes—though 'instinct' is a treacherous word—but it is, in effect, what I asked, and what I set out to discover. Well, I admit I've not discovered the why—though I may do so yet. But on the way I did come across something

else: I found the *means* of producing a result, while still not understanding the cause. And now I am able to show that it is possible, even with mammals, to induce the capacity to transmit an ability to the offspring. I can *prove* it with the results of a dozen experiments."

"I don't quite see—I mean, how do you prove a thing like that?" Helen asked, with a frown.

"Well, one quite simple way was with rats. I taught a male rat and a female rat to find their way through a maze to reach their food. Just a simple maze at first, which I gradually made quite complicated. I practiced them until they could find their way to the food with never a false turn or a hesitation. Then I treated both of them and mated them. When the offspring were a few weeks old, I let them get hungry, then I took each in turn and set it down at the entrance to the maze. One after another, they bolted through it to get the food—not one of them took a single wrong turning. They *knew* their way, although they'd never seen the maze before . . . Later on, I mated two of the young ones, and *their* offspring tackled the maze first shot, just as well as their parents had. Well, you see what that means?"

His wife ignored the question to put one of her own.

"You said you 'treated' the original two. How did you do that?"

"I doubt if you'd understand the details, my dear—and in any case, they're my own secret at present, but the administration is quite simple. It can be done either by direct injection or by introducing the agent into the diet—the latter is slightly preferable on account of the more gradual assimilation into the system. But you do see what it means, don't you?" he repeated.

"If it were to be applied to human beings, their child would not have to start right from the beginning like other children. He'd be born with a—a sort of built-in background. Think of the pointless drudgery that that would spare him. The rudiments, at least, of all the things we've had to learn one generation after another would be there already. He'd be able to read as soon as he was born—well, not quite that, but as soon as he had learned the physical control of his eyesight—talk as soon as he could manage his tongue, and count, too. Just think where he might get to with such a flying start over his contemporaries. School over in a few years, university by the time he was nine or ten. He'd be a wonder child . . . And in the face of evidence like that, any doubts about the transmissibility of acquired abilities would simply be swept away . . ."

He paused and glanced at his wife. She was regarding the open pages of her



"Don't give me that off-to-the-Crusades routine—you're going drinking and wenching with those Norman bums from Paris again!"

book with a curiously fixed intensity. He went on:

"One can't tell in advance, of course, to what extent actual knowledge would be transmitted. That's going to be one of the interesting things to find out. That the abilities that have become almost unconscious skills would be inherited, I have little doubt, but it *might* go further . . . It isn't impossible that he would find himself already equipped to the extent of what we consider to be average education—"

"Oh, yes," his wife broke in unexpectedly, "and perhaps he'd be equipped with a taste for cigarettes, for sherry before dinner—and what about built-in political loyalties?" she suggested.

Dr. Solway blinked.

"Well, why not?" she demanded. "Have you any method of selecting what is to be transmitted from what is not?"

He frowned, a little put out.

"Possibly one would have to be careful," he admitted, "but I imagine that if, when one was under treatment, one took trouble to practice only those abilities that are desirable and have, as I said, become almost unconscious skills—"

"You imagine!" his wife interrupted scornfully. "Donald, you never gave a thought to the *extent* of the inheritance until now. Well, I can do some imagining, too—and the answer is 'No!' Quite definitely and comprehensively, 'No!'"

Dr. Solway blinked again.

"My dear, I don't know what you mean . . ."

"Oh, don't *pretend*, Donald. Do you think after these years I don't know you well enough to see what you're working up to? It's a positively revolting suggestion. No man who had any respect for his wife would even think of it. I wonder you're not ashamed to make it."

"But, my dear, I've not made any suggestion. I only said—"

"Oh, it might have taken you another ten minutes or so to get round to it. But it was coming. And I must say, I never heard of anything more sordid and disgusting. Putting me, your own wife, on a level with your guinea pigs and rats. Perhaps you'd like me to go into a cage in the lab, with the rest of the experimental material . . ."

"Now really, Helen, there's no need to take it like that. I admit I was going to ask you what you *thought* about it . . ."

After all, to become world-famous; the first parents of a new race of, well, geniuses wouldn't be overstating it, I should think—"

"Indeed. Well, now you know just what I think—and that is that it is a shameful as well as a revolting idea. Only this evening Marcel was telling me that people are saying you're a crackpot, and I must say after hearing this, I'm not surprised."

The doctor frowned.

"Oh, so Marcel thinks—"

"No, he doesn't. Marcel believes in your work. He says you are a great man. Though what he'd say if he heard about this idea I don't know—at least, I do."

"Whatever that may mean—but since he is not likely to know about it unless you tell him, does it matter?"

"Of course it matters. How would you like it if someone you'd promised to love, honor and obey suddenly wanted to put you in with the laboratory animals?"

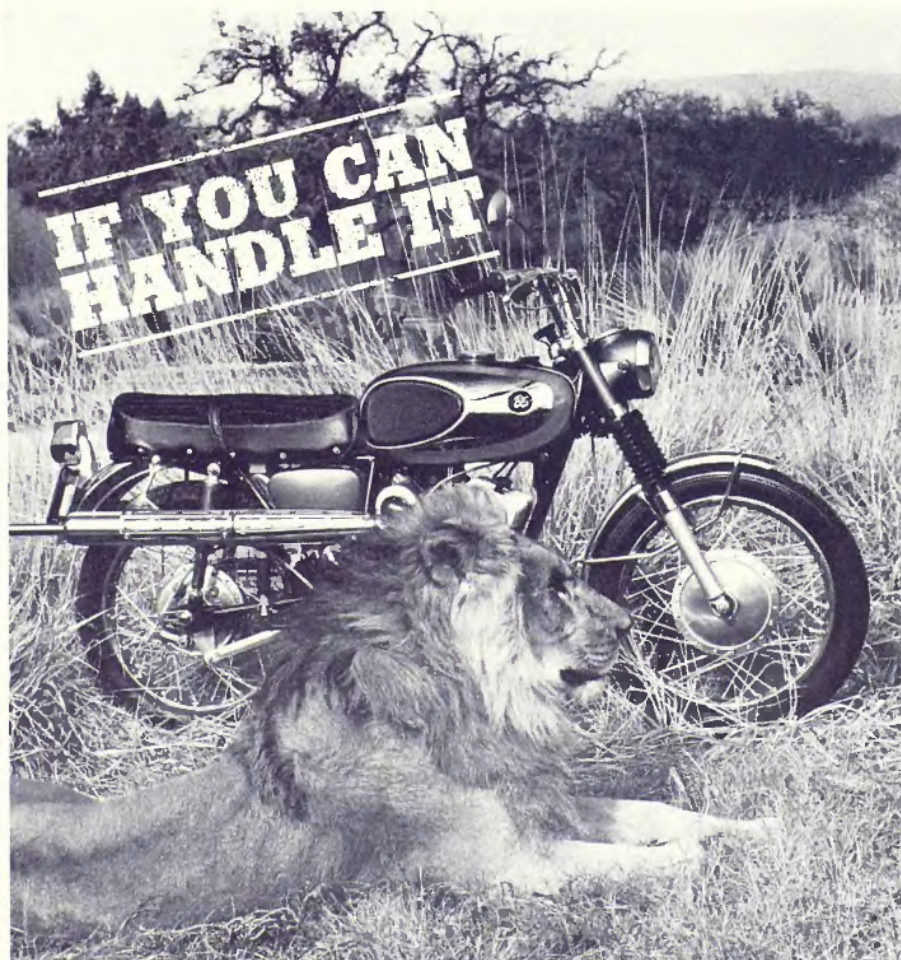
"I wasn't saying that *that* didn't matter. It was about Marcel knowing—I mean, not knowing—oh, Lord, what's he got to do with it, anyway? Look, I'd no idea it would upset you like this. I thought the opportunity to take a part in the launching of a world-shaking discovery—oh, well, clearly that isn't how you see it."

"It certainly isn't. I think it's the most—"

"Yes, yes, you told me that. I can't say that I understand your point of view—after all, I would be just as much in the experiment, and I'm prepared to play my part—but, of course, if the idea doesn't appeal to you, there's no more to be said."

"Doesn't appeal, indeed! There's a whole lot more I *could* say. Never did I think—"

"My dear, I've told you I didn't mean



BRIDGESTONE 175+ HURRICANE SCRAMBLER

This may be the one for you—the new Bridgestone 175 + Hurricane Scrambler. Docile and mild-mannered until you turn it on . . . then lion-hearted Bridgestone shows its claws. If you think you're outgrowing your present cycle (whatever its size)—test ride the Bridgestone 175 + Hurricane Scrambler. Now at your Bridgestone Dealer with other great models for '67.

Bridgestone 175 + Hurricane Scrambler: Engine: two-stroke twin; dual rotary valves; and dual carburetion; oil injection. Bore X stroke: 50 x 45 mm. Compression ratio: 9.5:1. Horsepower: 20 @ 8000 rpm. Transmission: selective 4-speed rotary or 5-speed return change. For the full story on Bridgestone for '67, see your dealer or write to: Rockford Motors, Inc., 1911 Harrison Avenue, Rockford, Illinois 61101



Bridgestone by **Rockford** Motors, Inc.
1911 HARRISON AVE., ROCKFORD, ILL. 61101



"... and then he said, 'What the hell—you only live once,' and I thought 'how true . . . ' and so . . ."

to upset you. I'm sorry I did. I apologize for it. The whole idea was obviously a mistake. Do you think we could agree to wash it right out and forget about it?" He looked at her with such earnest appeal that she was somewhat mollified.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "It wasn't at all a nice suggestion to have made, not an easy thing to forget. But I suppose a man wouldn't properly understand. Now, if you were a woman—"

"If I were a woman, the proposition could scarcely have arisen," he pointed out.

"I dare say. But all the same . . ."

"But you will try to consider it all unsaid?"

"I—oh, very well, I'll do my best. But really, Donald . . . !"

Later, when he had finished preparing for bed and was in the act of climbing in, she said:

"Marcel seems to think you are going to dismiss him."

"Marcel is perfectly right," he told her.

"Oh, dear," she said. "And he is so

much nicer than those oafs we had before. Is it just because you had a bit of a row this afternoon?"

"It is not. I employ Marcel to assist me—not to direct me. We've got to a point where we differ on a matter of policy. I can't keep him here if he is going to pull a different way all the time, so I shall tell him he can pack up at the end of next month. That'll give him nearly seven weeks to find something else. He'll not have any difficulty with that these days."

"It seems a pity. You've nothing against his work?"

"Certainly not. He's a good worker. He should do well—if he can bring himself to stop interfering in matters of policy that are not his concern. No, I've had enough of it. I'm giving him formal notice tomorrow—and there'll be a good reference if he wants one . . ."

. . .

The weeks went by. Dr. Solway's thought of extending his experiment from the laboratorial to the domestic field took its place with other little lapses

that could be forgiven, though recorded. Marcel bestirred himself to seek other jobs, and was pleased to be accepted for one in France. Helen Solway drove him to the station on the last day of the following month.

"He was quite cheerful—no hard feelings at all," she reported. "I think he's happy at the prospect of getting home again. I doubt whether he would ever have settled properly here. He says it makes him tired trying to express himself in English—or what he thinks is English—and he doesn't like English weather, or tea, and he doesn't think English food has been suiting him, so what with one thing and another—" She broke off as she caught a sudden expression on her husband's face. "Oh, he was quite nice about it—nothing personal. After all, a lot of people who've been brought up all their lives on one kind of food do find it difficult to get used to another. Plenty of Englishmen regard all French dishes as 'concoctions.'"

"H'm," said her husband. "All the same, it's a piece of damned impertinence for him to criticize our cook to you."

"He really didn't mean it that way, Donald. Though, as a matter of fact, I don't think things have been quite up to her usual standard lately. I must look into it."

Dr. Solway shook his head.

"I can't see any need for that. Her meals always seem perfectly good to me."

"All the same, I think just a word wouldn't come amiss."

"Better not to risk upsetting her. Cooks of any kind are pretty hard to come by nowadays," he suggested.

"Harder than assistants are? No, this, at least, is my department, Donald."

"Yes, of course, my dear. It's only that cooks are so touchy . . ."

. . .

Curiously, it was quite some little time later—a week or so, in fact, after Helen had discovered herself to be pregnant again—that an appalling thought struck her. It came from nowhere and impinged with a vivid clarity on her half-awake mind in the small hours of one morning. A revelation-type thought: Once it had struck, she knew with a positive conviction that it was right. It caused her to lift herself on one elbow, switch on the light and thump her sleeping husband hard on the back, so that he started up, dazzled and bewildered.

"You cad!" she told him. "You dirty cheat! It's the meanest, most despicable trick I ever heard of. I'll—I'll—"

Words deserted her while her husband screwed up his eyes at her. His own temper had risen.

"How dare you do that!" he

exclaimed. "It's a most dangerous thing to startle a sleeping man like—"

"How dare I! That's good. I suppose you're going to deny it."

"Deny what?" he inquired.

"Yes, I thought you would. Well, let me tell you it's no good. I know when you're lying, Donald."

He peered at her more closely.

"For heaven's sake! What on earth is all this about?"

"You know very well."

"But I—"

"Oh, yes you do. No wonder cook gave notice. It was *you* all the time. *You* were doing something to the food—'treating' it, as you called it. And of all the low-down, repulsive, rotten, sly things to do! You knew just what I thought about your idea, and you deliberately sneaked in and did it behind my back, and left cook to carry the blame."

