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APRIL 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

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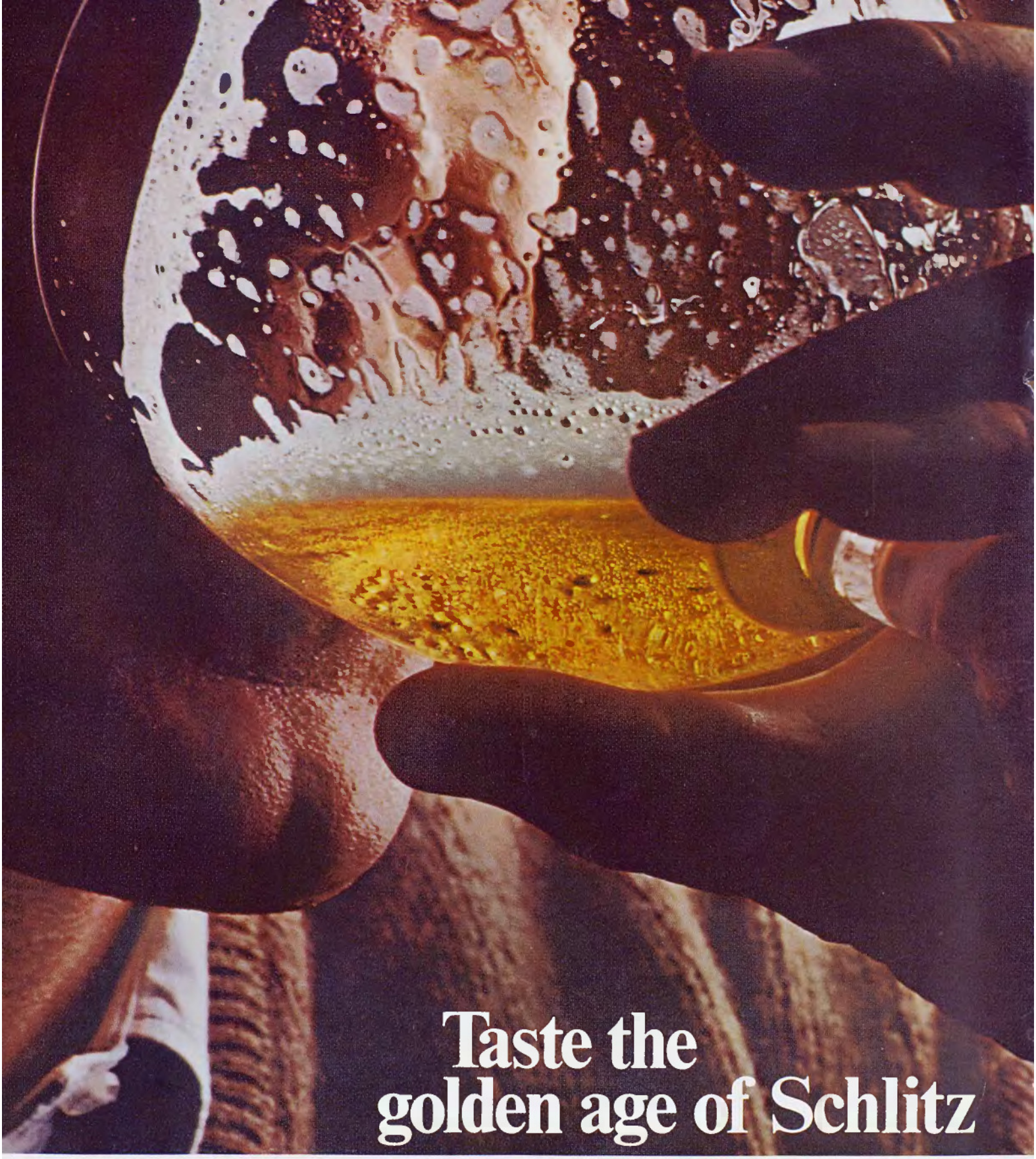
THE SWINGERS—BIG BOOM IN GROUP SEX

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS ALLEN GINSBERG

SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST



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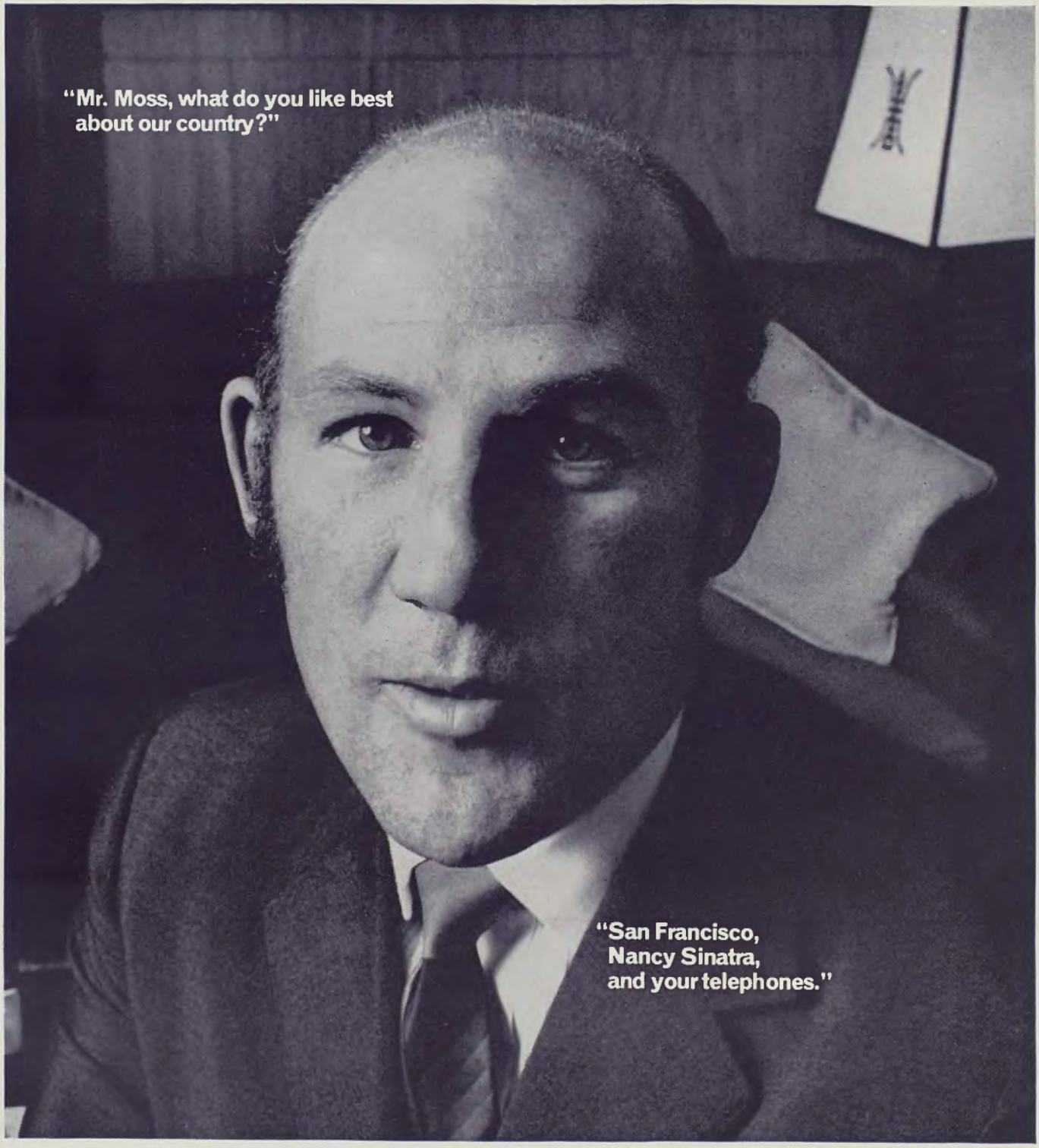

Stirling Moss, famed British racer:

"I reckon the first thing I noticed about your phones is the way you can carry them around while you're talking...the little pocket in the back, I mean, in your standard model. And no matter how many numbers you've got to dial, your system rarely fouls up. You get the number at the first go.

"From my point of view, that's pretty unusual. You've got to use somebody else's phone system before you realize how lucky you Yanks are."

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PLAYBILL HEADING OUR APRIL OFFERING of entertainment for men—in an issue replete with fictional, factual and visual *divertissements*—is Vladimir Nabokov's *Ada*, a tale of intrafamilial passion at an aristocratic estate, and his fourth PLAYBOY appearance (a *Playboy Interview* in 1964, *The Eye* in 1965 and *Despair* in 1966). *Ada* is a *novella*-length preview of a forthcoming novel, *Ada*, which is Nabokov's sexiest, entirely new work since *Lolita*. The hardcover edition will be a Literary Guild selection when McGraw-Hill releases it in May, and Columbia Pictures has offered more than $500,000 for screen rights. A regular contributor to filmdom is Richard Matheson—represented herein by *Prey*, a macabre fable about a fetish doll that refuses to play dead. Matheson wrote the screenplay for *DeSade* (you'll have an advance look at it in the June PLAYBOY), which was recently filmed in Berlin. Our April fiction also includes Patrick McGivern's *Master of the Ball Hawks*, which details a strange search for perfection on the golf links. McGivern has relinquished his post as a news editor for CBS to devote all available time to writing.

NABOKOV

MC GIVERN

POTTERTON

MATHESON

LEWIS

April, as Shakespeare aptly observed, is a "well-apparel'd" month; and Robert L. Green's sartorial prognostications, in our forecast of spring and summer fashions, are your guide to sartorially fulfilling Will's wise words in the seasons ahead.

Making predictions of any sort involves a degree of calculated risk; but, as a British statesman of the 18th Century observed, "Gaming is a principle inherent in human nature." *The Toys and Games of War and Peace* clearly explicates, from two points of view, the ways in which the arcane discipline of game theory, supplemented by technology, is shaping our future; a third article explains how use defines the difference between toys and games, and plumps for the former. In this triple takeout, Jules Siegel's *Playing for Keeps* unveils the principles of gamesmanship employed by military and industrial savants; Philip Meyer, in *Playing for the Upper Hand*, explores the benefits of applying game theory to one's private affairs; and Robert Russel's thesis in *Playing for Fun* is that grown-up toys—from scuba gear to jet planes—can give more satisfaction than either interpersonal or corporate games. Siegel, a full-time freelance writer, has written nationally syndicated articles on science and technology for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Meyer is a national correspondent specializing in urban problems for the Knight Newspaper group. Russel, who serves as communications consultant to the Canadian government, is also the whimsical creator of an imaginary research project called Intersex, "which promises to bring lovers in different parts of the world together for the magical, ultimate act"—simultaneous, electronically induced mass orgasm.

People who get together for less technological but more tactile sex are the subject of Richard Warren Lewis' *The Swingers*, an up-to-the-minute report on the orgiasts, single and married, who seem to be establishing a communal sexual subculture in Southern California. Lewis' last book, *The Scavengers and Critics of the Warren Report*, was published in April of 1967 by Delacorte.

Adding a comic cast to our April issue are Jean Shepherd's *The Grandstand Passion Play of Delbert and the Bumpus Hounds*, wherein the Shepherds acquire some uproariously uncivilized neighbors and begin a fateful feud, and Reginald Potterton's *I Cut Out Her Heart and Stomped on It!*, a behind-the-scenes view of the kinky journalistic techniques employed by such steamy tabloids as the *National Enquirer*. Potterton, a transplanted Briton who wrote for the *Enquirer* before finding more compatible employment as executive editor of *Status*, is currently PLAYBOY's Assistant Travel Editor.

Of course, there's more. Allen Ginsberg, grand guru of the New Left, holds forth on poets and poetry, homosexuality and cultural revolution, in an outspoken interview conducted by fellow poet Paul Carroll. Sex stars Brigitte Bardot and Vanessa Redgrave are uncovered in eye-filling pictorials; other visual adventures include *The Language of Legs*—which shows how to read a girl's mind by the way she crosses her legs when she sits down—and a visit with lovely Lorna Hopper, the 14th Playmate discovered and photographed by Bill Figge and Ed DeLong. Master chef Thomas Mario turns his attention to that infernally appetizing dish: chili. You'll also find inside a guide to the storied and exotic attractions of the island of Ceylon, an enlightening review of the latest in lamps to brighten your pad, and another titillating episode in the continuing saga of *Little Annie Fanny*. So settle back and enjoy the fun that follows.

SHEPHERD

GREEN

SIEGEL

RUSSEL

MEYER

FIGGE *and* DE LONG

vol. 16, no. 4—april, 1969

PLAYBOY

Vanessa Emotes P. 101

Fashion Forecast P. 139

Bébé Bare P. 154

Legs Talk P. 121

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PLAYBOY, APRIL, 1969, VOL. 16, NO. 4. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH 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., $10 FOR ONE YEAR.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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THE DECENT SOCIETY

To date, PLAYBOY has had its finest hour in the January publication of *The Decent Society* symposium. It should be required reading for all Americans, especially those who tend either to look back and wring their hands or to look ahead and shake their heads.

The Rev. Paul D. Gehris
Community Baptist Church
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

My congratulations to you for the superb series of articles comprising your *Decent Society* symposium. I believe these articles are too valuable to be restricted exclusively to readers of PLAYBOY, so I'm writing to suggest that they be republished in pamphlet form. If properly advertised, such a pamphlet would have wide use in colleges and perhaps high schools. I could use over 200 copies this spring if they were available.

L. S. Stavrianos
Professor of History
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

Reprints are available in limited quantities at 50 cents each, postpaid, from PLAYBOY*'s Reader Service Department.*

I found *The Decent Society* symposium interesting and informative; it certainly covered many of the problems that vitally affect our nation today.

Representative Harold T. Johnson
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

You have reached a new high with the group of essays making up *The Decent Society*. I am especially interested in your choice of the key word, "decent." This word has so many meanings and connotations (being related etymologically to docile, decorate, decorum, deign and even dogma) that it might be helpful to consider its origin. It comes from the Latin *decere*, to be fitting or becoming, and is akin to the Latin *decus*, glory, honor, ornament. It is also related to the Greek *dokein*, to seem good, and to the Sanskrit *daśasyati*, is gracious. What it means in the Decent Society, I suppose, is fitting or befitting a society that is honorable, thoughtful and modest. This is in striking contrast to the Affluent Society, the Great Society and any kind of Deal. If it means what I think it means, I like it.

Richard Armour
Claremont, California

The candid discussions in *The Decent Society* present revealing truths about some of the vital problems facing Americans today.

Representative William D. Hathaway
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Your January issue, with its impressive symposium on *The Decent Society*, must be reckoned as one of the more important contributions to the nation's effort to pull itself together.

Sorensen's article on foreign affairs is fundamentally relevant. Our foreign policy has been little short of disastrous, and its reform must precede significant progress on domestic problems. What Sorensen does not quite say, and what needs to be said explicitly, is that no worthwhile reform of foreign policy can be made unless the heavy hand of the military-industrial complex can be wrested from control.

From a lifetime of service with the American military, I can testify to its integrity and devotion, as well as to its high professional fitness—in military matters. Political affairs are something else again, and in this realm our military leaders do not have, and generally do not pretend to have, any particular knowledge or skill. It has been wrong for Presidents, Defense Secretaries and even Congressmen to seek their advice in such matters.

A similar comment can be made in support of Peter Matthiessen's characterization of the Army Corps of Engineers as a "headless monster." The Corps of Engineers knows well enough how to dig a canal, but as to whether one *ought* to be dug, it knows next to nothing.

The overreliance upon the military to solve our problems is compounded with our misreading—and misrepresentation—of history. As a schoolboy, I was taught that all our wars were just and noble, that all our military heroes were knights in shining armor and that all our enemies

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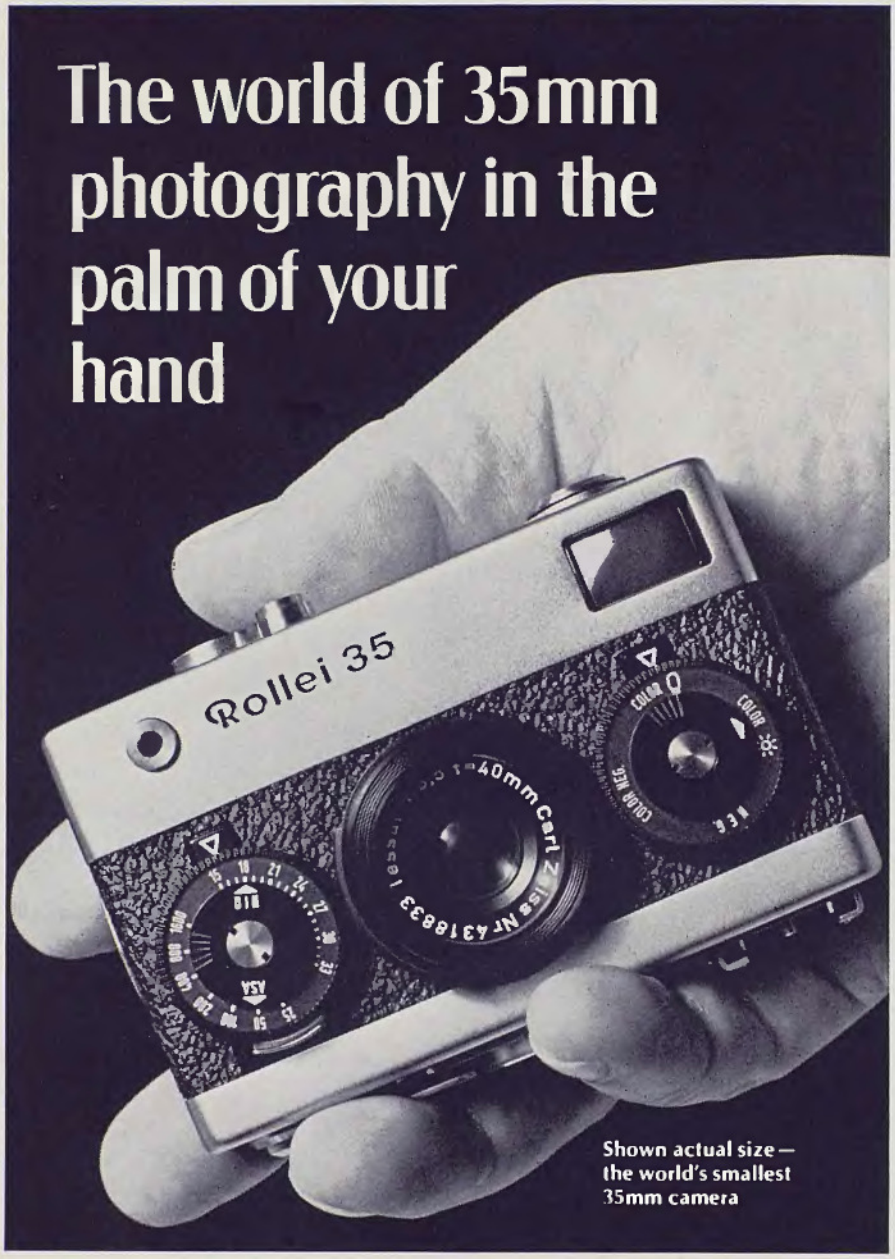

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were vile and deserving of no quarter.

While foreign policy must, indeed, be regulated more by considerations of necessity, feasibility and self-interest than by those of morality, advantage in all these respects would seem to accrue from a recognition that, if willingness to die in defense of his country is a high virtue for an American youth, it might be so for an Asian youth; and that if the right of self-determination is a golden principle of American freedom, other peoples might esteem it equally. The wisdom of their choice is irrelevant. It would do us great good to realize that "My country, right or wrong" is a prescription for disaster.

William Wallace Ford
Brigadier General, U. S. Army (Ret.)
Amherst, Massachusetts

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and to Justice William O. Douglas for his *Civil Liberties: The Crucial Issue* in your January symposium. Although we young people are beset by seemingly insurmountable future obstacles, it is comforting to know that even the highest office of "traditionalism" is evaluating today's crucial issues so that we may have a future. May PLAYBOY continue its outstanding efforts, both in entertainment and in education.

James D. Murray
University of Montana
Missoula, Montana

The article by Justice Douglas was outstanding. I hope the judicial luminary in the Tallahassee municipal court peruses it at his leisure for pointers on the law of the land. He recently sentenced me to 60 days in the county jail for attempting to enter a George Wallace political rally with a sign reading RACISM IS DESTROYING MY COUNTRY.

Roy Carlson
Tallahassee, Florida

"Law and order" does not necessarily imply an attempt to deny individual rights in the name of liberty and equality. Rather, law forms the base for the protection of individual rights. I am a firm adherent to the doctrine of individual rights and also a believer in law and order. The latter does not make me a fascist, despite what Justice Douglas implies throughout his article.

There has been an increasing tendency lately to blur the line between our enumerated and our unenumerated rights. Such a blurring is evident in regard to the rights of dissenters. "Treason," as Justice Douglas notes, consists only in levying war against the United States or in adhering to its enemies. The protesters who challenge the morality or legality of the Vietnam war are not guilty of treason, despite what many people in America seem to believe. But the people

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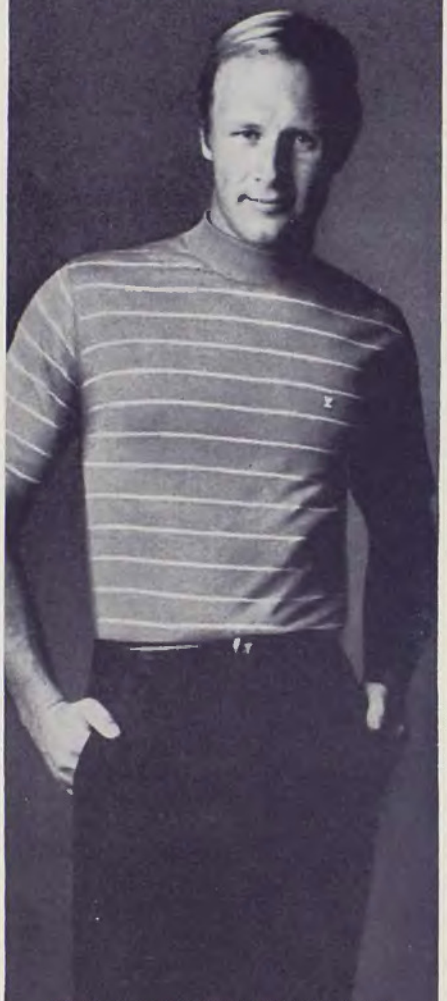

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who call for a Viet Cong victory are. It is impossible to deny that these people do adhere to the enemy.

Theodore Fieschko
Madison, Wisconsin

I read *The Decent Society* articles with much interest and thought they were, on the whole, penetrating and stimulating. I was very well impressed with Professor Wiesner's article, *Science & Technology*. He certainly hit the nail on the head. The great need for our country—and the entire world—is to "develop adequate social mechanisms" to manage the new technologies we have created. It is, indeed, refreshing to read this point of view so well expressed by a leading scientist. While we can and no doubt will substantially expand our technological capabilities, our efforts must be directed primarily toward their proper utilization. To assure peace, to upgrade the education, health and well-being of all our people, to drastically reduce the poverty in our midst, to prevent worldwide famine—these are the sort of goals toward which we should strive and for which all our energies, including our scientific and technological knowledge, should be employed. As others in your symposium have stated, I, too, believe there is no chance of creating a decent society unless these objectives are attained.

Joseph L. Block
Chairman, Executive Committee
Inland Steel Company
Chicago, Illinois

As a sophomore business major, I've been bothered by trying to decide whether to aim my life in the direction of idealism or materialism. Senator Charles Percy's *Business* article in *The Decent Society* shed new light on my dilemma. I had had the impression that the business world consisted entirely of coldhearted, unidealistic moneygrubbers. But Percy convinced me that I can enter business without a guilty conscience—and do my part to develop this nation's potential. More college students would enter business if they realized that their work in that field could play an integral part in making America a decent society.

Allen Mendelson
St. Louis, Missouri

The symposium article by William Sloane Coffin, *Education*, was most provocative. I believe that by the end of the century (if we exist that long) it will be technically possible to present the basics of all knowledge by the end of high school. If universities persist in their present course, they will be boring redundancies of all that went before. They will remain only the certifiers for industry. I share Mr. Coffin's deep concern as to whether or not we can face the problem directly. If we do not, I am afraid that the once-great universities will deteriorate to become another mediocre department in the greater bureaucracy of our society. Then there will be no Socratic bastion left to combat the present-day Athenians.

Richard P. Walsh, Ph. D.
Associate Professor of Psychology
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale, Illinois

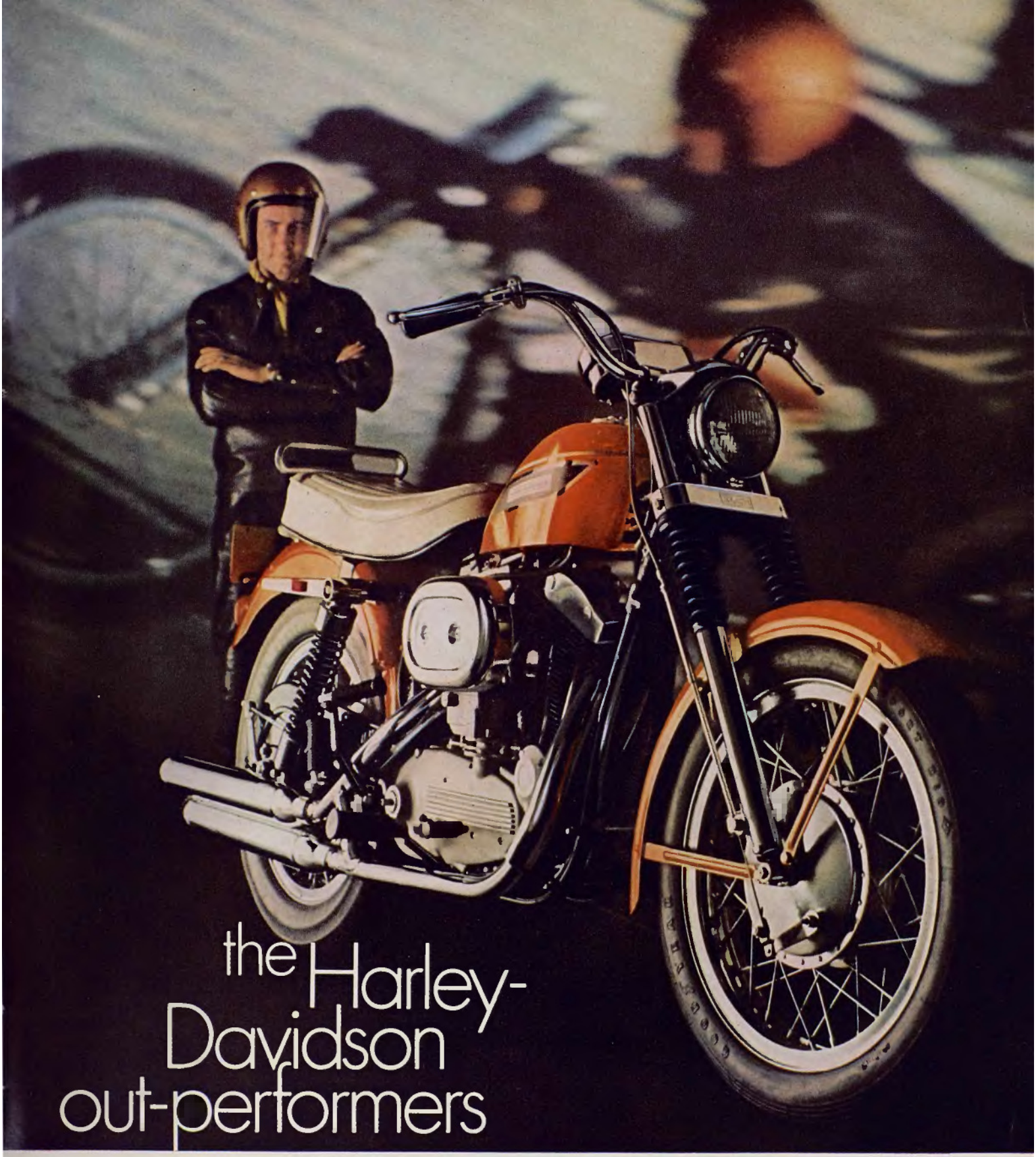
BOOMING PROPHETS

I found *Playboy Polls the Prophets*, in your January issue, most interesting. As a past president of the Astrologer's Guild of America and a lifelong student of the art of prediction, I must call your attention to the fact that there are basically only two methods of predicting the future. One is the intuitive approach—several aspects of which are represented in your article on Sybil Leek, witch; Madam Sorina, gypsy fortuneteller; Diane Di Prima, who interpreted the *I Ching*; Ethel Meyers, medium; and the ouija board. The other method is the intellectual approach, as represented in your article on Carroll Righter, astrologer.

In ancient times, the court astrologer functioned to advise the ruler about the outlook for the coming year. As far as economics is concerned, that function is now performed for the President by the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. Most economic forecasting is based on historic analogy, which is also the basis of astrology. But the astrologer has the results of recorded observations dating back thousands of years, while the modern economist has only the results of two centuries or less of economic studies. Hence, the latter's forecasts since the end of World War Two have been sadly awry. I agree with *New York Times* columnist C. L. Sulzberger, who said: "What this country needs is a good astrologer in the White House."

David Williams
Bayside, New York

The horiscopic (horror cup, horrid scope) world is a natural extension of WX guesstimates resounding from electrical speed-up of data. The total field of Zodiacal or Cosmic energies in which we all exist was not as accessible to Newtonian mechanics as it is to the Computer Age. Even Newton was charged with being a medieval mystic when he advanced the idea of an invisible gravitational force; and today, scientists still have no idea of the components of gravity. They accept it behavioristically as they accept the Zodiac. It seems perfectly plausible that in the Computer Age we can chart the fields of psychic force at least as effectively as we do the WX job. The two fields are closely akin. That is another way of saying that in the scale of serious concerns, the psychic weather and



the Harley-Davidson out-performers

Track, salt, street or strip, one bike is boss! The 1969 Sportster. Alone at the top. Nobody builds a faster stock motorcycle. Both the lean, angry model CH and the quick, confident model H deliver 900 cc's of punch and 58 bhp @ 6800 rpm. The Sportster really flies. And it looks as fast as it goes. The re-styled tank almost leans forward in anticipation. Newly-designed cylinder heads and new mufflers with crossover connector add a few horses to what's already the world's fastest motorcycle. Again in 1969, it's the only one of its kind. Try one. You can see it, buy it, finance ond insure it at your Horley-Davidson dealer. Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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With the new, wild taste.
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climatic conditions are on a parity of significance or insignificance. Wish I had more time to chat, but my secretary is ill.

Marshall McLuhan, Director
Center for Culture and Technology
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

We wish her a speedy recovery.

R. F. K. REMEMBERED

Thank you for Arthur Schlesinger's *R. F. K., the Statesman* and for Budd Schulberg's accompanying account, in *R. F. K., the Man*, of a human being we knew (PLAYBOY, January). That combination of rasping indignation, idealism and practicality that Schlesinger describes might not have been so unique or so effective had it not been joined by the kindness, warmth and understanding that Schulberg saw.

Thomas W. Braden
Oceanside, California

An associate of R. F. K.'s during his Presidential campaign, correspondent Braden was at one time editor-publisher of the Oceanside Blade Tribune *and is now a syndicated newspaper columnist*

Many thanks, indeed, for the excellent articles on Robert F. Kennedy by Arthur Schlesinger and Budd Schulberg. They made me realize again the very great, even irreparable loss the entire world suffered with Kennedy's violent death.

Mrs. Blythe Runnett
Toronto, Ontario

Budd Schulberg's look at Robert Kennedy in *R. F. K., the Man* was magnificent. He brought out the multifaceted Kennedy personality and demonstrated his serious passion for America. I had barely begun to work for his cause when he was struck down. Schulberg's article makes me even prouder to have been a supporter of the only man who could bridge any gap—be it generation or credibility. I'm 21 years old, but voting alone can never bridge anything. However, just as the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* prevailed over Mayor Daley's arrogance at the Democratic Convention, so, too, will Robert Kennedy's ideas help the youth of today in their search for an answer. I agree with Schulberg, though, that "it's just going to be a hell of a lot harder" without R. F. K.

Craig Struve
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

LAST *TESTAMENT*

Your much-publicized January article *A Testament of Hope*, by the late Martin Luther King, Jr., was a moving memorial to a career—and a life—dedicated to justice and freedom. At a time when the country's divisions seem to be deepening—and when statements by all sides are becoming increasingly shrill and hysterical—Dr. King's article reads like a single sane voice crying out in the midst

Photographed at the San Francisco Playboy Club

Check yourself out in the Kings Road Collection.

Ah, Spring. When, among other things, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes. And the fancier the better when it comes to trousers. Checks and stripes and slightly mad plaids.

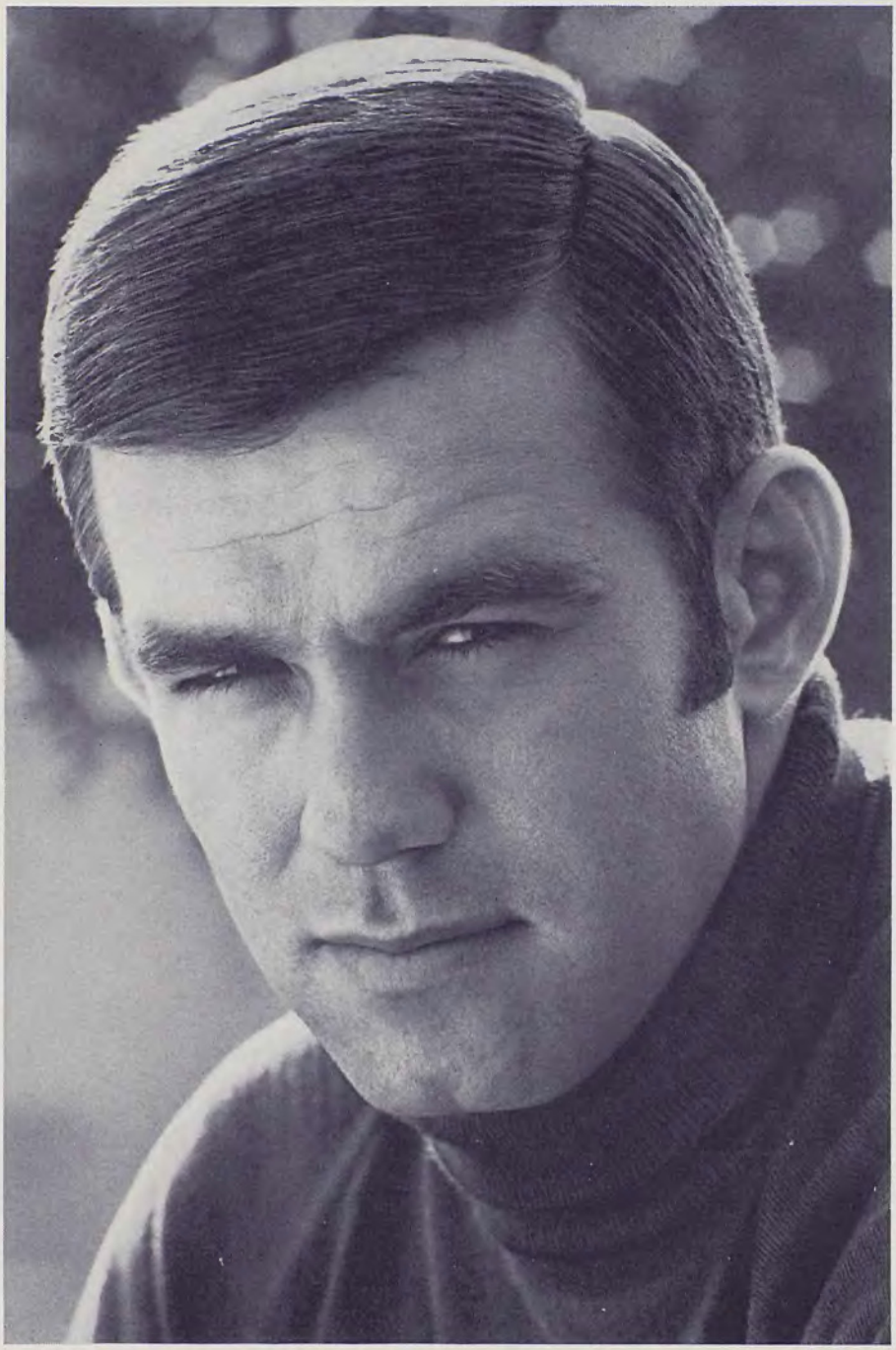
That's the thought for the day in The-Men's-Store.

For instance, these tattersalled trousers from our Kings Road Collection. Trim-cut, plain front and slimming—in a lusty lasting blend of Fortrel® polyester and combed cotton. Looped for belts. And Perma-Prest® for instant washing and wearing. Price? A wide selection under $9, in all sorts of smashing Spring shades. Team them up with shirts, sportcoats and socks. And charge them all on Sears Revolving Charge.