"I never blamed anyone. I said—"

"Don't you try to justify it. I'm not listening. How *dare* you do your beastly experiments on me! Oh, I was never so humiliated!"

Dr. Solway gave it up and ceased to dissemble.

"All right, then. I did. But it wasn't just on you, it was on *us*—me, too. And to call it a 'beastly experiment' is simply emotional nonsense. It is immensely important: The outcome of it may enable the whole human race to take a great leap forward."

"What do I care whether it leaps? I'm interested in me and my baby. You knew perfectly well what my feelings were, and you didn't care a damn. You just cold-bloodedly cheated . . . All right, if that's all you care about me, we've come to the end . . . I shall leave you . . . I shall get a divorce . . . I shall—"

"Ah!" said her husband.

She checked, suddenly.

"What do you mean, 'Ah!' like that?" she demanded.

"I was thinking of the publicity. It will be bound to arouse great interest in the results."

She glared at him.

"Well, then, I probably shan't get a divorce. Though if treating one's wife like a laboratory animal isn't good grounds for divorce, there must be something very wrong with the law . . ."

"But I shall go. I shall certainly go—and take the children with me. Who knows what you might do with them after this. I shall go this very morning. I can't bear to be in the same house with you another day . . ."

But, somehow, with the coming of daylight and the familiar routine, the need to shake off the dust did not seem quite so urgent. There were the difficulties of knowing *where* to go, and what to do about the children's schools,

and getting things packed, and not having enough ready cash available, and one thing and another that caused her to decide that next week would have to do. So she only got as far as moving herself into the spare bedroom for the few days it would take to make the arrangements. Then what had looked like a simple, decisive action seemed to sprout complications. The matter of the coming baby presented an additional problem, making the whole thing seem too much to cope with just then, and she decided she would have to postpone it till that was over. So presently she moved herself back into the best bedroom and banished Donald to the spare room, making it quite clear that she had no intention of forgiving him, and keeping him aware of it.

"It's the underhandedness, the disloyalty of it more than anything," she complained. "How can I ever trust you again after an unforgivable thing like that? And what sort of a marriage is it when

people don't trust each other? You've simply broken up our life together by trying to cheat me into furthering your own career. It was a low, nasty thing to even think of doing, and I pray every night that you'll be disappointed in the end. If there's any justice, you will . . ."

. . .

In due course, the baby arrived.

When Helen Solway had left for the nursing home, her misgivings—though she determinedly disguised them from her husband under a confident nonchalance—had been considerable. When he visited her there, her anxieties had already been relaxed, and when she returned home, it was in a mood of triumphant satisfaction. She lost no time at all in dimming any hopes he might still have.

"And so," she concluded, "all your silly scheming was simply wasted after all. You made all that unpleasantness for nothing. It serves you right. He's a lovely baby. I had the doctor there give him



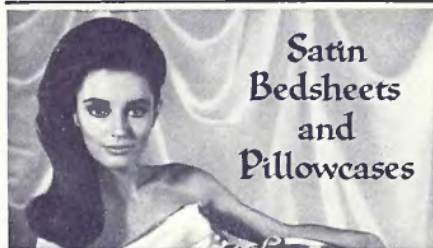
"You certainly are one of New York's finest!"

NOW P.R.* BY
Wigwam
MATCHES YOUR
WHOLE WARDROBE



More than 20 colors and shades make P.R. the only style you need for dress, casual or sports wear. Knit of Orlon "31" . . . machine wash and dry.

WIGWAM MILLS, INC., Sheboygan, Wis.
IN CANADA: Hanson Mills Ltd., Prov. of Quebec



We are happy to be able to offer our Satin Bedsheet and Pillowcase Sets at these astonishing low prices. We are doing so to introduce this product to you who have never before enjoyed them! This famous Celandese acetate satin is easy to wash and may be commercially laundered, too! Colors: OOLD, BLACK, PINK, BLUE, WHITE, LILAC, DRUID, AQUA. (As used in the Imperial and Bridal Suites of the Conrad Hilton.)

SATIN SHEET SETS	NOW ONLY
(2 sheets, 2 cases)	
Dbl. Bed Set (90x108)	\$15.90
Twin Bed Set (72x108)	15.90
Queen Bed Set (90x122½)	19.45
King Bed Set (108x122½)	21.45
3 letter monogram on cases	1.50

(If you desire fitted bottom sheet, add \$2.25 to double or twin set price; \$3.00 to queen set price; \$4.00 to king set price. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.)

SCINTILLA, INC. 4802 N. Broadway PL-9
Chicago, Illinois 60640



STAMPS!
JFK AND QATAR!

Offer includes Kennedy memorials, Silver Leaf Qatar, and many more. 25c with exciting offers. J. M. Palmer, Dept. P-1, P.O. Box 86, N.Y. 10034

a specially careful examination, and he says he's a very fine baby, and *perfectly* normal in every way."

Dr. Solway looked down at the baby as she held it. He opened his mouth to reply, thought better of it and contented himself with inspecting the small countenance closely. It looked, he found, quite disappointingly like almost any other baby.

The household settled down again, and the new baby took its place in it.

Doctor Solway's hopes had undoubtedly flickered low, but he would not let them die. He adopted a habit of visiting the baby several times a day for the purpose of studying it lengthily and intently.

After a fortnight or so of this, his wife forbade the practice on the grounds that it disturbed the baby and made it nervous.

"It frightens him so that he gets restless," she declared. "Just think how you'd feel if you were his size and had to look up at a great solemn face staring down at you for hours a day. It isn't fair on him."

So Dr. Solway saw less of the baby. And by degrees it somehow came about that he was scarcely seeing anything of it at all. One day it occurred to him that his wife was looking a little peaky, and that led him on to notice that she was unusually quiet and a little distraught in manner. A slight suspicion began to take a firmer hold. He made a forthright approach:

"Just why are you keeping the baby hidden away so much now?" he inquired, covering his sudden hope with artificial calmness of manner.

"Hidden away!" she repeated. "Why, Donald, what nonsense! It's just that he's better when he's quiet. He so easily gets upset. I think he must be very sensitive."

Her husband regarded her for a moment.

"That doesn't sound very convincing, my dear."

"Well, really! I don't think I quite understand you, Donald."

"No? Then I'd better explain, hadn't I? I rather think you don't want me to see the baby—not for more than a moment at a time. Now why could that be? Could it, perhaps, be because you don't want me to perceive certain signs that our experiment was not entirely unsuccessful after all? Could it be that?"

"Of course not, Donald. What rubbish! I told you the doctor said he was a perfectly normal——"

"Ah, yes. But that *was* several weeks ago, my dear. Come to think of it, one was perhaps a little too eager. An unusual ability could not very well be perceptible until some means to express it had developed, could it?"

"You're talking silly nonsense, Donald. He's just a nice, perfectly normal, happy little baby."

"I thought you said he was sensitive and easily upset?"

"Well, I mean he could easily be upset. It's better not to disturb him."

"All the same, I think I'll go up and take a look at him."

"I'd rather you didn't, Donald. He's just gone to sleep."

"You *are* anxious to keep me away from him. I'm sorry, my dear. It's no good standing in my way like that. I intend to see what this is all about. You come, too, by all means, if you wish to."

He went past her into the hall and started up the stairs. Helen stood for a moment clenching her hands, working them wretchedly together, then she turned and followed him with a dragging step.

Dr. Solway's imposed calmness was breaking down. Excitement surged up in him as he approached the door of the baby's nursery. Helen's reluctance had been so transparent that she might almost as well have confirmed his deductions in words. He no longer had any doubt that the experiment had not completely failed, but the extent of its success—whether it would be decisive enough to let him face his critics with his own son as living evidence in support of his theories—that was what he was about to find out . . .

His hand shook as he reached for the knob and let himself into the room.

The baby was not asleep. He was lying on his back, blue eyes very wide open, making quiet baby noises. He became aware of them as they approached the cot and stood beside it. The blue eyes focused, and he smiled up at Dr. Solway. Then he rolled his head on his pillow so that he was looking at his mother. The smile widened and then disappeared. The little lips opened and shut.

Dr. Solway was tense with excitement. He was convinced in that moment that the baby was trying to speak.

He bent closer, determined to catch anything that might sound even remotely like an attempt at a word. Helen Solway stood with her hands still clasped tightly together, an imploring look on her face.

"Ma——" said the baby, but got no further.

The tiny lips opened and shut again, as if, it seemed to Dr. Solway, working up for another try. Then the mouth pursed. The baby's blue eyes looked up yearningly at his mother. Then the lips opened once more. The articulation was not sharp, for lack of teeth, but he spoke, the words were quite clear:

"Maman," said the baby, "j'ai faim."



OPEN YOUR MOUTH—

(continued from page 111)

diseases, but I got contaminated and they deported me. Nice talking to you . . ."

"Well, Louise is pregnant; I guess you could call *that* new. Too *damned* new, what with me having been gone these past six months. Isn't it funny that you, of all people, whom I've always considered my friend, should ask? That you should put it that particular way? With all the things you *might* have asked, isn't that a damned peculiar coincidence? That you would use the word 'new'? I mean, isn't that just a little goddamn strange . . . ?"

"Sure, I'm having a good time! I've never *seen* such a wild party. The guy must be loaded. Imagine giving transistor radios as favors. And weren't those nude waitresses too much? I mean, man! I completely missed the Burtons' spat when I went over to say goodbye to Sophia and Marcello. But it's gotten dull the last hour, don't you think? Oh, *I am* sorry. No reflection, of course. I assumed you'd been here longer . . ."

"Yes, I suppose today *is* a good day for ducks. For *healthy* ducks. Did you know that one out of every four ducks is struck down by webular paresis, usually in the prime of life? And do you know what causes webular paresis? Water. Of course, scientists are still trying to find out what *kind* of water. Have you ever seen a duck with webular paresis? Believe me, it's not a pretty sight. Now, I realize that you're often asked to give to worthy causes, but in my capacity as local chairman of the Annual Swim of Dimes, I would like to . . ."

"How have they been treating me? Wonderfully, ma'am. You see, in this state they're beginning to adopt an enlightened attitude toward people with certain problems. Right now, with the aid of a psychiatrist, I'm going through a withdrawal period. That means that I don't have to stop completely, but merely cut down gradually on my so-called antisocial activity. Honestly, ma'am, you have no idea how much this means to a compulsive rapist like myself . . ."

"Here, drink this. Feeling better now? Good. I can see the color returning to your cheeks already . . . I'm terribly sorry, but you *did* ask me what the good word was. And under certain circumstances, *that's* the best word I know."



THROUGH A GLASS (continued from page 110)

flame, sauté bacon and onion until bacon is crisp and onion turns yellow. Avoid browning onion. Drain mixture of fat. Add cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups beer, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar and both kinds of mustard. Heat in top section of double boiler over simmering water, stirring occasionally, until cheese is completely melted and flavors are blended. In a small bowl, beat egg yolks and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup beer. Stir in a few tablespoons hot cheese mixture. Pour into pan and continue heating, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick. Place 2 pieces of toast in each of 4 individual casseroles or stirred-egg dishes. Pour cheese over toast. Place another piece of toast on top each portion.

FRESH MACKEREL, MUNICH STYLE (Serves four)

- 2 fresh mackerel, $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each
- Salt, pepper, celery salt
- 1 lemon
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 small bay leaf
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chervil
- 1 medium-size onion, minced very fine
- 1 small clove garlic, minced very fine
- 3 tablespoons instant-blending flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup dark beer
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup clam broth
- 2 tablespoons dry white wine

2 packets instant bouillon powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Have fish dealer split fish, removing backbone. Cut fish lengthwise into 4 halves. Place fish, cut side up, in shallow greased saucepan or electric skillet. If pan is not large enough to keep fish from overlapping, use a baking pan. Sprinkle fish with salt, pepper and celery salt. Add 1 cup water to pan. Sprinkle with juice of lemon. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. In another saucepan, melt butter with bay leaf and chervil. Add onion and garlic and sauté until onion is yellow. Remove from flame and stir in flour. Slowly stir in beer, clam broth and wine. Bring to a boil; reduce flame; simmer 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add bouillon powder and Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste and set aside. Remove fish from pan. Pour off cooking liquid. Return fish to pan. Pour sauce over fish. Again cover pan and simmer, don't boil, 5 minutes longer. Place fish on serving dishes. Spoon sauce over fish.

STUFFED CABBAGE, BEER SAUCE (Serves four)

- 1 medium-size head cabbage
- 1 lb. chopped beef chuck
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 3 tablespoons rice

- 1 small onion, minced very fine
- 1 piece celery, minced very fine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground sage
- 3 tablespoons bread crumbs
- 1 large Spanish onion, cut julienne
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 8-oz. can tomatoes
- 1 cup dark beer
- 2 packets instant bouillon
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 3 whole allspice

Cut core from cabbage. Remove 8 large outside leaves. Cut off thick bottom of leaves. Use balance of cabbage for another purpose. Lower cabbage leaves one at a time into rapidly boiling water. Simmer just until limp. Drain cabbage. Boil rice in salted water until tender. Drain and set aside. In mixing bowl combine beef, rice, onion, celery, sage and bread crumbs. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Mix well. Divide meat into 8 equal parts. Fill each cabbage leaf, folding ends in to make firm roll. Place rolls, seam side down, in shallow pan or Dutch oven. In another saucepan, sauté Spanish onion in butter until onion is yellow. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Chop tomatoes coarsely and add, with juice, to onion. Add beer, instant bouillon, lemon juice, vinegar, sugar and allspice, salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil. Pour over cabbage rolls. Cover and simmer slowly 1 hour.

BAKED STUFFED APPLES (Serves six)

- 2 cans baked apples in syrup, 3 apples per can
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup stout or dark beer
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted sweet butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon
- Dash nutmeg
- 3 tablespoons dark Jamaica rum
- Heavy sweet cream

Preheat oven at 370° . Drain apples, reserving syrup. In mixing bowl combine bread crumbs, sugar, stout, butter, cinnamon, lemon juice and nutmeg. Mix well. Add more sugar if desired. Place apples in shallow baking pan or casserole. Fill cavity of each apple with bread-crumbs mixture and pile on top to form a smooth mound over each apple. Heat apples in oven 20-25 minutes. Combine syrup from apples with rum. Heat over top flame up to boiling point, but do not boil. Place each apple in deep serving dish. At table, pass syrup and heavy cream separately.

To which we can only add—let there be dark, and plenty of it.



"Memo to May Grogan (comma) Assistant Shipping Clerk . . . I heartily agree with your suggestion that substantial economies can be made by thinning down our executive staff (period) (paragraph) In recognition of your excellent suggestion (comma) effective the sixth you are hereby appointed Third Vice-President (period) Effective the seventh (comma) in accordance with our new executive economy policy (comma) please be advised that your services will no longer be required (period) Cordially, et cetera, et cetera . . ."

SONICS BOOM (continued from page 114)

Thus, a sound of 50 db is ten times as powerful as one of 40 db, and one of 100 db is a million times as powerful.

When acoustics professors are trying to wake up sleepy students, they like to say that the softest sound the human ear can hear is that of a baby mouse urinating on a dry blotter three feet away—roughly one decibel. Modern super-sensitive microphones made by Bell Telephone, General Radio and others can hear much softer sounds. They can clearly pick up, for example, the noise made by a Kleenex fluttering down and hitting a solid concrete floor 50 feet away. A spy on the sidewalk outside a ten-story building can hold such a microphone against the wall and—if it's nighttime and there are no loud noises in the building—hear a conversation being held on the top floor.

But most human hearing experiences come from much louder sounds. Dry leaves rustling in a breeze produce about 10 db; ordinary conversation, 60; a full-volume *discothèque*, about 80. The *discothèque* volume is about the loudest that the ear can take for a long time without discomfort. The loudest sounds we're normally subjected to are about 10,000 times more intense, up in the range of 120 to 130 db. This is the range where sound begins to cause physical pain and deafness. Sounds like these are manufactured by such companies as the Leslie Company, the nation's biggest maker of foghorns and ship whistles; and Federal Sign and Signal Corporation, the biggest maker of sirens. The Queen Mary's whistle, says Leslie, produces 123½ db at a distance of 100 feet (the standard distance for measuring such noisemakers). A big-city air-raid siren clobbers the ears with 125 db. A large Coast Guard foghorn has about twice that power: 128 db.

A sound that big can cause temporary or permanent deafness, depending on its duration and frequency (the ear is most sensitive to sounds in the middle and upper range of a piano). It can also cause other odd effects, such as blurred vision from oscillation of the eyeballs.

Louder sounds cause still odder effects. A decade and a half ago, a scientific group at Pennsylvania State College made a shriek so colossal that it could brew coffee, smash insects and kill mice. "On looking back, I find the whole set of experiments kind of macabre," says the chief noisemaker, physics professor Isadore Rudnick, now at UCLA. "We were developing intense sound sources. At that time, almost nothing was known about the effects of intense sound on humans. Occasionally we'd remind ourselves of the early days of radioactivity, when researchers unknowingly exposed themselves to crippling doses, and we worried."

To find out what a big sound might do to people, besides deafening them, Professor Rudnick and his colleagues built the most powerful siren ever conceived to that date. It made what was, as far as anybody knew, the loudest continuous sound ever heard on earth up to that time: 175 db, some 10,000 times as strong as the ear-splitting din of a large pneumatic riveter. The frequency range of this enormous howl was from about 3000 cycles per second (near the top range of a piano) to 34,000 cps, in the ultrasonic range.

Strange things happened in this nightmarish sound field. If a man put his hand directly in the beam of sound, he got a painful burn between the fingers. When the siren was aimed upward, ¾-inch marbles would float lazily about it at certain points in the harmonic field, held up and in by the outrageous acoustic pressure. By varying the harmonic structure of the field,

Professor Rudnick could make pennies dance on a silk screen with chorus-line precision. He could even make one penny rise slowly to a vertical position while balancing another penny on its edge. A cotton wad held in the field would burst into flame in about six seconds. "To satisfy a skeptical colleague," reports Professor Rudnick, "we lit his pipe by exposing the open end of the bowl to the field."

The researchers were careful to keep themselves out of the ghastly sound beam, and they wore ear plugs and pads. All the same, they were troubled by odd physical effects while working next to the beam. They were plagued by dizziness and blurred vision. Fatigue set in quickly. There were tickling and "sizzling" sensations in mouths and noses, sometimes acutely disagreeable.

Working with the group was Dr. H. Frings, a zoologist interested in pest control. He discovered that a mouse exposed to the colossal sound died in about a minute, mainly of internal



"She's truly a callgirl's callgirl."



WHEN
NEW—

CLARKS ORIGINAL DESERT® BOOTS ARE
UNNECESSARILY HANDSOME.

But with proper loving
neglect you can make
them look like this in
three or four years.

Desert Boots come in
Sand, Oakwood, Brown
or Loden Green Suede
with Plantation Crepe
Soles at \$14.95
at better stores
coast to coast



DESERT Registered T.M. of CLARKS

Clarks

OF ENGLAND

337 BOSTON POST RD., NORWALK, CONN.

**Effective immediately:
the breath freshener
that works as fast as
you can draw a breath.**

Binaca®



**5 drops in ½ glass of
water give your breath
a fresh start twice a day
for 120 days.**

Binaca®
HOME SIZE



**Very concentrated
Golden Breath Drops.**

overheating. Insects were virtually disintegrated in ten seconds. According to the research team's report, a typical mosquito suffered the following catalog of misfortunes: "Both wings completely shattered. Abdomen full of bubbles. Body badly battered. Scales gone. Antennae in very bad shape . . ."

A scream like that is a potential military weapon, and since the mid-1950s, such supernoisemakers have been muffled in secrecy. "There's no question that a loud sound can do damage, or at least could be used to disorient enemy troops or flush them out of a hiding place," said an Army officer one night recently in Washington, gazing pensively into a martini. "The question is, would such a weapon be practical? It takes a lot of power to generate a damaging sound. Bullets are a lot cheaper, you know."

Still, superscreams are now being generated in military labs. Robert Gilchrist, president of Federal Sign and Signal, tells of tantalizing rumors that have circulated in the noisemaking business over the past few years. "We just heard about a siren of some kind, supposedly intended for Vietnam," he says. "It's said to produce something like 200 decibels." That would be several hundred times as powerful as Professor Rudnick's monstrous screamer.

Gilchrist is a quiet man who escapes from his loud business by eating in quiet restaurants. Setting down his coffee cup with care so as not to make it clang on the saucer, he starts to tell of cases in which his company's small civilian sirens have been used as weapons. "There was a case in Illinois a few months ago," he recalls. "A race riot. The local police broke it up by simply driving their cars into the mob with the sirens going. A sound like that is like a bucket of cold water in the face: It breaks a man's train of thought. The rioters couldn't pay attention to what they were doing. They stopped fighting and just milled around. The police got the two gangs separated and drove them in opposite directions with the sirens—actually pushed them down the street with sound."

The subject of sonic weapons is a touchy one. If you ask questions on a sober morning in the Pentagon, you receive dry chuckles in reply. "Sonic weapons? Haw, haw. You've been reading too much science fiction, pal!" But questions asked of big organizations such as MIT, the Bell Telephone Labs and RCA reveal the oddly contradictory information that all have Government sonics contracts that they aren't allowed to talk about. Some of these contracts have to do with well-known military applications of sound such as sonar and other echo-ranging systems. Other sonics research is more bizarre.

The Nazis in World War Two were

interested in the military promise of sound, though they were never able to use it effectively. Early in the War, they experimented with attachments that would make bombs and artillery shells scream, moan and warble. The hope was that these loud sounds would make troops and city populations panic. It didn't work, except on small children. Toward the end of the War, as the Reich ran out of ammunition, reports circulated that German bombers were dropping beer bottles. The bottles made a high-pitched shriek as they fell, the reports said, and were obviously intended as a scare weapon. Two American scientists, Harold Burris-Meyer and Virgil Mallory, investigated the rumor. Mallory stood on the shore of a small lake in New Jersey one afternoon, and Burris-Meyer flew over in a plane and dropped bottles of assorted sizes and shapes into the lake. "I heard no sound that was remotely frightening," reported Mallory. "In fact, it was quite a pleasant musical afternoon."

Near Dachau, site of the notorious concentration camp, a team of Nazi scientists experimented with the use of powerful sirens to control groups of people. The hope was that, if a sound could be made loud enough, it could be used to disorient or paralyze enemy troops in certain battlefield situations. There may have been more sadism than science in these experiments, for the only known results were that several Jews used as test subjects were deafened.

Research since then has been more useful. At an Air Force medical lab in Ohio, for instance, a group led by Dr. Henning F. von Gierke has been making similar studies of the effects of sound on man. Dr. von Gierke's main concern is with the unwanted effects of loud aircraft noises and other 20th Century sounds on the Air Force's own men, but military planners have watched this and related studies with an eye on weapons possibilities.

One rather weird finding to come from such research is that various parts of the human body resonate to certain frequencies of sound. (A resonance is an answering vibration: Hold a banjo near a piano and play an A on the piano, and the banjo's A string will sing.) Some body resonances are mildly uncomfortable. Some are worse.

In New York recently, an acoustics engineer demonstrated one such resonance to a group of Columbia University students. He sat them in a room and bombarded them with massive sound at a frequency of about 75 vibrations or cycles per second—roughly the pitch of the next-to-lowest D on a piano. Within seconds, half the men were hurrying out of the room. Seventy-seven is the frequency at which the average human anal sphincter resonates. When it

resonates hard enough, it can no longer be controlled.

Such a sound could conceivably be used to demoralize enemy troops—or, more likely, to cool off mobs and quell riots. It would be a weapon with a sense of humor—certainly with a bigger smile than other police crowd-control weapons, such as cattle prods, night sticks, fire hoses and tear gas. "Any such weapon will have to wait for another step forward in sound-making technology before it's practical," says Lewis Goodfriend. "At present it's too expensive to make big sounds." All the same, at least one siren-making company is now reportedly experimenting with a huge low-frequency boomer for crowd control.

Other body resonances have other effects. A New York journalist, George Riemer, recalls a pilgrimage he made to the Newport Jazz Festival in Rhode Island some years ago. At one late-night party, among other interesting sights, he saw a girl lying ear-down on the floor next to an enormous bass fiddle. The bass man was playing, watching the girl with interest. Riemer squatted down to find out what was going on. "Aren't you afraid you'll get stepped on?" he asked the girl.

She looked up at him dreamily. "That's the chance I take," she said. "It turns me on. I get it through the floor. I mean, it turns me *on*!" A year later, Riemer heard that she had married the bass man.

There is much that still has to be learned about sound and the human response to it. Another odd effect, not at all clearly understood, is that a loud sound can drown out other body sensations, such as pain. A dentist in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a big, genial man named Dr. Wallace Gardner, chanced on a way to use this effect in 1958. He had a patient named Joseph C. R. Licklider, a psychologist from the acoustics firm of Bolt, Beranek and Newman. Licklider didn't like the sound of a dental drill, and he theorized that patients might be happier in the chair if they couldn't hear that menacing whine. Together, Gardner and Licklider developed gadgetry for masking the sound. The cringing patient put on a pair of earphones. By turning knobs in a control box on his lap, he could hear either tape-recorded music or white sound. He could turn the sound up to thundering volume if he liked.

First Licklider and then other patients tried the idea. To Dr. Gardner's surprise, they reported that they not only couldn't hear the drill, they couldn't feel it, either. Somehow the sound masked the pain. A year later, Dr. Gardner for the first time pulled a man's tooth with no anesthetic other than sound. The man listened to white noise and a Beethoven symphony and

reported feeling perfectly comfortable during the operation. Today, dentists throughout the country use this "audio-analgesia." It doesn't work with everybody, but it works so well with some that dentists have used it to pull entire mouthfuls of teeth without hearing a word of complaint.

Why does it work? Nobody knows. Dr. Gardner's theory, supported by some psychologists, is that there is a limit to the human brain's sensation-receiving capacity. If the brain is receiving a huge amount of sound, it may have little capacity left to receive pain sensations.

Sound may also leave the brain little capacity to think. This is why a siren can break up a riot—and it is also why people who live or work in cities, or in industrial plants or near airports, are making more and more noise about the noise. "The more technology advances," says Frederick Van Veen of General Radio Company, which makes sound-measuring

instruments, "the noisier it gets. And the noisier it gets, the harder it is on people who work with their brains."

Van Veen took one of his company's noise-level meters to Manhattan one day recently. He wanted to know the extent to which city noise in the mid-1960s interferes with conversation, and he had his meter set to pay special attention to frequencies of sound that interfere most with talk. With this setting, any sound clocked at 70 db or more is one that will require some degree of shouting or will drown out words entirely. On a sidewalk at the corner of 47th Street and Second Avenue, Van Veen got readings of 70 to 74 db. This was at 2:30, a relatively quiet time of afternoon. In a bus going through a tunnel, he clocked 75 db. On a subway platform, ten feet from a passing train, he read 90 db.