KINGS ROAD COLLECTION

Sears The·Men's·Store

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



Tim McCarver, star catcher for the pennant-winning St. Louis Cardinals, uses Dep for Men.

Tim McCarver goes to a hairstylist. Gonna start a rhubarb, are you?

Good luck! Tim defends hairstyling like he does home plate. And once you've seen the amazing things a stylist can do for *your* appearance, you'll know why. He can make you look taller or shorter or fatter or skinnier. Whatever you'd like. In Tim's case it was the square-jawed look that needed rounding. The stylist had a little help, though. From new Dep for Men Hairstyling Creme — the only hairstyling product that looks like a cream, feels like a cream, but styles like a gel. And Dep for Men Hair Spray — the one that holds a style neatly in place all day. Also from Dep for Men: Regular and dry hair formula Hairdress Styling Gels, and new super-holding formula hair spray.

Dep for men-the hairstyling products

of madness. Thank you for publishing this important document. I only hope that the millions of people advocating hate and violence read it and are touched by it.

Henry Lucas
Washington, D. C.

In *A Testament of Hope*, we see why Martin Luther King was a great and compassionate man, whose untimely death is a severe loss to all men. In his search for the just and fair treatment the black man deserves, he was fighting for freedom for us all. If we stand up to racism and bigotry wherever we find it, and work for a truly just society, his life will not have been in vain.

Mike Hittleman
North Miami, Florida

JAPANESE-AMERICAN EROTICA

I enjoyed very much seeing myself in *The Twelve Months of Love*, a portfolio of erotic Japanese woodcuts, by Henry Miller and Clif Karhu (PLAYBOY, January). As I was one of the persons who posed for these prints (I still have a cramp in my leg) and since Karhu and I are both Americans doing our thing in the Japanese scene, we are always amused by people who come to the gallery and comment, "My! Aren't the Japanese clever." In fact, I am sure that Karhu is one of the last craftsmen here, working in the real Japanese traditional manner —which, of course, is a credit to him as an American, since we Yanks are now under fire around the world for our supposed insensitivity to other cultures, especially Asian cultures.

Bob Strickland
Kyoto, Japan

LEE'S ARMY

The January interview with Lee Marvin is by far the best you have ever published. Marvin showed himself to be an extremely sensitive, intelligent, frank and honest person. My hat is off to him for telling it like it is. Seldom does one encounter such forthrightness. Holding nothing back, he seemed to be telling the world that this is Lee Marvin, for good or bad. I have nothing but admiration and respect for him.

Robin H. Spangler
Everett, Washington

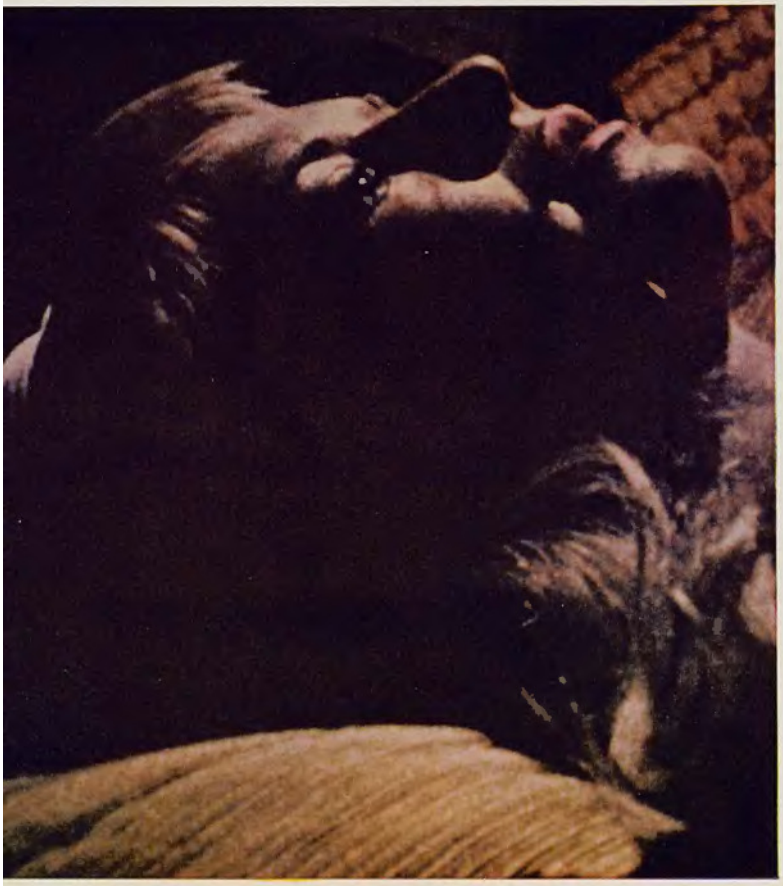
Thank you for the January issue—didn't get a thing done for two days. The Lee Marvin interview is classic.

Robert R. Brown
Manager, WOAY-TV
Oak Hill, West Virginia

I question Lee Marvin's comments about war movies. "In *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Lew Ayres jumps into a shell hole with a Frenchman and knifes him. . . . Ayres spends the rest of the picture . . . trying to find the dead man's

The Story Of Three Consenting Adults
In The Privacy Of Their Own Home...

"The Killing of Sister George"



"The Killing of Sister George"

"'Sister George' is the most explicit and sensational of a flock of films on lesbianism!"

—LIFE MAGAZINE

"Best picture of the year! A powerhouse! Beryl Reid delivers the most magnificent piece of acting I've seen in a very long time. It is Director Robert Aldrich's finest movie!" *Rex Reed, Women's Wear Daily*

"One of the years 10 best! An unforgettable drama...A film that should be seen!" *Judith Crist, New York Magazine*

"As explicit and direct as any sex scene ever shown in an American film!" *Nora Ephron, New York Times*

"A movie that's every bit as sensational as its advance publicity would indicate!" *Ann Birstein, Vogue Magazine*

"Leaves precious little to the imagination!" *Bob Salmaggi, New York Daily Column*

"Lesbianism in the movies has come a long way!" *Kathleen Carroll, New York Daily News*

"The Killing of Sister George"

PALOMAR PICTURES INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS AN ASSOCIATES AND ALDRICH PRODUCTION "THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE" STARRING BERYL REID SUSANNAH YORK CORAL BROWNE ALSO STARRING RONALD FRASER PATRICIA MEDINA HUGH PADDICK CYRIL DELEVANTI MUSIC BY GERALD FRIED FROM THE PLAY BY FRANK MARCUS SCREENPLAY BY LUKAS HELLER PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT ALDRICH FROM CINERAMA RELEASING CORPORATION METROCOLOR®

wife and apologize . . . for his brutality." As a late-show buff, I submit that the above plot is from *Broken Lullaby*, a 1932 film that starred Phillips Holmes, Lionel Barrymore and Nancy Carrol. My recollection of *All Quiet* is that at the end, Lew Ayres reaches out from his trench for a butterfly and is done in by an enemy bullet.

John Murphy
Cincinnati, Ohio

Late-show buff Murphy is correct. In "All Quiet," Ayres does kill a Frenchman, but Marvin's recollection of ensuing events comes from "Broken Lullaby."

Your interview with Lee Marvin was thoroughly enjoyable. His comments seemed so spontaneous that I felt I was actually listening in on a real conversation. The interview proved that Marvin is a truly honest man. His final statement ("I've had the simple pleasure of being present when the sun was shining and the rain was falling. I've had mine, and nobody can take it away from me.") conveys a philosophy that could benefit many people.

Jeanne Kitchen
Flint, Michigan

Lee Marvin is just another pretty face.

A. Bradley
Miami Beach, Florida

SEX AND CINEMA

Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's *The History of Sex in Cinema*, which concluded in your January issue, is a prodigious work. It is a long-overdue treatment of a subject everyone in Hollywood knows a great deal about—and in which the rest of the country is most interested, particularly in regard to that body of information that remains under cover and only appears in glimpses, flashes and peeps. Knight and Alpert's extensive project is really what Sherlock Holmes called a monograph—a doctoral dissertation done in readable form, but no worse for being thorough.

James M. Cain
Hyattsville, Maryland

I was stunned by Knight and Alpert's statement that when their *Sex in Cinema* series began, "the American Production Code was still in full sway; censorship prevailed in four major states . . . and church groups were busily condemning and censoring." Incredible—but true; and no more vivid image of the accelerated times could be conjured up. It strikes me that the very publication of this monumental study, its impregnable authority and probity, may have had something to do with the increased freedom that we now enjoy.

I especially admire the conclusion. The authors grant that puritanism has been succeeded by prurience, an inevitable reaction; but they are right to insist

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that prurience must be tolerated to make room for frankness. That clears the air. Film makers have always had the alibi that neither frankness nor honesty was possible under the old dispensation. If, now, honesty does not appear, and prurience continues, we will know why.

Richard Griffith
Winchester, Virginia

A longtime film critic and former assistant curator of the Museum of Modern Art's film library, Griffith is co-author of "The Film Till Now: A Survey of World Cinema" and "The Movies."

STREET GAMES

Incident in the Streets of the City, Robert Coover's January short story, is a chilling piece of black humor with a theme that is, unfortunately, too relevant these days. The antics of the bizarre crowd that gathers when Paul is run over by the truck demonstrate how grotesquely self-centered and lacking in true humanity people have become.

Ruth A. Hoffman
Rochester, New York

Coover's story ranks as an absurd piece of writing and an insult to your readers' intelligence. Nothing in it is credible.

G. Donald Janus
Richardson, Texas

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

In reference to Art Buchwald's article *How Playboy Changed America* (PLAYBOY, January), I think he should either visit the PLAYBOY publishing company or check with some printer on his statement about PLAYBOY's first being printed by mimeography, then by offset and finally by eight-color presses. If printed by mimeography, PLAYBOY would have lacked any quality printed photos. Beyond this, eight-color presses must be a new secret machine not generally known to industry. Most color printing today is produced by four-unit machines (yellow, red, blue and black ink) to produce an all-color image.

Arv Vogel
Assistant Professor of Graphic Arts
Georgia Southern College
Statesboro, Georgia

Satirists like Buchwald have a nasty habit of twisting the truth to suit their humorous ends. In fact, we'll bet Buchwald knew the truth all along and was simply trying to put you on, Arv.

FATHERS AND SONS

On many occasions did I envy Ernest Hemingway, the man as well as the novelist. I have now a new reason to envy him: the article by Patrick Hemingway (*My Papa, Papa*) that I just read in the December PLAYBOY. I have three sons and one daughter. I hope that one of them will, someday, draw with as much lucid affection such a moving portrait of me as Hemingway's son did of his father. I didn't have the luck to know him, but I was delighted to learn that he used to read my books—with less fervor, certainly, than I read him, and still reread him now.

Georges Simenon
Vaud, Switzerland

As lovers of the modern novel know, Simenon is the prolific creator of Inspector Maigret—a classic sleuth in the tradition of Sherlock Holmes—whose exploits have made him an international hero.

EDITORS' CHOICE

You can imagine how dismayed I was to learn that an example of my straight reporting—*How I Became a Renaissance Man in My Spare Time* (PLAYBOY, June 1968)—was voted the year's best humor piece by the editors of PLAYBOY. In all good conscience, I cannot accept the cash award—but will donate it to my favorite charity. This is the Famous Humorists School, of which I am founder. Please advise all PLAYBOY readers that there are a few openings left for promising students. Only serious humorists need apply.

Marvin Kitman
Humorist of the Year
Leonia, New Jersey

Thank you all very much, indeed. In some ways, I prefer this award to getting, say, an honorary degree from Harvard. I am most touched, and trust that my future writings will continue to live up to your expectations.

Alan Watts
Sausalito, California

Scholar-philosopher Watts earned our editors' award for the best PLAYBOY article of 1968 with his unique and thought-provoking economic analysis, "Wealth Versus Money," which appeared in our December issue.

My relationships with PLAYBOY have always been so relaxed and practical that it is pleasant to have a chance to say so. The excellence of the fiction you publish makes my award an honor, and I am very grateful to PLAYBOY.

John Cheever
Ossining, New York

Cheever's "The Yellow Room," which appeared in these pages in January 1968, was voted the best PLAYBOY fiction of the year. The story is now part of Cheever's latest novel, "Bullet Park," reviewed on page 40 of this issue.

To say that I am honored is an understatement; to say, also, that I am surprised is a greater one. However, since I have not yet been able to collect myself long enough to analyze my feelings with any kind of objectivity, I must for now depend on understatement. Quite sincerely, it is both a surprise and a warm honor to have my story, *Gamma Gamma Gamma* (PLAYBOY, June 1968), chosen

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 219.

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for PLAYBOY's best-work-by-a-new-writer award. In an era when magazines are turning away from fiction as a genre capable of making valid life judgments, PLAYBOY is a rare magazine. And it is one of the very few that will take the time to encourage new writers. That it is the largest such magazine in the world, not really dependent on new talent, speaks even more for its greatness.

Richard Duggin
Millard, Nebraska

THE PEPSI GENERATION

It's hard to believe your report in the January *Playboy After Hours* column that Hugh Hefner has consumed 131,400 bottles of Pepsi-Cola in the past 15 years. Assuming that Mr. Hefner has drunk the Pepsi on a regular basis, my slide rule says that this comes to 24 bottles per eight-hour day, or three bottles an hour. By actual experiment, I have found that there are an average of 14.5 gulps per 12-ounce bottle. Using some keen reasoning, I calculated this to be 43.5 gulps per hour, or .725 gulps per minute. It would seem that all Mr. Hefner has time for is to slug Pepsis—and run for the head. As an interesting side light, the deposit on 131,400 bottles amounts to $2628—enough to buy a new Mustang and have enough left over to buy several cases of beer.

Jim Palmer
Seal Beach, California

Editor-Publisher Hefner doesn't believe in the eight-hour day—which went out with the 12-ounce bottle.

KEYNOTE

I've always been one of P. G. Wodehouse's fans—and his *The Lost Art of Domestic Service* (PLAYBOY, January) didn't disappoint me. I asked Hazel if

she'd care to comment on his article but didn't get much satisfaction. In fact, all she did was grunt. Too deeply involved with another section of the magazine.

Ted Key
Wayne, Pennsylvania

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 219.

If you wear the right clothes, don't wear the wrong shoes.

You ought to be in h.i.s Shoes.
If your clothes are "in" and your shoes are "out," then you're out.
Which is where h.i.s Shoes come in.
They're as "with it" as the clothes you wear.
You can select the shoe with the look you want.
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Power that hurtles you to 60 mph in 5 seconds. Power that gives you a top end of nearly 130.

Which means you can gobble up everything on the road. Even with a friend behind you.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Half-time performances during football games are usually a noisy wedding of chauvinism and sousaphones, but we're deeply regretful that we missed the Harvard-Princeton football game last autumn—not so much for the contest (Harvard won, 9–7) as for the tour-de-force performance of the inestimable Harvard band. Word of this event, which was witnessed by thousands but perhaps understandably not reported in the mass media, is just now leaking out. Here's the background: Early in the season, according to *The Harvard Crimson*, the 120-piece band had garnered accolades during a football match with Holy Cross, a predominantly Catholic college. During half time the band announcer, speaking over the public-address system to packed grandstands, bestowed "the Spiro T. Agnew award for distinguished achievement" on Pope Paul, "for his contribution to the population explosion," while the Crimson band formed the word "BANG" and played *With a Little Bit of Luck*.

During the tilt with Princeton's Tigers, however, the subject of musical discussion was not population but coeducation, a happy experiment that Princeton has undertaken. So help us, here's a partial transcript of the Harvard band's half-time show at Princeton, as recorded in the *Crimson* (we didn't really believe it until we received confirmation from several reliable informants, who were fortunate enough to have been in attendance):

Announcer: "A handful of girls are already enrolled in the 'critical' language program, and many hope that these cunning linguists are a hint of things to come."

(The band formed the word "FRENCH" and played *A Taste of Honey*.)

Announcer: "One can foresee, however, that discrimination by the eating clubs [an old and exclusive Princeton institution] may force new women students to turn elsewhere for their meals."

(The band formed "EAT OUT" and played *Ain't She Sweet?*)

Announcer: "We do hope that the new female students will finally be able to whip that inpetuous Tiger spirit into submission."

(The band spelled "TIGER" and then changed to "PUSSY," playing *Tiger Rag* and *What's New, Pussycat?*)

Obviously, the Harvard band has the proper raw-raw spirit.

•

Honor Among Thieves Department: The *Chicago Sun-Times* reported that a Riverdale, Illinois, man had the hubcaps stolen from his automobile. They were subsequently returned, along with the following neatly penned note: "Dear sir: We are terribly sorry that we had to inconvenience you by absconding with your wheel covers; but at the time, we needed them. Unfortunately, we discovered later that we did not need them as previously expected. So with sincere apologies, we are returning them to you. Thank you for your complete cooperation. Sincerely yours, The Boys from Midnight Auto."

•

The *Dayton Daily News* headlined an item "ORGY SCHEDULED ON FARM." We learned with mixed feelings that "ORGY" stands for a local Lutheran church's Organized Recreation and Games for Youth.

•

We suspect, but haven't yet been able to confirm, that the New York judge who recently set a new record in an alimony decision is really an embittered divorcée. *The Wall Street Journal* noted that the woman in the case was awarded 105 percent of her ex-husband's income.

•

From London comes this touching technique for putting off one's creditors: In reply to a strongly worded collection letter, a debtor related a long series of calamities he had suffered and concluded, "It surprised me very much when you said in your letter that you would cause me much trouble if I didn't pay up. If you can think of any trouble I have missed, I should like to know about it."

•

An *Atlantic City Press* profile on the new commanding officer at a Coast Guard base in the area summarized the C.O.'s sporting accomplishments as follows: "An avid athlete, he was a member of both the swimming and track team at the Academy and qualifies as an expert with both the .45-caliber pistol and M-1 Service wife."

•

Alcoholics Unanimous: According to an A. P. report from New Delhi, liquor consumption has become so fashionable in India since independence that even teetotalers are posing as drunkards to gain status.

•

An ad in the UCLA newspaper offered "Modeling & charm for girls. Basic course $35, Inter. course $85."

•

We knew the French were making an all-out effort to welcome American tourists when we heard of a sign over a sidewalk café in Paris' eighth *arrondissement* that proclaimed: HIGH SCHOOL FRENCH SPOKEN HERE.

•

Our annual award to the capitalist who best exemplifies the 19th Century principles of benighted self-interest goes this year to Paul Lazarus, a 40-year-old commodity speculator who was convicted, in a New York court, of conspiring to blow up a vital railway bridge in Zambia, in the hope of driving up the price of copper on the London Metal Exchange.

•

He Said It, We Didn't: A teletype message received at Da Nang from General Creighton W. Abrams, Jr., read, "AMBASSADOR BUNKER CLEARLY STATED OUR GOVERNMENT'S POLICY ON 5 NOVEMBER WHEN HE SAID: 'AS WE WORK IN CLOSE

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•

One of the more provocative entries in the Manhattan telephone directory is the Randy Tool Company.

•

In a curious attempt to combat the alarming decline of the railroads, reports *The Journal of Commerce*, a plan has been adopted that provides for expanded service from Albany to Buffalo between 8:30 A.M. and 10:30 P.M.—a train "every four years."

•

In an apparent effort to live up to his name, aptly yclept Hastie Love has been convicted of rape by a Tennessee circuit court.

•

This month's Good Citizenship trophy goes to the San Diego housewife who, according to a police report set down in that city's *Evening Tribune*, called the station house—just like the scandalized spinster in the old Party Joke—"to report a case of indecent exposure. . . . She told officers that she saw a man partially undressed in the window of a home across the street. She said she checked with a pair of binoculars to make sure."

•

The student newspaper at the University of Denver conducted a poll of marital status among freshmen and got these unsettling results: single—1568; married—16; undecided—11.

•

To Whom It May Concern: It is against the law in Oklahoma to get a fish drunk.

•

Unreliable rumor from *The National Catholic Reporter*: "The projected new encyclical on papal authority will be entitled Soc et Tuum."

•

The thanks of a grateful nation go out to Los Angeles city councilman Arthur Snyder, who saved the only working privy in L.A. from destruction, declaring that the outhouse was "not to be scorned as a cultural heritage monument."

•

Rule Britannia: Australia's *Sydney Sun* revealed that a large poster photograph, depicting the virtues of the British coastal resort town of Exmouth, was actually taken in Tunis. The sun-bronzed, bikinied girl in the photo was an American model and the photo was purchased from an Italian agency. Exmouth's deputy town clerk, who prepared the

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Featured: Leather ornament in antiqued British Tan. Same in white Corfam. Strap and buckle in burnt amber. Blunt-round toe with antiqued hardware. All genuine Weejuns by G.H. Bass & Co. $22 to $25.

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poster, explained that he "wanted to give Exmouth the best possible image."

•

Incidental Literary Intelligence: The Poetry Society of Texas is offering a $100 prize "for the best poem of not over 100 lines on the constitutional right of Americans to own protective weapons."

•

We congratulate the make-up man of *The Modesto* (California) *Bee* for his page-one listing of news inside: "One of six U. S. brides is pregnant," followed by "Sweating Cuban highjacker tells why."

BOOKS

In ***Teaching As a Subversive Activity*** (Delacorte), Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner, who have long and varied experience as teachers, go beyond the now-familiar indictments of American education to propose basic ways of liberating both teachers and students from becoming personnel rather than people. Building on their own observations and on the insights of a wide range of other explorers into the nature of learning and language, from Whitehead to McLuhan, the authors have created what may become a primer of "the new education." The core of their approach is that the student must be central in any meaningful curriculum. For the teacher and the taught to be free to grow, schools will have to discard the traditional concept of distinct units of information that have to be stuffed into all students at the same rate of speed. Instead, learning will be a continuum of questions, most of them asked by the students, to which answers will be found by transcending the conventional boxes into which knowledge is now separated. Divisions between subjects, as if they were self-contained entities, would be dissolved; mass testing would disappear (because individual, not mass results would be the goal); and the learning environment would extend to anywhere answers could be found, including the streets. The result, the authors promise, would be teachers and students with greatly increased capacities for spontaneity, inventiveness and individuality. Their book is intended for anyone, teacher or not, who is concerned with sanity and survival in a world of precipitously rapid change, and it's worth your reading.

•

"Expatriation in this century," believes John Bainbridge, "is simply an expression of the old American pioneering spirit." And in ***Another Way of Living*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), he offers a group portrait of "Ameropeans," Americans who have chosen to make their homes on the European range. His subjects include businessmen, artists, Negroes and formerly black-listed film makers—in

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This is the scent of Jaguar® for Men. Women like it. Because it isn't like the stuff they wear. Men like it. Because it comes on stronger. Stays on longer. Jaguar Cologne, After-Shave,and a complete group of groomers. Quite above the ordinary spices and tangs. Try them. **Jaguar by Yardley.**

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short, all manner of political, social, cultural and economic refugees and sojourners. Most claim that in Europe they can live better, more civilized lives for less money. Some, such as Grace Kelly, obviously don't have to worry about their tabs. But almost all, including the princess, profess that they have been made more profoundly American by their experience of Europe. Among the bargain advantages in material terms are $12-a-year golf dues in England and $50-a-month villas in Italy. Unbalancing the ledgers in Italy, however, are such costs as 80 cents for a gallon of gasoline, $600 annual road taxes for American cars and heating bills of $125 a month. Generally, Bainbridge observes, Europe is harder on expatriate American women than it is on men, because they have to put up with the nitty-gritty of daily living. Moreover, he points out, the odds are against any American who starts a business in a foreign country, and there is no crying need for unskilled Americans anywhere beyond their own borders. Composer-writer Paul Bowles, who makes his home in Tangier, sums things up on the ground rules for living anywhere abroad: "I would never advise anybody to leave his country and live somewhere else, nor would I advise against it. Who knows? Everyone is different. I don't think there are any rules that can apply to anybody about anything. I have never believed there was any one way of doing anything. Or that anyone should do anything. Or believe anything. It wouldn't be very easy to live according to that philosophy in America."

•

Is the world mushing along at an infinitesimal fraction of its potential? Is almost everyone, everywhere, including *you*, a bungling incompetent? But of course: As we do our work well, we are promoted to work we probably can't do well, because it's quite different from the work we had been doing so well. Under this reward-into-failure system, it is inevitable that almost everybody eventually arrives at his pinnacle, which is to say, his level of incompetence. And, therefore, most leaders lead only in the sense that the wooden figurehead leads the ship. Well, if that thesis confirms your own unmentionable suspicions as you look around the office or into the mirror, you may pursue the idea in ***The Peter Principle*** (Morrow), by Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull. With determinedly frozen faces, educator Peter and writer Hull amusingly document their notion that "competence" regularly results in bridges collapsing, factory-fresh autos breaking down, governments employing homosexuals as marriage counselors, buildings being built without electrical wiring, students being baffled by their textbooks because no one taught them to read and nursing supervisors waking patients to give them sleeping pills. All this

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and worse happens, the Peter Principle maintains, because cream rises until it sours. How, then, does anything ever get done right? "Work is accomplished by those employees who have not yet reached their level of incompetence." In its ramifications, the principle also holds that while incompetence is not in itself cause for dismissal, *supercompetence* often is; it disrupts the hierarchic structure under which all this cream souring takes place. When the architect of this theory finally advances his cure, however, the curtain collapses on the comedy in a way reminiscent of the aforementioned bridges. Individual solution: Before seeking promotion, look at your boss' boss; and if he's a heel, take your happiness and let the cash go. Societal solution: Let competents do the work and send the bunglers out to write and lecture about the work they can't do. It's not so much that the Peter Principle fails to solve all the problems of life but that, in the end, it promotes itself to its own lofty level of incompetence.

•

When reason sleeps, according to Goya, monsters come forth, and we of the 20th Century will readily agree; but to track the monsters of unbridled instinct to their lair in the psyche is a task beyond the novelistic powers of gentle, worldly-wise, reflective C. P. Snow. Halfway through ***The Sleep of Reason*** (Scribner's), a gruesome murder rears its head to disturb and question the even tenor of life's ways (as seen through the eyes of Snow's favorite narrator-hero, Lewis Eliot); it raises crucial problems of responsibility, freedom and corruptibility. But, unfortunately, Eliot (Snow) *tells* too much and *creates* too little, and he hamstrings his telling with imprecision of language and overqualification. Two young Lesbians in Eliot's home town, apparently inspired by an older man's philosophy of sexual *laissez faire*, abduct, torture and finally murder a little boy, just for their special version of the hell of it. In the rather exciting trial scenes, the questions before the court are: Why? And were they in the fullest sense responsible? It's not what the lawyers, the psychologists or even the jury decides about these questions that matters, however, so much as the resonances they should set up in the minds of Lewis Eliot, the other characters and the reader. Yet resonance is what *The Sleep of Reason* most conspicuously lacks; through characterization slightly too faint, thought slightly too turgid, insight slightly too limited, the tale dies upon the page.

•

The thrashings of dinosaurs in Beverly Hills can still be heard loud and clear, according to the evidence collected by John Gregory Dunne, an enterprising reporter who was allowed to eavesdrop on the high and low councils inside 20th Century-Fox for a year or so, beginning early in 1967. He went in like a lamb and came out swinging with ***The Studio*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the deepest flesh wound inflicted on Hollywood since *The New Yorker*'s Lillian Ross took up her scalpel to carve out a book called *Picture*. Dunne lets his victims strangle on the feedback of their own words as overheard at story conferences, stockholders' meetings, sneak previews, location sites and press briefings. Leading the cast of characters are Fox president Darryl F. Zanuck and his son, Richard D., vice-president in charge of production, the two big-time spenders mostly responsible for a fantasy factory that appears to be kept in business by periodic infusions of *chutzpah*. Deftly organized in a series of quasi-cinematic, anecdotal scenes, *The Studio* explains, among other things, why *Star!* and *Planet of the Apes* turned out the way they did, and how Tony Curtis—against all odds—got himself cast as *The Boston Strangler*. The book discovers no heroes, God knows, but boasts a roster of colorful supporting players who sound hell-bent on self-parody. Amid a treasure-trove of quotable quotes, the mind bogglers include fast takes of producer Pandro S. Berman discussing a projected filmization of *John Brown's Body* ("I think Lincoln is a hell of a part") and *Dr. Dolittle* producer Arthur P. Jacobs telling his minions why the Joey Bishop show should jump at the chance to cover the film's Hollywood premiere: "Where the hell else is he going to get a chimp arriving in a Cadillac wearing white tie and tails?" That sort of thing. Though the tycoons aren't flying quite so high as they used to, both film buffs and gossipmongers will find that the satirist's sport retains its fascination when a writer's angle of vision is acute.

•

The Voices (Doubleday) that Joseph Wechsberg heard last August were those of the Czechoslovakian underground radio during the first week of Soviet occupation. They are unforgettable. In effect, these brave voices governed the country while the country's popular leaders—Dubçek, Svoboda and others—were prisoners in Moscow "bargaining" for a few crumbs of national freedom from their "socialist brothers" in the Kremlin. Wechsberg, who lived his first 32 years in Czechoslovakia, before coming to America, happened to be in Vienna at the time. "At six A.M. on Wednesday, August 21, I turned on the radio. . . . I was still half asleep. There was a weather forecast, and then the announcer said, in his unperturbed and soft Viennese dialect, 'At eleven o'clock last night, troops of the five Warsaw Pact states invaded Czechoslovakia . . . brutally violating all fundamental international and human rights. . . .' I was no longer asleep." Within hours, most of the official radio stations were in the hands of invaders;

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An unfair comparison between

The comparison is mostly unfair because the M-60A1 looks exactly like what *it* is, while the Javelin looks exactly like what *it* is.

However, there are a few other comparisons that are not quite so unreasonable.

For instance, both the Javelin and the M-60A1 weld the body and frame into one unit.

Which is unfair, because the Javelin has less body than the M-60A1, yet carries more passengers.

The Javelin gives you greater ease of entrance and exit, while the M-60A1 offers more hiproom, headroom and legroom.

Unfair, because whose hiproom, headroom and legroom would you rather be in?

Ours, or theirs?

The Javelin features comfortable bucket seats and molded acoustical ceilings to keep out annoying noises.

Unfair, because the M-60A1 has only canvas padded steel seats and no padding at all on the ceiling.

The Javelin gets almost 20 miles to the gallon. Unfair, because the M-60A1 gets only ½ mile to the gallon.

the M-60A1 and the Javelin.

The Javelin SST's optional 315 HP V-8 is dwarfed by the M-60A1's 750 HP twelve, yet the Javelin's acceleration is much faster.

Unfair.

The Javelin has a bigger trunk and ventless side windows.

Unfair.

The Javelin offers you the option of a vinyl top, plus mag style wheels and a stereo tape deck.

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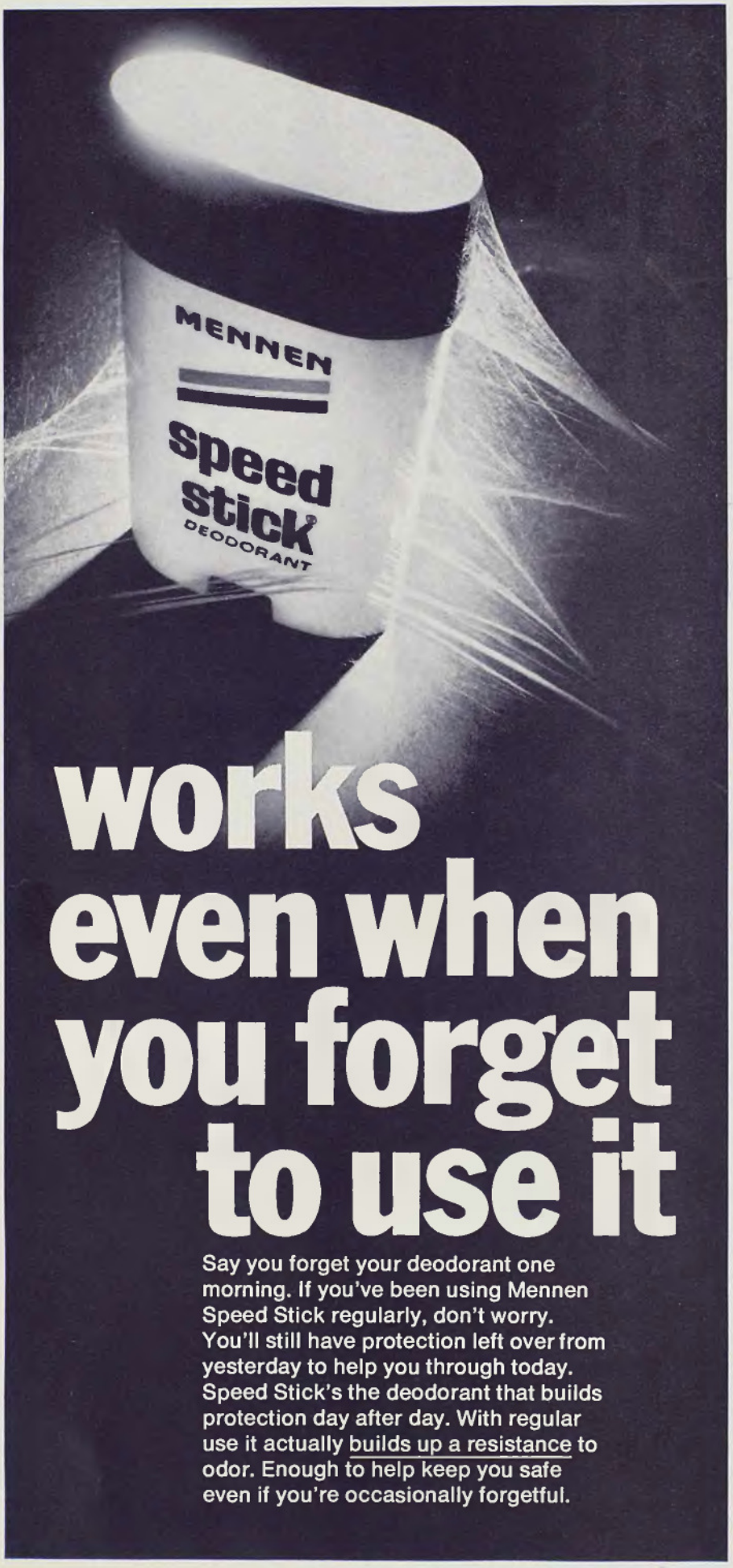

but new, clandestine stations began to be heard from all over Czechoslovakia. For a week, they held the nation together. It was largely through their efforts, according to Wechsberg, that the Russians were unable to set up a quisling government in Prague (a government that quite likely would have shot Dubçek and his friends). The voices seldom lost their cool or their sense of humor. From Prague: "Friends, there seems to be a little confusion in the air; but relax, things could be worse. The general strike begins in eleven minutes. We will not broadcast, but we are still here." From Brno: "Young people, get off the streets, the situation is serious. Don't give them a chance to destroy public property." (In the end, the invaders destroyed one billion dollars' worth of property.) From Plzeň, an announcer urged factory workers to remain at their posts: "As long as we stay in the factories, our 'dear friends' will not try to take them away from us. It'll be a general strike in reverse." The Russian soldiers reminded one commentator of the robots in Čapek's play *R. U. R.* Many of them seemed to believe they were in West Germany fighting Nazi aggression. Someday the full story of Czech heroism may be told; meanwhile, we have these remarkable voices. One wonders why other voices—the United Nations, the United States, the New Left throughout the West—were so quiet.

•

If Ponce de León were a modern American, he would be in California, not Florida, and he'd be searching not for a miraculous Fountain of Youth but for a Fountain of Life. To judge by much that has been published in recent years—including reporter Rasa Gustaitis' new book, ***Turning On*** (Macmillan)—a considerable number of Americans feel that they are zombies, and are scouring the country for a magic source that will restore their deadened senses and thaw their frozen emotions. Gustaitis herself was, so she says, one such member of the living dead (as well as a newspaper and magazine writer), and she set out to explore all the places where new life is being rediscovered: the Esalen Institute at Big Sur, a hippie commune outside San Francisco, a Zen Buddhist monastery at Tassajara Springs, the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute at La Jolla and an assortment of individual workshops ruled over by such gurus as Fritz Perls, William Schutz, Ann Halpren, Joe Kamiya and Charlotte Selver. In her "quick trip across the turn-on scene," Rasa sampled as much as she could, including LSD, "encounters," gypsy life, Zen, "truth labs" and "hate labs." There is no reason to doubt that at the end of her voyage of discovery, she may have found herself more genuinely alive than at the outset—but for the reader, the opposite is likely to be true. Repetition vitiates

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initial interest; for all the surface differences among them, these diverse approaches to the expansion of human awareness are fundamentally alike. Moreover, the use of the written word to describe the nonverbal and the indescribable achieves a nadir of noncommunication. "All the classic problems—greed, anger, pride—flew apart and I rose up into beautiful reds and oranges and came down green and blue." The reader is likely to come down purple.