Citizens of New York and other big cities don't really need decibel readings



to tell them noise levels have been rising. One summer morning last year, an angry Manhattanite, tormented beyond endurance by the vast cacophony of his city, rose from his bed, ran outdoors and jammed a noisy Sanitation Department man head-downward in a garbage can. "I'll make this goddamn city whisper!" he roared. "All right, all right," said the mournful voice in the can, "quit shouting."

Cities have always been noisy. The Greeks of ancient Sybaris arrested people for shouting in the streets. The Romans told dirty jokes about the Sybarites' sensitive ears, holding that Rome's noise was proof of its virility; but Juvenal, Cicero and other thinking Romans had to flee to the country to get any work done. In later times, Marcel Proust paneled his study with cork to shut out the "terrible voice" of Paris. Charles Babbage, 19th Century English mathematician who fathered the modern digital computer, made himself notorious with incessant complaints about

the noise of London. Bands of street musicians would come miles out of their way to play gleefully beneath his window. He and his ladyfriend, the Countess of Lovelace, a daughter of Lord Byron, pelted the musicians with rotten fruit and meat bones. "God, oh God, why did you give me ears?" Babbage would howl.

If things were bad then, they're nearly intolerable now. It's estimated that the average noise level of the average city has increased by about one decibel per year for the past 30 years. This has caused all kinds of problems. Constant noise damages the hearing. It robs people of sleep. It makes them irritable. The World Health Organization in 1966 warned that "noise pollution" is one of the worst health hazards in cities all around the globe. Some psychiatrists have even suggested that the past decades' increases in violent crimes, common to cities of all industrial nations, may have resulted at least partly from too much noise. "Even such a thing as

interrupted sleep may be dangerous," a psychiatrist told a New York mental-hygiene committee in 1966. "If people are prevented from dreaming, severe psychotic symptoms may appear." Noise, in short, drives people nuts.

The need for at least occasional quiet seems to be universal among animals. Some years ago, two psychologists rigged up an experiment to show that man is not the only creature with an altruistic love for his fellow creatures. They hung a rat by his tail. He squealed. Other rats in the cage could lower him to the floor by pushing a release lever, and after a little practice, they learned to do this as soon as they heard their buddy squealing. "Aha, altruism!" said the psychologists. A year later, two other psychologists at the Defence Research Medical Laboratories in Toronto duplicated the experiment. But instead of hanging a rat by the tail, they used recordings of white noise. The rats learned to push a lever and stop the noise even more quickly. Conclusion: altruism, *shmaltruism*. The rats just couldn't stand the damned noise.

B. F. Goodrich, maker of Deadbeat, has recently been publicizing a guess that noise costs the nation's industries \$2,000,000 a day in decreased human efficiency and in compensation for injuries (not only damage to the ear but also injuries resulting from not hearing a danger signal or warning shout). Things are bound to get worse before they get better. California and a few other states, New York and a few other cities, have recently passed noise-limiting laws, but these are only now in the stage of being tested in court. While the tests go on, technology will get noisier. In about two years, to mention only one example, supersonic jet airliners will probably be flying over our already noisy towns and cities. A plane flying faster than sound (660 mph at an altitude of 35,000 feet) causes a sonic boom, a shock wave that is sometimes loud enough to break windows. Sonics experts have spent years trying to find a way to eliminate this jarring noise, but they're no closer to a solution than when the first booms were heard in the United States in the early 1950s.

"There's a lot to be done in this business," Lewis Goodfriend told a reporter recently, as they strolled down a sidewalk on the way to lunch. "There are two big avenues of research: learning how to use sound and learning how to get away from it when it isn't wanted. Actually, I think we're just on the threshold of—"

But it was 12 o'clock, and a noon whistle began to screech from a building nearby, and the rest of Goodfriend's words were lost in the din.



"But what if he isn't Clark Kent—?!"

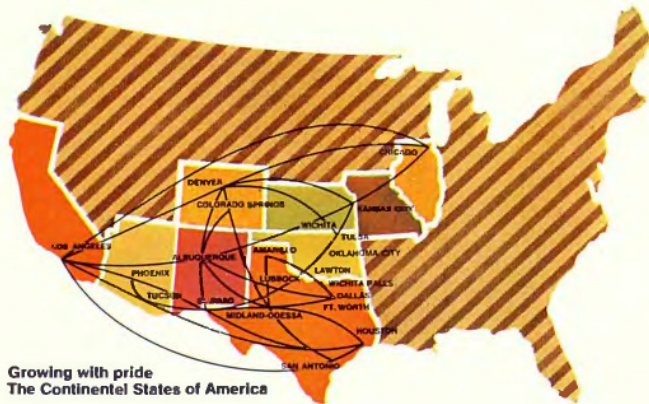


Semper cum superbia

That's the motto of the Continental States of America. If you never heard of such a country, that's understandable...because it isn't really real. We invented it, so you'd know where the Proud Birds of Continental Airlines go.

Though the C.S.A. isn't real, the motto is! "Always with pride" describes the difference between Continental and the other major airlines. Continental's people take an almost patriotic pride in their airline.

You can feel it in the way they do things above and beyond their



Growing with pride
The Continental States of America

always with pride



expected duty. In their thoroughness. Their attention to detail. And you feel good. Comfortable. Confident.

In the C.S.A.—come travel with us, and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it...please call. Then you too may have a motto—Semper cum Continental.



Continental Airlines
the proud bird with the golden tail

to buy slacks...you have to **SEE** slacks

Especially these Cambridge Classics of wrinkle-free Fortrel®. *Never need pressing.* Classic Ivy styling in the magnificently casual San Francisco manner. Wide range of rich, *action* colors and patterns. 50% Fortrel® polyester and 50% combed cotton. (About \$10.) Write for name of the store nearest you.

cambridge classics
CACTUS CASUALS
BOX 2468, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94080

CELANESE FORTREL
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

Celane®Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.



MY, HOW FAST

(continued from page 108)

leisurely. He worked for Hecht years ago when Hecht-Lancaster was called Norma Productions, during the days of *Ten Tall Men* and *Flame and the Arrow*, re-joined Hecht after a decade to assist on *Cat Ballou*. The next morning, Lindemann took me on a tour of the Columbia executive building, introducing me as a young writer whom Hecht had the chutzpah to bring down from Seattle.

It turned out that he, among many, Harold Hecht included, shared my reservations concerning the *Stacy Tower* outline.

"What are you going to do instead?" he inquired at one point.

"I don't know yet," I told him.

"There's a real film to be made about student unrest—the problem is to make that picture."

"Yes."

"Want some advice? Get out of this town while you still have a chance."

Shortly after our tour, I was taken to lunch by Hecht in Columbia's executive dining room, a Florentine-wallpapered suite where waiters sport El Morocco uniforms.

Hecht, slicing a blood-rare steak, asked if I'd had any recent thoughts about the college story. "Usually when I start on something long, it's been fermenting in my mind for a few months, sir. If I were to do another college script, I'd like to try one about the recent Berkeley scene."

"That's what part of the *Stacy* outline's about, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

Hecht chuckled. When he is in a good mood, he will sometimes chuckle throughout an entire conversation. But even when angered, should you suddenly decide to tell him where it's at, he will not in response slap you down with a Listen, you young smart ass, I was handling Chayefsky and Odets before you could even hold a crayon. Once he would have, and did during the early years with Lancaster. If you tell people who knew Hecht ten years ago that he strikes you as a gentleman of style, they cough into their fists.

On our way back from lunch, Hecht deposited me in Lindemann's office, then disappeared.

"Come in," said Lindemann, "and meet a friend."

The friend is Lee Marvin, thin and tall and sunburned, dressed casually in white denims, a bandage covering his left ear. He stands, gawking forward slightly, and shakes my hand. I sit down and say nothing as Marvin and Lindemann continue their discussion of Marvin's future acting plans. Lindemann sees Marvin as a new Bogart, now at the peak of his career after *Cat Ballou* and

Ship of Fools. Marvin, lounging in his chair as if seated on a horse, seems bored by any mention of his career. He has stories to tell and they interest him more. Lindemann—in earthy terms— informs Marvin of the *Paxton Quigley* plot. Marvin looks at me, one hand rising spiderlike to mask his face.

"Now *that*, Steve," he says, "is a concept. Revenge, right? Right. Chicks, they're too much." Marvin is out of his chair, he swoops about the office like a giraffe, his arms flailing as he gets the image into focus. Then he's off, he's each of the three girls sneaking up the attic stairs to ravish Quigley. He stops. Then suddenly he's Quigley listening to their footsteps. "Now dig," he keeps saying, but it's unnecessary; Lindemann and I are both right there in the attic. Marvin reseats himself and lights a Tareyton, sucking in the air with a hiss. The cigarette goes into an ashtray and he's off again, this time acting out an anecdote that concerns a certain director's party at which there's a gauche loudmouth. Marvin is the loudmouth and we hate him, then instantly he's the object of the loudmouth's abuse and we cringe in sympathy for him. The anecdote is over; Marvin, arms outstretched, balls his hands into two fists, then lets the fingers float out. "Wheeeeeee . . ." he says, and we watch an airplane take off.

For an hour Marvin continues these vignettes; they are sometimes coherent, sometimes not, but unanimously brilliant. "It's time for a touch of spirits," he decides finally, and the three of us head down the corridor to Hecht's private office. Marvin says to me confidentially as we're about to enter: "Don't get caught up in this town, Steve. Bad news. The cruds."

A moment later, Hecht is on his phone telling his secretaries he's not taking any calls. Marvin stoops before Hecht's refrigerator, comes up with a bottle of vodka.

"They asked Bob Mitchum in an interview if he followed the Stanislavsky Method, dig? Mitchum looks 'em in the eye and says, 'Stanislavsky hell. I follow the Smirnoff Method.' Too much . . ."

The vodka bottle is cracked, Marvin and Lindemann begin several toasts. Hecht this afternoon has no time for such diversions: Impatiently he fidgets behind his desk, slyly eying the clock over the door. But Hecht makes no move to hurry things along, merely refuses the bottle with a curt smile. I sit to one side, now watching Marvin as he goes into his bits, his mind a series of Technicolor shorts, now watching Hecht play finger games, forming tepees and isosceles triangles. At times Hecht brings the back of one hand to his mouth to smother a yawn.

Three hours later, we are still in Hecht's office. Outside, the sun is setting. Through it all, Hecht has sat brooding,



Discover new dimensions on live-action lightweights from Harley-Davidson. Like this hot, new M-65. And Harley-Davidson has real depth, from 65cc all the way up to 1200cc . . . all at prices that let you make the move. Check the Yellow Pages for your H-D dealer and add a new dimension to your life. It's time to move!

**HARLEY
DAVIDSON**



and I realize now that he is too well versed in the subtleties of his profession to voice any vexation. Marvin remembers a doctor's appointment. Today he has the stitches taken out of his ear. He pulls the bandage from the ear—a thin stream of blood trickles down his cheek—then he tiptoes toward the door, saying, "Don't wake the baby," with Lindemann and me in close pursuit.

"One second," Hecht says to me. I turn and go toward the chair as a secretary's arm reaches in to close the door. Hecht recaps the vodka bottle, returns it to his refrigerator. "I must apologize for this."

For what? "Don't, I enjoyed it."

"Did you?" Hecht studies me, then takes that same bottle out of the refrigerator and says, "Let's have a drink."

• • •

By unspoken agreement, from that afternoon on, Hecht and I accepted each other on a listen-now, laugh-later basis. During the next two days we engaged in a delicate fencing match, Hecht thrusting at me lightly with his "thoughts" about the college story—"I see kids running all around, from here to there, with nobody to listen to them because these universities have just become too large. Don't you?"—while I parried with a few concepts of my own—"I'd like to do a *Strangelove* kind of thing about these monster multiversities, I think. How does that sound?"

"Fine," said Hecht, "*Strangelove* was a brilliant movie, didn't you think?"

"Yes, sir."

"I only hope we don't wind up with anything too special," Hecht added.

It came down at last to a matter of aesthetics. I would have much preferred to sell out for money, but Hecht eliminated that possibility, and so I was left to debate between drizzle or sunshine, Douglas firs or sheltering palms, Theodore Roethke or Nathanael West. And, alas, the locusts won.

• • •

I returned to Seattle Saturday night. Monday morning, my 1957 Volvo loaded with books, ashtrays, record albums and myriad manuscripts, I was driving down through Oregon orchards toward Berkeley, where I spent ten days taking notes.

• • •

Arriving in Hollywood during the first days of October, I found an apartment one block below Sunset, not more than a mile from Columbia Studios. The landlord kept calling me Pete:

"You won't find another place like this, Pete, on the whole street. Look, see?"

"What?"

"Out in front, see? No lights. It's a class building. You think I'd put in them red and orange floods under the bushes to make 'em look like Christmas trees?"

Never, Pete, this ain't no whorehouse, you should pardon the expression. No, no, you'll love it."

It came up in the course of introductions that I was about to start writing at a studio.

"A writer, huh? Listen, Pete, you couldn't believe who died in an apartment just four blocks from here."

"No idea."

"F. Scott Fitzgerald. You hearda him, right? Over on Laurel Avenue, 1403. You should take a walk by there sometime."