•

Harlem on My Mind (Random House) is a history—in astutely chosen and smartly assembled pictures and newspaper and magazine clips—of the "cultural capital of Black America from 1900 to 1968." Edited by Allon Schoener, it was originally designed to supplement the Metropolitan Museum of Art's multimedia exhibition of the same title, which the talented Schoener coordinated; but it is much more than an exhibition catalog. This handsome book begins with the change from white to black Harlem that took place between the turn of the century and World War One. It then focuses on the urban black culture that began to develop around Lenox Avenue and 125th Street during the Twenties and took some remarkable forms in the Depression years. And it ends with the hopes of black citizens in the Forties, their frustrations of the Fifties and the militancy of the Sixties. It's a big story, too big to be told in shorthand form; yet the accomplishment of this book is substantial. With its sharp sense of immediacy, it makes a niche for itself in the growing library on the black man's changing place in America.

•

John Cheever is one of the most original fiction writers practicing the form. His insights, combined with a superbly unplatitudinous style, have often taken on the force of revelation. None of these gifts fails him in ***Bullet Park*** (Knopf), his latest novel; but, despite the excellence of certain segments such as the one that ran in PLAYBOY a year ago last January under the title *The Yellow Room*—and to which we gave our best-fiction award for 1968—the book as a whole is an ambitious disappointment. This latest saga of the suburbs is evidence disguised as enigma that Cheever has stayed there too long and lost some of the abrasive sense and graceful nonsense that characterized his first fine furies. Bullet Park is a place "near the city." In it live people who have $30,000-and-up homes, like Eliot Nailles (pronounced "nails"), who has a wife, Nellie, and a 17-year-old son, Tony. Nailles, Sr., takes Tony out to the miniature golf course for a friendly talk and almost brains his son when the boy reveals how he feels about everything, including his father's job of selling mouthwash. Thereupon, young Tony takes to his bed, in which he stays for many weeks, until a guru coaxes him back to vertical life. The second part of the novel concerns Paul Hammer (Get it? Hammer? Nailles?), also a resident of Bullet Park and the illegitimate offspring of a wealthy, visionary young man and his secretary, one Gretchen Oxencroft. It is in Bullet Park that Paul decides to act out one of his balmy mother's balmier notions about crucifying a man: Paul decides to kill Tony Nailles. Whether he succeeds is neither here nor there; the problem is that the entire novel is neither here nor there. Cheever's sense of human absurdity has always operated on the tenuous but vital sense of cause and effect. Paying off the mortgaged theme of suburbia seems to have run down the value of this promising literary property.

DINING-DRINKING

There aren't too many Chicagoans and certainly few out-of-towners who know about ***Mama Lena's Italian Kitchen*** (24 E. Chicago Avenue), which has proved a blessing for the *cognoscenti* still able to get reservations at one of the most delightful, least pretentious eating places around. Its dimensions may be among the smallest in the Windy City (there are only 30 seats), but the scope of the superb Sicilian cooking transcends the restaurant's minisize. Mama Lena's is strictly a family affair; there is the *signora* herself (yes, Virginia, there is a Mama Lena Madonna), who comes in each day to work her gustatory wonders in the kitchen; her son Salvino, who takes care of the final preparation of the food, manages the place and sandwiches in voice lessons when off duty (the restaurant was opened to finance Sal's contemplated musical career); and ebullient Uncle Chico, the resident musician and Sal's mentor, whose guitar and still-powerful voice (along with Sal's) are very much a part of the warm, personal *ambiance* of Mama Lena's. Then there is Papa Frank, along with assorted sons and daughters, all of whom have contributed in some way to the cause. The dining arrangement itself is unusual. There are two dinner shifts, at 6 and 8:30, Monday through Saturday, and no menu; the dinner consists of a piquant *antipasto*/salad, an appetizer that might be a pasta or an eggplant-and-ground-beef amalgam (one of Papa Frank's culinary contributions), and a single main course of veal, tenderloin tips, chicken or seafood, each enhanced by Mama Lena's magic ingredient—one of her 11 tantalizingly subtle sauces. (The accompanying tomato bread rates its own *bravissimo*.) The dessert will most likely be cannoli, a flaky pastry stuffed with ricotta cheese and merely sensational. If you're not the adventurous sort, it would be wise to check with Sal, when making your reservation, as to what the main

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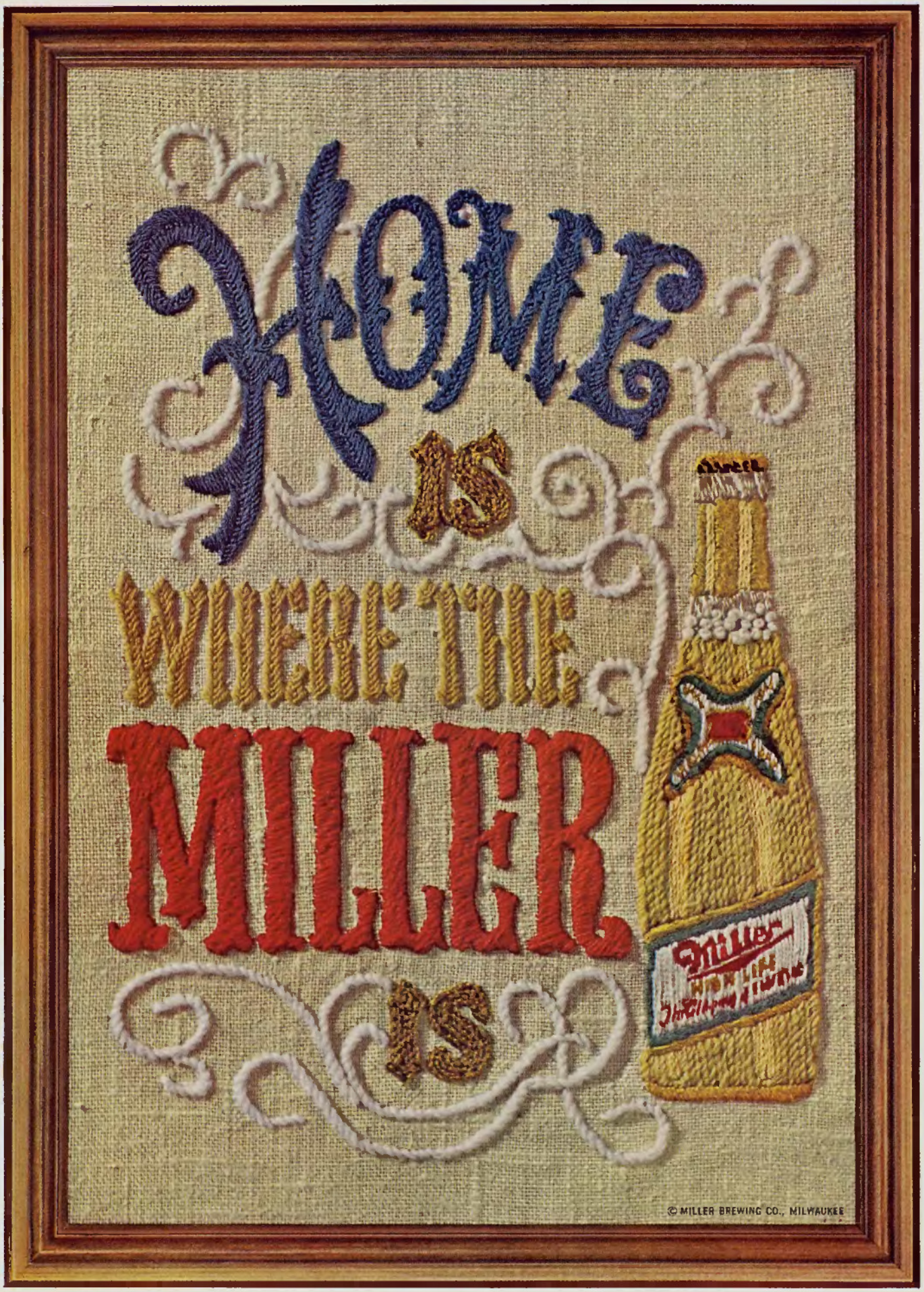
MOVIES

British producer-director Lindsay Anderson's last memorable movie, *This Sporting Life*, appeared way back in 1963. Eminently worth the wait in promises fulfilled, Anderson's *If. . . .*, with a smashing screenplay by David Sherwin, bids to be considered one of the most important films of this tumultuous decade. As with a score of other movies steeped in English social traditions, *If. . . .* exposes life within a hidebound provincial boys' school, but resembles its predecessors only superficially and only for a time, while the audience gets acquainted with a cast of unfamiliar young actors that portrays the restive student body. The atmosphere reeks of Etonian reserve, though—in fact—fictional College Hall nurtures striplings sprung from the same seeds that have produced campus disruptions in this country. After a slow start, in which the ritual scenes of sadistic hazing and casual homosexuality are touched upon as though nothing very special were afoot, the film begins closing in on a trio of upperclassmen (Malcolm McDowell, David Wood and Richard Warwick) whose tutelage is left to a ludicrous pack of old-school eccentrics, one of whom rides into class on a bicycle, singing at the top of his voice. In the subsequent lunacy, bit by bit, Anderson demolishes many a beloved myth about the substance of British education, whose advocates include a chaplain noted for exhortations to his young wards that, short of striking the queen, deserting one's post in battle is the most heinous of human crimes. With such minds to guide them, the lads find plenty of time for pinching motorbikes, guzzling vodka, indulging in sensual fantasies and sexual rough-and-tumble with a girl (Christine Noonan) at a village café or dreaming dreams of all-out war against the establishment, which at last become palpable when they stumble onto a cache of weapons. But recapping the details of his indictment does Anderson a disservice, for his satire is of a high order, too scathing to be wholly funny but so subtle that a viewer's consciousness is subliminally primed to accept a jolt when student fun and games suddenly take a turn toward bloody revolt, in one of the most stunning film finales ever to shake an audience out of its comfortable habits of thought. Exquisite color photography by Czechoslovakia's



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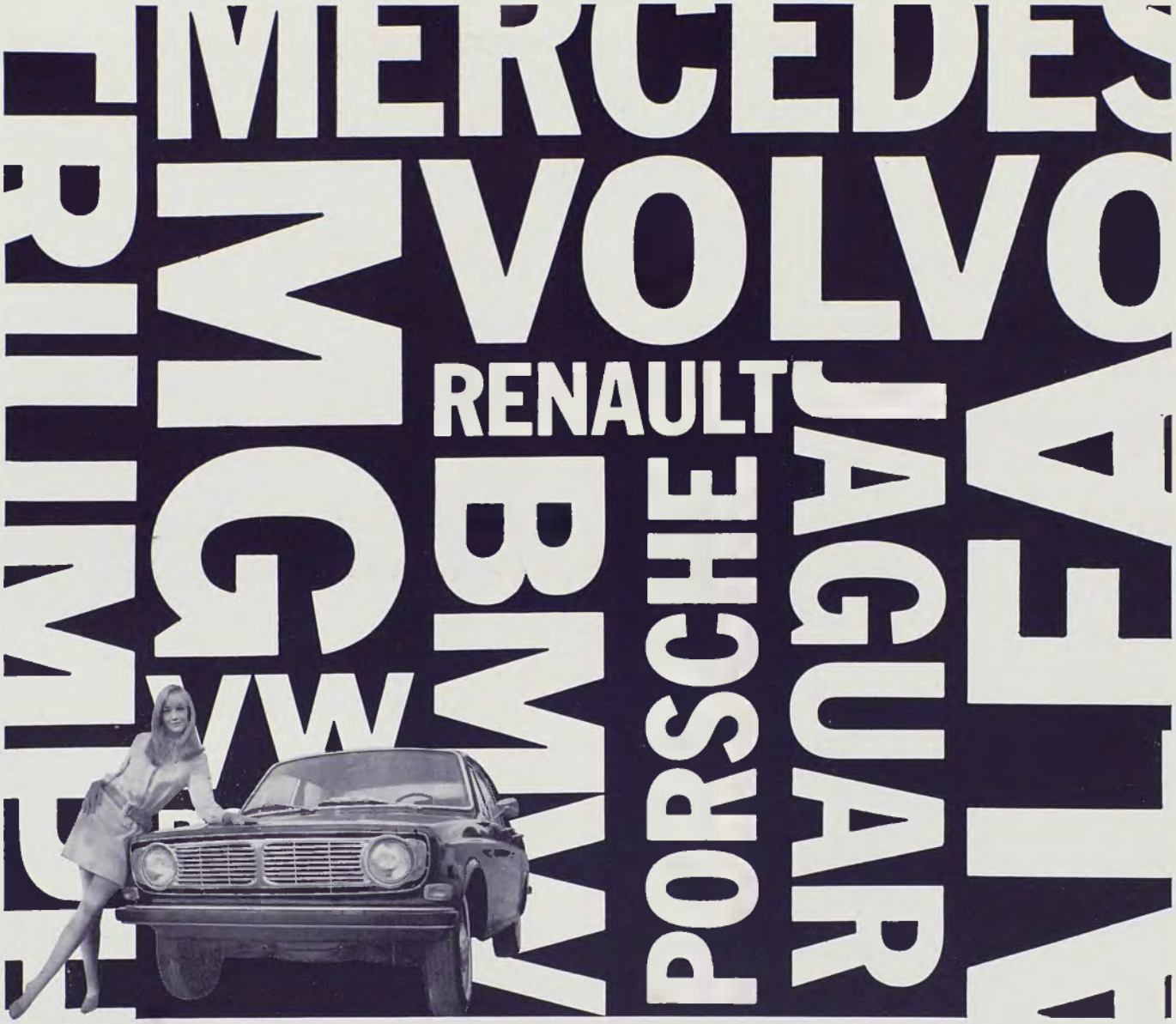

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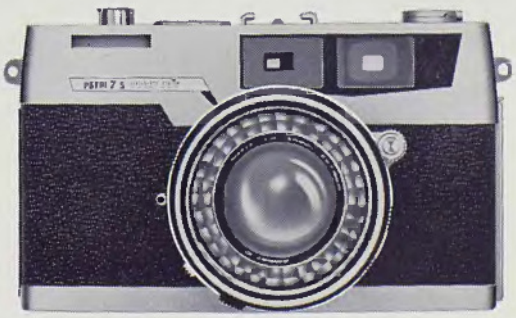

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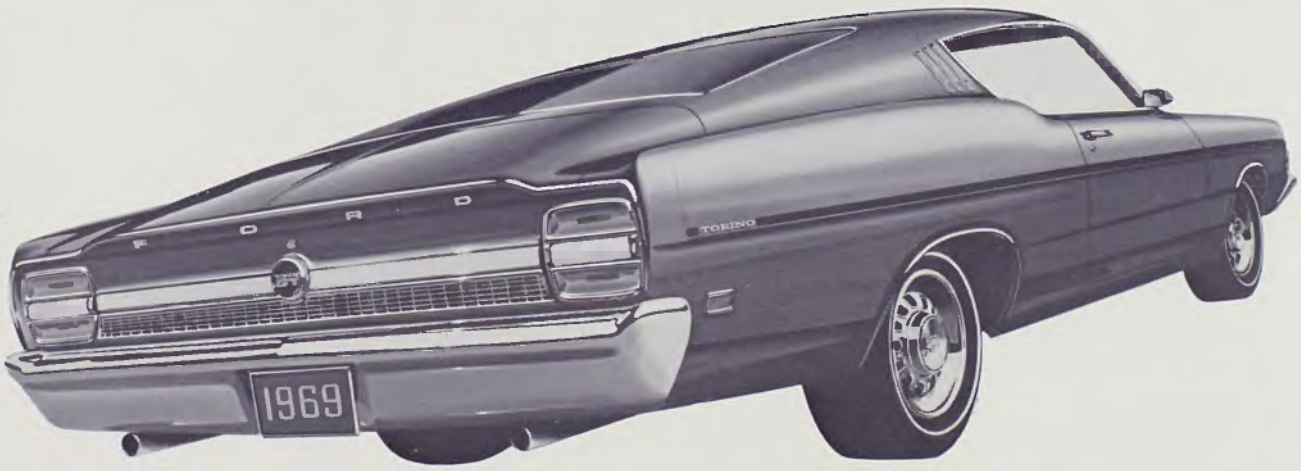

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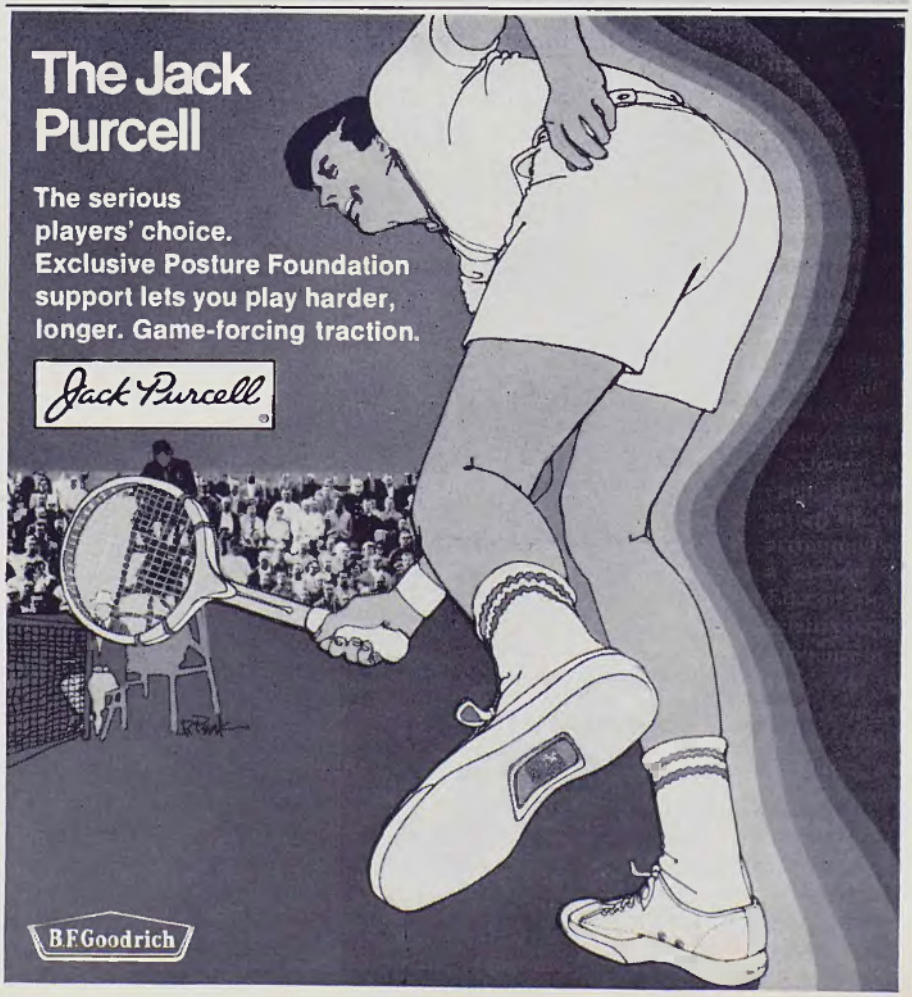
Miroslav Ondricek may be a clue to a qualitative change in Anderson himself, whose familiarity with the work of eastern-European film makers has mellowed his style, adding looseness and spontaneity to that ever-reliable British craftsmanship. Resonating with authority, one virtually silent slow-motion scene reads breath-taking lyricism into an encounter between a junior boy and a senior gymnast cutting a manly figure on the parallel bars. From a work so timely in theme, technically adroit and brim full of creativity, a dozen other remarkable scenes remain in the memory. Suffice it to say that *If. . . .* is a masterpiece.

•

On the moral premise that war is a criminal activity best suited to criminal types, ***Play Dirty*** has a devilish good time exploiting the thrills of violence. Its nonheroes are seven ne'er-do-well mercenaries in three Jeeps, every man jack of them plainly expendable and nominally commanded by a British officer (Michael Caine) who has to get his crew of thieves, drug addicts and Arab faggots across hundreds of miles of desert, behind enemy lines, during the African campaign of 1942–1943. Blowing up one of Rommel's fuel dumps is the objective, and action (manipulated by director Andre De Toth) spurts in the conventional sequence of one-damn-thing-after-another. The scenario, though short on words and ideas, offers abundant opportunities for massacre, exploding mines, spilled guts and nose-to-nose showdowns between Caine and his rugged aide (Nigel Davenport), a ruthless soldier of fortune who has been promised a large cash bonus for bringing the captain back alive. According to the dialog overheard during an occasional lull, the story has something to do with the morality of survival, but such matters, fortunately, don't get in the way of the cold-blooded murders and corpse robbings that constitute the movie's *raison d'être*. Except for the black-comedy relief—that bearded Arab couple whose job specialty seems to be hand holding and a highly graphic sequence in which a thug is shot in the rump while trying to rape a captive German nurse—you're apt to come out of *Play Dirty* thinking you've sweated through it at least twice before.

•

While the advance praise seems somewhat excessive, a vibrant collage of recent history called ***Monterey Pop*** simmers with audio-visual excitement, thanks to Richard Leacock, D. A. Pennebaker, Albert Maysles and other documentarists who made the scene at Monterey Pop Festival with their eyes and ears opened wide. If you weren't there and wish you had been, this is it—a joyous convention for the young in heart, crawling out of midget cars and sleeping bags to get an electrifying musical fix from Otis Redding, to hear Janis



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Joplin's white-soul sound and Simon and Garfunkel's *Feeling Groovy*, or to gawk at Jimi Hendrix wreaking sex and violence on his raped guitar. Some of the participants are obviously opportunists; yet *Pop*'s creators approach the occasion with sympathy, intelligence and verve, using fast, clever editing to let each performer deliver his message for himself, instead of relying on psychedelic camera gimmickry to do the job, as so often happens when a moviemaker lines up his sights on a rock group. Most groovy and glorious is the climactic sequence featuring an act that no sensible pop artist would dare follow—Indian sitarist Ravi Shankar and his *tabla* player thrumming out a scintillating love *raga*, while the turned-on thousands cheer.

•

MGM's remake of ***Mayerling*** is a large creamy dollop of Viennese schmaltz, in which Omar Sharif's ripe-olive eyes feast wanly on the cool beauty of Catherine Deneuve. For comparable sexual excitement, one might study a couple of after-dinner mints nestled together on a tray. Sharif, as Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, and Deneuve, as his ill-fated mistress, the Baroness Maria Vetsera, are not entirely to blame for the lackluster tone of their love affair, since writer-director Terence Young clearly believes that a smidgen of illicit passion is sufficient to shake the fading Hapsburg empire ruled by the Emperor Franz-Josef (James Mason) and Empress Elizabeth (would you believe Ava Gardner?). "If only you weren't a Hapsburg prince," sighs Catherine in one of those reckless moments prior to the couple's making a suicide pact at the royal hunting lodge from which the picture takes its name. Headlong desire, to them, means listening to rain on the roof and discussing the beauty of snowflakes. It's all very sad and remarkably long-winded (two hours or so, loaded with opportunities for a moviegoer to consult his watch with disbelief that it isn't four hours) for a story based on a real-life tragedy dating back to January 30, 1889. In 1937, when Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux played the star parts without benefit of Panavision and Technicolor, stolid matrons were moved to tears. Young's new version somehow manages to look years older than the original.

•

A lusty private detective declares that to make love is to compensate for death, articulating a theme that recurs again and again in ***Stolen Kisses,*** a winsome showpiece by France's François Truffaut. Returning to the loose improvisational style that made his name a synonym for creative cinema at the time of *The 400 Blows*, Truffaut uses the same hero, Jean-Pierre Leaud, now grown to rebellious manhood (and a veteran of several recent films by Godard). *Kisses* begins with its sound track cooing a ballad called *I Wish You Love* and proceeds to blueprint Leaud's escape from the stifling discipline of army service to an hour of freedom with a prostitute in Pigalle. He subsequently tries another girl, a job, another job and another girl —one linen-crisp bourgeois girl in particular (Claude Jade). As night watchman in a small hotel, Leaud finds ample time for romance. As an apprentice private eye, he is assigned to a kinky shoestore owner who whines, "Nobody loves me, and I want to know why," and ends up with the client's beautiful blonde wife (Delphine Seyrig, dreamy but unrecognizable as the star of *Last Year at Marienbad*) slipping briefly into his bed. It all sounds rather simplistic, and certainly might be, except for Truffaut's filmic fluidity combined with a quirky *tendresse* that keeps the stalest of platitudes popping up like sun-struck daisies. Only Truffaut, we suspect, could cope with a hero who sits in front of a mirror raptly vocalizing an arpeggio of three names (his, hers and hers) that sum up the state of his triangular sex life. And who else would even attempt an affecting underground ode to love, played entirely by a sealed letter as it moves from boulevard to boulevard through the pneumatic tubes of the Paris postal system?

•

With some of the chips stacked against her, Shirley MacLaine delivers her best performance ever as ***Sweet Charity,*** weeping copious tears but also singing, dancing, clowning and crowing like a cross between Sadie Thompson and Little Nell. Her title role, of course, originated in an underrated Broadway musical that began life as *Nights of Cabiria*, Federico Fellini's 1957 masterpiece about a pathetically vulnerable whore, and became a lucrative *Charity* case in the hands of Neil Simon, composer Cy Coleman and lyricist Dorothy Fields. Shirley, subbing for Broadway's Gwen Verdon, is pluperfect as the dance-hall hostess who runs her heart like a motel, with "guys checkin' in and out all the time." She's a brass-plated marshmallow whose innocent notion of an all-purpose drinking toast is "Up yours." So far, so good. Shirley guzzling cold beer while concealed in the closet of an Italian movie idol (Ricardo Montalban) or wooing a phobia-ridden square (fine comedy by John McMartin) leaves little to be desired—even on an elephantine screen that occasionally makes her *gamine* face as intimidating as Mount Rushmore. But the overblown show that's puffed around her often proves a handicap just where a girl could use a helping hand. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse, in a repeat of his Broadway assignment, falls into the common error of letting the movie camera usurp his own chores as principal choreographer. The filming is a mélange of cinema tricks that time after time destroy the continuity of otherwise

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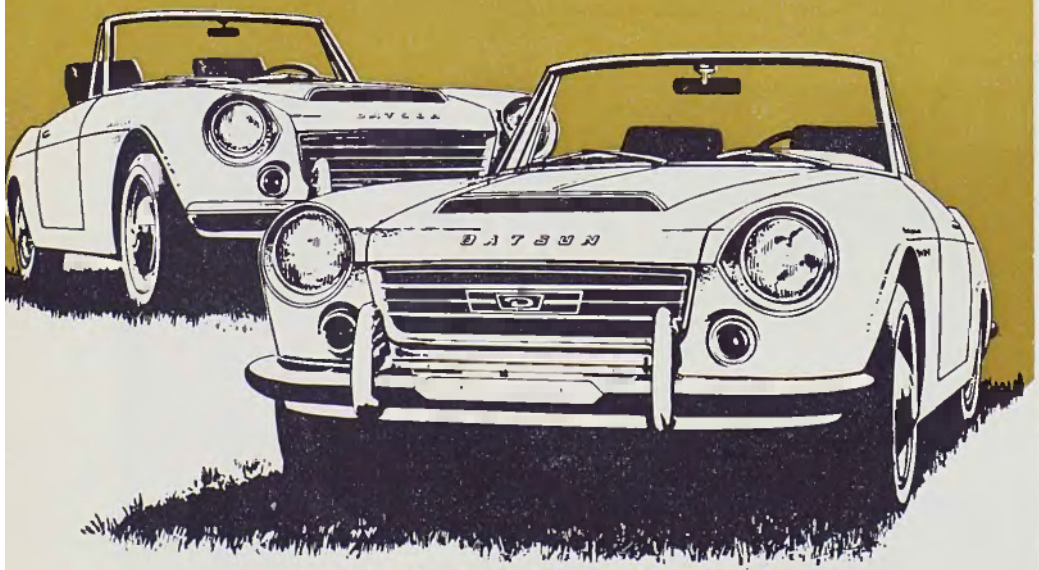

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showstopping numbers, as when Charity and two tarnished tarts (Chita Rivera and Paula Kelly, movie newcomers who come on strong) thrash out their hopes and kick up their heels in an alley. Fosse —or the Hollywood dunderheads who persuaded him that every moment of a multimillion-dollar musical ought to be a volley of neon lights, fireworks, sequins, flags, balloons, confetti and all landmarks visible between Lincoln Center and Wall Street—might profitably spend several weeks watching and rewatching *Singin' in the Rain*.

•

Make love, not war is the approximate theme of Ingmar Bergman's ***Shame***, set in a country resembling Sweden that appears to be torn by civil strife at some time in the foreseeable future. Bergman's psalm of love is a tender scene at the beginning of the picture between a man and wife (Max Von Sydow and Liv Ullman), both musicians, who have fled for refuge to an offshore island, still hopeful that they may salvage some scraps of human happiness for themselves, and perhaps even have a child. Then the bombing begins. At the end, months or years later, the loving couple are nominally survivors, but weighed down with the dead souls of zombies as they set forth in a frail boat to seek a new horizon, and find it —on a vast, cold, gray sea littered with floating corpses. There is no place to hide from the horror that has scoured all humanity out of them, for by now the man is a thief, coward and murderer, his wife an embittered slattern who shared her bed with a collaborator (the Bergman favorite, Gunnar Björnstrand, in his usual top form). Thus, in its key scenes, *Shame* is a spare, powerful metaphor that any film maker might be proud to acknowledge. And if Bergman were just any film maker, it would be unreasonable to demand more. But Bergman is Bergman, and his painful polemic against war adds nothing, at last, to what has been said on the subject dozens of times before (and said better, for example, in his own *The Silence*). As his grim story progresses, he succumbs to moralizing, manipulating symbols, insisting that two initially believable characters be regarded as All Men and All Women in the context of All Wars. But he isn't persuasive. In neutral Sweden, so seldom touched by war, the subject seems little more than an exercise for a restless genius.

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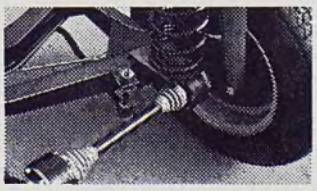

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proves himself a facile singer on *Like You, Babe, Nothin' in This World* and *Nature Boy* (which gets a samba treatment), while Miss Jones benefits from the assistance of super soul man Solomon Burke as writer (*Suddenly*), arranger (*Goodnight, My Love*) and singing partner (on *Try It Baby* and *Please Return Your Love to Me*).

•

It's been a long time since we've heard anything on vinyl by that redoubtable reed man Lee Konitz. Happily, ***The Lee Konitz Duets*** (Milestone) makes up for much lost time. On it, he exchanges ideas with such jazz luminaries as guitarist Jim Hall, violinist Ray Nance, trombonist Marshall Brown and several others of equal rank. Each man shares a track with Konitz, who seems to have lost none of the tasteful creativity that made him a leader in the bop movement.

•

Jerry Butler and The Impressions, one of the top pop groups of the Fifties, have long since parted and reached stardom separately. Deftly charted strings support Butler on ***The Ice Man Cometh*** (Mercury; also available on stereo tape), and the veteran soul balladeer comes up with some of his most energetic readings ever on *Hey Western Union Man* and *Only the Strong Survive*. ***This Is My Country*** (Curtom; also available on stereo tape), The Impressions' first release on their own label, is a well-modulated program of romantic ballads, plus a pair of eloquent message songs, *They Don't Know* and the title tune. Curtis Mayfield is one of the best songwriters extant; and his sinewy, high-pitched delivery makes him a standout vocalist as well.

•

Can Carmen McRae get any better? Judging from ***The Sound of Silence*** (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), we doubt it. The charts are by Shorty Rogers (eight) and Jimmy Jones (four), and the songs have been chosen with tasteful catholicity—*Gloomy Sunday, Poor Butterfly, Watch What Happens*, the Paul Simon title ode and Kern and Hammerstein's lovely *The Folks Who Live on the Hill* give some indication of the goodies on hand. Miss McRae is astonishingly good.

•

Taking his cue from the world of sports, producer Andrew Kazdin has had the happy idea of assembling an all-star ensemble of virtuoso brass instrumentalists for a zestful romp through the ***Antiphonal Music of Gabrieli*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape). His 19 players hail from the Chicago, Cleveland and Philadelphia Orchestras, and their combined expertise on trumpets, trombones, horns and tubas borders on the miraculous. Never before have Gabrieli's

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majestic, mysterious *canzoni* and sonatas been polished up to this state of gleaming perfection. High marks also go to the engineers for capturing the old Venetian's left-right spatial effects in such splendidly vivid stereo. A useful color-coded chart on the jacket tells who plays what and where.

•

Run, do not walk, to your nearest record dealer and pick up your copy of ***W. C. Fields / The Original Voice Tracks from His Greatest Movies*** (Decca; also available on stereo tape). It is, egad, a veritable verbal cornucopia of multitudinous delights, gleaned with obviously loving care from the master's flicks. The Fieldsian put-down has never been equaled, the braggadocio is still unsurpassed, the outrageous iconoclasm remains without peer. A delightful breath of hot air.

•

A number of skilled guitarists—Herb Ellis and Luiz Henrique among them—help make Noel Harrison a big winner on ***The Great Electric Experiment Is Over*** (Reprise; also available on stereo tape). Harrison delivers his country-accented material with effective British understatement, focusing attention on the tunes—by Dylan, Donovan, Fred Neil, Joni Mitchell and Buffy Sainte-Marie—and his slick but restrained accompanists.

•

The Swingle Singers have gone ***Back to Bach*** (Philips; also available on stereo tape), where it all happened for them in the first place. Four of their efforts are from *The Well Tempered Clavier*; the rest are from a wide spectrum of Bach's works. The Swingles have lost none of their feeling for the joys of J. S. B. over the years; if anything, their arrangements have become even more imaginative.

•

Bassist Ray Brown and drummer Shelly Manne have long been associated with first-rank jazz combos. On ***Michel Legrand at Shelly's Manne-Hole*** (Verve; also available on stereo tape), they team up with the renowned composer, who flashes impeccable pianistic credentials as the trio takes in tow a flock of originals and evergreens. The standout standards are *My Funny Valentine* and *Willow Weep for Me* and they prove that at least one Frenchman can't be wrong.

•

Driving, unpretentious hard-rock, softened by smooth vocal harmonies, is the fare offered by ***The Abstracts*** (Pompeii). Good rhythm plus tasteful colorings make *The Rich Young Heir*, *Summertime* and *Time to Understand* well worth a listen.

•

The Rolling Stones, after a brief flirtation with montages, etc., are back in their funky, snarling, bump-and-grind bag on ***Beggars' Banquet*** (London; also available on stereo tape). On *Parachute*

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Woman and *Prodigal Son*, the Stones show themselves to be excellent re-creators of American country music; *Sympathy for the Devil* and *Street Fighting Man* both establish uncompromising grooves; *Factory Girl* makes profitable use of an Indian motif. Our only complaint is with the absence of printed lyrics.