• • •

Hecht and I met early the following week, our first reunion since my return. He wore a monogrammed crimson pin-stripe (shirts by Lanvin in Paris) under a worsted pewter sports coat (Dominic Pinaro, the tailor). Hecht was sitting on the tufted couch drinking an Alka-Seltzer when I entered. I sat myself at the opposite end of it.

"Don't sit there. Sit across from me in one of those chairs, where I can see you."

After inquiring where I'd settled, Hecht handed me a film script that he wanted me to read. The conversation drifted to writers whom he'd employed throughout his career.

"I'll tell you something about writers."

Hecht said: "They hate me, most of them."

Try paying them, Mr. Hecht. "Why's that, sir?"

"A writer's script is all he has. If you take it out of his hands, he's got nothing left." A pause, then:

"You'll hate me, too, someday. All writers do."

The air was getting a bit thin. Hecht quickly changed subjects.

"Did you bring in an outline with you?"

"No. I've got a bag of notes I took at Berkeley, but I'm not too good at outlines."

"Do you want to talk about the script you have in mind, or would you prefer to show us your notes?"

"Why don't I type up what I have?"

"Why *don't* you, Stephen."

As I walked to the door, I thought maybe I should reassure him: "Have a little faith in me, Mr. Hecht. I think I might have something going."

"Faith? You have to earn my faith, the money is deductible."

His mouth opened and puckish laughter erupted without warning from somewhere deep within, crackling against the air like kernels of popcorn.

• • •

For three days, working at my apartment, I rearranged those Berkeley notes into a fragmented "outline." My characters, however, were still adrift in plotless limbo.

Hecht telephoned, finally. "Where've you been hiding? We're anxious to see what you're doing."

"Well, I write things out in longhand, Mr. Hecht, and I don't type too fast, so it'll take me another day to type it all up."

"That shouldn't be necessary. We have secretaries here. One of them will be able to read your handwriting, don't you think? Why not bring it in now and we'll read it overnight, then we'll meet tomorrow afternoon. What about four-thirty?"

"Well—"

"See you then."

What I handed in to be typed concerned a campus agitator named Zino Street and two undergraduate lovers, Trina and Adam, who are cohabiting mainly as a result of their belief that by living together they may actually be able to mature despite four years of transistorized education under the guidance of faceless administrators. Zino the activist lives at home with Mom; Adam the folk guitarist cuts and cleans his fingernails, and Trina, his woman, keeps a tidy apartment. The 27-page synopsis seemed to me to have only one attribute: It offered nothing for a young Dick Powell.

Yet.

• • •

When I went into Hecht's private office the following afternoon, he and Lindemann were mumbling to each other. Hecht saw me, catapulted from his leather chair and strode to the couch, a dancer's stride. I was ready for anything except for what happened. Hecht grinned in my direction, apple-cheeked, and said:

"We've read your notes and we're delighted. Just delighted."

I blinked. Hecht, gleeful and buoyant, continued:

"You've created some real characters. I think there's a good chance that we'll be able to do this film. Do you have any questions?"

"Well, I—ah, I'm glad you liked it. I mean, it doesn't have much plot yet. I'm not such a great plotter."

"You've got enough: The administration doesn't want to get involved in trying to keep students from being together. But Zino puts them in a position where they're forced to make an issue of separating Adam and Trina. Then Zino forms the Free Sex Movement. That's marvelous, making the leader of the Free Sex Movement a virgin who lives with his mother. We think that's marvelous."

"Thank you."

Lindemann smiled: "You've got more story than you'll need here."

"This Zino Street, what's his nationality?" Hecht asked.

"Italian."

Remembering something, he laughed: "We made Marty Italian. We were going to make him Jewish, but I said it's better for everybody concerned if we make our Marty Italian instead of Jewish. Keep



What a time for Falstaff.

Crisp. Clean. Robust.

**For four generations, good taste has made Falstaff
the choicest product of the brewers' art.® Everywhere.**

Falstaff Brewing Corp., St. Louis, Mo.



Zino Italian, that's fine."

"Is there anything here we can help you with?" Lindemann asked me.

I mentioned a point in the outline where my story seemed too contrived. Lindemann came up with an alternate course of action that neither of us bought. Hecht made his suggestion and Lindemann, slapping the chair arm, said:

"Great, beautiful! You're really cooking today, Harold." Then, to me: "Harold's given you the answer. Perfect. You're on your way—"

"There's no objection to my having Adam and Trina shacking up together?"

Hecht shook his head. "No, I see no reason why they can't be living together, if that's the way it is. Do you, Mitch?"

"No, Harold. Kids do these things."

We were all smiling. How did I want to proceed, Hecht asked? No more outlines, sir, I told him; let me go right into the screenplay itself. Fine, Hecht agreed, if you get stuck at all, come to Mitch or me; that's what we're here for. Thank you, Mr. Hecht, is there any chance now I might be able to get a permanent place to work around here, my apartment's a little noisy? Of course, said Hecht, picking up the phone.

There were no offices available in the executive building, but they could put me in a dressing room on the back lot. I was sent to a man who led me outside past several sound stages, through a doorway bordered by a small infirmary and the studio Automat, up a tiny elevator to the third floor, down a butter-scotch-rugged corridor to dressing room 306. The man unlocked the door.

"This is Steve McQueen's former dressing room," he told me. "We might have to move you out of it into another if Casting wants to reclaim it. But until then . . ."

The man handed me the key and left. I entered what looked like a large bedless motel room, adjacent to a mirror-walled area where an elaborate dressing table stretched the length of the room. A white-tiled bathroom, complete with shower and infrared heater, was visible through an opened door at the opposite end. There were also three closets, a leatherine couch, two stuffed lounge chairs, a built-in bar and a refrigerator. I searched everywhere for some trace of Steve. Nothing, it seemed. But opening the refrigerator door, I spotted one can of vanilla Metrecal, alone on the bottom shelf. It was time to write home: "Dear Mom and Dad: Here's something to tell your friends about Steve McQueen. You're probably wondering how I happen to know this. Well . . ."

The beige telephone rang. Hecht's blonde secretary was calling for Mr. Hecht to inquire did I own a car? Yes. Would it be possible for me to give Mr. Hecht a ride home, his wife has his automobile and he dislikes taxis?

An hour later, in my '57 Volvo, Hecht

and I were driving down Sunset Strip through the haze of a smoggy autumn twilight toward Coldwater Canyon. We passed It's Boss—ONLY NIGHT CLUB IN AMERICA WHERE YOU CAN BE ADMITTED AT 15—continuing west: Sneaky Pete's, the Body Shop, Gazzarri's, Hollywood-a-Go-Go, The Trip, Pandora's Box; they all blurred by, their marquees splashing forth The Lovin' Spoonful, The Byrds, The Kinks, The Chosen Few . . .

"You know, Mr. Hecht, I get the feeling one hot day this'll all just melt into a great styrene glob."

"No, it used to be that way," Hecht corrected me, looking straight ahead. "But the town's changed lately. For instance, until two years ago, you had to kill yourself to do a good film. But now it's easier, it's more open, there's a real possibility."

"Yes, but—"

"You're a young writer. You came down here to do something good, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Three years ago, it would have been much more difficult. Things are changing. This year is the year of the writer. His receptivity has enlarged. Films have become a respectable art form."

"But if writers out here are generally treated like—I mean, if others are still brought in to work on their material without their having any say in the matter—"

"Yes?"

"The thought of that might scare off a lot of young writers, no?"

"No, I don't think so."

And that was that. Neither of us spoke until we'd turned onto Coldwater Canyon Drive. Hecht, glancing at the dashboard, said: "The main reason that I'm interested in doing this university picture is, I never had a chance to go to college myself."

"Places like Berkeley, Mr. Hecht, they're really ripe for a satire."

Hecht nodded: "I don't think anyone would mind us poking fun at universities—the faculty and the administration and the students—do you? If we make a fun picture that everyone can enjoy. Do you?"

"No."

"I think we can do it." A pause. "You shouldn't be overawed by any of this, Stephen. We're very delighted with what you've done and we have real confidence in you now."

"Thank you."

. . .

That was the last time I spoke to Hecht privately for two months. He suddenly etheralized into a phantom producer, dashing here, flying there, negotiating deals for this and that property: Within weeks after I'd arrived, Hecht had managed to outmaneuver all other interested parties for the rights to *Finian's Rainbow* and had also—after more

than a decade—succeeded in raising capital for *The Way West*, based on a novel by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Aside from these two current projects, Hecht was also occupied with the sequel to *Cat Ballou*, having hired and fired six writers thus far in an attempt to "come up with the right story." As Lindemann explained it: "We're not satisfied with anything less than the best."

On occasion, I'd spy the back of Hecht's left ear as he entered his office, or the corner of his suit lapel as he exited. He'd smile and say, "Hello, Stephen, how's everything going?"

"Pretty well, but—"

"Good."

Each morning I rode up the automatic elevator to Steve McQueen's former dressing room, did a few hours of research on Berkeley, then settled down to write. Superstars were everywhere. I soon learned to distinguish among them by ear. Jerry Lewis, for example, opens his dressing-room door with a brisk click, while Richard Widmark will turn the handle slowly and methodically, like a man who's appeared in one too many gangster movies. They never dropped by, they said only, "Go ahead, go . . ." when we'd ride the elevator together.

I found myself, meanwhile, writing a very static screenplay: Dialog was doing all the work, my characters weren't being pushed into action. In short, I blew this opportunity Hecht had afforded me to write a hip film free from outside pressures. No one stood over my shoulder muttering, "Tut-tut, you mustn't do that . . ." No one browbeat me with threats of instantaneous dismissal, and I was left with only myself to blame for treading water when I should have been racing ahead with a wild, frenzied satiric side stroke. Lindemann repeatedly informed me that while he usually stays very close to Hecht's writers, the subject of my screenplay remained outside his realm of experience, and therefore, "If I get too close right now, I might cramp your style." He did not cramp my style, I cramped my own. After three weeks of *laissez faire*, which I'd sorely abused, it seemed time to either seek help or chuck the whole enterprise. One afternoon I called Lindemann and told him of my dissatisfaction. "Let us see what you've done so far," he advised, and I handed in the first 40 pages of my screenplay.

"That's the worst mistake a Hollywood writer can make, you never hand anything in," said a friend. But since Hecht and Lindemann were not maligning me in typical Hollywood fashion, I saw no reason to play possum. They read my material over the weekend and Lindemann scheduled the first of many story conferences with me for Monday morning in his office.

"Harold and I have looked over this screenplay," he began, "and we don't

ARNEL is if you take the chopper for a short hop to the ranch you're glad your jacket and slacks are made of it so you won't be all rumpled when you pull off that slick deal with the cattle broker.



RATNER CALIFORNIA CLOTHES came up with this free-wheeling jacket and slacks to prove a point: Classic doesn't mean dull. And you can be sure this jacket and slacks will keep their good looks because they're made of Arnel triacetate and rayon. Jacket, about \$50. Slacks, about \$20. For the name of the store nearest you, write: Ratner Clothes, San Diego 92112.

Celanese® Arnel®

CELANESE ARNEL
THE LUXURY FIBER

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

really know what the hell you're trying to do. It's all over everywhere. But Harold thinks it shows great talent."

"It's a mess, if you ask me, Mitch. I still haven't found any action for my characters. I'm treading water."

"The scene you have between Adam and Trina in their apartment, we like. But what I want to know right away is why I should take these kids seriously. Here's a line of dialog I wrote that you might decide to add. Suppose Trina says, before she turns out the light: 'That's all we are, crummy pieces of lettuce with nowhere to go?' How does that sound?"

"Well——"

"I want to care about your characters. I've got to know by page five what are their hopes, their dreams and their aspirations. Because, if I don't care about these kids, then why should I care what happens to them?"

"Why don't you care about Adam and Trina?"

"They're just bored, irresponsible kids shacking up together, as far as I'm concerned."

"I see."

"Harold and I don't understand what you're trying to do."

"I think I know what I'm trying to do, Mitch, but my hang-up is that I'm not doing it yet."

"What should I advise you, Stephen?"

"Suppose I threw out most of that preliminary stuff and went right into the scene where those deans issue the directive."

"That's an idea."

"Most of what I've done so far is for my own benefit, anyway: to find out about the characters."

Lindemann encouraged me to begin with the issuing of the directive. "I don't care if it takes you a whole year to write this film, take as long as you want, but do a good job." I told him I appreciated his willingness to let me have my head. "Harold and I believe you can make it," he said.

I sat down and wrote a new opening. Lindemann read the material—Hecht Productions always types up eight copies on yellow onionskin—and said:

"I don't know what the hell you're trying to do here. This is smart-alecky and silly, making fun of the administration. Besides, your story's with the students."

"Maybe, Mitch, but if——"

"I could do in three pages what it's taken you fifteen pages to do. The whole thing's a definite regression."

Wait a second, pal. "But——"

Lindemann's tone then changed: "Harold and I won't let you go any further without an outline. We've got a secretary free. Dictate to her just about five pages or so and we'll meet again tomorrow. Tell us why we should care about

the kids in this film, that's the main thing."

I should have called Hecht himself at this point. I should have refused to dictate a word. I should have demanded complete autonomy. But instead, like Kafka's ever-suppliant K, I did as they asked.

The next day Lindemann conferred with me about my dictated outline: "I don't know what the hell you're trying to do here. This is smart-alecky. The real story you have is a love affair between Zino and Trina. The first time they meet each other they hate each other, but we can tell there's something between them right away. Now, I see a very funny movie to be made out of all this. But how can we tell the story of what's happening in American universities today if we base this screenplay on something like that Free Sex Movement of yours? Is that an important issue?"