THEATER

Frederick Rolfe, a miserable, embittered, cynical reject from holy orders, suddenly is called to the priesthood, and scarcely weeks later, he finds himself in Rome for the choosing of a new Pope by the college of cardinals. As in *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, the college deadlocks and, amazingly, offers the Popeship to Rolfe. He can respond either "*Nolo*" or "*Volo*." For the briefest instant, he is stunned—he never counted on being Pope, at least not so soon after making priest. Then he crosses his arms over his chest and shouts in ecstasy, "*Volo!*" It is a cry of outrageous confidence and absolute conviction. As played by Alec McCowen, it is a thrilling theatrical moment, the kind that can send even bored ushers into nightly shivers. McCowen is an astounding actor and, thanks to him, ***Hadrian VII*** is an exciting play. Dramatist Peter Luke has wrenched it from the life and work of the real Rolfe, better known as Baron Corvo, who, around the turn of the century (under a variety of aliases), wrote novels, painted, swindled the public, corrupted youth and lusted after the priesthood; he was bounced out of a series of seminaries. His major work was a novel called *Hadrian VII*, an autobiographical fantasy in which a man very much like himself is made Pope. From this complex, bizarre life, Luke has structured a mystery play, a character study. It is not the complete word on Rolfe (for which one must go back to his biography, *The Quest for Corvo*, by A. J. Symons) nor even a great play. But it is a great evening of theater. Luke's contribution is not so much as a playwright but as a pipeline to an actor's imagination. He turns McCowen on to Rolfe, and McCowen turns into Rolfe with all his genius, cheekiness, compulsiveness and perversity. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

•

When ***Little Murders***, Jules Feiffer's comedy about the random violence of everyday life, opened on Broadway two seasons ago, it seemed timely, savage, screwball—and unfinished. As happens with most timely, savage, screwball plays, particularly if they are unfinished, Feiffer's was shot down by most of the critics and abandoned by its producer after only one week. Now *Little Murders* is back in New York and firmly established as an off-Broadway hit. What

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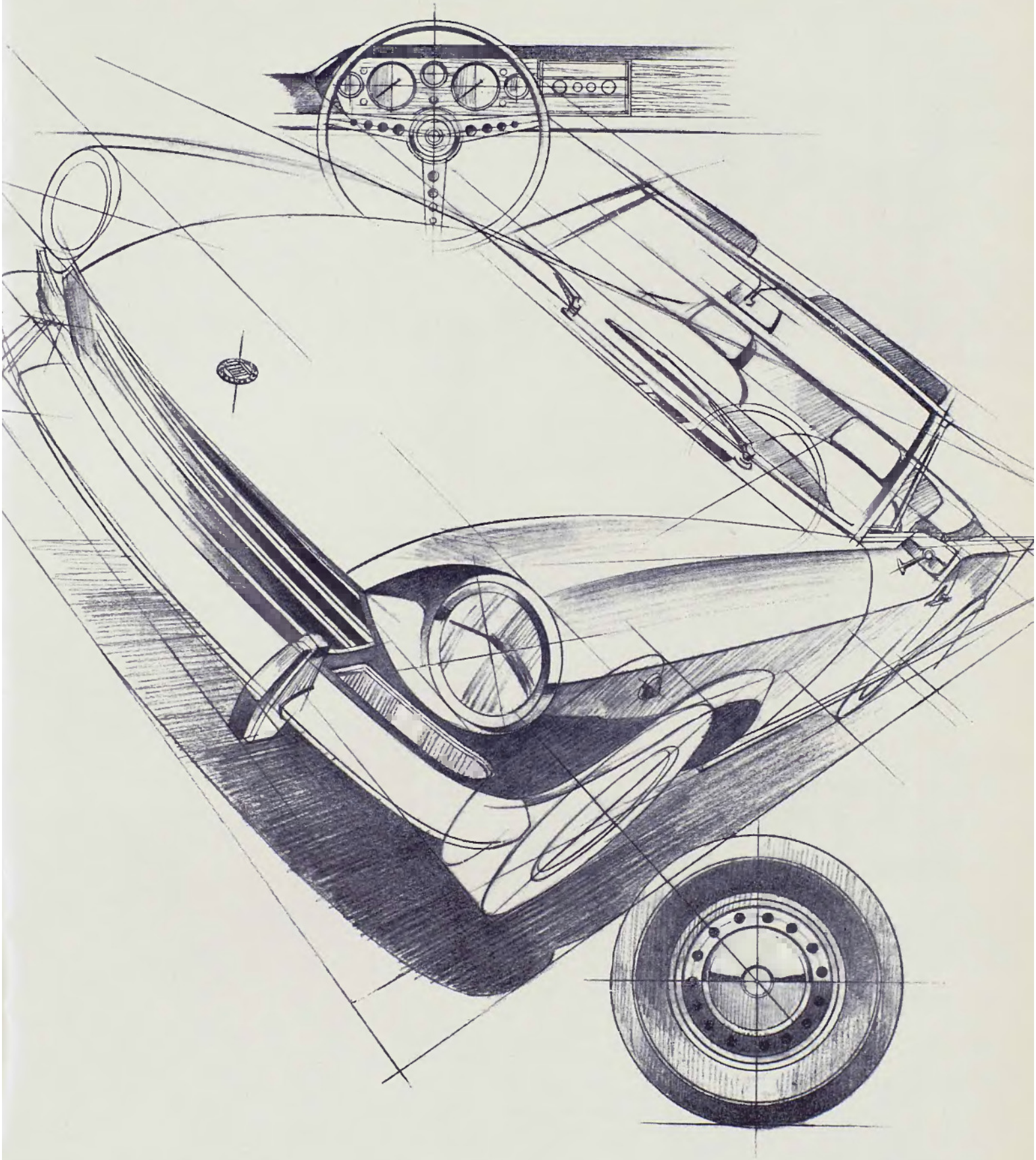

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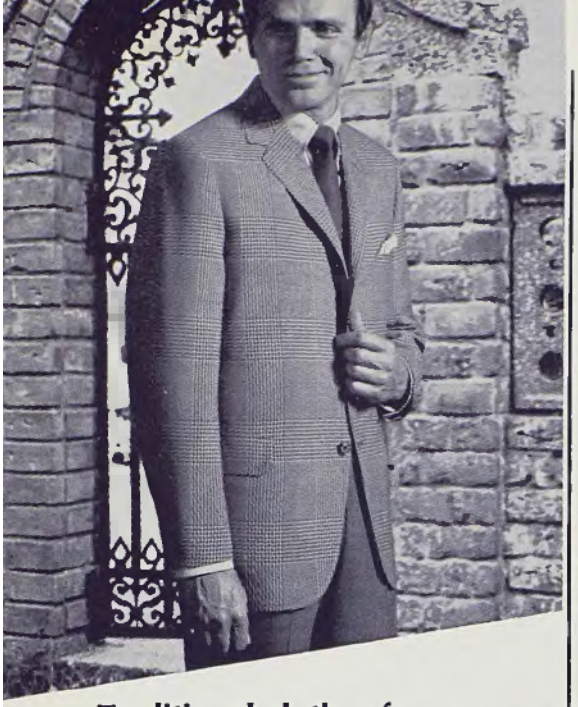

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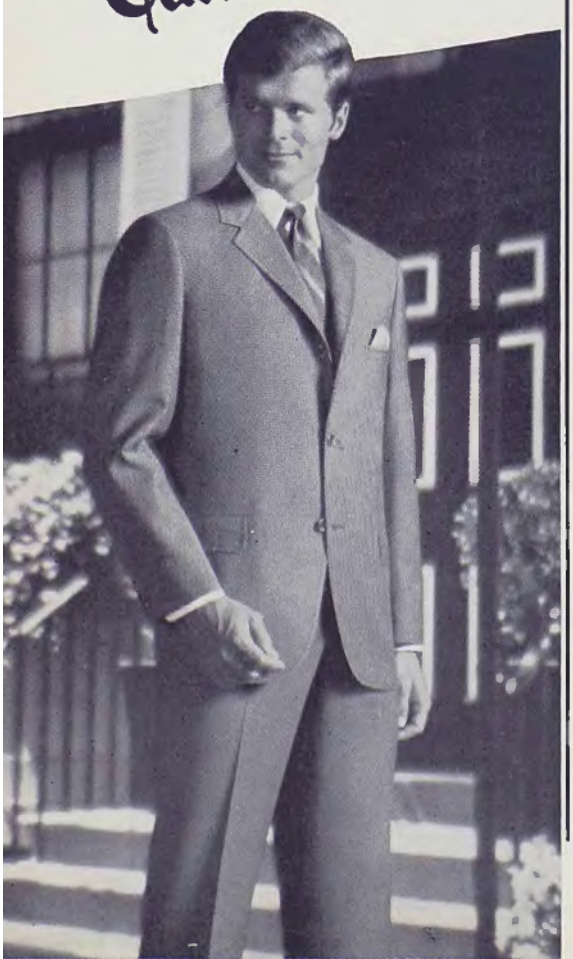

happened 'twixt flop and smash? Except for one extraneous scene in the original script that was cut for Broadway and has been unwisely reinserted into the present production, this is basically the same play. But it has been almost entirely recast and redirected. With only one notable exception (as the passivist photographer in the old version, Elliott Gould was cloddishly funny, whereas Fred Willard in the new one is just cloddish), the cast is an astonishing improvement, particularly Linda Lavin as a sort of city supergirl who offers her lovers security, assurance and even physical protection; Elizabeth Wilson and Vincent Gardenia as her Feifferish parents; Paul Benedict as a hippie minister who windily corrects, and practically revokes, the wedding ceremony as he reads it; and Andrew Duncan as a lunatic police lieutenant. On Broadway, the first half of *Little Murders* was played straight; then, as the family responded to violence with violence (pot shots at pedestrians), it became suddenly surrealistic. The current director, Alan Arkin, sees the play as all of a comedic piece. In his confident hands, it builds rather than swerves into the outlandish. The new *Little Murders* loses a sense of menace by being played in the round; within the confines of a Broadway proscenium, the rifle shots cracking against windows, the mysterious knocks at the door made it seem as if Harold Pinter were just off stage waiting to get in. But on the whole, the play is now funnier and sharper. This Feiffer play is *still* not finished, but it clearly has an inventive wit and fresh theatrical sensibility behind it. At Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

•

Can a 40-year-old double divorcee find love and happiness married to a 22-year-old boy whom everyone thinks is interested in her daughter? Can the 17-year-old daughter find love and happiness married to a rich 45-year-old businessman whom everyone thinks is interested in her mother? Why is it that this hokey little comedy called ***Forty Carats*** is actually entertaining, in a relaxed, undemanding way? It has been forcibly Americanized by Jay Allen from a French play by Barillet and Gredy (the premier drawing-room-comedy writers of the Paris stage) and has no real foundation to stand on. One keeps expecting it to fall on its face, but through some very minor miracle, director Abe Burrows and a classy cast manage to churn it into the lightest of meringue. Mostly, *Forty Carats* is Julie Harris as the divorcee. Charming, wise and surprisingly attractive (considering that she used to play homely teenagers), she makes it easy to understand why any adolescent or adult would be delighted by her. Murray Hamilton as Miss Harris' second husband (a failing movie star), Glenda Farrell as a go-go granny, Polly Rowles as Miss Harris' sweetly sardonic office assistant, Marco St. John as the boy lover—all are finely tuned comic instruments. The trouble starts with their characters. Who are they? St. John's is, for example, young, aggressive, wears Bill Blass suits, likes older women, and that's about all one ever knows about him. These are real actors but not very real people. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

•

The dewy, wide-eyed little girl from Utah bursts into the theater and as she spots the spotlights, *she* turns on. At the top of her enthusiasm, she announces, "My name is Ruby and I'm a dancer and I just got off the bus and I want to be in a Broadway show." Remember the scene? And the one that came next—when the seemingly callow sailor (Dick Powell) runs in carrying the suitcase (containing her dancing shoes) that Ruby left on the bus, and makes it clear that he is not really a sailor but a singing-dancing-songwriting star of the future. As Dick stands at the piano making up a song hit, who should appear but *the* star, Mona Kent, her body in a perpetual arch, like a frozen John Held cartoon. And what about the world-weary producer who's always telling Ruby she'll never make the big time, the wise-cracking chorus girl who's in love with the wisecracking sailor named Lucky, who just happens to be Dick Powell's best friend and a singing-dancing fool in his own right? The stunning coincidences, the stupefying credibility gaps, the monumental clichés, the outrageous sentimentality—they don't make movies like that anymore. But they once did, God bless them, over and over again. And the creators of ***Dames at Sea*** have seen them all, over and over again, and from them have distilled a remarkable show that works as spoof, pastiche, high camp, put-on and nostalgia. The key is that everyone—including the audience—is in on the gag; and for that, director Neal Kenyon probably deserves most of the credit. The book and lyrics of George Haimsohn and Robin Miller capture the giddy sappiness of those simple plots (why didn't Dick just once ditch the dippy little hopeful and run off with the leading lady?). Jim Wise's music, as played by two pianos and assorted tinkles, has just the right corny cadence. His best, *Raining in My Heart*, pays mock homage to the immortal Busby Berkeley. Instead of 60,000 chorines clattering up and down cyclopean staircases, there are two girls, three guys, five twirling transparent umbrellas and the all-heart heroine tattooing her tap shoes through the floor boards. Did anyone ever watch those Thirties musicals with a straight face? If so, never again. At the Bouwerie Lane, 330 The Bowery.

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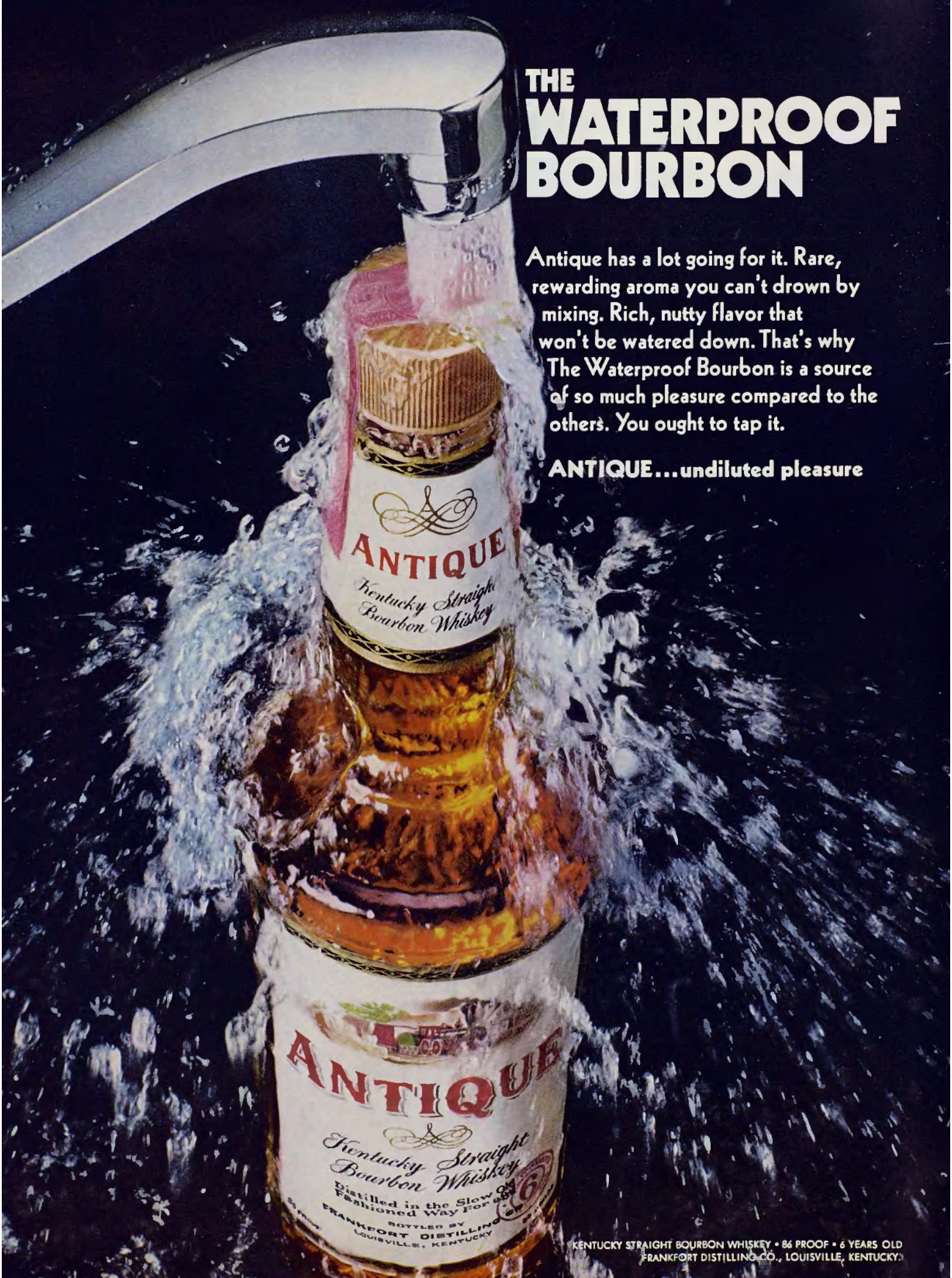
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When someone does something that hurts me, I find that—in spite of myself—I immediately see the other side of the story and forgive the opposite party. Some of my friends tell me I'm harming myself by being so open-minded, but I feel that this is in accord with the teachings of all the great religions. What is your opinion?—J. B., New York, New York.

To forgive is divine, but you'd better not forget you're human. Repressed anger can manifest itself in symptoms a lot less desirable than an occasional outburst of temper—ulcers, for example.

Where can I get information on how to buy Army-surplus items, such as used jeeps in good condition?—M. B., Boise, Idaho.

Write to the Defense Logistics Services Center, Attention DLSC—MSB (XVII) Federal Center, Battle Creek, Michigan 49016. They'll send you the necessary forms to fill out and, after you've returned them, you'll be notified when the type of items you're looking for are placed on sale. At the present time, no serviceable jeeps are being offered to the public, although, occasionally, stripped hulks—often minus engine, transmission, etc.—are sold by sealed bids.

Having the common hang-up about hygiene, I often miss my toothbrush and razor when I wake up in the morning in some nice young lady's apartment. I've been tempted to drop these items in my pocket before going out on a date, but I'm worried about the impression it would make. I want girls to feel that sex is a spontaneous expression of *joie de vivre*, and I fear that this evidence of preparation and calculation will spoil the romantic illusion. What do you think about this ticklish subject?—A. E., Chicago, Illinois.

Don't worry about the loss of spontaneity; morning mouth and a stubbly chin are even rougher on romantic illusions. But, better yet, why not take her to your apartment? Every gentleman has an extra toothbrush available for guests, expected or otherwise.

About two years ago, I met a fantastic guy who makes me happier—but often more miserable—than anyone I've ever known. We live together for brief periods, but it always ends with his walking out, saying he doesn't want to see me again. When he leaves me, I'm terribly unhappy and don't go out, because I can't get interested in anyone else. I don't want him to marry me; I don't want to put any strings on him; I'm a modern-minded girl who is willing to give a man complete freedom. Is there any way I can get our relationship to stop fluctuating like a high-amplitude wave?—Miss G. T., New Orleans, Louisiana.

By staying alone when he isn't available, and by assuring him that he's free, you demonstrate to him that he's responsible for your happiness. This puts a burden on him that drives him away. Be less of a satellite by finding things of your own to do when he's not around; cultivate an interest in other men and begin to develop an independent life of your own. In the words of Socrates, "Be what you wish to seem."

When I try to tip in restaurants and night clubs according to the old adage that thanks are for favors received, not for favors expected, I run into trouble. I would like to give something extra to the maître de, the wine steward, the captain, et al., *after* they've extended themselves for me. But they don't know what's in my mind, and I don't always get the red-carpet treatment I'm willing to pay for. After the meal, I can't always find the people I want to reward, and it's often awkward to keep my date waiting while I fumble with bills. What's the correct drill?—C. S., Rochester, New York.

In a deluxe restaurant where you're new, have a five-dollar bill folded and ready to slip into the palm of the maitre de when you give him your name. Then tell him what kind of table you'd like. There'll be no fumbling—his hand will be ready. Tip a new wine steward when he's poured a sip of wine into your glass for you to sample and you've approved it. Again, have the folding money (two dollars to five dollars) ready. Your captain should be tipped five to ten percent of the check (but no less than five dollars). Take care of this after you've paid your check and tipped the waiter, when the captain is pulling out the table for you, helping your date with her coat or otherwise hovering helpfully. Once you've become a familiar face in a restaurant—and the fastest route to that is tipping well and in front—the timing of your tipping can follow the old adage mentioned in your letter.

Does medical science think it possible for an illness or a traumatic experience to turn a person's hair white overnight?—L. M., Burlington, Vermont.

The theory of hair pigmentation contradicts tales of overnight graying. The melanin responsible for hair color is formed by the cells of the hair's roots. These cells continuously die and are

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pushed out of the skin by new cells, a chain of such defunct cells forming a strand of hair. Because it consists of dead cells far removed from any living tissues, hair receives no nourishment from the body. Something that happens to the body after the hair is formed, therefore, can no more remove pigment already present than it can change the color of a bald man's toupee.

There is much legend, some of it in old medical volumes, indicating "records" of overnight graying. Marie Antoinette's hair, for example, was said to have turned gray the night before she was guillotined. This can be explained, however, by the local custom of washing a prisoner's hair prior to execution, suggesting that the change may have been more apparent than real. In any case, the medical histories of all such examples were recorded prior to the existence of what are now considered reliable scientific methods of study.

The girl who lives across the street from me has been my friend since childhood. Now that we've both reached maturity, I see our relationship in a new light: She's a woman, and a very attractive one, and I'm a man, and very attracted to her. The trouble is, to her I'm still the kid she used to play stickball with, and I can't get off a just-friends basis with her. Can you suggest any way I could doff my boy-next-door image in this girl's eyes?—L., W., Seattle, Washington.

Your difficulty is similar to that of an actor suffering from typecasting. If you can imagine your reaction to a movie in which John Wayne plays a C. P. A., you have some notion of what you're up against. You'll have to change her perception of you (and perhaps your own concept of yourself). First, we suggest that you avoid being too casual and begin to treat her as something special. Invite her to unusual events that are outside your past history together. Treat her as a special girl—as if you've just met—showing her courtesies, dressing carefully for dates and forging ahead to new interests. Let your previous friendship be not a foundation for but only a background to your new romantic interest.

I have noticed the word "Florida" on the cap of a bottle of "imported" Löwenbrau beer. Now I wonder if I've been bamboozled into paying an inflated price for domestic suds. Is the brew really imported from Germany, or made here under license?—R. B., Pensacola, Florida.

Never fear. Löwenbrau is, indeed, brewed and bottled in Germany. The cap is a "tax crown," indicating that the Florida state tax has been paid. These crowns are made Stateside and sent to Germany, where they are used for bottles allocated to various sections of the United States.

After an hour or so of heavy petting, I often find myself in substantial pain in the area of my testicles and lower abdomen. I have tried, with no success, to correct this by using different types of undershorts. Can you tell me what this is, how common it is and—most importantly—what can be done about it?—O. L., Ithaca, New York.

We've been told by medical authorities that there is no scientific name for the pain you mention, but it is fairly common and is called "blueballs" in slang. Dr. William Masters said, in his "Playboy Interview" (May 1968), "When the male is sexually excited and approaching ejaculation, the testicles increase in size; the average size increase may be as much as 50 percent over the unstimulated norm. A young male who is forced to maintain this degree of local vasocongestion for a period of time—without release—may well develop some pain and tenderness." The problem, therefore, comes not from your shorts but from your longings, and can be prevented or eliminated by ejaculation.

I recently heard an old man of right-wing views—a friend of my grandparents'—assert that the current wave of assassinations in America is the work of a secret society called the Illuminati. He said that the Illuminati have existed throughout history, own the international banking cartels, have all been 32nd-degree Masons and were known to Ian Fleming, who portrayed them as SPECTRE in his James Bond books—for which the Illuminati did away with Mr. Fleming. At first, this all seemed like a paranoid delusion to me. Then I read in *The New Yorker* that Allan Chapman, one of Jim Garrison's investigators in the New Orleans probe of the John Kennedy assassination, believes that the Illuminati really exist. The next step in my galloping descent into credulity occurred when I mentioned this subject to a friend who is majoring in Middle Eastern affairs. He told me that the Illuminati were actually of Arabic origin and that their founder was the legendary "old man of the mountains," who used marijuana to work up a murderous frenzy and who fought against both the Crusaders and the orthodox Moslems, adding that their present ruler is the Aga Khan; but, he said, it is now merely a harmless religious order known as Ismailianism.

I then began to wonder seriously about all this. I mentioned it to a friend from Berkeley. He immediately told me that there is a group on campus that calls itself the Illuminati and boasts that it secretly controls international finance and the mass media. Now (if PLAYBOY isn't part of the Illuminati conspiracy), can you tell me: Are the Illuminati part of the Masons? Is Aga

TRIAL BY JURY

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STETSON

A STEP *AHEAD* WITH THE FASHIONABLES

And a rewarding step it will be in the quietly obvious elegance of the "Edwardian" . . . . a uniquely light boot of imported calfskin . . . . soft, unlined (where it counts) for extra suppleness. Subtly squared toe. Very much in the fashion picture. In black or muted brown. You'll find the Edwardian and other Stetsons, for every fashion feeling, at better stores. $35. to $150. All inimitably crafted of course.

STETSON SHOES for MEN

Stetson Shoe Company, South Weymouth, Massachusetts 02190

Khan their leader? Do they really own all the banks and TV stations? And who have they killed lately?—R. S., Kansas City, Missouri.

First, your informants have confused three historical entities: the Ismailian sect of Islam, the Hashishim and the Illuminati. The Ismailian sect is almost as old as the Moslem religion and the Aga Khan is, indeed, its leader. In the past, however, its members were persecuted for heresy; and around 1090 its leader, Hassan i Sabbah, the "old man of the mountains," formed a secret inner society within the Ismailian community that became known as Hashishim. This inner group turned on regularly with a marijuana-based concoction (not to "work up a murderous frenzy," as you were told, but to experience religious visions from which they believed they drew their strength). The Hashishim are believed to have lost all fear of death and, for almost three centuries, they fought a successful battle on two fronts, against both the Christian Crusaders and the orthodox Moslems. The Hashishim were finally crushed completely after the Mongol conquest in the 13th Century.

The Illuminati began in Germany in 1776. Based loosely on the Hashishim, they consisted of an outer circle of religious believers and an inner core of revolutionists, but with a new feature. Their secret teaching then was that all religions are false (including the outer religion of the Illuminati), that all men are equal and that monarchy should be overthrown. As part of their revolutionary conspiracy, the Illuminati attempted to infiltrate and take over the Masons; but they never succeeded. They were crushed by the Bavarian government in 1785.

Ian Fleming never told any of his friends that SPECTRE *was based on a real organization. He died of natural causes, suffering a heart attack in the presence of his wife.*

The belief that the Illuminati survive in the modern world and are responsible for most of our evils is about the fourth most common form of organized paranoia extant (its three more popular rivals are the Elders of Zion conspiracy, the Jesuit conspiracy and the notion that we have already been invaded by outer space, our governments being in the hands of Martians).

As for the Illuminati of Berkeley, this is a put-on by local anarchists.

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.

ALL IN ONE

And one for all is this wonderful one piece stereo combination.

It's Panasonic's model SE-9000HG which plugs-you-in to the very finest in stereo sound. All components, including record player, tape recorder, radio and speakers, are perfectly matched to produce a distinctive blend of advanced technology and contemporary design.

Here is super stereo sound and it's available all in one piece. When you buy this you buy quality stereo once and for all. A perfect product from Panasonic—check it out at your Military Exchange.

SE-9000HG

Record Player. Latest type automatic record changer with 12″ turntable plays 6 records in succession including different sizes if all have the same speed.

Tape Recorder. High fidelity 4-track, 3-speed Panasonic stereo tape recording system includes 4-digit tape counter, two precision VU meters, and automatic stop at tape end.

Radio. Both AM and FM bands give clear, undistorted sound through special OTL system. AFC for FM and FM stereo adaptor with stereo light provide amazing reception of stereo programs.

Speakers. A superb 6-speaker system (2 woofers and 4 tweeters) with special MFB (Motional Feedback) circuit produces fully 60W at peak music power for some of the finest sound you'll ever hear.

Complete after-service available throughout the U.S.A.

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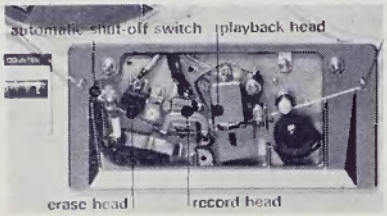
M
9

Fie on your old hi-fi – SONY offers its highest flyer yet

SONY's new all-solid-state stereo tape recorder TC-630 is no amateur with professional pretensions. Extremely professional in appearance, it has every professional feature you could imagine. And probably several you couldn't.

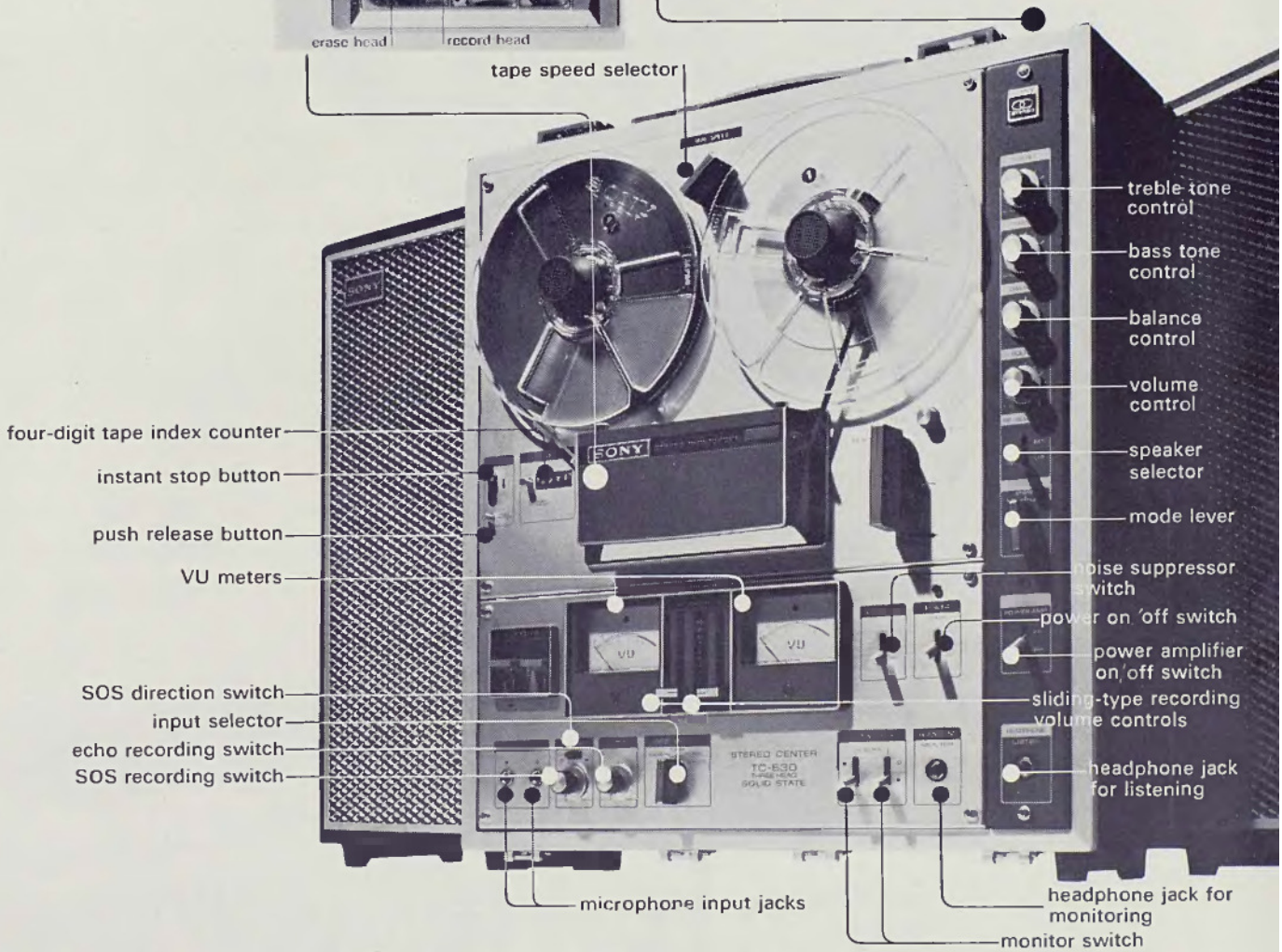
To list a few:

Versatile three-head system for such professional-type recording techniques as on-the-spot tape- and source-monitoring. Also special echo-effect recording capabilities. And easier sound-on-sound, or sound-on-sound-on-sound, or sound-on-sound-on-sound-on-sound, and so on indefinitely.



TC-630 functions as a tape recorder, an amplifier, or a tape deck. Built-in stereo "music control center" with multiple inputs for phono, tuner, microphone, and auxiliary. The power amplifier section operates together with but completely separate from the tape deck section. You don't have to buy a separate integrated amp with all that unsightly wiring.

40 watt total power output, 20 per channel, for room-filling (or if you prefer, ear-splitting) sound.



Your local exchange has just received stock of this magnificent piece of audio equipment. Ask for a demonstration soon. You'll be pleased with the performance. And surprised at the reasonable price. Make it the new heart of your old hi-fi system.

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Please send me your complete tape recorder/deck catalog.
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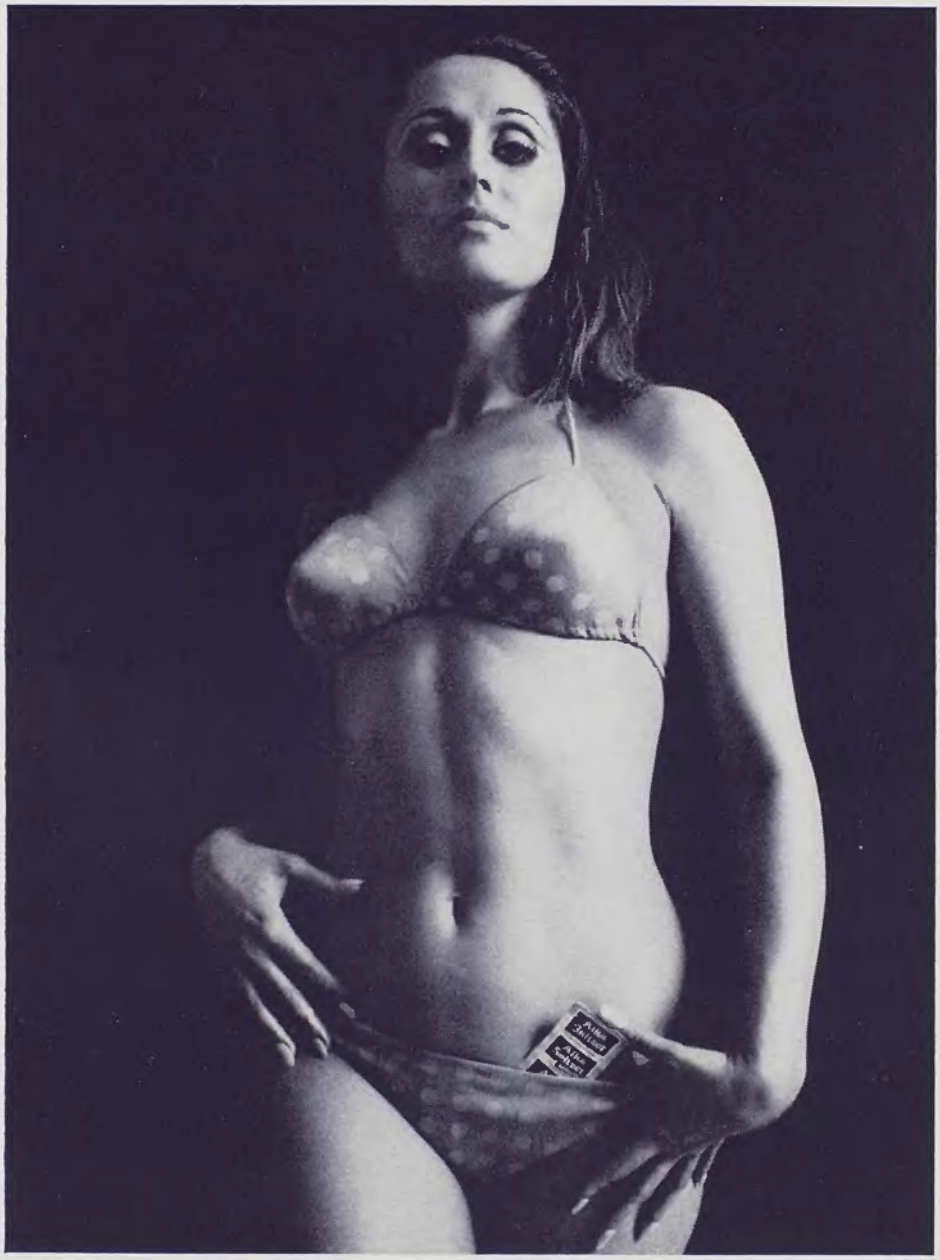

Alka-Seltzer & Stomachs: the bare facts.

Oh, brother. A night out.
A lot'a food and drink, and then,
Pow! Upset stomach on the morning after.
Well, cool it.
Take Alka-Seltzer *before* you go to bed,
and again when you get up.
You'll be surprised at the good it does.

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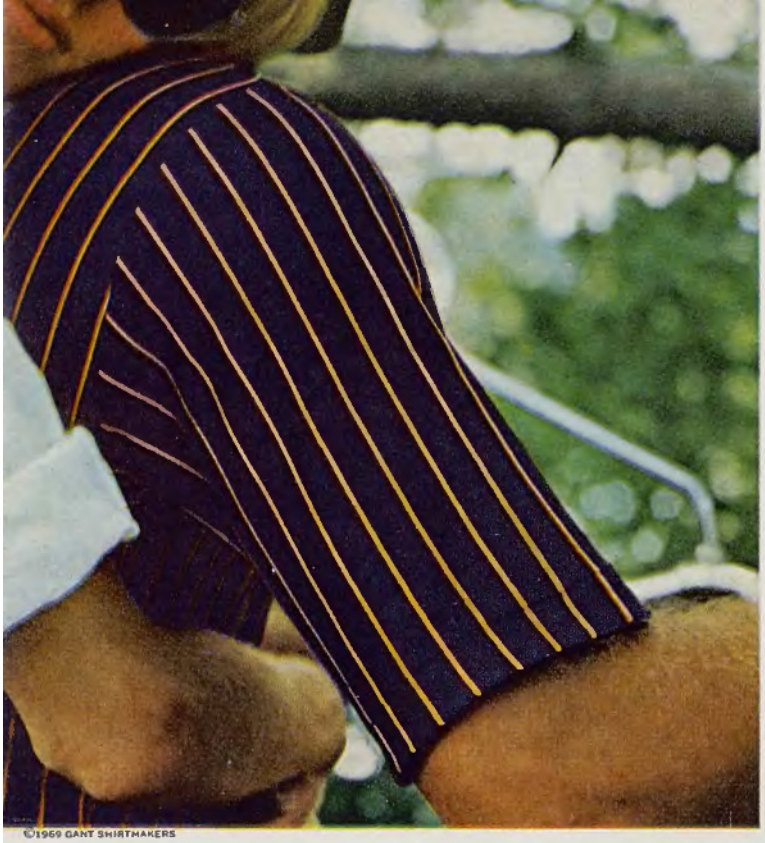
Hey, Mister...come clean with me!
Discover the clean way to hold your hair! Groom & Clean—the world's first cleansing hairdressing. It cleans your hair every time you groom with water. Cleans away the grease...dirt...and dandruff most hairdressings leave behind. Groom & Clean prevents greasy build-up. Your hair feels cleaner...looks cleaner.
Prove Groom & Clean's cleansing action to yourself. Put a dab of axle grease on your hand. Try rinsing it off. See...you can't! Now add Groom & Clean, Rinse again, and see its cleansing action work. It cuts through even axle grease—leaves your hand clean. That's Groom & Clean's cleansing action for you.
GROOM & CLEAN
GROOM & CLEAN



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She's holding on to a good thing. It's cotton.

Good things are rare these days. Take this Gant Ticino® mock turtle. It's soft as a kitten's paw; light as a kite. And cool, really cool because this airy knit is a 2-ply mercerized cotton lisle—the very choice variety. In the style department, the cut is long and full so you can sport it outside your trousers.

Like all good things, this Gant Ticino knit washes beautifully. Once you wear it, you'll never let it go. In a great choice of colors. At discerning stores. $8.50.

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COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON
YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

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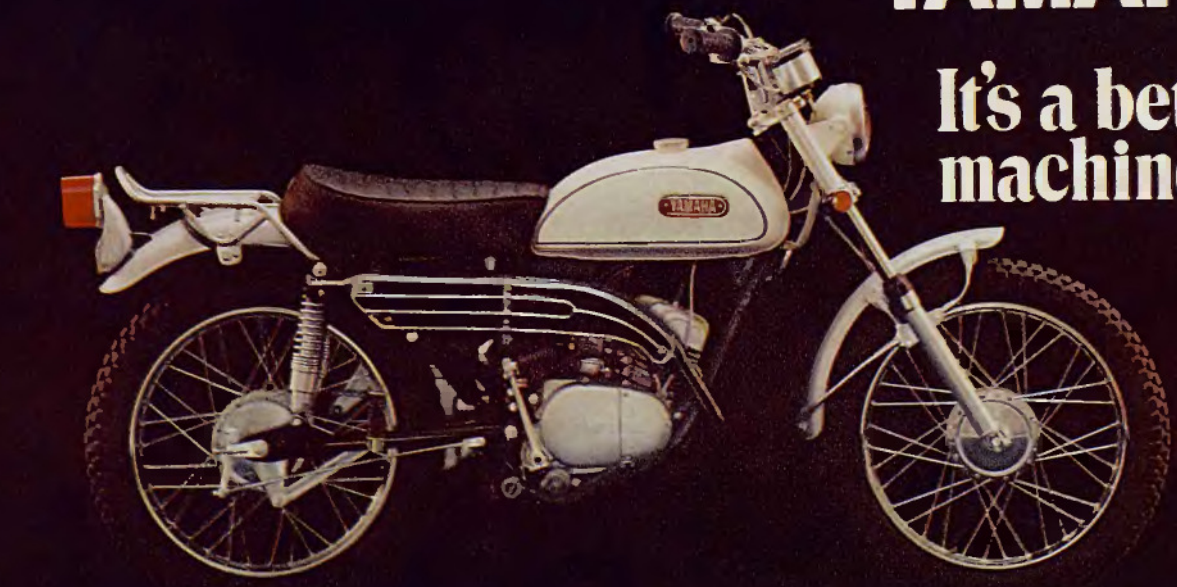
It's a better machine



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

WHEN ADULTERY IS HELPFUL

In view of the many letters in *The Playboy Forum* from swingers, housewife-prostitutes, "other women," people whose marriages were wrecked by adultery, etc., you might be interested in a professional's opinion of extramarital relations. The following is from an article by Alfred Auerback, M. D., in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*:

> Positive effects of adultery: In some instances, an extramarital relationship may actually strengthen a failing marriage. The wife, becoming aware of the husband's infidelity, may re-evaluate her role in the marriage and realize that, perhaps, she has become neglectful of her husband and his needs. The husband may find that, beyond the initial excitement of a new conquest, the sexual act itself is no more satisfying than with his wife, to whom he is, moreover, drawn by years of marriage, their children and the numerous interests in common. Having had his fling, he is, in most cases, willing to resume married life.

This suggests that it is possible, at least, for marital partners to view an episode of adultery not as a calamity, a betrayal or an irreparable breach of their contract but as a challenge and an opportunity for constructive thinking and marital revitalizing. Such a positive attitude would, in my opinion, relieve a great deal of misery.

John Hearty
Pensacola, Florida

EXTRAMARITAL FREEDOM

The October *Playboy Forum* contained a letter from a woman who allowed herself extramarital affairs because when she was pregnant, her husband didn't want her and stepped out on her. Her attitude is a classic example of a person who still thinks in Victorian terms. Since her upbringing has taught her that extramarital sex is a negative thing, she thinks her husband has wronged her and sets about wronging him in return. If she and her husband could say to each other, "Look, I like you in bed, but I like others also," possibly a better marital relationship could ensue.

It has been the experience of the Sexual Freedom League that the only damaging results from extramarital sex occur when there is sneaking and secrecy. I realize that this is not a popular belief, but many members of the League can attest that honesty with each other while indulging normal sexual desires has led to better marriages.

Thomas W. Palmer, Executive Director
Sexual Freedom League
Berkeley, California

Commentary by social scientists and individual observations are contained in Richard Warren Lewis' "The Swingers" (see page 149), a perceptive report on current trends in spouse swapping and other nontraditional forms of sexual behavior.

CORRESPONDENCE-CLUB CODE

Your August *Playboy Forum* answer concerning the code words used in correspondence-club ads was quite enlightening. Could you define a few more of the terms used regularly in these ads? What is meant by "bi-minded," "A. C./D. C.," "interested in French art," "interested in Greek art" and "interested in English art"?

(Name withheld by request)
Woodbridge, Virginia

Both "bi-minded" and "A. C./D. C." mean bisexual. "French art" refers to oral sex, "Greek art" to anal sex and "English art" to sadism.

AN UNUSUAL SPECIMEN?

After reading in *The Playboy Forum* the many letters from people unhappy in marriage and in love, I feel like an unusual specimen. I still get thrilled just knowing my husband will soon be home from work. Oh, we have our disagreements, but we just can't stay angry long. And we never take our problems to bed, which is neutral territory and no place for unhappiness. Who needs LSD, STP and other drugs? All I need is my man and we can take a trip together that is far out and beautiful from start to finish.

Mrs. R. Metter
Patchogue, New York

DOUBLE LIFE

I am playing the roles of wife and "other woman" simultaneously and I think the latter is most deserving of sympathy, since all she has is an aesthetic, unreal and superficial relationship compared with the security and stability that the wife has.

Although I do not condone a man's

GO WHERE THE ACTION IS

The "Lido" is just part of the action.

AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST RESORT-HOTEL

If it's action you want, go where the action's non-stop. Go to the Stardust, the world's largest resort-hotel. Take in the spectacular all-new Lido Revue. Catch famous acts at our Lounge. When you want a break in the action, try a gourmet dinner at Aku-Aku, our famed Polynesian restaurant. Or take on our championship golf course. Play tennis. Swim. It's all here. The action you want. And excitement you won't forget. Get in on it. Call us or your travel agent for reservations. You'll get action—fast!

STARDUST
Hotel & Country Club, Las Vegas, Nevada

Use REACTS Card — Page 219.

philandering, a wife can rarely offer the kind of excitement he gets from relationships outside marriage. This is a sad commentary on what a woman becomes when she marries, and I am exhibit A. I try much harder as a lover than as a wife to be lovely, witty, sparkling and exciting. When it comes to making love with my husband, I conform to the stereotype, finding such excuses as fatigue, new hairdo, a headache or simply not being in the mood, since I know tomorrow night will do just as well. As a girlfriend, I am always at my best, making a terrific effort to be lovely, sweet, enticing and understanding at all times. There are reputed to be wiser wives than I who work hard daily to maintain the level of excitement they offered during the early years of marriage, but that level, in my opinion, is almost impossible to sustain.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ANOTHER OTHER WOMAN

Being an "other woman" is supposed to be much easier than being a wife. True: I don't have to wash his clothes or pick up his socks; I don't have to be friends with his friends; I don't have to prepare three meals a day; I don't have to look after his children when they are ill or cranky.

I don't have to . . . but, God, I wish I did.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

CONTRACT MARRIAGE

Recently, I heard a proposal to change our marriage laws that made a good deal of sense to me. The idea is to change marriage laws into contract laws. Under this system, two people wanting to get married could draw up a legal contract with certain fundamental agreements (common to all marriage contracts), adding their own particular clauses, also. The contracts themselves would be of two types: One would be renewable after one year (convenient in cases where the bride is pregnant at the time of the wedding) and the other would be renewable after five years, upon consent of both partners. If either partner does not want to renew his side of the contract, the marriage is dissolved at the end of the given period of time.

This puts marriage where it's at, as far as I'm concerned. No individual can presume so much as to speak in terms of "forever," when it comes to the elusive, undefined, emotional reaction called love. Calling in the church and the state to sanctify, legalize and finalize an act of declaring love is not going to make it any less unpredictable than it is. Declaring marriage to be an agreement that may or may not last forever is putting the responsibility for the success

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SEXUAL EVOLUTION

Today's college students are "considerably more sexual" than those of 20 years ago, but this reflects a tendency to begin dating and courting at a younger age rather than a sweepingly promiscuous trend, according to Dr. William Simon, one of the authors of a forthcoming study of college behavior by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. Addressing a meeting of psychoanalysts in New Orleans, Dr. Simon said that the percentage of American students who have engaged in premarital sex is significantly higher now than it was in the generation studied by Alfred Kinsey. "But," Simon told PLAYBOY, *"this does not necessarily reflect a sweeping change in life styles or courting customs. The statistics may only mean that Americans are marrying earlier. Among college students, sexual intercourse has been traditionally acceptable as part of courtship." With sex a matter of course in the lives of many college students, they have become less preoccupied with it. John Gagnon, co-author of the forthcoming study, told* The New York Times: *"Sex means less and less to this generation. There's a kind of cooling off of sex as an important organizing tendency in life." Simon and Gagnon scoff at the phrase "Sexual Revolution"—an event that occurred, they maintain, in the 1920s. Both sociologists prefer to label the current trend toward permissiveness in expression and behavior a "sexual evolution." (See the following item.)*

REPORT ON HOMOSEXUALS

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA—*The Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University is following up Alfred Kinsey's classic reports on the American male and female with a major study of homosexuals. Dr. Alan Bell, senior research psychologist and principal investigator, has been granted $280,000 by the National Institute for Mental Health to conduct the research—"the most extensive, complete and relevant ever undertaken." Investigation will be made into the lives of 1100 San Francisco inverts of both sexes. "We plan to focus on the family experience of homosexuals," says Dr. Bell. "We want to test all the theories about how homosexuality develops, and study the types of homosexual commitment and experience." A preliminary investigation has already been made in Chicago and is being analyzed. The project is to be completed in three years.*

POST OFFICE RENEWS CENSORSHIP

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*For the first time since 1961, the U. S. Post Office has declared certain magazines obscene and taken action against their publisher. The Post Office will stamp* UNLAWFUL *on mail to the publisher containing payments and orders and will return it to the senders; postmasters will refuse to cash money orders received by the firm. Presented with a case alleging the obscenity of the publications, a Federal District judge issued an order authorizing the impounding of the publisher's mail. Subsequently, a Post Office judicial officer held a hearing at which he declared the magazines obscene and authorized continuation of action against the publisher. Outgoing Postmaster General W. Marvin Watson said he hoped the move "would bring about further clarification of the department's authority to administratively curb obscene materials."*

In a classic case of the left hand ignoring the right hand, however, the Post Office had announced within the past few months that it would no longer censor the mails. An October 1968 Associated Press dispatch read: "The Post Office has abandoned censorship as a weapon in the war against smut and is training its guns only on dealers who mail pornography to people who complain." The source for this intelligence was Chief Postal Inspector H. B. Montague. The story went on to explain the new pandering law, which allows recipients of offensive advertising to initiate a cease-and-desist order against the sender. The A.P. story continued, "Because of limitations placed on them by the courts or by administrative decisions, Montague emphasizes that the Post Office is no longer in the censorship business."

This may have been the shortest-lived policy ever announced by the department.

FILTHY FILMS IN NEW JERSEY

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY—*"Films are filth. At least the majority are down here in South Jersey," said the spokeswoman for a drive to establish movie censorship in New Jersey. Mrs. Patricia McCosker, a member of the Sterling High School District Board of Education, has been urging the State Federation of District Boards of Education to pass a resolution calling for a state censorship law. The federation has not voted on the resolution on the grounds that the matter is outside the organization's jurisdiction. "No one will see the dirty movies in New Jersey if our law passes," Mrs. McCosker said. She gave this capsule review of "The Graduate": "Children lose respect for the adult world when a married woman seduces a teenager." The*

resolution she sponsored stated that the "motion-picture industry today portrays obscenity, nudity, lewdness, horror, brutality, violence, sadism, juvenile delinquency, drug addiction and sexual conduct or relationships in a manner contrary to the mental, ethical and moral development of our youth."

ADULTERY AND THE AIR FORCE

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*A U. S. District Court judge has upheld the Air Force's right to court-martial a noncommissioned officer for committing adultery. The accused staff sergeant is being tried under Article 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, a catchall regulation that forbids conduct "prejudicial to the good order and discipline of the Armed Services." The sergeant argued that the military had no jurisdiction to try him for adultery, but the judge ruled that it was up to the court-martial tribunal to decide whether or not adultery is a crime under Article 134. The court also dismissed the sergeant's contention that he had been denied due process because he was not permitted to have character witnesses testify in his behalf.*

The case came to the attention of the military authorities when the woman's husband lodged a complaint with the base commander, who then brought charges against the accused.

DRUGS AND THE CONSTITUTION

A U. S. Appeals Court has ruled that sentencing a known drug offender to years in prison for simple possession of narcotics is "a cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment." Until this decision, a ten-year sentence had been mandatory for those convicted as second offenders under the Harrison Narcotics Act. The appeal was made by Albert Watson, Jr., who became addicted to narcotics in an Army hospital in Japan while recovering from wounds sustained in Korea. "Mere possession of narcotics is not in itself a grave offense," said Chief Judge David L. Bazelon. "Its principal victim is the possessor, and a severe jail sentence is hardly defensible as an act of benevolence toward him." On the other hand, the Massachusetts Supreme Court has upheld the state's ban on the use of marijuana. Testimony by experts "fully justifies the conclusion that marijuana is a mind-altering drug," said the court, nevertheless admitting that no "absolute, statistical and scientific proof" exists that marijuana is harmful. The decision, believed to be the first of its kind in the nation, will permit the state to bring to trial two men arrested on charges of possession of marijuana.

GOD IS A LIVE ISSUE

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair, whose lawsuit resulted in the banning of public school prayers, has opened a "Center of Atheism" that will be directed by her husband, Richard. The first institution of its kind in the U. S., it will produce radio shows, newsletters "and other educational material." It will also be headquarters for the Society of Separationists, which advocates complete separation of church and state, including removal of church-property-tax exemptions. Mrs. O'Hair also protested against the televised Bible readings by the Apollo astronauts. "It's just incredible," she said; "men who are supposed to be scientists reading from "Genesis" like that. I'm just amazed that nobody has had the guts to do anything about it. Atheists have been so cowed by Christians, they let them get away with anything."*

PROGRESSIVE DUTCH CATHOLICS

NOORDWIJK, NETHERLANDS—*The Dutch Pastoral Council, made up of clerical and lay leaders of the Dutch Roman Catholic Church, has passed a resolution challenging Pope Paul's argument that artificial birth control is immoral as "not convincing." The declaration was a victory for the moderate wing of the Dutch Church, which as a whole is the most liberal branch of Roman Catholicism in Europe. Another resolution, proposed by the progressives but not passed, rejected the Pope's encyclical on birth control as "unacceptable." Debate was marked by outspokenness, one young man demanding, "Who are we to represent youth? Where are the marijuana smokers, the kids who leave home and live together?"*

ABORTION DOCTOR ARRESTED

NEW YORK—*Dr. Nathan Rappaport has been arrested and may be tried for first-degree manslaughter for allegedly performing an abortion on a girl who subsequently died. In a letter to the November 1967 "Playboy Forum," Dr. Rappaport admitted to having performed 30,000 abortions during his medical career and to having spent a total of over nine years in prison on abortion convictions. Recently, he became a public crusader for repeal of all abortion laws. Dr. Rappaport was arrested outside the hospital where the girl was initially taken by friends. James A. Wechsler commented in the* New York Post*: "Guilty or innocent, Nathan Rappaport did go to the hospital and expose himself to arrest. That is not the style of a 'butcher'; whatever the law may decide about him, he knows that he did not slip into the shadows when he realized that a girl was dying."*

of that agreement into tangible, reasonable terms. It allows for the changes manifest in two human beings. For the church and the state to expect two people to live up to all those elevated concepts stated in today's marriage vows is to ignore the one permanent quality inherent in man's nature—the inevitable desire for change.

Mrs. Abbie Alvin Duarte
Hyannis, Massachusetts

LAISSEZ FAIRE

As one of the higher paid callgirls in my area, I think I can speak about the profession with more authority than can the Reverend Robert W. Cromey (*The Playboy Forum*, December). Quite frankly, I am utterly opposed to the Reverend Cromey's arguments in favor of legalizing prostitution. One of the reasons I entered this occupation was to avoid Government controls, red tape, bureaucracy and the entire paraphernalia of our authoritarian society. That's my temperament: Some can travel docilely with the herd, but others such as me prefer to be free-lance operators, outlaws and self-determiners. I am college-educated, having maintained a three-point average and graduating with honors. I have never felt underprivileged or considered myself forced into a dehumanizing profession. My clients are quite human and there is nothing inhuman about their desire for me. Sure, the police rake-off is a nuisance, but it's a hell of a lot less of a nuisance than the tax I would have to pay if my work came under Uncle Sam's full-time scrutiny—his raids, at present, are sporadic and he has no way of proving a girl earned more per year than she will admit. I'll take things as they are, Reverend.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

GUTTER CRAWLING

The crime of gutter crawling is the practice of men cruising down a street in their cars looking for a prostitute. I don't know who gave it this colorful name, but I suspect it was one of our more literate politicians. A recent article in the Melbourne *Sun* describes 35 men being convicted and fined $40 each on this charge, as part of a crusade by the Victorian government (the government of the state of Victoria, which lives up to its name) to do away with prostitution by getting the clients, as well as the girls, off the streets. One man was stopped by police after a disguised policewoman offered herself to him for ten dollars and he accepted. He pleaded not guilty but was convicted with the others. The *Sun* article thoughtfully printed the names and addresses of all the convicted men so Melbourne society would know at whom to cast stones.

Australia is a great country, probably the best place in the world in which to

live and to work, but it is mismanaged by government officials with a holier-than-thou attitude, which is carried to the extreme in Victoria. This makes Australia a laughingstock to the outside world and to tourists, and embitters the people who live here.

Frank J. Hussey
Melbourne, Australia

GOD AND SEX

Nancy Campbell, in her letter attacking premarital sex (*The Playboy Forum*, December), uses the expression "God intended." This phrase, with its suggestion that the letter writer has a direct line to the Deity, reminds me of the comic desk sign that reads, MY MIND IS MADE UP; DON'T CONFUSE ME WITH THE FACTS.

Without attempting to tell Nancy Campbell what God intended, I would like to call her attention to a passage from *Situation Ethics*, by Joseph Fletcher, professor of social ethics at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Dr. Fletcher says:

> Moving over from law to love (Paul called it grace) is a painful and threatening step to take.
>
> The situationalist, cutting himself loose from the dead hand of unyielding law . . . can only determine that as a man of good will he will live as a free man, with all the ambiguities that go along with freedom.
>
> We find nothing in the teachings of Jesus about the ethics of sex, except adultery and an absolute condemnation of divorce—a correlative matter. He said nothing about birth control, large or small families, childlessness, homosexuality, masturbation, fornication or premarital intercourse, sterilization, artificial insemination, abortion, sexplay, petting and courtship. Whether any form of sex (hetero, homo or auto) is good or evil depends on whether love is fully served.

The idea that sex within marriage cannot be selfish, while sex outside marriage must be, is strongly implied in Miss Campbell's letter; but in real life, the opposite is often the case. A marriage license does not create love or unselfishness, and absence of the license does not extinguish these virtues.

D. William Baker, Jr.
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

DEATH FOR FORNICATION

When Nancy Campbell shrilly asserts that "The Bible says repeatedly that fornication is wrong, a sin punishable by death," she, like most persons who try to prop up weak antisexual arguments with Scriptural authority, speaks out of ignorance and error.

In the Old Testament, fornication, as long as it did not involve intercourse with pagans or with persons who were off limits for reasons of consanguinity, was treated rather lightly and was definitely not a capital offense. For example, *Exodus* (22:16-17) states "If a man seduces a virgin who is not betrothed, and lies with her, he shall give the marriage present for her, and make her his wife. If her father utterly refuses to give her to him, he shall pay money equivalent to the marriage present for virgins." Nowhere is death mentioned.

Nor was prostitution subject to capital punishment. In fact, the prophet Hosea married a prostitute and the patriarch Judah had intercourse with what he thought was a prostitute with impunity. It's true that *Genesis* (38:24) suggests that the harlot was to be put to death, but she was engaged at the time, which made her an adulteress under the law of that time. Adultery was sometimes punishable by death, but the root of the offense lay not in the sexual activity itself but in the fact that one man had violated the property rights of another by taking his wife or fiancée.

As for the New Testament, it simply does not contain any suggestion that fornicators ought to die for their offense, not even in the writings of Saint Paul, who was reluctant to approve of sex even in marriage.

I'm not attempting to defend fornication; I'm suggesting that people such as Miss Campbell should read the Bible before using it as a club against persons whose actions they don't like.

The Rev. H. L. Wipprecht
The United Church of Canada
Cobalt, Ontario

TORMENT OF ADOLESCENCE

Sexuality naturally arrives early, far ahead of intellectual maturity. The adolescent, suddenly possessed by desires that he or she only dimly understands, is full of ambivalence, "a young adult one day and a big child the next." At this point, he or she needs intelligent advice and counsel—from parents, from society, from school, from the church. Instead, what does the adolescent get? Repression, fear, guilt, blame, shame, prohibitions, inhibitions, pressures, punishments, mythology, superstition, ignorance and downright dishonesty.

It is no surprise that many adolescents get fouled up sexually. It is virtually a miracle that any of them manage to grow up into sane and healthy adults.

The Rev. P. E. Roll
Massillon, Ohio

CREATORS OF CHAOS

My last place of residence was a small rooming house, and in the common living room, the landlady always had three magazines available for the tenants—two church periodicals and PLAYBOY. I had never looked at your magazine before this, and I must say I was shocked and disturbed by what I read in your pages. I was even more upset when I discovered that the landlady was having an affair with a male tenant, the girl who lived down the hall from me often "entertained" male guests all night long, and two college students who shared a room on the floor above me were having a homosexual affair. When I confronted the landlady with my suspicions, she replied brazenly, "You must be some kind of nut—there's nothing wrong with sex." As a 35-year-old bachelor who has always tried to live up to the Biblical teachings in which I was raised, I immediately moved out of that place.

I'm sure the landlady and the tenants didn't get their standards from the church periodicals they read, so I can only assume they got them from your pages. Are you proud of the chaos you have created?

(Name withheld by request)
Dayton, Ohio

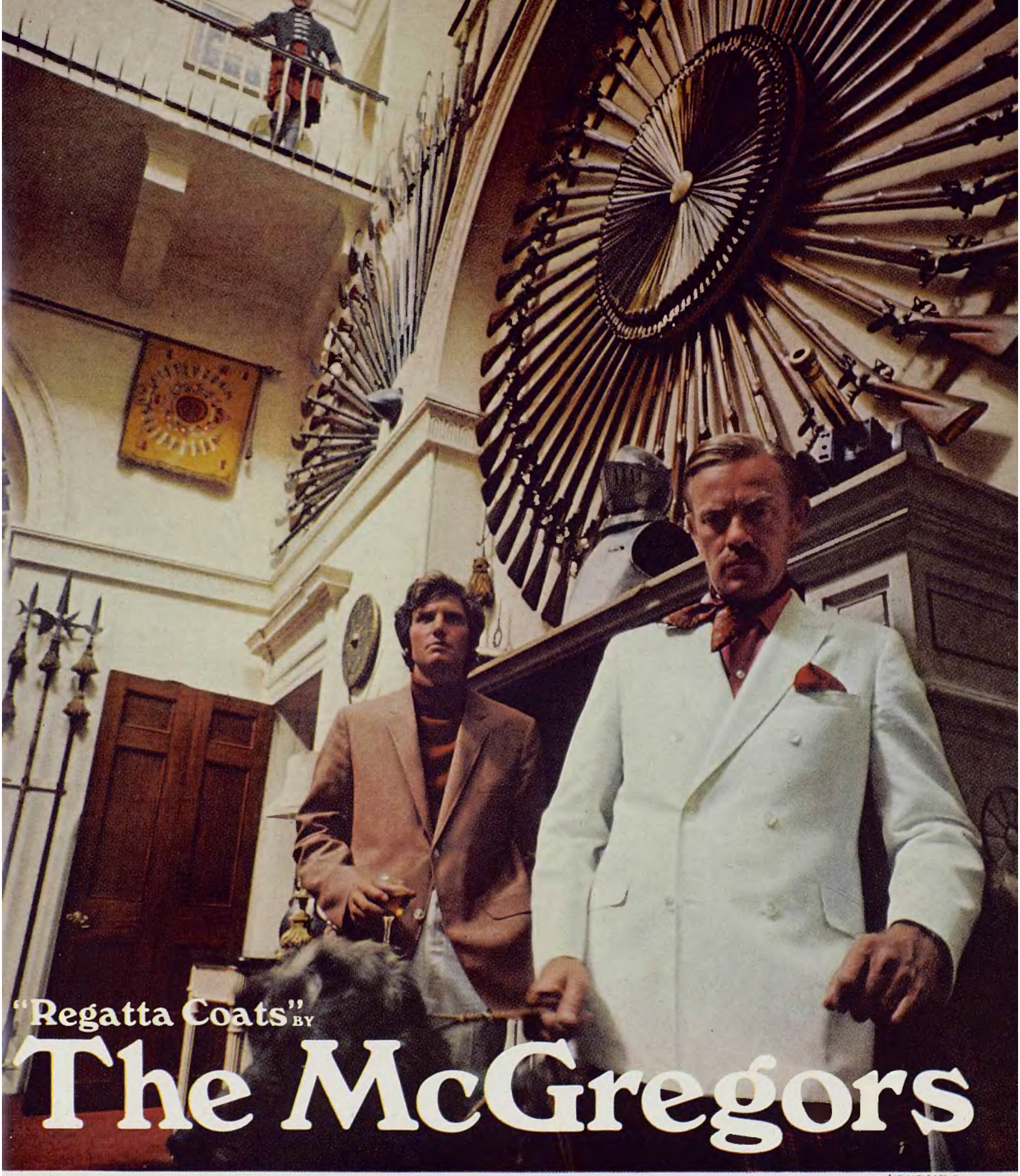
DR. STRANGELOVE

I am a 41-year-old cardiac patient living in a small town. I recently asked our family doctor if he could give my wife information on the treatment for frigidity described by Masters and Johnson in the May 1968 *Playboy Interview*. I felt that a more satisfactory sex life would help relieve the tensions present in our marriage, prolong my physical health and improve my wife's and my own emotional attitude. The doctor, father of two daughters, disclaimed any knowledge of Masters and Johnson's research or its importance and went on to say that sexual love should not interest a man over 30 and that it certainly had no place in his own marriage. He said that he and his wife had never varied their lovemaking positions or kissed or touched each other in any way not prescribed by the laws of our state (which are rather restrictive). The doctor then said that anybody expressing an interest in "such activities" should seek psychiatric help. Finally, he left me with the admonition that I was not giving my heart the best possible care by concerning myself with sex. I would say that my doctor might benefit from the psychiatric help he recommended for me.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

COMMUNIST SEX PLOT

PLAYBOY's influence is among those leading America down the primrose path, according to a gentleman from the office of Max Rafferty, California superintendent of public education. Dr. Edwin Klotz, an assistant to the State Board of Education recently delivered a speech in Lodi, California, that was reported in the *Stockton Record*. He lumped "the public relations man for PLAYBOY magazine" (whoever that is) with such unsavory



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fellow travelers as secular humanists, intellectuals, Communists, the Eastern establishment, Dr. Spock and Abe Fortas. Here are some choice bits from the *Record*:

> Dr. Klotz said these "secular humanists" are teaching "immoral and amoral" sex in schools—as part of a Communist conspiracy—instead of "purity, chastity, virginity" and other beliefs found in the Holy Bible. . . .
>
> Dr. Klotz . . . said he spoke as a "neutral reporter." . . .
>
> He called for a return to the "theological premise (divine law)" under which the entire world lives, noting that "anarchists" ignore the Ten Commandments.

Klotz declared that one sex educator "has a long history of Communist connections" and, in another bit of innuendo said, "You may have read" that a certain organization that furnishes sex-education materials on request "is a Communist sex plot to corrupt young America." Of course, I may also have read that the moon is made of red herrings.

The paper also reported Dr. Klotz' suggestion that "sex education is perhaps best left to adult school." You might think that for adults such education would be a bit belated, but in Lodi, the Tokay-grape capital of California, the motto is BETTER LATE THAN EARLY. Out there in the grape fields, there aren't even any animals to watch.

Don Grubbs
Associate Professor, History
University of the Pacific
Stockton, California

ROSEMARY'S BANE

In a theater during a fictional moment of sex on the screen, I once saw a woman cover her little daughter's eyes with her hand. The child did not try to peek; in fact, she cooperated with her mother's efforts. I offer this as an example of the ideal censorship: The genuine concern of the judge and the total submissiveness of the subject.

This particularly disturbing incident makes me conclude that the essence of censorship is not an assault on freedom of expression but on freedom of absorption. What makes a group of people so eager to prevent others from having the cinematic experience of a simple act such as lovemaking, hearing, seeing or even sensing something of which the group disapproves?

My recent picture, *Rosemary's Baby*, greatly increased my stock of examples of this form of activity. In some areas it has aroused not only anger and vituperation but more direct action, such as closing the theaters, sheriff's raids, cancellation of newspaper advertising and similar phenomena of suppression.

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Here are some excerpts from newspaper clippings in areas where attacks were launched upon the film. Each is a separate statement made by a person who advocated censoring *Rosemary's Baby*. I believe they make fascinating reading:

Rosemary's Baby was a direct mockery on the birth of Jesus Christ, and you tell me that isn't communism!

Anyone who would advertise or put on a show like *Rosemary's Baby* is promoting the worst filth. . . . The swearing and other evil suggestions were beyond imagination.

How long will Meridian officials and churches continue to condone such rot before making a serious effort to do something about them? . . . Have the Christian people in Meridian become so Communist indoctrinated that they cannot see the truth?

I would like to thank Mr. Glen Barlow and Sheriff Navarette for the fine way they handled closing the movie *Rosemary's Baby*.

So while the censors are at work on *Rosemary's Baby* suppose they investigate the left-wing Communist-inspired moving picture business.

If there is any way possible I can help keep these movies out of our town, I will do so. [This statement was made by a chief of police.]

Roman Polanski
Hollywood, California

Polish film maker Roman Polanski's "Knife in the Water" was judged best film at the Venice Film Festival. Polanski (See "On the Scene," October 1966) has since directed "Repulsion," "Cul de Sac," "The Fearless Vampire Killers," "Cherchez la Femme" and "Rosemary's Baby." His photographs of his actress-wife Sharon Tate appeared in PLAYBOY, *March 1967. In December 1968, he received the Raoul Lévy Film Makers Award.*

PORNOGRAPHY AND THE DRIVER

The following item is taken from the newsletter of the American Civil Liberties Union of Washington:

Free-lance photographer Robert M. Livingston of Buckley, Washington, appeared in the A. C. L. U. office one afternoon with a letter from Allstate Insurance Company that gave the following reasons for nonrenewal of auto policy:

"Our information shows you display pornographic drawings and a statue unusual to the average home and not reflecting the attitudes of the above-average unmarried for which our market is priced. The decision to not renew your policy was made only after thorough consideration."

NOTE: Besides all other infuriating aspects of this complaint about what is proper for the "average citizen," Mr. Livingston's "pornographic" belongings consisted of two Picasso prints and one Michelangelo statue of David, sans fig leaf. In addition, Mr. Livingston's driving record has been perfect for the five years he has been insured by Allstate.

Sylvia Parker
Seattle, Washington

"CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION"

It is with great interest that I have followed the discussion of the draft in *The Playboy Forum*. Your readers might find it significant that "Conscientious Objection," a recent social statement of the 3,000,000-member Lutheran Church in America, recognizes not only conscientious objection to war but also to a *particular war*. The statement says:

This church stands by and upholds those of its members who conscientiously object to military service as well as those who in conscience choose to serve in the military. This church further affirms that the individual who, for reasons of conscience, objects to participation in a particular war is acting in harmony with Lutheran teaching. . . .

In the best interest of the civil community, conscientious objectors to particular wars, as well as conscientious objectors to all wars, ought to be granted exemption from military duty and opportunity should be provided them for alternative service, and until such time as these exemptions are so provided, persons who conscientiously object to a particular war are reminded that they must be willing to accept applicable civil or criminal penalties for their action.

All conscientious objectors should be accorded equal treatment before the law, whether the basis of their stand is specifically religious or not. . . .

The Rev. William M. Munson
Rock City, Illinois

DRAFT *VS.* INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

When the draft is objectively examined, it stands indicted as an abridgment of the rights for which PLAYBOY has been fighting. Government is the servant of the people, instituted to protect and defend the individual's right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The draft is a flagrant violation of all three. When a draftee is felled on the field of battle, he has been forcefully denied life. When a draftee is compelled to report for military duty, he is denied liberty. When a man is no longer free to choose and act according to his own volition, he is deprived of his right to happiness.

Advocates of the draft deny that it is inimical to a free nation. They maintain that a drafted army is all that stands between the free world and servitude to the Communist bloc. They are quick to point out that only the draft keeps an army at full strength and ready to meet any contingency or emergency. Have they so little faith that in time of need a truly free people will arise of their own free will to defend their country? If free men fail to act in defense of their country, they have forfeited their right to a free society.

Our founding fathers did make provision in the Constitution that Congress shall have the right to raise and maintain an army. They didn't state how, but surely they didn't have in mind a quota system based on a human lottery.

Many young men are driven to acts of desperation by their inability to either understand or to determine their military obligation. The cases of a few of my clients illustrate the problem. One young man, after impulsively enlisting in the Marine Corps at the age of 18, recently deserted and chained himself along with eight other Servicemen to a group of clergymen in a San Francisco church. This young man now faces court-martial and a possible shanghaiing to Vietnam by Marine authorities. A second young man I represent reported recently to his induction center with a large bucket of animal blood in an attempt to convey to the authorities his distaste for war and killing. And I am currently representing a young man who hired an artist to create an antiwar "collage" that included, along with magazine photographs, 50 Selective Service cards and notices of classification contributed by resisters in the community.

These apparently bizarre acts reflect not isolated incidents of eccentric individuals but the frustrated actions of honest young men of conscience, unable to cope with the uncertainties of the draft act and unable to comprehend how a Government of free men can coerce them to participate in a war in which they do not believe.

The danger of the draft transcends the question of whether or not the Government has a right to impose military service on civilians. If the Government continues to exercise this right unchallenged, it follows that it can assert the right to manipulate the individual's life in any manner it chooses, without the slightest regard for his consent. The issue of the draft is the place to make a stand. The price of liberty will always be eternal vigilance.

Michael Greene
Attorney at Law
Santa Monica, California

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

It is becoming trite to remark that the Vietnamese war is one of the many causes of the ever escalating violence in

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America's own cities, but I would like to offer a new perspective on the issue. One of the worst aspects of TV coverage of the Vietnam blood bath is our typically American infatuation with size and magnitude, which in this case is reflected in the nightly body counts broadcast on television. Lt. Col. R. A. McMahon complained about this in *Army* magazine:

> Some U. S. units in Vietnam really count bodies; others probably never do, but under pressure from higher up report whatever "body count" would be expected. . . .
>
> If we are trying to convince someone that we are winning the war because the enemy is losing more men than we are, we are on the wrong side of history. If this were true, the Confederacy should have won the Civil War and the Allies should have lost both World Wars. . . .
>
> Apart from the impression we are making world-wide that we are ghouls obsessed with the gruesome stacking and counting of cadavers, the danger is very real of falling victim to our own inflated statistics.