"You both seemed to like it before, Mitch."

"It won't work."

Lindemann intended to help, as he'd successfully assisted Walter Newman and many others in Hecht's stable. Newman, responsible for creating Marvin's boozing gunfighter, Kid Shelleen, in *Cat Ballou*, considers Hecht and Lindemann "the two most tolerant and patient men I've ever written under."

And yet, in the process of revising the opening section of my screenplay under Lindemann's tutelage, through the five drafts and numerous outlines that I kept churning out until Thanksgiving, strange things happened. Lindemann would read my latest draft and call me in for a story conference that reiterated yesterday's, anticipated tomorrow's session.

"Stephen," he'd say, "you still haven't told Harold and me yet why we should care for your characters."

"I don't mean to be hard on you," he'd add. We both understood there was no malice in his criticisms.

"What's the matter with them now?" I'd ask.

"Trina's a despicable human being, Adam's a lump, Zino's stupid," he'd reply, then add: "They're nowhere."

Lindemann often reminded me that this film would be seen by the peoples of France and Spain—all over the world, in fact—and that we didn't want to tell them the universities in our country were run by a bunch of nincompoops, did we?

Eventually, Lindemann maneuvered to his basic grievance: "You can't expect to focus on two kids living together and have your audience accept this as the way it is in college. Our morality is different than that."

"Why didn't you tell me so when I handed in my original notes?"

"We thought something might spark. An explosion. After a lot of years in this business, I've come to realize it's the clichés that work best: A princess falls in

love with a commoner and you're in business. Trina's the daughter of the governor, she falls in love with Zino, the son of an Italian worker who lives with his widowed mother and you're on your way."

A princess meets a commoner—Jesus! "Didn't you bring me down here because you wanted something a little newer?"

"We brought you down here to write a good college script. And so far, all you've done is putz around."

"That's nobody's fault but my own. However——"

"New, schmew, the New Wave you can have. What does *Darling* say? It says nothing. There's no warmth, no identification."

Mostly I just shrugged and said: "Well . . ." Sometimes I gazed out the window. But one afternoon Lindemann caught me by surprise. After the usual preliminaries, he asked:

"What are you trying to tell us? That Adam and Trina are two kids without any real purpose in their lives, so they live together because this might be a way to get something meaningful from their education?"

Startled, I looked up: "Exactly, Mitch."

Lindemann rubbed his earlobe thoughtfully: "That's no good," he said, "that's a smart-alecky approach."

At Thanksgiving, Adam and Trina were still cohabiting and my days at Columbia seemed numbered. Lindemann, who wanted to keep me on the college story, strongly urged that I start all over again from scratch. Otherwise—"Producers can be flighty men," Lindemann confided, an oblique reference to Hecht's philosophy of film making, wherein the writer is sufficiently expendable that he may no longer be around by sunset. Ah, well.

In despair, I phoned Landers: "Either a princess meets a commoner or I perish, Hal."

My agent softly cautioned me not to panic: "Have you spoken to Hecht himself?"

"No, I haven't seen him in a long time."

"Call Harold and tell him you're stuck."

"Will he remember my name?"

"Call him."

Calling Hecht at home, I explained that I was experiencing difficulties with my script. It was more of an evasion than an understatement.

"But that's what Mitch is there for, to work with our writers," was Hecht's terse reply.

"Oh," I said, and nothing more. Hecht agreed to meet me the following Monday morning. *Monday, that's four days away, suppose in those four days you wired together a princess and a commoner. Just suppose.* My mind was functioning like that of a glass-jawed

HERMIT'S GOLD

pure fashion

It's what you've been prospecting for. Tipped cowhide, a rich grain tipped with burnished gold. Color excitement for all seasons. A new collection, done with the fine craftsmanship and premium leathers—traditionally Prince Gardner. Strike it rich in hermit's gold. Also in midnight blue, forest green, or burgundy.



PRINCE GARDNER®

REGISTRAR® BILLFOLD \$6., POCKET SECRETARY \$6., CREDIT CARD CASE \$6., PASSCASE MONEY CLIP \$3.50, ADAPTA-SNAP® KEY CASE \$3.
(NOT SHOWN) BANKER BILLFOLD \$6. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. PRINCE GARDNER, ST. LOUIS, MO., A DIVISION OF SWANK, INC.



*"It just so happens she prefers
97-pound weaklings!"*

fighter on one knee, grasping for the middle rope.

It's your secret that you finally sold out, gave up, capitulated—yours alone. Hit 'em where they live. And thus, in a frenzy of self-preservation, during the Thanksgiving weekend I spewed forth the story of Trina, daughter of the chancellor, who lives in a sorority house and is about to marry an upstanding WASP headed for Yale Law. By accident she meets Zino Street, scholarship student, low-life campus rebel. WHAMO! POW! Sparks fly, they hate each other's guts at first sight, but deep down, where it really counts, look out, it's love. OK. Mr. Hecht, here's what you wanted, here's what you got. Paxton Quigley, where are you now? Hecht listened patiently to my synopsis, then gave me the very fishy look of a man who's sure he's being put on. "I'll have to read it to make an opinion," he said dryly.

One week later, on December 3, he called me into his office. I remember the particular date because after the third of December, I was no longer a salaried employee of Hecht Productions.

Directly over Hecht's quarters they were installing a steam bath for Columbia Studio executives. In order to facilitate the operation, many squares of cork tile had been jimmied loose from the ceiling. However, during past weeks, torrential rains had flooded the unfinished steam room upstairs and now, walking into Hecht's office, I bumped against

huge buckets that were scattered over the rug like helmets on a battlefield, to catch water as it poured down from black gaps in the ceiling.

"I know a good plumber," I said. He laughed expansively. Then he picked up my princess-commoner outline.

"I've looked this over," Hecht said, "and I'm not happy with it at all, frankly."

What? Come on, don't say that, I wrote it especially for you. At the greatest expense . . .

"Why not, sir?"

"It's a story for the Roosevelt era, Stephen. I'm way ahead of it. I've seen it a million times: The rich girl and the poor boy; it's not very jazzy, I'm afraid—" Hecht seemed to be making a gallant effort to smother his indignation. I sat and listened without comment as Hecht then proceeded to fire me.

My agent received the news calmly: "Where's the major problem?" he asked.

"I don't know anymore, Hal. When I finally succumbed to writing the kind of tripe they seemed to want, Hecht let me have it. Five minutes ago."

"Did you level with him, Stephen?"

"No, I've forgotten how to level with anyone, it's been so long."

"You should have."

"I didn't."

"Let me call Harold and get this settled. Now, what's the hang-up? Be precise."

"Well, Hal, I assumed Hecht and

Lindemann were demanding the same thing. But—"

"Never assume anything in this business, Stephen. I'll get you an appointment with Harold tomorrow. Tell him exactly what's on your mind, understand?"

"I've really screwed up."

"You're not the first. Just relax."

Early the next morning, I was again in Hecht's office, both of us conversing amidst buckets. As I closed the door, he unbuttoned his blue-cashmere double-breasted ("I don't have a good tailor, I have a good alterer. He alters my old clothes. I can't afford new suits these days.") and sighed:

"What seems to be the difficulty, Stephen?"

That princess-commoner outline, I told him, was an act of desperation on my part.

Hecht listened, then sat me down for the cure: "Most writers out here become secretaries for their producers," he said. "A writer doesn't follow, a writer leads the way. You weren't happy with what you were turning out, so you leaned on Mitch. Mitch works very well with some writers, but any producer or associate producer will have you writing his script if you let him. I always try to interfere, and after twenty-two years, I'm finally learning not to write somebody else's script for him. I've messed up too many in the past."

"But my characters were despicable, they couldn't cohabitate, the Free Sex Movement was out—"

"I don't see why Adam and Trina shouldn't live together," Hecht mused. "It avoids the sentimentality of that last outline you handed in. Sentimentality hurt many of the best pictures Burt and I made—*Birdman of Alcatraz*, for example."

At length, I muttered: "There's been some confusion."

Hecht nodded. "It happens," he said. "You're just getting your feet wet. This has been a good experience for you."

"If I may ask, why did you bring me down here?"

"Why? I'm a fool, that's why," Hecht replied, and laughed.

Lindemann was laughing, too, several days later, when he stopped me in the corridor.

"I understand you told Harold your producers were confusing you."

"That's right, Mitch."

"Whenever a writer out here gets into trouble, he does just what you did."

"He does?"

"Of course he does. That's the first cop-out for a hack. When you left Harold's office, he sighed and said, 'My, how fast they learn.' And then we shook our heads . . ."

Lake Superior whitefish, and beyond Omaha to antelope steaks and sage-fed quail; but six or seven courses ending with individual baked Alaska and imported stilton was the accepted dimension of hospitality. Second and third helpings were encouraged; and if there was something your heart desired that wasn't on the menu—say, venison cutlets or jack-rabbit pie—the management would be delighted to run it up for you. No extra charge: Just think well of the Burlington, the Soo or the Atlantic Coast Line, as the case might be. It was a pleasure.

When Henry Morrison Flagler, late in the Eighties, discovered Florida and commenced building the Florida East Coast Railway to serve the eye-popping resort hotels that rose along the Atlantic littoral at Jacksonville, Palatka, Palm Beach and, eventually, Miami, gastronomy in transit reached new heights that would have gratified Brillat-Savarin. With better than \$200,000,000 in the hard gold currency of the times deriving from Standard Oil almost literally burning a hole in the pocket of his striped cashmere trousers, Flagler conceived the notion of evolving a playground for the American people that would relegate Monte Carlo and the French Riviera to

the estate of fleabag carnivals. One of his caprices was that a guest in one of the Flagler hotels in Florida was as good as in his suite when he stepped aboard the cars in New York or Boston. To further the illusion, passengers on the through Pullmans found themselves skirmishing happily with fresh giant cracked crab while traversing the Jersey meadows and acquiring a taste for broiled pompano with hot mustard sauce before they reached Washington.

To meet this competition, the Seaboard Air Line, which also wanted in on the rich Florida pickings, was forced to go to equal or greater lengths of culinary hospitality, and vacationists bound for Florida took to booking passage on the carrier that promised the most ravishing gala of gastronomy en route. Dining-car crews in those days moved with the seasons, signing on the Florida runs in December and January, using their seniority to be assigned to Aiken and Pinehurst in early spring, and landing the Bar Harbor trains in summer. Stewards and waiters alike knew the customers personally; and the customers, knowing that they might be assigned the same waiter half a dozen times in the course of the social year, tipped accordingly. It was a happy relationship.

The author of this vignette was, in the middle 1920s, accompanying his father, a Boston banker of formidable dimensions, to Palm Beach aboard the Orange Blossom Special on the Seaboard when, during the service of dinner, the courtly, white-haired dining-car steward stopped at our table and remarked deferentially: "Mr. Beebe, I'll wager you can't tell me what you were doing just forty years ago tonight."

My father allowed that he couldn't without making an issue of it.

"You were being married in the Vendome Hotel in Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, and I was serving the lobster aspic at the reception."

That sort of thing was good for \$20 in gold, any time.

The reason, of course, that food on the diners in their golden age was, as noted above, the best food being served in the United States was that it was provided with little or no attention to the economics of its service. The idea of undertaking to so much as break even, let alone turn a profit on their dining cars, would have shocked the railroad managements of the time almost inexpressibly. Their diners were the carriers' finest and most universally admired showcases, on the theory that the railroad that most elegantly sluiced and gentled its passengers was more likely than not to be

SOFT AS A KISS

INVER HOUSE

IMPORTED RARE SCOTCH

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA.

expeditious and reliable in the conduct of the freight transport from which its revenues derived. A captain of industry who favorably recalled the fillet of red snapper *en papillote* encountered en route to New Orleans on the Louisville & Nashville and the obsequious solicitude of the waiter at breakfast the next morning could order his freight shipped via the L. & N. The railroad that provided the finest dollar dinner could expect the approval and favor of the frock-coated coal barons and ironmasters along its right of way.