This Auschwitz style of tabulating corpses reflects the domination within the American power elite of what Freud called "sadistic-anal" personalities. This type of personality never achieves empathy with other human beings, regards others as objects to be manipulated and is maniacally preoccupied with measurement. The Marquis de Sade, who marked on the wall the precise number of times he had flogged each prostitute in the famous Paris brothel incident, is a classic example of this pathology. Our cheerfully detached newscasters, reciting the latest body count each night, are brainwashing the whole population to think and feel in this sociopathic manner. Is it any wonder that a recent murderer lamented, on arrest, that he hadn't equaled the numerical achievement of Charles Whitman, the sniper on the Austin tower?

K. J. MacKenzie
Cuernavaca, Mexico

LEARNING ABOUT BIGOTRY

It was with much amusement and gratification that I read the *Newsfront* item in the November *Playboy Forum* titled "Wretched of the Earth." The experiment of teaching children about discrimination by exposing them to unequal treatment based on the color of their eyes was performed by me at the Harvard–Lexington summer program in 1963. I also employed this teaching strategy in Hawaii during the same academic year. Since most of the children in the class were of Oriental extraction, we used height as a variable instead of eye color. We found the median height in the class and divided the children into "big people" and "little people," giving special privileges to one group and discriminating against the other. The results in both experiments, as I wrote in a report in the January 1967 issue of *Social Education*, were:

> After further venting of feeling and some discussion of their situation, the children began to realize that they had been suggesting revolutionary measures as a means of improving their lot for much the same reasons that other groups had revolted at other times and in other places. For the first and only time in their lives, these children were able to appreciate how and why people can be driven to revolt.

Melvin Ezer, Ph. D.
Arizona State University
Tempe, Arizona

AGAINST LEGALIZED MURDER

Your May 1968 *Forum Newsfront* item about the efforts of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund to halt all executions in the United States serves to keep the issue of capital punishment before the public. The fact that most executions have been halted should not cause those citizens who oppose the death penalty to slacken their efforts, for 37 of our 50 states still have this barbarity on their statute books.

In our schools, homes and houses of worship, the young are taught that the taking of human life is wrong. Yet a glance at any newspaper tells us that killing is not frowned upon in our society, because killings are carried out by the state itself. I believe that I speak for my generation in recognizing that this conflict between word and deed can only aggravate the alienation of our youth and, therefore, broaden the generation gap.

I myself could never pull the switch. And since I could not, I consider it immoral for me to sit idly by and allow my representative—my employee—to do so for me. If the job of executioner were to rotate—like that of juror—from citizen to citizen, the death penalty would soon cease to be an issue, for only a few would voluntarily pull the switch. This is a fact: The Harris Poll of July 3, 1966, reported that only 38 percent of the nation supports the death penalty.

Douglas Lyons
Citizens Against Legalized Murder
Berkeley, California

ON MURDERING THE MURDERER

In speaking against the death penalty, I have had a number of armchair hangmen say to me, almost hysterically: "But what if you went home and found your wife's bloody, mutilated body dead on the floor at the hands of a rapist—wouldn't you want to see the murder avenged?" Aside from my inclination to wonder about the questioner's all-too-

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vivid description of the loved one's mutilated remains, my answer has been: "Yes, of course; but what does this prove?" It simply proves that I, like most other humans, would probably be ruled by blind emotion rather than by reason in such a situation. This, however, has little to do with the rightness or the absurdity of the death penalty.

That one should want to avenge a great personal loss has nothing to do with the overwhelming arguments against the death penalty: viz., there is no evidence that it is a deterrent to capital crime; it is almost always used against the poor, the friendless and members of minority groups; and it provides our society with a convenient scapegoat mechanism for its rejection of outcasts.

The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf, Director
Interfaith Action Council of Greater Flint
Flint, Michigan

OLD GOLFERS NEVER KILL . . .

Let's outlaw golf clubs. They are a lethal weapon; not only can they propel a golf ball at speeds sufficient to kill but they themselves can also be used to smash a victim's skull. Eisenhower's Secret Service men were at times armed with golf clubs. I would elaborate further, but I'm sure my readers are saying, "That's absurd."

So is gun control, for the same reason. Guns don't kill. People kill.

David Darrow
Danville, Illinois

Let's outlaw illogical analogies.

THE CRIMINAL ARSENAL

In a Los Angeles County study of crimes committed with guns, there were 58 murders and assaults during the study period. Eight defendants had records of mental illness. Sixteen were drug addicts. Forty-three were ex-felons. Obviously, such people should not have guns. Twenty-five of the guns used were traced: three had been purchased at retail stores, nine had been stolen and 13 had been purchased from private parties.

I recently read of a professional armed robber who used over 40 guns in his ten-year career. He bought them from burglars, robbers of gunshops, smugglers and Army Reservists. The criminal use of guns is, indeed, a national problem, but it does not necessarily follow that legal sales are the source of the criminal's arsenal. Most of the guns used in crime are stolen, secondhand or otherwise passed along through informal, illegal channels; therefore, restrictions on legal sales are not the answer. I personally have known juveniles with pistols; they stole the damn things.

Laws restricting gun sales, when the criminal steals his arms, are not workable.

Carl Namon Brown
Kingsport, Tennessee

At the root of the problem is the existence of a vast pool of firearms, especially handguns, in private hands. This, ultimately, is the source of criminal weapons and of the weapons involved in murders among families and friends, in suicides and in deaths by accident. Just as, during one period in the Vietnamese war, the U.S. was unwillingly the largest supplier of arms to the Viet Cong (by way of weapons being captured from the South Vietnamese forces), so the law-abiding citizen is unwillingly the largest supplier of arms to the criminal in this country. The essence of intelligent gun control is simple: Guns are an unnecessary and dangerous element in our environment. The more guns removed from the environment, the less dangerous it becomes.

GUNMEN'S PENISES, CONTINUED

It was predictable that a herd of gun collectors would rush to the defense of their collective penises (*The Playboy Forum*, February) after Barbara Rurik pointed out what a gun is a Freudian substitute for (*The Playboy Forum*, November). Alas, for all their crowings and struttings about their virility, Miss Rurik now has backing from the mental-health community for her thesis that gunmen make lousy lovers. Dr. Karl Heiser, a Cincinnati psychologist, is quoted in *Sexology* magazine as saying that gun addicts collect the weapons to "satisfy some neurotic psychological need" and that impotence is frequently found in this group.

Herbert Floyd
New Orleans, Louisiana

GUNS AND AGGRESSION

In the September issue of *Psychology Today*, Dr. Leonard Berkowitz, chairman of the psychology department at the University of Wisconsin, has written a revealing article on "Impulse, Aggression and the Gun." Two studies that he and his colleagues made indicated: (1) "Even . . . the casual sight of a gun can sometimes stimulate aggressive behavior." (This applies especially when one is angry and frustrated; and how many of us in our unjust, overpopulated technocracy can say we don't experience some degree of frustration every day?) (2) "Contrary to what the so-called catharsis theory predicts, the sight of violence can increase the chance that a viewer will express aggression himself." Dr. Berkowitz suggests that if we want less violence in the U.S., we should reduce frustration, keep our inhibitions against violence intact and remove immediate cues (guns comprising the largest category) that can set off aggressive acts. Reducing frustrations will be far more difficult than controlling the use of guns, but the latter would be a practical beginning.

Mrs. Edwine Hearne
Largo, Florida

GUN STATISTICS

The following question and answer appeared in a recent issue of *The American Rifleman*:

Question: *Time, Newsweek, Life* advertising in *The New York Times* and other publications have asserted that, in effect, private guns in private hands have killed 750,000 to 800,000 Americans since 1900. This figure is now being quoted as official. Is it correct?

Answer: It is neither official nor correct. It is a fabrication. The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, to which this figure has been attributed, says it knows of no such figure nor any legitimate basis for such a figure. Its own statistics, the basis for the misrepresentation, include not only murders but "justifiable" killings—involving police, guards and self-defense and go back nationwide only to 1933.

Since PLAYBOY is one of the "other publications" that have quoted this figure, I wonder if you will have the honesty to admit that you were wrong.

John Selene
Chicago, Illinois

The American Rifleman *is correct in pointing out that the figure attributed to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare includes justifiable homicides. (The figure also includes 360,217 suicides and 138,265 accidental deaths, as we pointed out in the October "Playboy Forum.") Nobody knows how many of the homicides are "justifiable"—not even the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—but a reasonable guess would be about 15 percent (based on Cook County statistics). Thus, if we shave 15 percent off the estimate of 269,436 homicides, we have a revised figure of 229,021. The total gun-death figure (including suicides and accidents) then becomes 727,503. Take another two percent (about 14,500) off that for deaths caused by explosives, which* The American Rifleman *failed to mention. What remains is still over 700,000—a rather ghoulish statistic, in our opinion.*

Apart from this palpable hit, The American Rifleman *is firing blanks. The figures are, indeed, "official," they are not "fabrications" and they are openly acknowledged by HEW. The figures for the period before 1933 are based on mathematical projection, a statistical technique used in every field of science, with dependable results. No amount of quibbling over accuracy to the final digit is going to alter the fact that a terribly large number of people die from gun wounds in this country every year.*

(continued on page 179)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALLEN GINSBERG

a candid conversation with the hippie-guru poet laureate of the new left and the flower children

In a country that understands and extols those who dedicate themselves to the factual and pragmatic, Allen Ginsberg is an eccentric anomaly—and an amiable affront to nearly every "respectable" literary, intellectual, religious, political and moral convention. A poet, a mystic, a homosexual, a psychedelic proselyte, a revolutionary, a bearded prophet of doom for what he considers society's "sick" values, he is among the most famous and certainly the most controversial of living poets. Opinion is divided about whether he is also a great poet, but fan and foe seem to agree with critic Robert Hazel that Ginsberg "stands alone in the curious dignity of his work. He possesses a reckless imagination sustained by . . . the nearly incredible defects and almost unsurpassed excellences of largeness."

His growth to that stature has been an incongruous and anguished journey. Born in 1926 in Newark, New Jersey, he was raised in nearby Paterson, where his father, also a poet (and a recent biographer of Allen in "My Son, the Poet"), was a high school English teacher. At 17, he entered Columbia University, where he began to experiment with new ways of writing, influenced largely by novelists Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs, whom he met while an undergraduate. He also began to experiment with drugs and sexual freedom; eventually, he was expelled for association with addicts, prostitutes and thieves, and was committed for eight months to a mental institution. After release, he returned to school, was graduated and spent several years wandering from one odd job to another: spot welder, newspaper reporter, dishwasher, night porter, book reviewer, seaman on cargo ships—winding up in San Francisco as a clean-shaven, Ivy-suited, high-paid consultant in market research. Completely out of his element, he became increasingly despondent and finally underwent a year of psychoanalysis that convinced him, he says, "to quit the job, my tie and suit, the apartment on Nob Hill . . . and do what I wanted." Abandoning the business world and all its trappings, he moved to bohemian North Beach with his lover, Peter Orlovsky (whom he identified as his "wife" in the biographical fact sheet he was invited some years later to submit to "Who's Who"), and began to write poetry in earnest—which he recited at S.R.O. readings in the Bay Area with such fellow poets as Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Kerouac and Michael McClure.

By the mid-Fifties, he was recognized, along with his confreres, as a cofounder of the Beat Generation—and an oddball celebrity of the first order. In the years since then, most of the Beats have faded into literary history; but Ginsberg continues to burn more brightly—and controversially—than ever. His protean poetic works are still variously rhapsodized as "great," "strange," "mad," "tragic," "angelic" and "apocalyptic," and reviled as "blasphemous," "degenerate," "pretentious," "incoherent" and "exhibitionistic" for their uninhibited evocation of homosexual desire and metaphysical visions. And the poet himself is both lionized and vilified as a seminal figure in the revolutionary ferment of changing attitudes and institutions.

In a recent profile, The New Yorker *described Ginsberg as not merely poet but guru of the world-wide "amalgamated hippie-pacificist-activist-visionary-orgiastic-anarchist-Orientalist-psychedelic underground"—a role that finds him less often lecturing in literary* salons *than presiding benignly over "Human Be-ins," such as the huge hippie jamboree he helped organize three years ago in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, or demonstrating in the streets against everything from the Vietnam war to punitive narcotics laws. When the participants in the Berkeley Free Speech movement were sentenced to jail terms in 1966, Ginsberg was there—not carrying a placard, like the other protesters, but clanging finger cymbals and droning a Hindu chant, in order to "soothe and calm the heart of the judge." But no cause commands more of his public and private attention than the expansion of consciousness he feels is prerequisite to both world peace and personal freedom—self-enlargement through such mind-altering agents as LSD, through the spiritual disciplines of Hinduism and Zen Buddhism (the product of a two-year pilgrimage to the Far East) and through pansexual liberation from repressive Western moral codes.*

Not surprisingly, all this unconventional advocacy and opposition has been seen as "un-American" by many guardians of the conventional wisdom and has made Ginsberg a target for police, academic and civil officials wherever he travels. One critic, in fact, has wryly

"Try to break the money-property-power men of their habits and they'll act like junkies—lie, steal, scream, live in your house, cut down forests, raze hills, sell the ground from under unborn feet."

"Homosexuality shuts me off from full relations with women—though unless a chick is really trying to make it with me, I'm affectionate and physical enough to give out some happy social cheer."

"Are Americans reduced to regaining liberty by violence? I'm convinced there's another way: organized chanting, shamanistic magic, ghost-dance rituals, massive nakedness, distribution of flowers."

characterized him as "the Rasputin of American letters—out to subvert the Stars and Stripes, Mom, Home and the boys of the 4-H Club." It's not a description Ginsberg bothers to refute, nor one that his feral, fiery poems would tend to contradict. Ever since the publication in 1956 of "Howl," the first collection of his works, he has been denounced for his "frantic defiance," "single-minded frenzy" and "childish obscenity"; the San Francisco police even attempted—unsuccessfully—to have the volume banned from local bookstores. But such distinguished critics as Kenneth Rexroth hailed it as a literary milestone of historic proportions; "'Howl,'" wrote Rexroth, "is the confession of faith of the generation that is going to be running the world in 1975."

The dark theme of these early writings was struck by the famous opening lines of the title poem in "Howl": "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,/dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,/angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night." It was this theme of psychic and physical degradation, and the search for solace and love, that inspired William Carlos Williams to comment that Ginsberg "proves to us, in spite of the most debasing experiences that life can offer a man, the spirit of love survives to ennoble our lives if we have the wit and the courage and the faith—and the art!—to persist."

Ginsberg's poems in succeeding books have proved that he has, indeed, persisted; in a long elegy titled "Kaddish," he attempted to purge himself of the memory of his mother, who went insane, and to write about his efforts to "widen the area of consciousness." Describing his experience with drugs, Ginsberg insisted in his poems that such chemical turn-ons as peyote, marijuana, mescaline, ether and lysergic acid open up an awareness of the supernatural, of the godhead whom he "invokes, hates, adores, mocks, and with whom he wants to copulate and in front of whom he weeps and prays." But in 1963, after conversations in Israel with philosopher Martin Buber and in India with various holy men, Ginsberg renounced drug-induced visions —such as the celebrated mystical experience he reported in 1948, when he claimed to have heard the voice of William Blake reciting poetry to him—and instead accepted "the primacy" of his own body and emotions.

More recent poems, collected in "Planet News," reveal his deepening concern with immediate physical experience and with political realities—in particular, the Vietnam war. In the best known of his poems concerning Vietnam —the long "Wichita Vortex Sutra"— Ginsberg attempted to assume the role called for by Shelley in his dictum that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world"; he sought to end hostilities in Vietnam by summoning the assistance of saints and deities to release the "holy and free" in President Johnson and his fellow Americans.

Ginsberg's growing involvement in the antiwar movement, as well as his "fraternal" empathy with the New Left and the hippies, finally took him to Chicago last August to observe the Democratic National Convention and to participate in the proposed "Festival of Life" planned by the Yippies and other groups of New Left activists. While in Chicago, Ginsberg led several large group chantings of Hindu mantras in Lincoln Park—the unofficial headquarters of the New Left—and he demonstrated from the gallery of the convention hall by chanting "Om," in an attempt to "exorcise" the delegates and Chicago's mayor, Richard J. Daley. Pied Piper–like, Ginsberg was followed wherever he went during convention week by groups of young people asking him for advice about everything from what books to read and how to pray to where to go for help during a bad LSD trip.

It was in Chicago some time later that the poet was interviewed for PLAYBOY *by fellow poet and critic Paul Carroll. His beard and hair in luxuriant disarray, Ginsberg stretched out on a sofa in Carroll's apartment on the city's North Side and talked for seven and a half hours. Taking Carroll's questions more as cues than as queries, Ginsberg held forth with authority, profanity, erudition and often lyricism about not only himself and his poetry but his passionate concern over the issues beleaguering this country and the world. "He also seemed amiably convinced," reports Carroll, "that only he and possibly a few enlightened friends know anything about the subjects he discussed. The fame he's acquired since I met him in 1958 seems to have given him a little more assurance than he needs. But he's become a happier and merrier man. And he has a strong capacity to keep growing. But one thing that's never changed—and I doubt if it ever will—is that Ginsberg's a poet first and last.*

"When he was in his late 20s and early 30s, he'd read his poems on stage, often bristling with anger, but with a compelling aura of intelligence and sweetness, wearing soiled blue jeans, a lumberjack shirt or black turtleneck and owlish Columbia University intellectual glasses. Clutching an endlessly unfolding scroll of poems, he would hunch forward, thrashing a simian arm, weeping, haranguing, caressing, as he built and built the long, locomotive stanzas, his oddly boyish, grating New York voice hammering away until suddenly, magically, something seemed to explode and the audience felt transported. Since he's become a guru and a world-renowned poet, the gentleness and warmth that were once counterpoints to rage and indignation have begun to dominate his persona; candor, power and authority are still strongly evident; but for all his earthy profanity, I sensed about him, improbably enough, something of the holy man. Our conversations began with a discussion of his apparent evolution from Beat to beatific."

PLAYBOY: In the past few years, it's become commonplace in newspapers, magazines and on TV programs to describe you as the onetime angry beat poet who's become the joyous leader, guru and elder statesman of the flower people. What do you think about that characterization?

GINSBERG: It's stereotyping—objectionable because not quite humane—to take something living and changeable and fix one robotlike Orwellian image on it, reduplicated to cover all situations, modes and selves. The guru image may fit once or twice, but I don't want to be responsible for being a "nice man" all of the time. It doesn't fit when I'm irritable, bugged, busy, want to run the gamut of any sexual desire, or when I just want to go to the movies and be left alone eating an ice-cream cone, or get angry because I'm afraid I'll be discovered secretly carrying a lot of money so I don't have to suffer street-starvation-vagrancy-jail like everybody else. Any stereotype image, like paterfamilias, imposes a role, freezing the life out of personal situations—just so there'll be a comfortable old-shoe guru for the readers of *The New Yorker* or *Time*. It's an image reassuring for them and presumably comfortable for me, but such a stereotype assumes that one's real-life situation has to be *labeled* all the time. It's the sort of thing that comes through electric mass media, homogenizing and reducing everything to dated lead-paragraph terms. "Beat" and "hippie" are all yesterday's headline bullshit.

PLAYBOY: How *do* you see yourself?

GINSBERG: Not in a word or image; I see myself as a being who is being and being more and more. Sometimes that looks heroic, sometimes fucked-up heroic because of having to *be* at all. Such a bad karma!

PLAYBOY: Some years ago, you wrote, "The message is: Widen the area of consciousness." Critics such as Leslie Fiedler feel that this is the key to both your life and your poetry. Would you describe what you mean by widening the area of consciousness?

GINSBERG: We are all blocked off from our own perceptions. The doors of perception have been closed, the gates of feeling shut, the paths of sensation overgrown, the roads of imagination barricaded, the fields of consciousness covered with smog. Blake said our five senses have been closed in, so that we're "moving about in worlds unrealized," as

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Wordsworth said. Everybody has momentary breakthroughs of consciousness—the vividness of comradely eyeglances, or the sisterliness of plant life, or the iron science-fiction enormity of a police van, or a cow in a glass cage standing silently being tended by an aluminum milking machine, or any crisis between childhood and deathbed, like war, marriage, mountaintop, saved from drowning, got fired, walked the streets and shuddered at the Wrigley Building, or broke your hip and four ribs in a car crash.

The world that opens up seems strange, familiar but forgotten: more real than the usual place because of deeper feeling—doom significance—but at the same time, frightening. We forgot it's been there all along; it means we have been mad all along. So people, out of shame and fear of exploring the future, and fear of death—fear of life itself—close the doors and go back to their old Safety Habit, and call their own breakthrough a hallucination or freak-out abnormality.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GINSBERG: Average young guys have been so heavily conditioned to living in the closed circle of night-club-money-machine-airplane-taxi-office-bank-roll-television-family that they distrust other modes of consciousness and pathways of existence—like knapsack-long-hair-farm-commune-picket-line-street-high-sign—that are viable and real. Here's the danger that the money man, thinking his security is dependent on money, afraid his supply will be cut off like junk from a junkie, may entirely reject his own unconscious, cutting himself off from his own nature and organic perceptions and becoming, as William Burroughs says, a "walking tape machine." That's a precise definition of square, because a limited and therefore defensive social consciousness is set up which shuts out other life forms. It causes fear of strange experiences and other people—suspicion of menace in black power and the yellow peril and flowery hippies and the purple virus from Venus—conspiracies to invade our consciousness. Thus rises the whole social paranoia, personal in nature and individual in each man, which is known as the cold war. Now, if it were really safe to stay inside the shell of the white American image—successful, protected, "viable," going up and down office buildings in carpeted elevators—it would be hard to get people out of that state of mind. But it's not even safe in that shell anymore. Limitations of perception imposed by such egotism are biologically and evolutionarily self-defeating. I mean that our refusal to coexist with other life forms is causing a planetary ecological crisis.

PLAYBOY: You've frequently said that LSD is one of the means whereby we can widen the area of consciousness and perception and break out of whatever shell we're in. How, specifically, can LSD accomplish this?

GINSBERG: Dr. Jiri Rubicheck, Czechoslovakian psychiatrist, in his book *Artificial Psychosis*, wrote: "LSD inhibits conditioned reflexes." Acid, then, can be considered a deconditioning catalyst; it rechannels reflexes. That's what's really significant—and so political—about LSD. That's why there's what's called an acid revolution, as well as why police are against its use. The same people who denounce acid are always calling other people "Communists" or "dope fiends" or "sex fiends" or "unwashed-hairy-nonhuman-creepo-un-Americans" or "intellectuals" or "beatnik-nigger-Jew-capitalist-conspirators"! Anybody who's different from the Communist-capitalist police-state image is the "enemy"—and particularly anyone who sees through the robot hallucination. If acid helps people see through conditioned hallucinations, then acid's a threat to such police states as now exist in America and in Russia.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you taken LSD?

GINSBERG: Not often. Ten or fifteen times.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe what an acid trip is like for you—or is it largely indescribable, as some claim?

GINSBERG: LSD perceptions aren't indescribable. I've written some poems during trips I've taken—*LSD 25*, in 1959, and *Wales Visitation*, last year. Since the acid experience can be achieved by other means as well—such as meditation or the social breakthrough that almost everybody felt during the Democratic Convention, free and liberated on Grant Park grass, staring at the Hilton Hotel politics prison—LSD is really like some natural experiences. What does a trip feel like? A creeping sensation comes over your body, a change in the planetary nature of your mammal eyeballs and hearing orifices. Then comes sudden realization that you're a spirit inhabiting a vast animal body containing giant apertures, holes, circulatory systems, interior canals and mysterious back alleys of the mind. Any one of these back alleys can be explored for a long, long way, like going back into recollections of childhood or going forward into the future, imagining all sorts of changes in the body, in the mind or in the world outside, inventing imaginary universes or recalling ones that existed, like Egypt.

Then you realize that all these exist in your mind simultaneously. Slowly you approach the mysterious feeling that if all these histories and universes exist in your mind at the same time, then what about this one you're "really" in—or *think* you are? Does that also exist only in your mind? Then comes a realization that it *does* exist only in your mind; the mind created it. Then you begin to wonder, Who is this mind? At the height of the acid experience, you realize that your mind's the same mind that's always existed in all people at all times in all places: This is the Great Mind—the very mind men call God. Then comes a fascinating suspicion: Is this mind what they call God or what they used to call the Devil? Here's where a bum trip may begin—if you decide it's a demonic Creator. You get hung up wondering whether he *should* exist or not.

To get off that train of thought: You might open your eyes and see you're sitting on a sofa in a living room with green plants flowering on the mantelpiece. Outside the window, wind is moving through big trees; there's a huge being moving through the street in all of its forms—people walking under windy trees—all in one rhythm. And the more you observe the synchronous, animal, sentient details around you, the more you realize that *everything* is alive. You become aware that there's a plant with giant cellular leaves hanging over the fireplace, like a huge unnoticed creature, and you might feel a sudden, sympathetic and intimate relationship with that poor big leaf, wondering: What kind of an experience of bending and falling down over the fireplace has that stalk-blossom been having for several weeks now? And you realize that everything alive is experiencing on its own level a suchness existence as enormous to it as your existence is to you. Suddenly you get sympathetic, and feel a dear brotherly-sisterly relationship to all these selves. And humorous, for your own life experiences are no more or less absurd or weird than the life experience of that plant; you realize that you and plant are both here together in this strange existence where trees in the sunroom are blossoming and pawing toward the sky. Finally you find out that if you play them music, they grow better.

So, the widened area of consciousness on acid consists in your becoming aware of what's going on inside your own head cosmos—all those corridors leading into dreams, memories, fantasies—and also what's happening outside you. But if you go deep enough inside, you may find yourself confronted with the final problem: Is this all a dream-nature? Great ancient question: What *is* this existence we're in? Who are we? Then can come what Timothy Leary terms the "clear light" experience or, as they call it in South America, "looking into the eyes of the Veiled Lady"—looking to see who it is, doing or being all this. What's the self-nature of it all? This is the part of the acid experience that's supposed to be indescribable, and I'm not sure I've had the proper experience to describe it.

Everything turns out to be all one great conscious Self whose organs are every different living being, so that this Self conceives and perceives in every different possible way at once, vaster than words. But there's also a sensation

that the entire universe is a Happening. Occasionally, the Happening seems a bit stagy: I mean that it could exist in the form of fireplaces with the plants hanging over them and police states and the glare of blue lights and Chicago tear gas actually drifting through floodlit Lincoln Park in great waves over Christ's cross, like an old World War One movie scene.

PLAYBOY: Though LSD may have widened consciousness for you and others such as Dr. Leary, what do you think about attacks on the drug by a number of doctors and psychiatrists who argue that chromosome breakage in blood cells may occur after only two or three usages of the drug? Such breakage, they claim, could cause subsequent children of the users to be born abnormal, retarded—or both.

GINSBERG: It's a pile of unscientific crap. Or in the favorite words of bureaucratic double talk, as one of the hydraheads of the Food and Drug Administration might put it: "No causal relationship between LSD use and chromosome breakdown has been experimentally established with scientific method other than the normal breakage equivalent to slight excess use of aspirins, coffee, Coca-Cola. Besides which, Portland, Oregon, antihedonist Professor Irwin, the original chromosome-Frankenstein theorist, forgot that half his eight subjects were Meth freaks anyhow." Refreshing views from Dr. Goddard, ex-head of the FDA, or somebody using him intelligently for a ventriloquist dummy. Basically, the chromosome breakdown will turn out to be a spook story. Innumerable rigorous evaluations of the bibliography of learned scientific journals on the subject boil down to the conclusion that nothing special can or need be concluded except that everybody ought to do a lot more research on how to make acid 100 percent foolproof. The Government is not doing that; quite the opposite, in fact. It's spending appropriations in the Pentagon to produce bum-trip acid for military uses.

PLAYBOY: How do you know this?

GINSBERG: One, I've read it in the underground newspapers; and two, it's been reported in *The New York Times*, under the terminology: "R and D appropriations allocated for investigation of military uses of psychotoxic and psychedelic substances with special subapplication to domestic riot control." Look it up in the *Times* index—or ask your Congressman before the credibility gap falls into the abyss.

PLAYBOY: OK. In a recent interview, Dr. Leary recalled that during an LSD trip you took in 1960 at his home in Cambridge, you said how "this mushroom episode had opened the door to women and heterosexuality" and how you could see "womanly body visions and family life ahead." Is that true?

GINSBERG: Well, I get those feelings every

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time I take acid. On a trip, you enter corridors inside, and into the heart. Naturally, you'll come upon old feelings you didn't know were there and were ashamed of, like loving your mother and realizing that you and she were one and that you'd separated from her because you couldn't stand the fear of being one with her. And realizing that all women and your mother are one—for myself, at least—I cut myself off from all women because I was afraid I'd discover my mother in them, or that I'd have the same problems with them that I had with her.

In much the same way, the heterosexual man may discover during a trip the *natural* homosexual identity in himself—an identity suppressed by our culture but not by many others. As Whitman observed, if the natural love of man for man is suppressed, men won't be good citizens and democracy will be enfeebled. What Whitman prophesied was an adhesive element between comrades—the "sane, healthy love of man for man." But because of suppression of feelings in America, the overemphasis on competition and rivalry—a tough guy, *macho*, hard, sadistic police-state mentality—American men are afraid of relationships with each other. It's almost as if there's been a plot to separate man from his heart by making him afraid of being a fairy or a queer or a faggot or a queen. Real feeling can be recovered, though, because it's natural. But the official police form is that masculine tenderness is homosexuality, to be treated as a womanly weakness or poodle-dog-like perversion. So finally men are ashamed of themselves and as a result tend to torture each other. What you see recently, however, is the reappearance, in the form of long hair and joyful dress, of the affectionate feminine in the natural Adamic man, the whole man, the man of many parts.

PLAYBOY: Would you explain what you mean when you say there's a natural element of homosexuality in every man?

GINSBERG: There's homosexuality in every PLAYBOY reader. To say that in a *Playboy Interview* is interesting because obviously every PLAYBOY reader expects me to say that; so I'll say it and liberate him from his fear that somebody will say it sooner or later. So I hereby announce: Everybody is acknowledged not as a homosexual or heterosexual but as a complete person with all the aspects of that completeness—all the dreams, hard-ons, wet nightmares, anxieties, buddies, all secret masturbations and all refusals to masturbate. Any more rigid masculine ideal would be a perversion of human nature—heartbreaking because unsatisfiable.

PLAYBOY: Have you been able to fully accept your own homosexuality?

GINSBERG: Homosexuality has been like a koan—a Zen riddle—for me. Whole areas with my mother were screwed up and conditioned me in this way sexually. The riddle was: How do I deal with my homosexuality? Do I accept it or reject it or freak out, or do I go into it and find out what it is? Another problem: Is it something public? Anything that common is public; anything that happens to us is as good or bad as anything else as a subject for poetry. It's actual. So I can write naturally about my own homosexuality. The poems get misinterpreted as promotion of homosexuality. Actually, it's more like promotion of *frankness*, about any subject. If you're a foot fetishist, you write about feet; or if you're a stock-market freak, you can write about the rising sales-curve erections in the Standard Oil chart. When a few people get frank about homosexuality in public, it breaks the ice; then anybody can be frank about anything. That's socially useful.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you meant when you told *Life* that by announcing in public that you're a "homosexual, take drugs and hear Blake's voice, then people who are heterosexual, don't take drugs and hear Shakespeare's voice may feel freer to do what they want and be what they are"?

GINSBERG: Yes, then anybody who wants to can get up and say, like, "I fuck girls!" or "I'm not scared to wear a Brooks Brothers suit" or "I wear my hat indoors or out as I please," which Whitman said. But I don't stand up in public and suddenly announce, "I'm a bearded-beatnik-bohemian-faggot-dope-fiend" to boast about it. When somebody asks me: "Why don't you shave?" or "Why do you have so much homosexual imagery in your poems?" or "Are you willing to admit you smoke marijuana?" and "You look as if you have Communistic tendencies" or "You need a good bath!"—well, then, I say: "My beard just grows, I didn't plant it, I don't get up every morning and try to murder my hair and obliterate my human image. It's just Adam's hair. Yes, I like to make it with boys; I'm not sure whether it's good or bad: it feels all right so I describe it. And I admit I smoke dope. But I think police-state bureaucrats mounted their secret conspiracy to suppress marijuana in order to create police-state conditions. And I am a Communist of the heart, except that I've been bricked off the set by police in Communist Prague and Communist Havana—and 'Communist' Chicago. I was kicked out of Havana and Prague for *talking* about homosexuality."

PLAYBOY: It doesn't sound as if you buy the psychoanalytic theory that homosexuality is a neurosis that cripples or limits a man's emotional growth.

GINSBERG: Homosexuality is a condition, and like all average things, it has advantages and disadvantages. Obvious disadvantages are that it keeps you from reproducing your own image, if that's biologically important anymore; and it shuts me off from full relations with women. Though unless a chick is really trying to make it with me, I'm affectionate and physical and sexy enough toward women to give out some normal social, happy cheer when I'm with them. The advantages are that homosexuality provides me with sufficient affection and gasoline to communicate on a tender level with my fellow citizens, especially the Prussian butch-crewcut freaky military types—the old Socratic situation. Also, because it alienated or set me apart from the beginning, homosexuality served as a catalyst for self-examination, for a detailed realization of my environment and the reasons why everybody else is different and why I am different. In a tank-military hypersadistic overmasculinized society fearful of sensitivity and the unconscious and the full man, my homosexual specialization made me aware of the rigid armoring, defensiveness, overcompensation and high camp put on by police-state police.

It's like the old shamans who are often androgynous or homosexual: Since they're outside normal routine, they're specialized social critics and have sensitivities that others don't have; they're men who see aspects of male history from a woman's point of view. That spectrum of experience is a useful information bank of supplementary intelligence that can be of real value in community self-understanding and awareness. Anyone in that position has enough troubles fulfilling such heavy duties to the society without being hit on the head for being a fairy; he should be kissed, instead. In fact, innumerable young men ought to offer their bodies to him in order to recompense him for the suffering solitariness of his freaky prophecyhood. And they should come up offering their bodies before I get too old to enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that not having children is one of the disadvantages of being homosexual, and that you envision "family life" ahead during LSD trips. Do you still want to be a father?

GINSBERG: I did a while back, but I ran into a funny, long-haired Indian Vishnuite to whom I talked a lot about my problems. He said, oddly, "Give up desire for children." Which made me mad. Who was he to tell me to cut myself from that desire? Later, I realized what he meant: Give up attachment, compulsion to have children on account of you're a Jewish boy from New Jersey; if you want children or if they come, fine, but don't have children because you're *supposed* to. Anyway, there are already too many people and lost unattached children in the world today. So I'm an old cranky bachelor wanting to stay with my poetry and run around doing whatever thing I'm doing, and I think I might be satisfied to leave it at that. Still, it might be good to have this self-importance broken up by "a Zen master

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in the house all the time," which is how Gary Snyder, the poet, describes his first child.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever marry?

GINSBERG: I don't yet feel enough of that erotic romance around the belly for a chick—not enough to want to contract to stick with one woman the rest of my life. I don't even have that kind of erotic heat anymore to want to sleep with just one man. But I certainly have more heat for men, so it would be a shame to hang up some chick just to have a child or a companionable marriage. Maybe if there were some chick I dug who had the same detachment as myself and who wouldn't suffer continually from being unsatisfied by my lack of erotic interest, a marriage would be all right. Certainly I wouldn't get married just to have the appearance of being married.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever made love to women?

GINSBERG: Lots of times.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy it as much as you do with a man?

GINSBERG: Well, sometimes it's just as good. I get into a deeper emotional intimacy if the chick is lissome and springy, skinny and pretty. I like little blonde furry fucky dolls.

PLAYBOY: Is there any kind of sexual act that you'd consider a perversion—with a man or woman?

GINSBERG: I don't know what we mean by perversion. Some sex acts are "perverted" when they get self-destructive or obsessive; incest might be one. I've always had an anti-incest block, a hypersensitivity about that. I've had wet dreams about everybody in my family; I suppose everybody has, whether they remember them or not. But grooving incestuously at a very early age with brother or sister or father or mother would tend to close in the circle of contact, limit the expansion of social mobility and become a habit—like junk. Incest would really complicate the normal problems of independence that most people have, which they solve by leaving home or going on the road.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree with Norman Mailer's claim in his *Playboy Interview* (January 1968) that such acts as cunnilingus and fellatio are perversions because they substitute for the normal heterosexual act of penile orgasm within the vagina?

GINSBERG: Ideally, orgasm inside a woman is a complete act natural to the construction of the genitalia and pelvis and the whole interlocking muscular system from top of scalp to tip of toes. In a complete Reichean orgasm, one would presumably experience a total orgasmic conscious glow throughout the body—tingling everywhere. So when you get or give head, there are probably dysfunctions of cosmic glow.

But, like, "Let the crooked flower bespeak its purpose in crookedness, to seek the light / Let the straight flower bespeak its purpose in straightness, to seek the light." The anal-sphincter-prostate orgasm some men are capable of having is a great opening of feeling and delight and an extraordinarily beautiful experience, and rare. Possibly everybody should experience it for his own humanity, good judgment, tolerance and empathy in understanding feminine sensations as well as masculine nature in the human mammal and the universe itself. I don't know whether it's anything that needs to be recommended universally, but I do feel that whenever it happens, it should be honored rather than despised, just as mountain climbing and courage in the boxing ring are honored —or any extension of natural faculties to experience high, luminous extremes of awareness of nature.

PLAYBOY: In an interview in *The Paris Review*, you told how you felt despair in 1948 about the possibility of ever finding any "psycho-spiritual sexo-cock jewel fulfillment" in your life. Have you found it?

GINSBERG: Yes. I've found the lightness and liberty of experiencing the satisfaction of most of my sexual fantasies. But I've also found the resulting bad karma —like now, ten years after Peter Orlovsky and I became lovers, we've had to detach ourselves sexually from each other.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GINSBERG: Our relationship was a big long fantasy that finally got played out. Time changes, the body turns to ashes.

PLAYBOY: Will you and Peter stay together?

GINSBERG: Yeah, we like each other; we're old friends. As a matter of fact, once we'd reached a dead end homosexually, our relationship became lighter and happier. Now it's between two equals who've had a revolution within themselves that freed them from each other; we look at each other now as if we're newborn angels who shared an old history in another life.

PLAYBOY: Has the fact that you're now an internationally famous poet changed your sex life in any way?

GINSBERG: When I was elected the King of May in Prague in 1965, I made it with all sorts of beautiful Middle European 17-year-old blond cats. Having a fame identity makes it easy to make it with young kids who are, like, friendly. I went through a big run of making it with young cats in San Francisco last July. I went to bed with almost everybody who'd stand still for it. About a month before, I'd written a long poem exploring the anal slave-master sexual-drama fantasy. In this poem, I wanted to be the slave. I'd already written another in which I was master; I wanted to try the whole thing.

At first, I wasn't sure I could read the new poem in public—it was so far-out and intimate and real. But I finally decided that this kind of fantasy is sufficiently universal to be of general interest, that it isn't a peculiar or private aberration, and that reading it wouldn't be an act of excessive exhibitionism. So I read it at the "Rolling Renaissance" poetry reading in San Francisco before a giant funny audience of squares, hippies, high school kids and old bohemian poetry lovers; they seemed to dig it. Later, I was in a gay bar on Grant Avenue—gay bars there are groovy now, all the kids have long hair and motorcycle jackets, they're friendly and first-rate and don't look like fairies but like strong young men—and I met this kid who said my poem had turned him on. So we made it. It was like living out the fantasy described in the poem.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that anal eroticism is a universal fantasy?

GINSBERG: When I was an adolescent, I'd have assumed it was just my particular Dr. Jekyll–Mr. Hyde scene, though everybody's got something going, whether it's foot fetishism, licking eyebrows or God knows what. But in 42 years, I've read books and made it with a lot of cats and talked with married friends, and realized that anal pleasures are so common that they're recognizable as part of almost everybody's secret mythology. Almost everybody enjoys what could be called the erotic pleasure of a good shit; being screwed in the ass is only an extension of that sensation. Since on our separate islands we all have that same coconut tree, there's no harm; and it might be a blessing to take the hex and bane and guilt off the subject with a "public" poem. Once it becomes no longer a secret, romantic thing, it turns into another common, charming quiddity—a "humour," in Ben Jonson's sense of the term.

PLAYBOY: As a poet who's become famous for his erotic verse—and for his brutal candor—why were you so hesitant to read this poem before an audience?

GINSBERG: I don't know; it was the first time in years that I've really been scared to read something I'd written. When I get to a barrier of shame like the one I felt when writing this poem, I know it's the sign of a good poem, because I'm entering new public territory. I write for private amusement and for the golden ears of friends who'll understand and forgive everything from the point of view of *humani nihil a me alienum puto* —"Nothing human is foreign to me"— but it's fearsome to make private reality public.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that your poetry is an exorcism of shame?

GINSBERG: An exorcism of fear. Shame is just one aspect of fear. I felt much the same when I wrote *Howl* in 1955. That poem also refers to getting fucked in the ass, but only by allusive mention. In this poem, it's a deep-end description from the lips of the anus to the bottom of the bowels—what it feels like and what the

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fantasies are—all done in an ecstatic, rhetorical manner.

PLAYBOY: In your poem *Death to Van Gogh's Ear!*, you wrote that you'd "die only for poetry that will save the world." What, exactly, did you mean?

GINSBERG: I meant that the only thing that can save the world is the reclaiming of the awareness of the world. That's what poetry does. By poetry I mean the imagining of what has been lost and what can be found—the imagining of who we are and the slow realization of it. First come prophetic images from the unconscious—like the scary image of Moloch, "eater of children," in *Howl*—and then the gradual realization that such an image isn't merely an "image" but an articulation of what one actually sees and experiences. See, back in 1959, Peter [Orlovsky] and Gregory [Corso] and I read at a benefit for *Big Table* magazine in Chicago. Not quite unconsciously, we said there was a god abroad in the land that ate children. At that time, it wasn't clear whether Moloch existed only in our imaginations. But today, that same Moloch, "whose eyes are a thousand blind windows," looks like Mayor Daley's main civic concern; he's building larger and larger, more demonic robotlike Moloch buildings in mid-Chicago till finally one sees this 100-story black John Hancock Tower of Babel, whose site and shape are by-products of usurious land speculation. What's sacrificed to such a Moloch are the care and cultivation of Chicago's tear-gassed children—and greenery, and the souls of men. In a more general sense, Moloch is the military-ward-heeling-IBM police state we've been living in for years without knowing it. What I didn't realize twenty and even ten years ago was that images from the unconscious that went into my poems, which I thought were visionary and transcendental, were really literal realism, simple common sense.

PLAYBOY: If you say so, Allen. Do many other poets share your conception of poetry as an embodiment of prophetic perceptions rather than visionary imaginings?

GINSBERG: Yeah, I think most do. American poets have always been one of the real sources of news—news you couldn't get from *Time/Life*. A lot of poetry is coming true today, in the same way that a photograph reveals itself as it's being developed. Like Dylan's *Blowin' in the Wind*; that song could have been any little boy's lyric fancy, but when it was played one afternoon during the convention in Grant Park across from the Hilton, it revealed itself as prophecy all along, because it described what was going on right there on the grass. Crowds of strange children with long hair, who weren't afraid to have their bodies hit by police phantoms armed with billy clubs, were demanding reality and truth from business-delegates who were walking around in upstairs Hilton rooms scared of the stink of their own karma. Tear-gassed! That scene was, literally, blowing in the wind. Was it going to be a police state or a liberation from what had been a police state all along?

When I wrote *Howl*, I thought it was like something in the Gnostic tradition, in that only a few companions of the Grail would recognize the humor of a lot of the rhythms and images. What I didn't anticipate was that there were so many companions of the Holy Spirit in America—or that *everybody* is really inhabited by the Holy Spirit. By Holy Spirit I mean the recognition of a common self in all of us and our acceptance of the fact that we're all the same one.

PLAYBOY: Hundreds of thousands have read your poems and many have been disarmed by your frankness. But many critics and some of your fellow poets complain about what you conceded a few minutes ago was a degree of exhibitionism. What do you think of such charges?

GINSBERG: Exhibitionism as they use the word is a classification of so-called psychosis invented in a society so repressive that any frank revelation of what's going on has to be characterized as a form of madness. It would be inappropriate revelation if you'd seize on the revelation of your own genitals in the park, scaring people, as a symbol of that common self and desire to get through. But that's all exhibitionism is: somebody trying to communicate, get out of his shell, break out of this prison we're all in. As such, it should be acknowledged: A guy should be allowed to parade himself; in fact, the cure for exhibitionism would be to have a special day for walking along Michigan Avenue exhibiting one's genitals. That should satisfy an exhibitionist; he'd really be out of his prison then; we wouldn't have to worry about the problem anymore. What I was digging in poems like *Howl* was the *humor* of exhibitionism. You're free to say any damn thing you want; but people are so scared of hearing you say what's unconsciously universal that it's comical. So I wrote with an element of comedy—partly intended to soften the blow. At first, people think this is overexertive exhibitionism, but on second thought, they realize that it's entirely serious and perfectly normal, natural and real.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you intended when you took off your clothes in 1957 during a reading in Los Angeles? The story goes that a heckler in the audience asked, "What are you trying to prove in this poem?" and you answered, "Nakedness," and when he demanded, "What do you mean by that?" you took off your clothes without a word.

GINSBERG: Yes, but the act was in context. After he'd asked what I meant by nakedness, I wondered, What *did* I mean? And I thought: Nakedness. That's what I meant. So I took off my clothes. That story gets retold with the implication that I take off my clothes at innumerable poetry readings or that nobody had asked me any question in the first place, which takes out of focus the precision, clarity and normalcy of the gesture. Another anecdote that keeps recurring is about the question a lady asked me at that *Big Table* reading in Chicago: "Why is there so much homosexual imagery in your poems?" My answer was: "Because I'm queer." I was writing about actual feelings; those images arose naturally. I wasn't *boasting* that I was queer; I was simply answering her question. But the story gets retold as if I intended some kind of Oscar Wilde sensationalist answer. The point was: The lady didn't understand that I *had* homosexual feelings; she seemed to feel that poetry meant writing about flowers one never saw or places one never visited—like the seacoast of Bohemia. Apparently it never occurred to her that I was writing about something simple and real. She was probably also challenging me to be *ashamed* of being homosexual. If that lady read Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, she'd probably feel that all his allusions to his young boyfriend were some kind of literary conceit or flowery imagery. What rose out of Shakespeare's soul was universal; he was angry because his buddy went off with a Dark Lady on another motorcycle.

PLAYBOY: Your longtime interest in Eastern religions—particularly Zen—as well as your revelations about homosexuality, adds to your image as one who stands outside the mainstream of American life. How did your interest in Zen Buddhism begin?

GINSBERG: In 1948, as I mentioned earlier, I'd had some visionary experiences while reading Blake, but I hadn't been able to find words that seemed to articulate them. Then, in 1953, I saw a scroll painting by Liang Kai called *Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain*, which showed Sakyamuni Buddha with long, tearful eyebrows and big ears, looking as if he'd been on the mountain a long, ascetic year and had experienced a comedown enlightenment of some kind. Around the same time, I got a big, sorrowful, enthusiastic letter from Jack Kerouac in San Jose about the *Diamond Sutra* and *satori*, or illumination. The word *satori* seemed to fit my earlier spontaneous illuminations. That led into Oriental poetry, yoga and travels.

PLAYBOY: Have you had other visionary or mystical experiences?

GINSBERG: Well, I had a trance experience with mantra chanting in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. You may know, a mantra is a short magic formula or prayer with syllables consisting of the names of deities—Hindu, Buddhist, Tibetan, Japanese—who can

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be interpreted as aspects of one's unconscious hopes, desires, fears. For example: Krishna is Hope for the Preservation of the World. Siva: Realization of Enormous Changes. Tara: Mother's Tears and Compassion. Dharma: Brothers' Justice. Buddha: Self's Throne-Power, OM. According to the Hindus, there are three major aspects of experience to dig: One is the inconceivable, the unborn, the void —what we know is out there after death, and perhaps also before birth; the ground out of which the universe imagined itself. That's called Brahma.

Then comes the second aspect—the world of names and forms, preservation, stability and responsibility, and the hope that returns after the Flood. Noah, and Christ resurrected, return to save human beings every time human evil gets so heavy, as it has today, that the planet seems threatened with destruction. That's Vishnu. Vishnu has many forms and returns over and over again. Krishna is one of his forms—a blue-bodied cowboy with a flute. Creation and destruction, birth and death, change: That's the third aspect, Siva.

The Hare Krishna mantra is a round of the names of Vishnu repeated again and again: "Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare." If you sing it continually in a sweet tone, you can use it as a vehicle for any emotion you're feeling, and also as a method to regulate breathing and point your consciousness to one place where your body is. Repeated over and over, the mantra can lead to a regularization of all the body's rhythms in one even, tranquil, harmonious, continual, unending, pleasurable, recurrent, reassuring tune. You can take these mantras, sing them over and over again in any tune you want, and you'll find it's a way to involve your whole mind and body, through breathing, in one single-minded activity that's both contemplative and expressive. Although there are all sorts of intellectual-mystical-theological potentials involved in chanting a mantra, on its simplest, most Americanesque level, it's just like singing in the shower or an interesting phys. ed. that can get you high.

PLAYBOY: High on what—your own consciousness?

GINSBERG: That would be too inaccurate a way to put it. High by means of focusing your consciousness in one place to deepen your awareness of that place, which is your body. By means of rhythmical regularization of breathing, there's a slow alteration of chemical metabolism in the body, which, in turn, awakens existent but unrealized physiologic electric sensations and densities and neural patterns, and clarifies the consciousness of the inner observer who's putting the body through such motions and training it and the mind to sit still and think.

PLAYBOY: Who is the inner observer? One's self?

GINSBERG: Us. It. One. Chicago. The planet. Anyway, I had this extraordinary experience chanting OM here in Chicago. On Sunday afternoon—the day before the convention began—a lot of us were wandering around Lincoln Park when unexpectedly the police showed up with guns and clubs. Nobody knew why or if the police were going to attack. Panic—a few people freaked out. Some of the Maoists were acting insulting and revolutionary in their ideological prophetic style. Police fear everywhere. So I sat down and began chanting OM. I thought I'd chant for about 20 minutes and calm myself down, but the chanting stretched into hours, and a big circle surrounded me. A lot of people joined in the chanting. Then somebody passed me a note on which an Indian had written: "Will you please stop playing with the mantra and do it seriously by pronouncing the 'M' in OM properly for at least five minutes? See how it develops." I realized I'd been using the mantra as song instead of concentration, so I started doing it his way. After about 15 minutes, my breathing became more regular, even, steady—as if I were breathing the air of heaven into myself and then circulating it back out into heaven. After a while, the air inside and outside became the same—what the Indians call prajna, the vital, silvery, evanescent air.

Then I began to feel a funny tingling in my feet that spread until my whole body was one rigid electrical tingling—a solid mass of lights. It was around eight P.M. now and I'd been facing the John Hancock Building, which was beginning to light up. I felt like the building, except I realized it wasn't alive and I was. Then I felt a rigidity inside my body, almost like a muscle armor plating. With all this electric going up and down and this rigid muscle thing, I had to straighten my back to make a clear passage for whatever flow there was; my hands began vibrating. Five or six people were touching them. Suddenly, I realized I was going through some kind of weird trance thing like I'd read about in books. But it wasn't mystical. It was the product of six continuous hours of chanting OM, regularizing breathing and altering rhythmic body chemistry.

PLAYBOY: Did it feel good, Allen?

GINSBERG: Oh, yeah! Powerful, good, solid. I felt my body was *mine* in a funny way; I put my legs in a full lotus position, which I can rarely do. I realized that it was possible, through chanting, to make advances on the body and literally to alter states of consciousness. I'd got to euphorias, ecstasies of pleasure, years before; I'd gotten very far with feelings—but this was the first time I'd gotten into neurological body sensations, cellular extensions of some kind of cosmic consciousness within my body. I was able to look at the Hancock Building and see it as a tiny little tower of electrical lights —a very superficial toy compared with the power, grandeur and immensity of one human body.

Another familiar thing I recognized during the trance was the animal, brown, snaky, sentient living presence of some big trees standing outside the circle of chanters. I realized that those trees had more going for them than the Hancock Building; they were *alive*, at least, and so to be respected, observed and communed with—in the sense of being noticed in one's consciousness as they hiply signified their own trunkhood and leafage. They looked like great big doggy-trees.

PLAYBOY: How long did this go on?

GINSBERG: I kept chanting till ten P.M. Boy, what a thing! I'd never chanted for eight hours before and thank God I could do it on that occasion. It felt like grace. It felt harmoniously right that some psychophysical rarity should be happening on that political occasion as Sunday dusk fell on Lincoln Park and the Hancock Building lit up on the horizon. If there'd been panic and police clubs at that moment, I don't think I would have minded the damage. Clubbing would have seemed a curiously impertinent intrusion from skeleton phantoms—unreal compared with the natural omnipresent electric universe I was in; the cops would have been hitting only one form of electric. The fear of death was gone, in the sense that I recognized I was already dead; I was a revolving mass of electricity. I was in a dimension of feeling other than the normal one of save-your-own-skin. I was so amazed and gratified that I don't think I would have minded any experiment, including death. That was the most interesting thing that happened, for me, in Chicago—more interesting than marches and conventions and glittering Hiltons and giant Galbraiths moving like phantoms through the city. But I think everybody who watched television during the convention experienced a widening of consciousness.

PLAYBOY: In the sense you spoke of earlier?

GINSBERG: Yes. Because of the social imagery they saw on the screen. Outright police brutality was shown so clearly that even TV and radio commentators were saying: "This is a police state!" Before Chicago, that would have been considered an impropriety, even though many already felt it was true, secretly. To make it official like that turns things over in people's minds; suddenly they wake up in a different country from where they thought they were. But it was there all along! People realized that they knew it was there but were afraid to recognize it, because that would mean being caught in a nightmare they didn't

(continued on page 236)

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fiction BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV

ardor at ardis: hot summer, a country estate—and suddenly the arcane alchemy of love burst into flame, kindled by the fire that blazed in the night

IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON he descended with his two suitcases into the sunny peace of the little rural station whence a winding road led to Ardis Hall, which he was visiting for the first time in his life. In a miniature of the imagination, he had seen a saddled horse prepared for him; there was not even a trap. The stationmaster, a stout sunburned man in a brown uniform, was sure they expected him with the evening train, which was slower but had a tea car. He would ring up the Hall in a moment, he added as he signaled to the anxious engine driver. Suddenly, a hackney coach drove up to the platform and a red-haired lady, carrying her straw hat and laughing at her own haste, made for the train and just managed to board it before it moved. So Van agreed to use the means of transportation made available to him by a chance crease in the texture of time and seated himself in the old *calèche*. The half-hour jogging drive proved not unpleasant. He was taken through pinewoods and over rocky ravines, with birds and other animals singing in the flowering undergrowth. Sun flecks and lacy shadows skimmed over his legs and lent a green twinkle to the brass button deprived of its twin on the back of the coachman's coat. They passed through Torfyanka, a dreamy hamlet consisting of three or four log izbas, a milk-pail repair shop and a smithy smothered in jasmine. The driver waved to an invisible friend and the sensitive runabout swerved slightly to match his gesture. They were now spinning along a dusty country road between fields. The road dipped and humped again, and at every ascent the old clockwork taxi would slow up as if on the brink of sleep and reluctantly overcome its weakness.

They bounced on the cobblestones of Gamlet, a half-Russian village, and the chauffeur waved again, this time to a boy in a cherry tree. Birches separated to let them pass across an old bridge. Ladore, with its ruinous black castle on a crag, and its gay multicolored roofs farther downstream, was glimpsed—to be seen again many times much later in life.

Presently, the vegetation assumed a more southern aspect as the lane skirted Ardis Park. At the next turning, the romantic mansion appeared on the gentle eminence of old novels. It was a splendid country house, three stories high, built of pale brick and purplish stone, whose tints and substance seemed to interchange their effects in certain lights. Notwithstanding the variety, amplitude and animation of great trees that had long replaced the two regular rows of stylized saplings (thrown in by the mind of the architect rather than observed by the eye of a painter), Van immediately recognized Ardis Hall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

as depicted in the 200-year-old aquarelle that hung in his father's dressing room: the mansion sat on a rise overlooking an abstract meadow with two tiny people in cocked hats conversing not far from a stylized cow.

None of the family was at home when Van arrived. A servant in waiting took his horse. He entered the Gothic archway of the hall, where Bouteillan, the old bald butler who unprofessionally now wore a mustache (dyed a rich gravy brown), met him with gested delight—he had once been the valet of Van's father—"*Je parie*," he said, "*que Monsieur ne me reconnait pas*," and proceeded to remind Van of what Van had already recollected unaided, the farmannikin (a special kind of box kite, untraceable nowadays even in the greatest museums housing the toys of the past) that Bouteillan had helped him to fly one day in a meadow dotted with buttercups. Both looked up: the tiny red rectangle hung for an instant askew in a blue spring sky. The hall was famous for its painted ceilings. It was too early for tea: Would Van like him or a maid to unpack? Oh, one of the maids, said Van, wondering briefly what item in a schoolboy's luggage might be supposed to shock a housemaid. The picture of naked Ivory Revery (a model)? Who cared, now that he was a man?

Acting upon the butler's suggestion, he went to make a *tour du jardin*. As he followed a winding path, soundlessly stepping on its soft pink sand in the cloth gumshoes that were part of the school uniform, he came upon a person whom he recognized with disgust as being his former French governess (the place swarmed with ghosts!). She was sitting on a green bench under the Persian lilacs, a parasol in one hand and in the other a book from which she was reading aloud to a small girl who was picking her nose and examining with dreamy satisfaction her finger before wiping it on the edge of the bench. Van decided she must be "Ardelia," the elder of the two little cousins he was supposed to get acquainted with. Actually, it was Lucette, the younger one, a neutral child of eight, with a fringe of shiny reddish-blonde hair and a freckled button for nose: she had had pneumonia in spring and was still veiled by an odd air of remoteness that children, especially impish children, retain for some time after brushing through death. Mlle Larivière suddenly looked at Van over her green spectacles—and he had to cope with another warm welcome. In contrast to Albert, she had not changed at all since the days she used to come three times a week to Dark Veen's house in town with a bagful of books and the tiny, tremulous poodlet (now dead) that could not be left behind. It had glistening eyes like sad black olives.

Presently, they all strolled back, the governess shaking in reminiscent grief her big-chinned, big-nosed head under the moiré of her parasol; Lucy gratingly dragging a garden hoe she had found, and young Van in his trim gray suit and flowing tie, with his hands behind his back, looking down at his neatly stepping mute feet—trying to place them in line, for no special reason.

A victoria had stopped at the porch. A lady, who resembled Van's mother, and a dark-haired girl of 11 or 12, preceded by a fluid dackel, were getting out. Ada carried an untidy bunch of wild flowers. She wore a white frock with a black jacket and there was a white bow in her long hair. Van never saw that dress again and when he mentioned it in retrospective evocation, she invariably retorted that he must have dreamed it, she had never had one like that, never could have put on a dark blazer on such a hot day, but he stuck to his initial image of her to the last.

Some ten years ago, not long before or after his fourth birthday, and toward the end of his mother's long stay in a sanatorium, "Aunt" Marina had swooped upon him in a public park where there were pheasants in a big cage. She advised his nurse to mind her own business and took him to a booth near the band shell, where she bought him an emerald stick of peppermint candy and told him that if his father wished, she would replace his mother and that you could not feed the birds without Lady Amherst's permission, or so he understood.

They now had tea in a prettily furnished corner of the otherwise very austere central hall from which rose the grand staircase. They sat on chairs upholstered in silk around a pretty table. Ada's black jacket and a pink-yellow-blue nosegay she had composed of anemones, celandines and columbines lay on a stool of oak. The dog got more bits of cake than it did ordinarily. Price, the mournful old footman who brought the cream for the strawberries, resembled Van's teacher of history, "Jeejee" Jones.

"He resembles my teacher of history," said Van when the man had gone.

"I used to love history," said Marina. "I loved to identify myself with famous women. There's a ladybird on your plate, Ivan. Especially with famous beauties—Lincoln's second wife or Queen Josephine."

"Yes, I've noticed—it's beautifully done. We've got a similar set at home."

"*Slivok* (some cream)? I hope you speak Russian?" Marina asked Van, as she poured him a cup of tea.

"*Neohotno no sovershenno svobodno* (reluctantly but quite fluently)," replied Van, *slegka ulïbnuvshis'* (with a slight smile). "Yes, lots of cream and three lumps of sugar."

"Ada and I share your extravagant tastes. Dostoevski liked it with raspberry syrup."

"Pah," uttered Ada.

Marina's portrait, a rather good oil by Tresham, hanging above her on the wall, showed her wearing the picture hat she had used for the rehearsal of a Hunting Scene ten years ago, romantically brimmed, with a rainbow wing and a great drooping plume of black-banded silver; and Van, as he recalled the cage in the park and his mother somewhere in a cage of her own, experienced an odd sense of mystery, as if the commentators of his destiny had gone into a huddle. Marina's face was now made up to imitate her former looks, but fashions had changed, her cotton dress was a rustic print, her auburn

locks were bleached and no longer tumbled down her temples, and nothing in her attire or adornments echoed the dash of her riding crop in the picture and the tegular pattern of her brilliant plumage that Tresham had rendered with ornithological skill.

There was not much to remember about that first tea. Van noticed Ada's trick of hiding her fingernails by fisting her hand or stretching it with the palm turned upward when helping herself to a biscuit. She was bored and embarrassed by everything her mother said, and when the latter started to talk about the Tarn, otherwise the New Reservoir, he noted that Ada was no longer sitting next to him but standing a little way off, with her back to the tea table at an open casement with the slim-waisted dog on a chair peering over splayed front paws out into the garden, too, and she was asking it in a private whisper what it was it had sniffed.

"You can see the Tarn from the library window," said Marina. "Presently, Ada will show you all the rooms in the house. Ada?" (She pronounced it the Russian way, with two deep, dark a's, making it sound rather like "ardor.")

"You can catch a glint of it from here, too," said Ada, turning her head and, *pollice verso*, introducing the view to Van, who put his cup down, wiped his mouth with a tiny embroidered napkin and, stuffing it into his trouser pocket, went up to the dark-haired, pale-armed girl. As he bent toward her (he was three inches taller and the double of that when she married a Greek Catholic, and his shadow held the bridal crown over her from behind), she moved her head to make him move his to the required angle and her hair touched his neck. In his first dreams of her, this re-enacted contact, so light, so brief, invariably proved to be beyond the dreamer's endurance and, like a lifted sword, signaled fire and violent release.

"Finish your tea, my precious," called Marina.

Presently, as Marina had promised, the two children went upstairs. "Why do stairs creak so desperately, when two children go upstairs?" she thought, looking up at the balustrade along which two left hands progressed with strikingly similar flips and glides, like siblings taking their first dancing lesson. "After all, we were twin sisters; everybody knows that." The same slow heave, she in front, he behind, took them over the last two steps, and the staircase was silent again. "Old-fashioned qualms," said Marina.

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Ada showed her shy guest the great library on the second floor, the pride of Ardis and her favorite "browse," which her mother never entered (having her own set of a Thousand-and-One Best Plays in her boudoir), and which Red Veen, a sentimentalist and a poltroon, shunned, not caring to run into the ghost of his father who had died there of a stroke, and also because he found nothing so depressing as the collected works of unrecollected authors, although he did not mind an occasional visitor's admiring the place's tall bookcases and short cabinets, its dark pictures and pale busts, its ten chairs of carved walnut and two noble tables inlaid with ebony. In a slant of scholarly sunlight, a botanical atlas upon a reading desk lay open on a colored plate of orchids. A kind of divan or day bed covered in black velvet, with two yellow cushions, was placed in a recess, below a plate-glass window that offered a generous view of the banal park and the man-made lake. A pair of candlesticks, mere phantoms of metal and tallow, stood, or seemed to stand, on the broad window ledge.

A corridor leading off the library would have taken our silent explorers to Mr. and Mrs. Veen's apartments in the west wing, had they pursued their investigations in that direction. Instead, a semisecret little staircase spiraled them from behind a rotatory bookcase to the upper floor, she, pale-thighed, above him, taking longer strides than he, three steep steps behind.

The bedchambers and adjacent accommodations were more than modest, and Van could not help regretting he was too young, apparently, to be assigned one of the two guest rooms next to the library. He recalled nostalgically the luxuries of home as he considered the revolting objects that would close upon him in the solitude of summer nights. Everything struck him as being intended for a cringing cretin, the dismal poorhouse bed with a medieval headboard of dingy wood, the self-creaking wardrobe, the squat commode of imitation mahogany with chain-linked knobs (one missing), the blanket chest (a sheepish escapee from the linen room), and the old bureau whose domed front flap was locked or stuck: he found the knob in one of its useless pigeonholes and handed it to Ada, who threw it out of the window. Van had never encountered a towel horse before, never seen a washstand made specially for the bathless. A round looking glass above it was ornamented with gilt gesso grapes; a satanic snake encircled the porcelain basin (twin of the one in the girls' washroom across the passage). An elbow chair with a high back and a bedside stool supporting a brass candlestick with a grease pan and handle (whose double he had seemed to have seen mirrored a moment ago—where?) completed the worst and main part of the humble equipment.

They went back to the corridor, she tossing her hair, he clearing his throat. Farther down, a door of some playroom or nursery stood ajar and stirred to and fro as little Lucette peeped out, one russet knee showing. Then the door leaf flew open—but she darted inside and away. Cobalt sailing boats adorned the white tiles of a stove, and as her sister and he passed by that open door, a toy barrel organ invitingly went into action with a stumbling little minuet. Ada and Van returned to the ground floor—this time all the way down the sumptuous staircase. Of the many ancestors along the wall, she pointed out her favorite, old Prince Vseslav Zemski (1699–1797), friend of Linnaeus and author of *Flora Ladorica*, who was portrayed in rich oil holding his barely pubescent bride and her blonde doll in his satin lap. An enlarged photograph, soberly framed, hung (rather incongruously, Van thought) next to the rosebud lover in his embroidered coat. The late Sumerechnikov, American precursor of the Lumière brothers, had taken Ada's maternal uncle in profile with upcheeked violin, a doomed youth, after his farewell concert.

On the first floor, a yellow drawing room hung with damask and furnished in what the French once called the Empire style opened into the garden and now, in the late afternoon, was invaded across the threshold by the large leaf shadows of a paulownia tree (named, by an indifferent linguist, explained Ada, after the patronymic, mistaken for a second name or surname of a harmless lady, Anna Pavlovna Romanov, daughter of Pavel, nicknamed Paul-minus-Peter, why she did not know, a cousin of the nonlinguist's master, the botanical Zemski, I'm going to scream, thought Van). A china cabinet encaged a whole zoo of small animals among which the oryx and the okapi, complete with scientific names, were especially recommended to him by his charming but impossibly pretentious companion. Equally fascinating was a five-fold screen with bright paintings on its black panels reproducing the first maps of four and a half continents. We now pass into the music room, with its little-used piano, and a corner room called the Gun Room containing a stuffed Shetland pony that an aunt of Dan Veen's, maiden name forgotten, thank Log, once rode. On the other, or some other, side of the house was the ballroom, a glossy wasteland with wallflower chairs. "Reader, ride by" ("*mimo, chitatel'*," as Turgenev wrote). The "mews," as they were improperly called in Ladore County, were architecturally rather confusing in the case of Ardis Hall. A latticed gallery looked across its garlanded shoulder into the garden and turned sharply toward the drive. Elsewhere, an elegant loggia, lit by long windows, led now-tongue-tied Ada and intolerably bored Van into a bower of rocks: a sham grotto, with ferns clinging to it shamelessly, and an artificial cascade borrowed from some brook or

"I want to thank you for a lovely evening, but first I'd better check the bedroom to see if my roommate is still thanking her date."

book, or Van's burning bladder (after all that confounded tea).

The servants' quarters (except those of two painted and powdered maids who had rooms upstairs) were on the courtyard side of the ground floor, and Ada said she had visited them once in the explorative stage of her childhood but all she remembered was a canary and an ancient machine for grinding coffee beans, which settled the matter.

They zoomed upstairs again. Van popped into a water closet—and emerged in much better humor. A dwarf Haydn again played a few bars as they walked on.

The attic. This is the attic. Welcome to the attic. It stored a great number of trunks and cartons, and two brown couches, one on top of the other like copulating beetles, and lots of pictures standing in corners or on shelves with their faces against the wall like humiliated children. Rolled up in its case was an old "jikker" or skimmer, a blue magic rug with Arabian designs, faded but still enchanting, which Uncle Daniel's father had used in his boyhood and later flown when drunk. Because of the many collisions, collapses and other accidents, especially numerous in sunset skies over idyllic fields, jikkers were banned by the air patrol; but four years later Van, who loved that sport, bribed a local mechanic to clean the thing, reload its hawking tubes and generally bring it back into magic order; and many a summer day would they spend, his Ada and he, hanging over grove and river or gliding at a safe ten-foot altitude above surfaces of roads or roofs. How comic the wobbling, ditch-diving cyclist, how weird the arm-flailing and slipping chimney sweep!

Vaguely impelled by the feeling that as long as they were inspecting the house they were, at least, doing *something*—keeping up a semblance of consecutive action that, despite the brilliant conversational gifts both possessed, would degenerate into a desperate vacuum of self-conscious loafing, with no other resource than affected wit followed by silence, Ada did not spare him the basement, where a big-bellied robot throbbed, manfully heating the pipes that meandered to the huge kitchen and to the two drab bathrooms, and did their poor best to keep the castle habitable on festive visits in winter.

"You have not seen anything yet!" cried Ada. "There is still the roof!"

"But that is going to be our last panting climb today," said Van to himself firmly.

Owing to a mixture of overlapping styles and tiles (not easily explainable in nontechnical terms to non-roof-lovers), as well as to a haphazard continuum, so to speak, of renovations, the roof of Ardis Manor presented an indescribable confusion of angles and levels, of tin-green and fin-gray surfaces, of scenic ridges and windproof nooks. You could clip and kiss, and survey in between, the reservoir, the groves, the meadows, even the inkline of larches that marked the boundary of the nearest estate miles away, and the ugly little shapes of more or less legless cows on a distant hillside. And one could easily hide behind some projection from inquisitive skimmers or picture-taking balloons.

A gong bronzily boomed on a terrace.

For some odd reason, both children were relieved to learn that a stranger was expected to dinner. He was an Andalusian architect whom Uncle Dan wanted to plan an "artistic" swimming pool for Ardis Manor. Uncle Dan had intended to come, too, with an interpreter, but had caught the Russian "hrip" (Spanish flu) instead, and had phoned Marina, asking her to be very nice to good old Alonso.

"You must help me!" Marina told the children with a worried frown.

"I could show him a copy, perhaps," said Ada, turning to Van, "of an absolutely fantastically lovely *nature morte* by Juan de Labrador of Extremadura—golden grapes and a strange rose against a black background. Dan sold it to Demon, and Demon has promised to give it to me on my fifteenth birthday."

"We also have some Zurbarán fruit," said Van smugly. "Tangerines, I believe, and a fig of sorts, with a wasp upon it. Oh, we'll dazzle the old boy with shop-talk!"

They did not. Alonso, a tiny wizened man in a double-breasted tuxedo, spoke only Spanish, while the sum of Spanish words his hosts knew scarcely exceeded half a dozen. Van had *canastilla* (a little basket) and *nubarrones* (thunderclouds), which both came from an *en regard* translation of a lovely Spanish poem in one of his schoolbooks. Ada remembered, of course, *mariposa*, butterfly, and the names of two or three birds (listed in ornithological guides), such as *paloma*, pigeon, or *grevol*, hazel hen. Marina knew *aroma* and *hombre*, and an anatomical term with a "j" hanging in the middle. In consequence, the table talk consisted of long lumpy Spanish phrases pronounced very loudly by the voluble architect, who thought he was dealing with very deaf people, and of a smatter of French, intentionally but vainly Italianized by his victims. Once the difficult dinner was over, Alonso investigated, by the light of three torches held by two footmen, a possible site for an expensive pool, put the plan of the grounds back into his briefcase and, after kissing by mistake Ada's hand in the dark, hastened away to catch the last southbound train.

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WAS SHE REALLY PRETTY, at 12? Did he want—would he ever want—to caress her, to really caress her? Her black hair cascaded over one clavicle and the gesture she made of shaking it back and the dimple on her pale cheek were revelations with an element of immediate recognition about them. Her pallor shone, her blackness blazed. The pleated skirts she liked were becomingly short. Even her bare limbs were so free from suntan that one's gaze, stroking her white shins and forearms, could follow upon them the regular slants of fine dark hairs, the silks of her girlhood. The iridal dark brown of her serious eyes had the enigmatic opacity of an Oriental hypnotist's look (in a magazine's back-page advertisement) and seemed to be placed higher than usual, so that between their lower rim and the moist lower lid a cradle crescent of white remained when she stared straight at you. Her long eyelashes seemed blackened and, in fact, were. Her features were saved from elfin prettiness by the thickish shape of her parched lips. Her plain Irish nose was Van's in miniature. Her teeth were fairly white but not very even.

Her poor pretty hands—one could not help cooing with pity over them—rosy in comparison with the translucent skin of the arm, rosier even than the elbow that seemed to be blushing for the state of her nails: she bit them so thoroughly that all vestige of free margin was replaced by a groove cutting into the flesh with the tightness of wire and lending an additional spatule of length to her naked finger tips. Later, when he was so fond of kissing her cold hands, she would clench them, allowing his lips nothing but knuckle, but he would fiercely pry her hand open to get at those flat blind little cushions. (But, oh, my, oh, the long, languid, rose-and-silver, painted and pointed, delicately stinging onyxes of her adolescent and adult years!)