It was a scheme of things in which cost accounting had no part and would have evoked shouts of mirth if it had been suggested. The fixed rule, until the mid-Twenties on the dining cars of the New York Central, was that no steward was expected to turn in more than four bits earned on every dollar he cost the company, and this ratio was more liberally interpreted aboard such crack flyers as The Twentieth Century Limited and the Southwestern Limited. In the halcyon times before the 1914 War, standard practice aboard The Century allotted one pound of creamery butter per passenger for the two meals served en route between Chicago and New

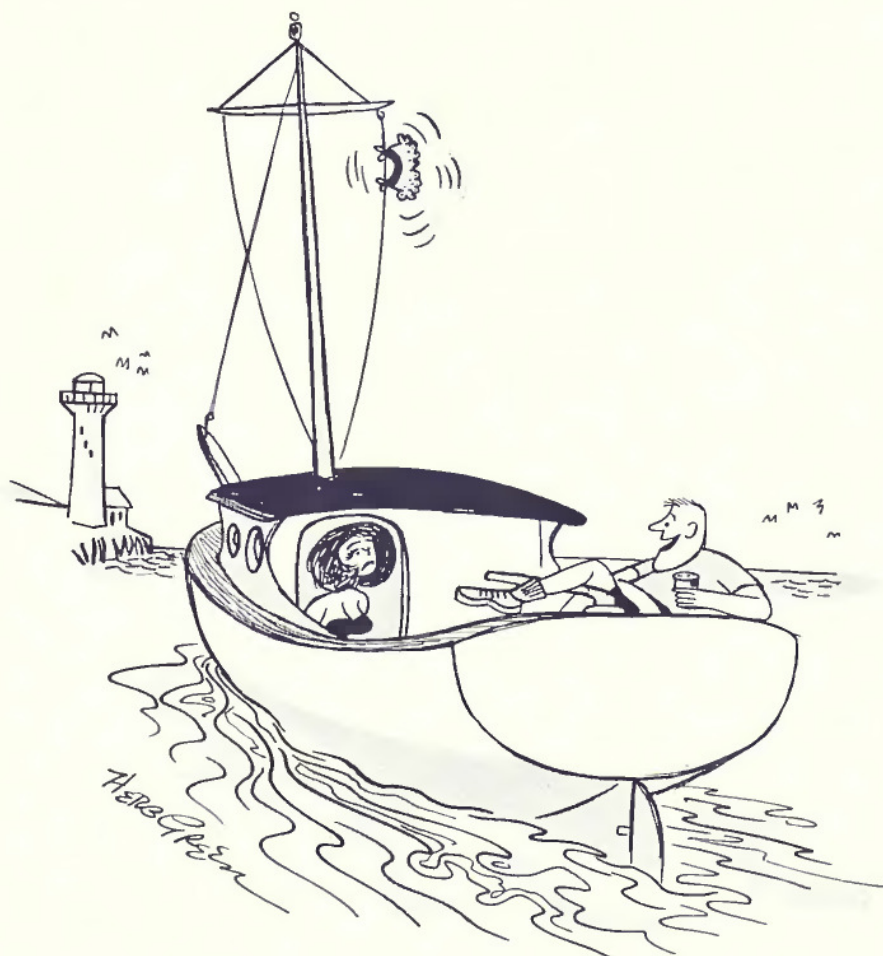
York, an allowance that would suggest that butter was used not only at table and in cooking but in the journal boxes as well. Not only did The Century's butter come in ample quantities, but it carried with it a cachet of social elegance, since it was provided from the manorial Lake Champlain dairy farm of Dr. William Seward Webb, a Vanderbilt son-in-law who sold his surplus cream and vegetables to the family enterprise. It was almost like eating at table with a Vanderbilt.

Extensive menus and liberal larders were by no means limited to the standard-gauge main-line name trains in the golden age of which we sing. General William Jackson Palmer's narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande Western, a pioneer three-foot gauge through the Rockies between Denver and Salt Lake, afforded a breakfast menu listing 50 separate items, including: strawberries and cream, 20 cents; Southdown mutton chops, 40 cents; extra sirloin steak for two, \$1; eggs and omelets in all styles, 20 cents; broiled mushrooms on toast, 40 cents; and fresh calves' liver and bacon, 40 cents. The Rio Grande pioneered the service of fresh Rocky Mountain trout, which later was to become standard on all railroads serv-

ing Colorado. The resources and variety of food that could be stored aboard the diminutive diners as they rolled through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison and over the Wasatch was apparently limitless, and dinner entrees alone came to 28 separate meat dishes, including fresh chucker partridge, venison stew, antelope steak, Mexican quail, prairie chicken, blue-winged teal, buffalo chops and all the conventional steaks, chops, barnyard poultry and other domestic matters.

Perhaps, to the contemporary awareness, the most incredible amenity of mountain travel in the Nineties was the club car Animas Forks of the Silverton Northern Railway, which kept Mumm's Extra Dry and White Seal champagne iced and available at \$2.50 a bottle, and sparkling burgundy at \$1.25 the full bottle. The Silverton Northern was 18 miles long. It also maintained a sleeper. Or let us briefly give our attention to the sumptuously printed wine list for the year 1893 aboard the equally sumptuously appointed New England Limited, running on a crack schedule between Boston and New York over the joining rails of the New Haven and the New York & New England Railroads. The Limited, locally known as "The White Train" because its cars were painted in cream and gold and even the coal in its tender was sprayed with whitewash before each run, catered to the carriage trade of Beacon Street and the moguls of State Street, and its groceries and wines were recruited from the ancestral firm of S. S. Pierce, which had provided the better things for Boston's dinner tables since the days of the China trade. There were four champagnes listed: G. H. Mumm, Pommery & Greno, Perrier-Jouët and Moët & Chandon. Each sold for \$3.50 the full bottle. The white wines included Brandenburg Frères' Latour Blanche 1874 and the Bordeaux was headed by Château, Laroze 1878, also \$3.50, and there followed a foot-long list of spirits, mineral waters and liqueurs, including Lawrence's Medford Rum, the holy sacrament of New England and the proof spirits on which the triangle trade from time immemorial had been founded. For true connoisseurs, there was an 1842 cognac that retailed for two bits the pony glass, which would suggest that getting stiff en route was a positive economy. The dollar dinner included broiled live Maine lobster and beef Wellington. In keeping with its name, The White Train varied the universal practice elsewhere of having colored dining-car crews and carried an all-white staff, not for reasons of prejudice but to establish continuity and match the over-all decor.

Perhaps the most radiantly effulgent name train ever placed in service was actually called the De-Luxe, and rolled once a week between Chicago and Los Angeles during the winter tourist seasons from 1911 until 1917, when its glories



"Stop worrying, Marsha, who's going to know?"



Ask for Oly... the beer from Tumwater.



When you're out for the evening, and you want a really good beer, ask for Oly... the beer from Tumwater. It's the same good-tasting beer you've enjoyed for years in your own back yard. Brewed only with the natural artesian water of Tumwater, Washington. And that famous water *does* make a difference. So why order less than Olympia... it's no more a stay-at-home than you are. Just ask for Oly. Any self-respecting tavern will know you mean the beer from Tumwater.

"It's the Water"

Visitors are always welcome at the Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, Washington, 8:00 to 4:30 every day. *Oly *®

were abated by wartime restrictions. All Pullman, all-bedroom, with brass beds instead of berths, its sailing list strictly limited to 60 paying guests, the De-Luxe also commanded a surcharge of \$25 in honest-to-goodness money, perhaps the equivalent of four or five times as much today. Its Fred Harvey dining cars incorporated the first primeval resources of air conditioning, and dinner service was comparable with that of New York's lordly Ritz Carlton, which opened the same year, although passengers refrained from dressing formally for the evening, as was the custom of the time on the Blue Train between Paris and Monte Carlo.

By 1911 the dollar dinner, which for so long had been the standard of quality from the Baltimore & Ohio's Royal Blue trains to the Southern Pacific's Sunset Limited, was only a fragrant memory. It had been done to death when, at the time of its inaugural in 1902, The Twentieth Century Limited had priced its dinner at a staggering \$1.50 as one of the most triumphant status symbols of its time. Meals on the De-Luxe were strictly à la carte and included such items as fresh beluga caviar *sur socle*, \$1.25; baked shad and roe *aux fines herbes*, 60 cents; larded tenderloin of beef, *Montebello*, 90 cents; roast capon, chestnut dressing, 75 cents; quails in aspic, \$1; imported roquefort and stilton cheese, 25 cents.

Although railroad history abounds with direct and unequivocal competition between rival carriers seeking passenger patronage over identical and closely parallel runs, none has ever been so evenly matched as that between two candy trains of the two most powerful railroad systems in the East, the Pennsylvania's Broadway Limited and the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited, perhaps the most famous train America has ever known. Running between New York and Chicago, service on these two matchless varnish runs was inaugurated on the same day at the same hour in June 1902, and for well over six decades the least detail of improvement in operation, equipment or schedule in one was met instantly and unhesitatingly by the opposition. If The Century cut 30 minutes from its running time, the new schedule was met the same day by the competition. If the Broadway commenced giving passengers two morning papers to read with breakfast, The Century slipped a third, *The Wall Street Journal*, in ahead of the bacon and eggs. The day in 1939 when The Century discarded its last open sleeping section in favor of all-room equipment, The Broadway did the same. Down the years the two trains raced neck and neck, sometimes quite literally on the speedway where their rights of way run parallel around the southern tip of Lake Michigan.

But nowhere in the conduct of these two fine luxury runs has rivalry been keener than in their dining cars. When, early in the game, The Century raised the price of its dollar dinner and started serving the dairy products of the Vanderbilt in-law, the Pennsylvania began wheeling hot tables of fresh bread and exotic rolls up to its patrons, a dramatic innovation 60-odd years ago. The Century, many years ago, inaugurated two table specialties that have been the hallmark of its gastronomy ever since: a particularly succulent variety of watermelon pickle and a special entree of lobster newburg. You may be sure that if, when traveling to Chicago on The Road of the Future, your dinner companion commands the latter of these, he is a traveler of experience and long standing.

In the golden noontide of railroad travel, there were dining-car stewards of more than parochial celebrity, whose fame as ambassadors for their carriers was quite literally world-wide. Memory at once evokes the image of courtly and venerable Dan Healy, a maitre d'hôtel aboard the Milwaukee Railroad's Pioneer Limited, who numbered presidents and cabinet members among his first-name friends and who, after his death, enjoyed immortality in the form of a splendid dining car that bore his name. There was also the legendary Wild Bill Kurthy of the Southern Pacific, who at various times rode with The Overland Limited and the well-remembered Forty Niner, and who rose to a pinnacle of celebrity when he ran the diner on one section of the City of San Francisco during the 1941 War. Kurthy was a man of violent aspect and almost continual incandescence. He fired every member of his dining-car crew personally, publicly and with a Ciceronian peroration at least once on every run, a bravura performance usually conducted at the height of the dinner hour. His crews stayed with him for years. He also bullied the passengers and the management that employed him. During the years when there was supposed to be a shortage of such restricted items as steaks, chops, butter, cream and imported cognac for cooking, all these items were available and in outsize quantities aboard Kurthy's section of the City. He was popularly reported so to cow the commissary at the train's loading terminals that the entire allowance of meat for the railroad system went aboard his diner.

Be that as it may, the City's diners ran knee-deep in red points. Timid elderly ladies who wanted tea and toast found themselves confronted with 18 ounces of porterhouse floating in melted butter and commanded to eat it and like it. A request for a single three-minute egg would be met with a double broiled

Minden mutton chop flanked by a baked potato awash with sour cream and chives. Ordinary lamb chops arrived festooned with necklaces of Deerfoot sausages, and flaming desserts (mark you, this was still wartime) came to the tables of Kurthy's favored passengers in the guise of the burning of Rome, with the best Hennessy and shouted encouragement from Kurthy not to waste a smidge.

At bedtime, Kurthy's passengers, fed to repletion and numb with good living, could expect the arrival of a grinning waiter with a tray foot high in rare-roast-beef sandwiches and glasses of half-and-half cream as a late snack. "Please eat them. The wild man will fire me sure if you don't!" was the accompanying message. Inevitably, news of such plenty circulated fast and personages of importance were at pains to ride the train to which Kurthy's diner was assigned. To the personal knowledge of this writer, Eugene Meyer, the Washington publisher, Senator David Ignatius Walsh of Massachusetts and Paul Smith, ex-publisher of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, all at various times spurned other accommodations to ride this favored run. At the War's end, Kurthy is reported to have retired and set himself up as a restaurant proprietor outside San Francisco. Operating on the same economic basis as he had conducted his diners, he was shortly bankrupted.

Today, save for the handful of survivors named above, dining on the cars has lost its onetime splendor, its ample portions and the names of wonder who were its patrons. An American aphorism to the effect that "real railroading begins west of Chicago" meant, in practical fact, that the best dining-car food was available on the long-haul Western trains. It may be that this is still true. As support, let there be placed in evidence the fresh Colorado Rocky Mountain trout that, served as the Rio Grande's Prospector rolls down the escarpment of the Shining Mountain into the Denver yards, is still a wonder and glory of the region. The charcoal-broiled whitefish on the Santa Fe's Super Chief the first night out of Dearborn Station is all that it ever could have been in the days of the fabled De-Luxe. And if business takes you to St. Louis, spurn the Wright brothers' folly and ride the Norfolk & Western's Banner Blue through the golden heartland of daylight Illinois. A recent merger hasn't affected the chicken-pot pie on the diner. It's good enough, with a couple of well-chilled martinis, to create the illusion that happy times have come again along the high iron of the land. Perhaps, in truth, they have.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

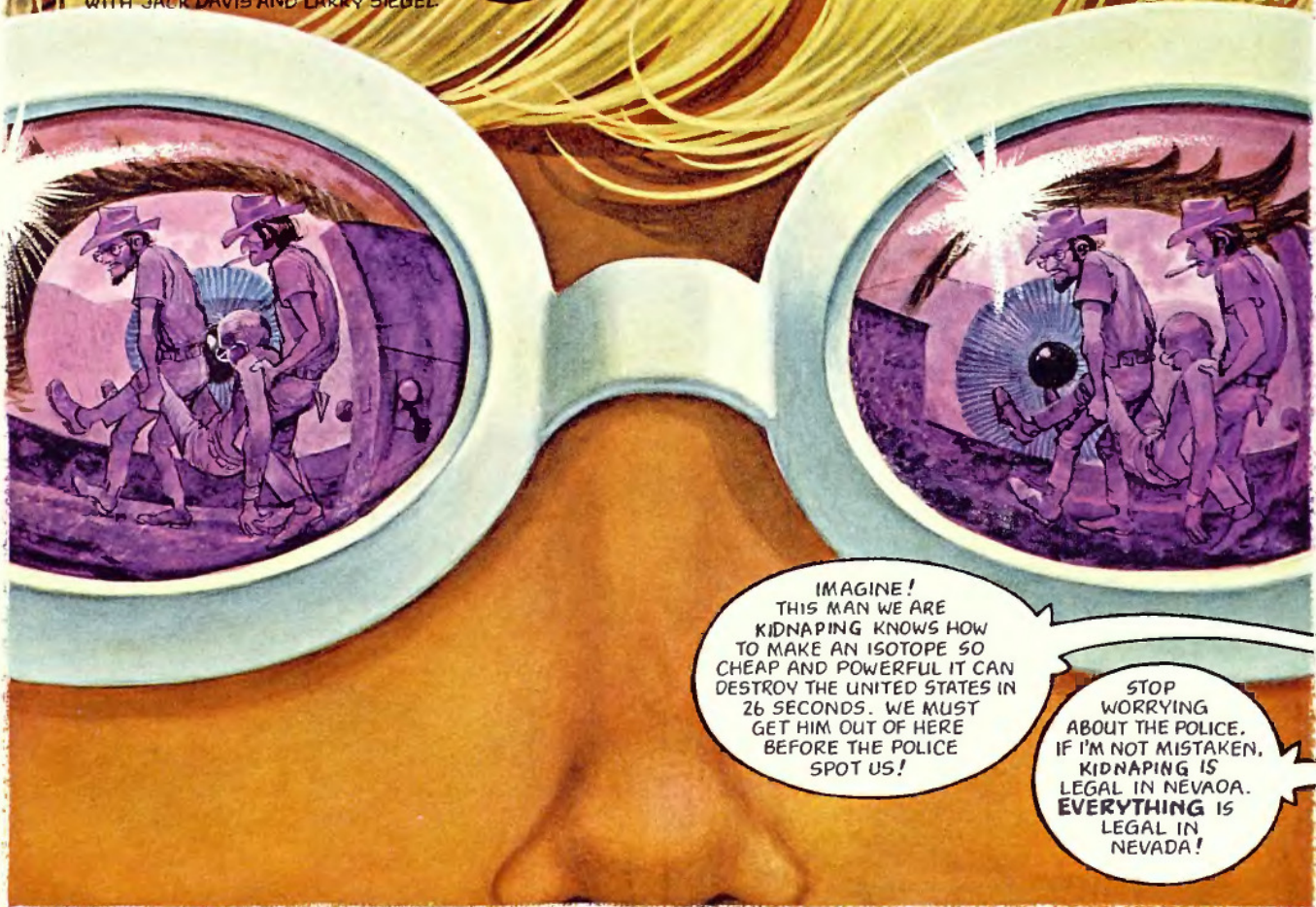
WE'LL GIVE YOU 3-TO-1 ODDS YOU DON'T KNOW
WHERE OUR HEROINE IS IN THIS EPISODE -
AT THE DUNDERHEAD HOTEL IN LAS VEGAS.

WE'LL GIVE YOU 4-TO-1 ODDS YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT EVENT SHE WITNESSES WHILE SUN BATHING
ON THE ROOF OF HER HOTEL -

A KIDNAPING!

WE'LL GIVE YOU 5-TO-1 ODDS YOU DON'T KNOW
WHY SHE'S SUN BATHING ON A CLOUDY DAY -
ODDS THAT IT WOULD BE SUNNY.

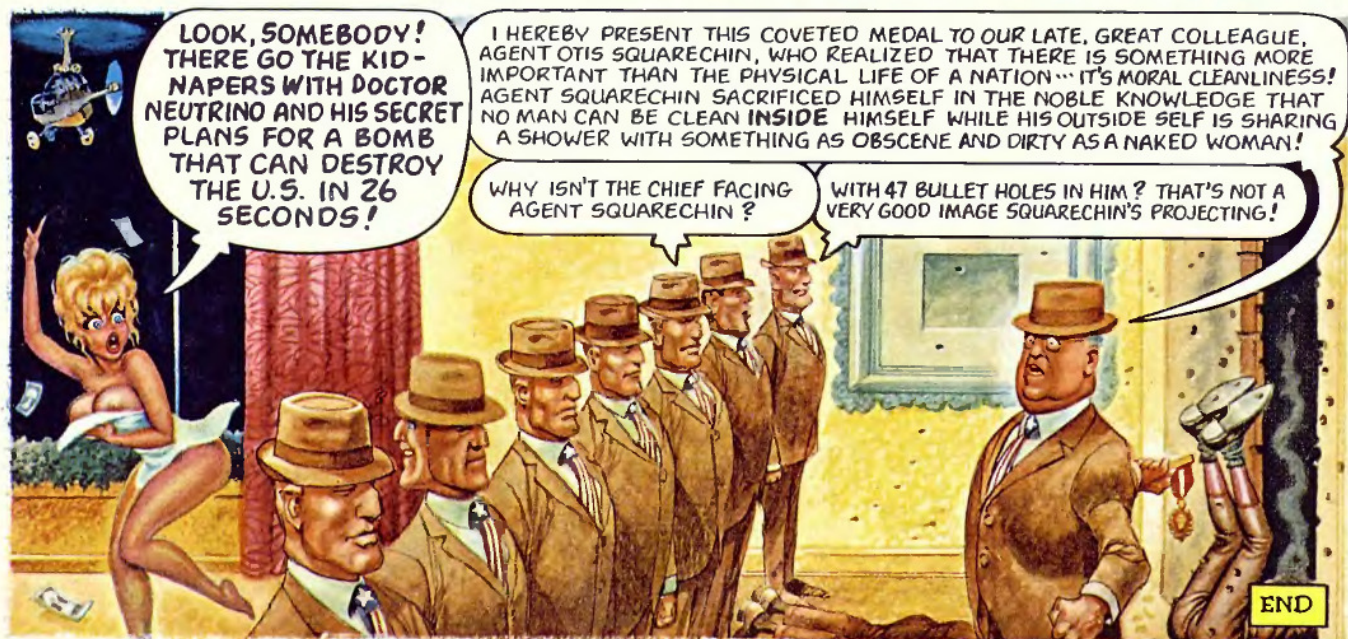
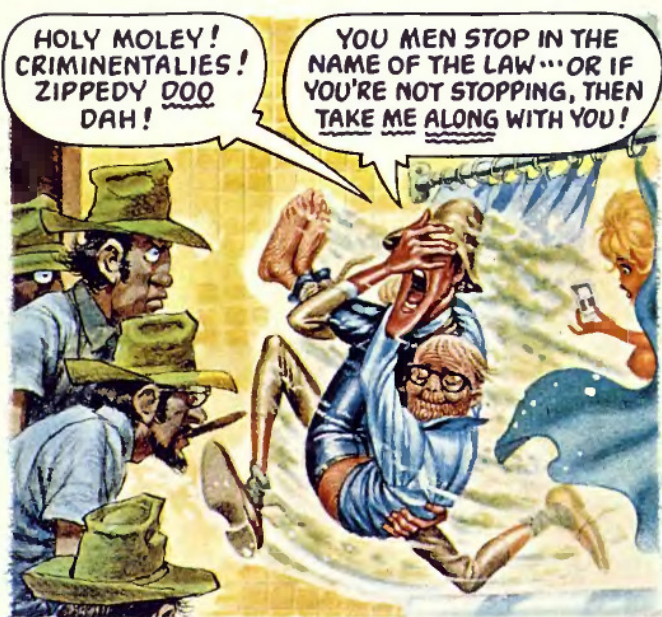
THE LAS VEGAS WEATHER REPORT GAVE 6-TO-1











PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

After Six Formalwear	161	Jaymar Slacks	52
Austin Healey Sprite	1	Kawasaki Motorcycles	167
"Botany" 500		Keds	141
Men's Clothing	156	Koullon	65
Bridgestone Motorcycles	177	Koratron	18
Robert Bruce		Leesures by Lee	163
Sportswear	156	Manix/Sekor Cameras	30
BSA Motorcycles	58	Manhattan Menswear	47
Hurlington Socks	169	Manhattan Shirts	39
Career Club Shirts	161	Mr. Hicks Slacks	35
Carsonid Slacks	159	Plymouth Auto	143
Catalina Sportswear	65	Prince Gardner	105
Celouese-Capri		Jack Purcell Shoes	
Sportswear	169	by Goodrich	40, 41
Celauese-Goldsmith		Shelby Auto	66, 67
Men's Suits	164	Sony Stereorecorder	32
Chilman Sportswear	145	Suzuki Sportcycles	62
Corbin Trousers	29	Swank Jewelry	139
Cricketer Clothes	25	Van Heusen Menswear	47
Croton Watch	14	Van Heusen Shirts	45
Fint Auto	54	Vivitar Cameras	64
Harley-Davidson	189	Volkswagen	23
H.L.S. Shirts	13	Westlock	29
H.L.S. Slacks	11	M. Wile Men's Suits	162
H.L.S. Sportswear	15	Whitlup Shoes	34
Howard Parlor		Worsted-Tex	48
Furniture	164	Wrangler Jeans	26
Hustlers			
by Servus Rubber	58		

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH

PLAYBOY



- ☐ 3 yrs. for \$20 (Save \$10.00)
☐ 1 yr. for \$8 (Save \$2.00)
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

name

address

city state zip code no.

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

N180

NEXT MONTH:



PEACOCK DREAMS



ORIENTAL EYEFULS



STATUS MAGAZINES



NUDIE MOVIES

A **PLAYBOY** PANEL ON RELIGION AND THE NEW MORALITY—WITH **BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE**, **DR. HARVEY COX**, **RABBI RICHARD RUBENSTEIN**, **THE REVEREND HOWARD MOODY**, **DR. MARTIN MARTY** AND OTHER CLERICAL SPOKESMEN

"PEACOCK DREAMS"—THE WORLD'S MOST SWITCHED-ON HABERDASHERY IS THE SCENE, AND A SQUARE WHO WANDERS IN BY MISTAKE IS THE CLOWN IN THIS COMEDY—BY **HERBERT GOLD**

"007'S ORIENTAL EYEFULS"—A LUSH PICTORIAL ON THE ASIAN ATTRACTIONS OF JAMES BOND'S LATEST FILM, *YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE*—WITH TEXT BY THE SCRIPTWRITER, **ROALD DAHL**

"THE CLIMATE OF VIOLENCE"—ASSASSINATIONS, MASS MURDERS AND RACE RIOTS POINT TO A UNIQUE SICKNESS ABROAD IN OUR LAND—BY **MAX LERNER**

"HORSE SENSE"—A LONGTIME BANGTAIL BETTOR OFFERS CO-GENENT WORDS OF COUNSEL ON THE HOWS AND WHYS OF PLAYING THE PONIES—BY **ERNEST HAVEMANN**

"THE WRECK OF THE SHIP JOHN B."—IN A SCI-FI TOUR DE FORCE, A SPACECRAFT'S CAPTAIN IS CONFRONTED BY A RISK-ALL, SPLIT-SECOND DECISION—BY **FRANK ROBINSON**

"THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA"—PART XVI: THE NUDIES, FROM BURLEQUE PEEP SHOWS AND NUDIST DOCUMENTARIES TO THE EPIDERMAL EPICS OF MANSFIELD AND VAN DOREN—BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT** AND **HOLLIS ALPERT**

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"—THE FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR MAY VARY, BUT THE GROUND RULES FOR FISCAL SUCCESS REMAIN ESSENTIALLY THE SAME—BY **J. PAUL GETTY**

"PIN MONEY"—A MEPHISTOPHELEAN TALE OF A CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR DEE, WHO WILL SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS, FOR A DECEPTIVELY LOW PRICE—BY **JAMES CROSS**

"A SNOB'S GUIDE TO STATUS MAGAZINES"—HOW TO SUIT YOUR PSYCHE AND LIFE STYLE TO YOUR FAVORITE PUBLICATION—BY **DAN GREENBURG** AND **JAMES RANSOM**

"PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS"—A HOARD OF RICH REWARDS FOR PATRESFAMILIAS AND BACCALAUREATES

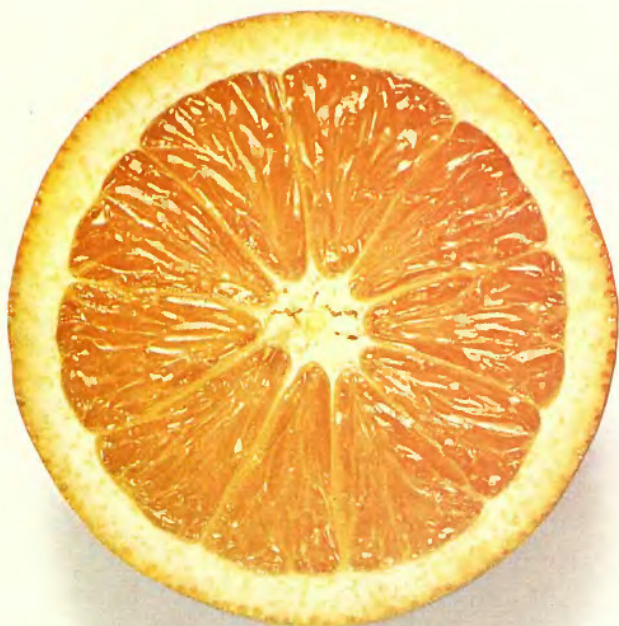
MICHELOB IS AGED AT THE BREWERY

...not on a boat.



Those expensive imported beers don't "age" on the costly boat ride over. They just get a little older. Michelob is aged right here in America. So, you don't pay for a boat ride. You pay for a great beer. Period.

In beer,
going first class
is Michelob.
Period.



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



Only
Gordon's Vodka
has it.