What Van experienced in those first strange days when she showed him the house—and those nooks in it where they were to make love so soon—combined elements of ravishment and exasperation. Ravishment—because of her pale, voluptuous, impermissible skin, her hair, her legs, her angular movements, her gazelle-grass odor, the sudden black stare of her wide-set eyes, the rustic nudity under her dress; exasperation—because between him, an awkward schoolboy of genius, and that precocious, affected, impenetrable child there extended a void of light and a veil of shade that no force could overcome and pierce. He swore wretchedly in the hopelessness of his bed as he focused his swollen senses on the glimpse of her he had engulfed when, on their second excursion to the top of the house, she had mounted a captain's trunk to unhasp a sort of illuminator through which one acceded to the roof (even the dog had once gone

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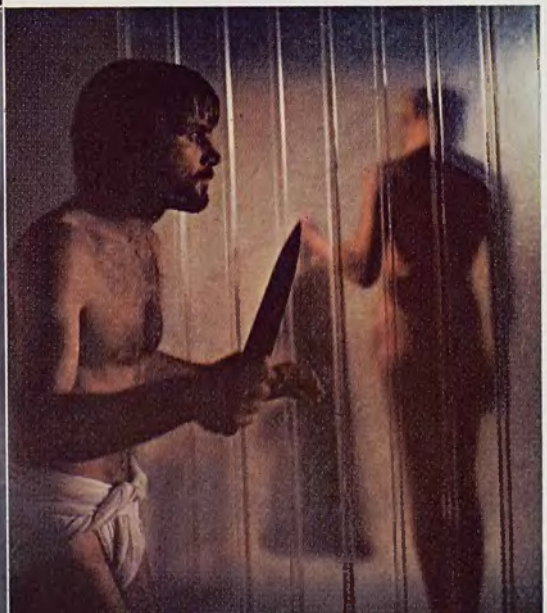
Volatile Vanessa

in a pair of far-out films, the comely and contentious miss redgrave plays a kinky art collector and a free-loving queen of modern dance

pictorial

"A QUIET PLACE IN THE COUNTRY": *Less devoted to her artist lover, Franco Nero, than to his art in this film melodrama, Vanessa ensconces him in an Italian villa and attempts to rekindle his flagging creativity by indulging his fetishes. She mimics his favorite kinky comic-strip character (above) and then tries to unsnarl the knotty problem by tying him up before caressing him and threatening him with a knife (right, top and center). An electric vibrator proves slightly mightier than the sword (below right), but after she showers (left), her unbalanced boyfriend shows his gratitude by trying to murder her (below).*

"ISADORA": *Vanessa plays the title character in this World War One–era biography of an uncompromising artist who shocked audiences with her avant-garde dancing and had two children without bothering to marry. Facing page, she cohabits for a time with a theatrical designer (James Fox)—whom she treats to a bit of au-naturel choreography.*



In *A Quiet Place in the Country*, Vanessa's a psychotic painter's scheming art-collector mistress; and in *Isadora*, she flawlessly re-creates the erotic life and times of Isadora Duncan, the archbohemian creator of modern dance. Unconventional, as these parts in her latest films suggest, the elegantly elongated Miss Redgrave has come a long way since the time she sobbed about her height to her mother and listened to her father, the world-famous Sir Michael, advise that she try musical comedy—a gentle hint that her lithe 5′11″ frame disqualified her as a leading lady. But then, after garnering extensive critical praise in Shakespearean roles, the erstwhile gangly teenager was cast as the long-suffering ex-wife in *Morgan!*, and the new Vanessa was launched. Along the way, she had earned a reputation as a political activist by joining ban-the-bomb rallies and lecturing Hyde Park crowds. After *Morgan!*, she continued her political pursuits and further surprised everyone by taking a part in *Blow-Up* that called for a topless seduction scene. Though demurely shielded by carefully placed arms in *Blow-Up*, Vanessa in *Quiet Place* and *Isadora* suffers no such restraints. "One spends an awful lot of one's life naked," she says, "so what's extraordinary about spending a little bit of film naked?" Nothing, say we.

ada

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there), and a bracket or something wrenched up her skirt and he saw—as one sees some sickening miracle in a Biblical fable or a moth's shocking metamorphosis—that the child was darkly flossed. He noticed that she seemed to have noticed that he had or might have noticed (what he not only noticed but retained with tender terror until he freed himself of that vision—much later—and in strange ways), and an odd, dull, arrogant look passed across her face: her sunken cheeks and fat pale lips moved as if she were chewing something, and she emitted a yelp of joyless laughter when he, big Van, slipped on a tile after wriggling in his turn through the skylight. And in the sudden sun, he realized that until then, he, small Van, had been a blind virgin, since haste, dust and dusk had obscured the mousy charms of his first harlot, so often possessed.

His sentimental education now went on fast. Next morning, he happened to catch sight of her washing her face and arms over an old-fashioned basin on a rococo stand, her hair knotted on the top of her head, her nightgown twisted around her waist like a clumsy corolla out of which issued her slim back, rib-shaded on the near side. A fat snake of porcelain curled around the basin, and as both the reptile and he stopped to watch Eve and the soft woggle of her bud breasts in profile, a big mulberry-colored cake of soap slithered out of her hand, and her black-socked foot hooked the door shut with a bang that was more the echo of the soap's crashing against the marble board than a sign of pudic displeasure.

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ONE AFTERNOON, they were climbing the glossy-limbed shattal tree at the bottom of the garden. Mlle Larivière and little Lucette, screened by a caprice of the coppice but just within earshot, were playing grace hoops. One glimpsed now and then, above or through foliage, the skimming hoop passing from one unseen sending stick to another. The first cicada of the season kept trying out its instrument. A silver-and-sable skybab squirrel sat sampling a cone on the back of a bench.

Van, in blue gym suit, having worked his way up to a fork just under his agile playmate (who naturally was better acquainted with the tree's intricate map) but not being able to see her face, betokened mute communication by taking her ankle between finger and thumb, as *she* would have a closed butterfly. Her bare foot slipped, and the two panting youngsters tangled ignominiously among the branches, in a shower of drupes and leaves, clutching at each other; and the next moment, as they regained a semblance of balance, his expressionless face and cropped head were between her legs and a last fruit fell with a thud—the dropped dot of an inverted exclamation point. She was wearing his wrist watch and a cotton frock.

("Remember?"

"Yes, of course, I remember: you kissed me here, on the inside——"

"And you started to strangle me with those devilish knees of yours——"

"I was seeking some sort of support.")

That might have been true, but according to a later (considerably later!) version, they were still in the tree, and still glowing, when Van removed a silk thread of larva web from his lip and remarked that such negligence of attire was a form of hysteria.

"Well," answered Ada, straddling her favorite limb, "as we all know by now, Mlle La Rivière de Diamants has nothing against a hysterical little girl's not wearing pantalets during *l'ardeur de la canicule*."

"I refuse to share the ardor of your little canicule with an apple tree."

"It is really the Tree of Knowledge—this specimen was imported last summer, wrapped up in brocade, from the Eden National Park, where Dr. Krolik's son is a ranger and breeder."

"Let him range and breed, by all means," said Van (her natural history had long begun to get on his nerves), "but I swear no apple trees grow in Iraq."

"Right, but that's not a true apple tree."

("Right and wrong," commented Ada, again much later: "We did discuss the matter, but you could not have permitted yourself such vulgar repartees then. At a time when the chastest of chances allowed you to snatch, as they say, a first shy kiss! Oh, for shame. And besides, there was no National Park in Iraq eighty years ago." "True," said Van. "And no caterpillars bred on that tree in our orchard." "True, my lovely and larveless." Natural history was past history by that time.)

Both kept diaries. Soon after that foretaste of knowledge, an amusing thing happened. She was on her way to Krolik's house with a boxful of hatched and chloroformed butterflies and had just passed through the orchard when she suddenly stopped and swore (*chort!*). At the same moment Van, who had set out in the opposite direction for a bit of shooting practice in a nearby pavilion (where there was a bowling alley and other recreational facilities, once much used by other Veens), also came to an abrupt standstill. Then, by a nice coincidence, both went tearing back to the house to hide their diaries, which both thought they had left lying open in their respective rooms. Ada, who feared the curiosity of Lucette and Blanche, a young chambermaid (the governess presented no threat, being pathologically unobservant), found out she was wrong—she had put away the album with its latest entry. Van, who knew that Ada was a little "snoopy," discovered Blanche in his room feigning to make the made bed, with the unlocked diary lying on the stool beside it. He slapped her lightly on the behind and removed the shagreen-bound book to a safer place. Then Van and Ada met in the passage, and would have kissed at some earlier stage of the Novel's Evolution in the History of Literature. It might have been a neat little sequel to the Shattal Tree incident. Instead, both resumed their separate ways—and Blanche, I suppose, went to weep in her bower.

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Their first free and frantic caresses had been preceded by a brief period of strange craftiness, of cringing stealth. The masked offender was Van, but Ada's passive acceptance of the poor boy's behavior seemed tacitly to acknowledge its disreputable and even monstrous nature. A few weeks later, both were to regard that phase of his courtship with amused condescension; at the time, however, its implicit cowardice puzzled her and distressed him—mainly because he was keenly conscious of her being puzzled.

Although Van had never had the occasion to witness anything close to virginal revolt on the part of Ada—not an easily frightened or overfastidious little girl (*"Je raffole de tout ce qui rampe"*), he could rely on two or three dreadful dreams to imagine her, in real, or at least responsible, life, recoiling with a wild look as she left his lust in the lurch to summon her governess or mother, or a gigantic footman (not existing in the house but killable in the dream—punchable with sharp-ringed knuckles, puncturable like a bladder of blood), after which he knew he would be expelled from Ardis—

(In Ada's hand: I vehemently object to that "not overfastidious." It is unfair in fact, and fuzzy in fancy. Van's marginal note: Sorry, puss; that must stay.)

—but even if he were to will himself to mock that image so as to blast it out of all consciousness, he could not feel proud of his conduct: in those actual undercover dealings of his with Ada, by doing what he did and the way he did it, with that unpublished relish, he seemed to himself to be either taking advantage of her innocence or else inducing her to conceal from him, the concealer, her awareness of what he concealed.

After the first contact, so light, so mute, between his soft lips and her

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"There's that terrific arrangement I was telling you about."

exotica, antiquity and myriad delights abound on this lush, resplendent isle that has yet to be discovered by the tourist horde

SERENDIPITOUS CEYLON

travel THE HIGHWAY weaves a black ribbon across a deep-green carpet splotched with the vivid stains of blossom-burdened trees and vines. For the last mile, the road has curved steeply downhill through matted jungle and groves of towering palm, skirting an invisible but audible river that rushes urgently toward the valley that spreads beneath us.

Our car slips swiftly through dappled shadows into brilliant sunlight, and we swerve momentarily to avoid an incautious iguana that skitters across our path. Where the road widens at a bend near the base of the mountain, we catch a glint of sun, a sudden flare reflected in the water bed of the terraced rice paddies that climb the foothills.

The elusive river that accompanied us unseen through the coolness of the hills now spills into a grassy open meadow, across which it flows with uncharacteristic serenity. We see it again as our car rattles over a narrow wooden bridge, surprising a slim and amber-hued young woman in a low-fitting sarong who bathes in the leafy shade of the riverbank; she smiles as we pass, then demurely turns her back and squeezes the clear river water from her long black hair.

We are a handful of miles inland from the west coast of Ceylon, a tear-shaped jewel of an island that hangs off the southeastern tip of India between the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean. Wondrously fertile, ablaze with color, surrounded by 1000 miles of palm-fringed

beaches, endowed with a majestic tranquillity, it is a country whose name has long and aptly been synonymous with earthly paradise. Ancient explorers knew it as Serendib, from which came our word "serendipity," meaning happy and unexpected discovery; to the Arabs it was "the Isle of Delight"; and to the Ceylonese today it is Lanka, the Resplendent Land.

Ceylon is, indeed, resplendent in its profusion of treasures, a discovery that discriminating Western tourists have only lately begun to appreciate. It occupies an area slightly larger than West Virginia, yet it has a climate that offers you a choice of hot or cold, wet or dry—all on the same day. Happily combined with this quixotic climate is a kaleidoscopic panorama of topographic contrasts that ranges from Jaffna's desert in the north to the jungle and rolling downlands of the south. The lower center of the island is dominated by Ceylon's invigorating "upcountry"—great ridges of densely wooded mountains and sweeps of high-altitude plains whose resort hotels and recreation amenities provide a refreshing change from the sun-baked languor of the coast's tropical beaches.

There are game parks that teem with elephants, leopards and crocodiles—and bikini-studded beaches where the quarry is less formidable and far better looking. You'll find somnolent villages, boisterous towns and markets where you can bargain for sapphires and moonstones excavated from the famed gem mines of Ratnapura. Virtually every outdoor activity that doesn't require snow or ice is enjoyed, including golf, tennis, surfing, sailing, skindiving and elephant riding. There's hunting in the jungle, trout fishing in cold mountain streams and game fishing in the ocean for sailfish, marlin and tuna.

The sights and pleasures of this compact land—it measures only 270 miles long and 140 miles wide—are all easily accessible via an extensive network of generally excellent roads or by frequent rail and air services; and transportation by any route is remarkably inexpensive. There are no superhighways or Hilton hotels (although the chain has earmarked a construction site), but the roads that do exist are quite adequate and the hotels and inns scattered throughout the island offer a standard of service that would be difficult to fault.

To get to Ceylon, all you'll require in the way of documentation are your passport and smallpox certificate; no visa for American tourists. You'll need tropical-weight togs most of the time, a light raincoat for sudden showers and a change of medium-weight gear for the relatively chilly nights upcountry. Katunayake, the brand-new airport north of Colombo, Ceylon's capital, is where you'll land. TWA, BOAC, UTA and Qantas are among the bigger scheduled airlines that call, either en route from the Orient to Europe or vice versa.

One of the curiosities facing the newcomer to Ceylon is the *Poya* calendar, a source of frequent wonder and confusion to the uninitiated. It's governed by the phases of the moon and, consequently, there are no Saturday–Sunday weekends as we know them. *Poya*, the weekly day of rest, falls on any day the moon reaches its quarter phase. Pre-*Poya* (the day before) is a half holiday; many night clubs, restaurants and other establishments may close on either day, so it's advisable to phone up before setting out for a night on the town.

Another indigenous oddity, which amounts to a cash bonus for every visitor, is the rate of exchange. Officially, it's about six rupees to the dollar, but the Ceylonese government offers an additional flat rate of 44 percent—or around nine rupees. This device is prompted by the desire both to attract tourists and to discourage speculation in the currency black market, where the going rate is about 12 rupees to the dollar. The bonus rate doesn't apply outside Ceylon, so don't buy your rupees until you land—and avoid the black-market scene, if only because it could lead to a premature and distressing farewell.

Most of Ceylon's population speaks Singhalese. The British left 21 years ago, but English is still a compulsory subject in schools and, hence, is also widely spoken—more so, in fact, than in many European countries. Ceylon's third language is Tamil. Slightly more than 500,000 of the island's 13,000,000 inhabitants live in Colombo, which is where you'll start and, in all likelihood, finish your visit. If your flight arrives early in the morning, you'll drive through the outlying districts of the city just as everyone is pouring in for the day's work. Red double-decker buses imported second-hand from London lurch incongruously along jungle roads; an elephant deftly twirls a teak log in a lumberyard; and a steam-operated traction engine, brightly painted and brass gleaming, chugs noisily down the center of the street with several wagons in tow, clearing the way with an imperious blast from its whistle. Bullock carts sway slowly along the grass shoulder amid hundreds of people in vivid robes and saris, some on bicycles, some walking and others waiting in long lines at bus stops that bear the legend MOTOR BUS HALTING PLACE.

Lining the road are fruit stands loaded—according to the season—with mangoes, wood apples, coconuts, bananas and passion fruit; and a few doors from the Center for Indigenous Medicines is the establishment of one of Ceylon's more important citizens, the local astrologer. Even the most sophisticated Ceylonese families consult occultists; and the country's leading newspaper features ads placed by "government-registered scientists and charmists" who guarantee seven-day results in retrieving the love of an errant spouse, taming enemies, winning fights and passing civil-service exams. One of the better-known practitioners, in case you've a mind to "inflict a punishment, get back a debt, back a winner or increase your intelligence," is Mr. Dissanayake, who can be found at the Arudha Hair Oil Office in Gampola. "No charming we have done has ever failed" is his modest claim.

Upon arrival in Colombo, however, your first and more immediate necessity will be accommodations. Downtown are the Taprobane and Ceylinco hotels; both offer first-class service and restaurants, and the Taprobane—should you want a reminder of the outside world—has a well-stocked book and magazine stand. But our choice is the capital's most venerable and best-known hotel, the Galle Face, a Victorian mammoth of a building situated a short distance south of the city's center. At the Galle Face, there's a shopping arcade, a travel bureau, two night clubs, a pool and vast public rooms that must, in their time, have witnessed many a colonial governor's banquet. The flavor is air-conditioned Kipling, with superlative service, excellent food and hundreds of barefoot, white-robed waiters attendant on your every request.

You won't feel much like plunging into a cross-country trip on the day of arrival; so, after you've ordered your car for the following morning, you should plan to spend the first night in Colombo, leaving the next day and saving your sight-seeing and shopping in the capital until you return.

You'll find most varieties of international cuisine in Colombo—from Western (excellent steaks, incidentally) to Chinese, Japanese, Buddhist-vegetarian and, of course, Ceylonese, which means curry. And what curries! In Ceylon, curry is a meal that blends upward of a dozen fresh-ground herbs and spices in a sizzling variety of meat, fish, fowl and vegetables, accompanied by a huge bowl of rice. Dinner for two covers a medium-sized refectory table and costs a whopping 70 cents. To help douse the flames of the sauces, ask for hoppers; they look like stringy pancakes and they're delicious.

Great curries are served at Tharanga, which also specializes in Western and seafood dishes. There, a steak will set you back about 50 cents, and the costliest item on a bill of fare that ranges from sirloin to sole is lobster: 75 cents apiece. Afterward, try one of the scrumptious local desserts, such as jaggery sundae, wattalapam or wood-apple cream. The last two are jungle concoctions that need

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THE TOYS AND GAMES OF WAR AND PEACE

a tripartite exploration and clear explanations of that territory of intellect and action where game theory and computer technology fuse to not only predict but actually shape the future of us all and of our world as well

PLAYING FOR KEEPS

article **By JULES SIEGEL** The men around the conference table had just received the news that their company's net loss was now hovering a banker's blink under $2,874,000, but they were not getting the least bit hysterical.

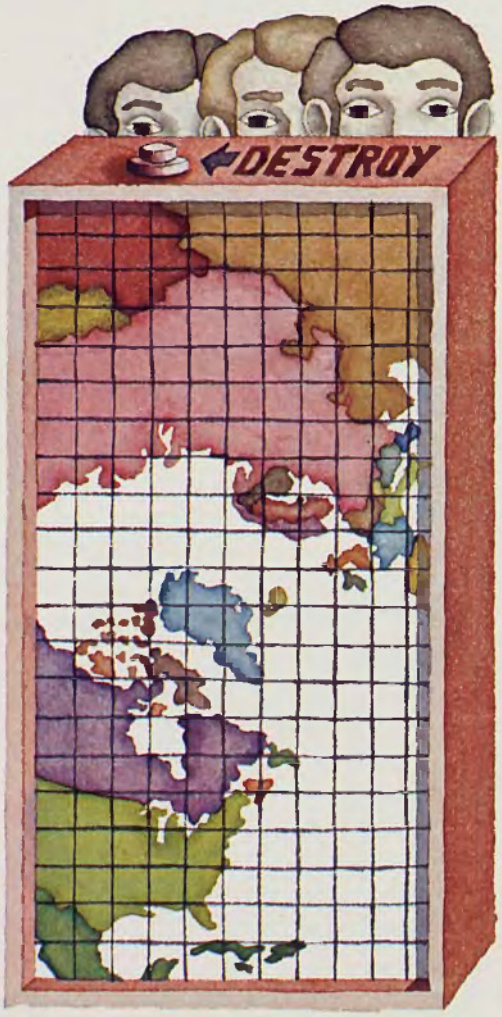
The chief rose to speak. A grizzled old fox who had survived countless board-room crises, he would certainly have a brilliant answer to the question in each man's mind: What do we do next?

"Beats the hell out of me," he said, tossing an accordion of data sheets onto the table. "I move we take a break."

"You have to be philosophical about these things," the chief subsequently explained. "After all, it's only a game."

Under ordinary circumstances, such heroic tranquillity in the face of disaster might have struck an uncharitable observer as verging on the unreal, if not the psychotic. In this case, however, the response was entirely appropriate. The men actually were playing a game. Theirs was no real crisis but an episode in a highly fashionable new training technique called gaming. In order to learn new business skills, they were pretending to be executives running an imaginary company.

Gaming, or simulation (the label preferred by old fogies who insist that games are only for children), is a way of teaching what might otherwise be unteachable—arcane arts such as how to run an oil refinery, plan an anti-guerrilla war or respond to a nuclear threat.



tucked away in clinical cubicles, the think-tank boys are locked in fierce combat, the outcome of which may determine whether the next seven years will be fat or lean—or if we'll even have seven more years

Educational simulation owes a lot to war-game concepts that date back at least two centuries. Only in the past 10 or 12 years, however, has gaming become a fad in business and academic circles. Even so, there are already enough educational games to stock the greediest corporate or academic toy chest.

For bankers who want to learn how to get more bang for their advertising buck, there is Adman, invented by Dr. Clark C. Abt, 39-year-old creator of dozens of other simulations. In GREMEX (Goddard Research Engineering Management Exercise), NASA scientists and technicians practice managing space-flight projects plagued by money troubles, sloppy work, inaccurate blueprints and other evidently typical problems. Players of the Community Response Game, designed by Johns Hopkins University professor Michael Inbar, find out what it's like to deal with a catastrophe. There is even one game that teaches how to bend the truth effectively. It's called Propaganda.

A typical business gaming exercise very much resembles an extremely complicated form of Monopoly. The participants assume the roles of businessmen, public officials or other decision makers, just as Monopoly players pretend to be real-estate speculators. The real world is represented by a model, which may be a board like the Monopoly board, a program in a computer or merely a set of printed forms. The players manipulate this model, making decisions similar to those they would make in reality. In Monopoly, they buy and sell property, build improvements, collect rent. In a business game, they might allocate advertising, production and research budgets, negotiate loans, distribute dividends, pay taxes.

Periodically, umpires or referees score the results of the decisions and feed them back into the game, along with new information that will affect the course of future play. In Monopoly, this comes from the Community Chest and Chance cards: "Get Out of Jail Free," "Take a Ride on the Reading" or "Bank Error in Your Favor—Collect $200." In a simulation, this new information might consist of inventions, Government decisions or sales figures.

To a certain degree, the popularity of educational games results from the same kind of appeal that made Monopoly America's favorite board game soon after it was introduced in 1935. At the time, economics was the big bad wolf. The country was in the middle of a *(continued on page 148)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LOSTUTTER

PLAYING FOR FUN

a toy is a sports car, an aircraft, a typewriter—or even a next-generation computer—when it's used solely for the sheer delight and pleasure it can yield

article **By ROBERT RUSSEL** Generally, a toy is a game you play by yourself. Like building a boat, or gliding around looking for thermals on a marvelous day, or taking a new car out for an early-morning drive, or putting on scuba gear and exploring the womb of the sea. You and a device, letting it happen, finding yourself—and the world—by losing yourself, losing track of time, getting in touch with feelings and ideas and strengths and beauty that may be important and are certainly refreshing, often in surprising ways. In short, a toy is a mechanical companion for exploring without and within; a thing for being alone with, yet a thing to keep you in touch with the world.

Some toys blend precision and pleasure in a way that has tempted most of us to take the trouble to learn to use them well, and this mastery is in itself continually satisfying. Their variety comes from the world with which they put us in touch: the sea or the sky or the bush or the open road on the one hand, and all those things within us we know too little about. True, there are people with sports cars they'll never appreciate, but the guy who's worked hard to buy a worthy set of wheels or wings is usually capable of rising to a fulfilling man-machine affair: clean, free, joyous and deeply rewarding.

Some people maintain that games, rather than toys, provide greater self-awareness. The Walt Disneys of the world are forever reminding us that the cubs, pups and kittens of all the mammalian species, including our own, naturally love playing games. They improvise tag, war, hide-and-seek and mimicry, following instinctive and universal rules. But the adults of our species have sought to regiment the natural play instinct in our young—with regulations, judges, uniforms, training, discipline, even deprivation, marshaling youngsters into teams and leagues, ranks and heroes, turning play into such organized "sport" that finally only the very best are allowed to take part. To increase the intensity, the best-looking girls are recruited into sexually provocative cadres to urge the boys on to fight (as in football), like some monstrous parody of wartime, until uniforms have to be armored, injury becomes a common mark of honor and even death is no stranger to the high school playing fields.

Beneath the aberrant intensity of these "educational" games lies the myth of the sound mind in the sound body. Kids good at sport are usually popular, gregarious and capable of working within the rules. They're often well built and energetic. They've learned to handle unexpected situations and they don't hog the ball. They're moral, respectful, self-confident and sometimes heroic. They've learned to work for success and, supposedly, to snatch victory from defeat. But while organized, disciplined violence may yet have its place in this far-from-perfect world, it's hard to imagine moving the team from the playing field into the lab so the boys can lick cancer the way they took Iowa State. A totally different sort of teamwork is required to turn out a film or to put a spaceship on the moon. The difference lies not merely in specialized knowledge but in creativity. And that's where those solitary yo-yos, the toy people, enter the picture.

In one of the best studies of creativity published to date, American sociologists Getzels and Csikszentmihalyi concluded that "the creative impulse of artists and scientists is imbedded in the deeper layers of personality—in their values and motives. A surprisingly similar set of personal characteristics has been found for creative people in extremely diverse fields. Although there are individual differences, the general pattern includes a combination of high theoretical and aesthetic values, low extroversion, disinterest in gregarious activities, self-sufficiency and resistance to group persuasion." That kind of person would never make the team.

To promote an economy based *(continued on page 116)*

PLAYING FOR THE UPPER HAND

article **By PHILIP MEYER** "I shall never believe," Albert Einstein once said, "that God plays dice with the world." It was necessary to say this because all the evidence of modern physics points the other way. The world behaves as if God *does* play dice with it. Relativity, quantum theory, the Heisenberg principle—all tore apart Newton's model of an orderly world with causes leading to uniform effects. Physicists, to live with disorder and uncertainty, had to turn to probability and statistics—just as the Weather Bureau gave up trying to make exact predictions and now settles for telling you that your picnic has a 30-percent chance of getting rained out.

There has been a vital spin-off from this development. As mathematicians kept improving the statistical, probabilistic tools for explaining things, scholars in other fields as far-flung from physics as economics and political science began adapting them to explain the operation of their own worlds. And after decades of being digested, filtered, translated and reworked, the approach is shaping up to where *you* can use it, too—not to form your own theory of the universe but to develop everyday strategies for problems as trivial as deciding what to order from a Chinese menu or as important as deciding whether to live in the city and get mugged or to move to the suburbs and die of boredom.

If God plays dice with the universe, then everyday life is a series of accidents, some good, some bad. What you can do about it is try to improve the odds for the good accidents and minimize the odds for the bad. In other words, roll your own dice.

with just a little help from the omnipotent minimax, you can acquire that warm feeling that comes from never making an avoidable mistake

This basic idea—that statistics and probability theory can be applied to human conflict and decision making under uncertainty—was first laid out in detail in 1944, when John von Neumann and Oskar Morgenstern published an unreadable book called *Theory of Games and Economic Behavior*. Because the book was unreadable and its mathematics so far out, the ideas in it were slow to catch on. It is only in recent years that a large body of literature has developed to show how game theory can be applied to real-world problems.

In using game theory, it is often necessary to use numbers. This need not be as alarming as it may sound to the nonmathematically inclined. Numbers are less frightening when you realize that they don't complicate. They simplify. They wipe the fuzzy edges from the world. And they give you a tool with which to manipulate the environment, instead of standing passively around while the environment manipulates you.

The first people to grasp the everyday applications were, as might be expected, the people in the think-tank business. Dan Ellsberg was one of them. As one of the bright young men of the Rand Corporation, he has the imagination to apply high-level theory to personal crisis. He proved it five years ago, during the big fire in Beverly Hills, while flames were sweeping through Brentwood, north of Sunset Boulevard. Ellsberg lived south of Sunset, and he and his neighbors were standing in front of their houses and watching the flames a half mile away. All that was needed to send the fire in their direction was a shift in the wind.

But would it shift? Should they evacuate and risk doing a lot of work for nothing, or stay and risk having their possessions burned?

"Everyone was very reluctant to evacuate," recalls Ellsberg. "They stood there and kept saying it wouldn't come across Sunset, as though the street were some sort of firebreak. The talk had a spiritual premise, really. It was as though God were destroying the people north of Sunset and it wouldn't be consistent to wipe out our side, too."

Ellsberg did not waste time on this talk. First, he calculated the probability that the wind would, indeed, shift, basing it on his own knowledge of the fickleness of the weather in that location. Then he estimated the value of his goods and the

cost of moving them to locations that were various distances away. It was a two-person game, with Ellsberg rolling the dice on one side and God on the other, and his equation demonstrated that moving his household goods completely out of the danger zone would not be worth the trouble. However, it would be worth while to move them a short distance away. So he did.

The fire did not reach his house and the work of moving turned out to be wasted. But Ellsberg went to sleep that night—as he would have, no matter which way the fire went—with the comforting knowledge that he had not made an *avoidable* mistake.

His method was to measure an expected cost against an expected return. The idea of mathematical expectancy is simple enough. When you bet at the race track in Florida, the state and the track take 15 percent off the top. In the parimutuel system, you are betting against all the other participants with the remaining 85 percent. If everyone bets at random or if all bettors are equally skilled, your expected return is 85 cents for each dollar spent. In game theory, it simplifies matters to assume that an expected return is always equal in usefulness to a fixed return—as, indeed, it is in real life, when you can play the game often enough for deviations from the expected to average out.

Properly applied, mathematical expectancy is a useful concept in making decisions, even when the decisions must take into account the actions of other people. This was brought home quite clearly to a junior officer of Harvard University one winter day, when he and his date were driving on U. S. 128 west of Boston. They spotted a stranded motorist with the hood of his car up and a red sign displaying the plea SEND HELP.

"We'll stop at the next phone booth and call the highway patrol," said the Harvard man.

"Never mind," said the girl. "Somebody else will stop."

"No," he replied. "Everyone will say that somebody else will stop and, therefore, no one will stop, and so we must stop."

"Don't be a nut," she said. "Everyone will say, 'Everyone will say that somebody else will stop and, therefore, no one will stop, and so we must stop. And since they're going to stop, why should we? In fact, if we *do* stop, we will just add to the confusion."

"Confusion?"

"Yes. The highway-patrol switchboard could get jammed with so many calls," she said, triumphantly. "And we, by contributing to the jamming, would keep help from reaching that poor man back there."

If he could have counted on his fingers, the Harvard man might have carried this argument through one more reversal before losing it. But he needed his hands to drive, and the girl did have a point. If everyone who had an impulse to call did call, it would be both wasteful and inefficient. They had an obligation, but it lay at some point on a continuum between calling and not calling—between one call and zero calls. How to calculate it? He found a way.

A check of the visible traffic led to the estimate that 300 cars an hour had an opportunity to observe the stranded motorist. Perhaps 80 percent of these drivers would feel some concern. They, too, would be torn with indecision and perhaps half would come out with a feeling of obligation to call. Half of these might find an excuse not to. This left a net expectancy of 60 calls.

Sixty calls was clearly an inefficient number to rescue one stranded motorist. They could jam the switchboard and keep other emergency calls from getting through. No one would want that on his conscience, any more than he would want the stranded motorist to be neglected. Six calls, not 60, would be better—enough to ensure that the message would get through but not enough to cause needless confusion. (The danger of confusion is real. If you have ever reported an accident on a busy highway, chances are you experienced a frustrating conversation with the dispatcher while he tried to decide whether the accident you had seen was a new one or the one to which he had already dispatched assistance.)

From society's viewpoint, the problem was one of reducing the 60 calls to 6. If there were perfect communication, the drivers passing by could count off by 50s and every 50th driver could call. Or the motorist could take down his sign and display it only to every tenth driver passing by.

These solutions were idealistic and impractical. What the Harvard Samaritan needed was a way to carry out his exact share of society's obligation. His share was one tenth of a phone call.

There is, of course, no such thing as one tenth of a phone call. Phone calls are not divisible. But there is such a thing as a mathematical expectancy of one tenth of a phone call.

"Look," he told the girl, "when the impulse strikes you, say '*Veritas*' and I'll peek at the second hand of my watch. If it is somewhere between zero and six, we'll call. Otherwise, we won't."

"*Veritas*," she said.

It was 17 seconds after the minute. They did not call.

Later, he asked Thomas Schelling, Harvard's specialist in games and strategy, whether they had acted properly.

"Exactly," said Schelling, "given two requirements: that your date wouldn't have felt resentful if you did stop, and that you don't feel guilty because you didn't stop."

These requirements, as Schelling pointed out, are what hang up the idea of a draft lottery. Before the lottery, everyone who has a number in the fish bowl has an equal expectancy of military service. Nothing could be more fair. But after the drawing, those who were drafted might feel resentful and those who were not drafted might feel guilty. Both feelings, while understandable, represent a lack of appreciation for the beautiful, numerical fairness of the solution. It is a common failing. At cocktail parties, when he tells the story of the stranded motorist, the Harvard man finds that people insist on trying to make him feel guilty for not stopping and calling the highway patrol. They fail. He did his precise duty and avoided the errors of either underperformance or overperformance.

This case approaches the heart of game theory, except for one remaining element: conflict. The theory reaches its finest applications when there is competition, when one man's losses are another man's gains. To appreciate this fact, it helps to consider a basic example in which the conflict is total—two players and only one can come out ahead. This is the two-person, zero-sum game. It is called zero-sum because when you match the losses of the loser against the gains of the winner, they balance out to zero.

Ponder the plight of a junior Government executive in Washington who got his job when the Democrats seemed to have a permanent lease on the capital. Now, sensing that the party in power could change, he wishes to cement his social contacts with Republicans. At the same time, he does not want his Democratic superiors to learn that he is doing this. And he must watch his step, because there is a female columnist for a Washington newspaper who nurses an old grudge against him and would like nothing better than to tell the world about his presence in the wrong sort of company.

On Saturday night, there will be two fund-raising cocktail parties—one for a Democratic Senator, one for a Republican. He gets invitations to both. So does she. Each knows the other has these invitations. Which should he accept? To decide, he first assigns a numerical value to each of the four possible outcomes. His thinking might go like this:

"The best possible deal is for me to go to the Republican affair while she goes to the Democratic one. So I'll make that choice worth ten points.

"If she goes to the Democratic bash and I do, too, it's still not such a bad deal. At least, I'll be seen in the right place and I can thumb my nose at her. Seven points.

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THE
LIGHT
TOUCH
illuminating
propositions to
keep you
out of the dark

Preceding page: "Arteluce" lamp of Perspex and chrome, from John Strauss, $250. Below, left to right: Plexiglas floor lamp with an opaque base and translucent top, by Neal Small Designs, $100. Vittoriano Vigano–designed metal floor lamp with a side light and a reflector light in top, by Georg Jensen, $242. Plexiglas-and-chrome cylinder lamp, by Robert Sonneman, $100. "Nesso" mushroom-shaped fiberglass table lamp, by Moreddi, $89. Table light with Duratest globe bulb, by Tyndale, $18. Plexiglas-and-chrome globe area lamp, by Neal Small Designs, $65, is in front of an Orbiter desk/floor/wall lamp, by Robert Sonneman, $80 with floor stand as shown; desk clamp, $25. Brass-and-stainless-steel floor lamp, by Cedric Hartman, $185, stands behind a chrome-

ball table lamp with a curved Lucite base, by Robert Sonneman, $65. Koch-and-Lowy-designed glass-cluster table lamp, from Directional, $175, is atop a "Lumia" light box that features shifting colored images, by Lightolier, $39.95. Italian plastic-and-iron dome table lamp, from Raymor, $39.50. Sarfatti-designed "Lunar" floor/table lamp with curved arm, by Georg Jensen, $234. Behind it is a stainless-steel-and-chrome floor lamp, by Cedric Hartman, $202.50. Koch-and-Lowy-designed floor lamp with a smoked-glass globe, from Directional, $131.50. "Snoopy" table lamp of marble and metal, from John Strauss, $190. Ceramic ball "Luna Lamp," from Beylerian, $100. Our turned-on twosome stands beside a chrome-and-plastic balloon lamp, by Robert Sonneman, $69.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

PLAYING FOR FUN *(continued from page 110)*

on reduced labor and increased innovation, and to cope with the ensuing leisure problems, we can no longer afford to develop docile teams of worker-consumers at the expense of the creative individual. In the lab, the shop, the office and the conference room, creativity rather than disciplined brawn has become the basis of growth. Already, business is spending twice as much as the universities in retraining the products of our educational system for its evolving needs. Soon, one can foresee the development of a mathematically based toy theory to complement game theory. Toy theory will systematically explore the mechanisms of contemplation, solitary work, man-machine relations, fun and entertainment, involvement, imagination, contrariness or a way of losing oneself to find something new, some new relationship, some neglected truth. And to get toy theory started, we'll have to know the difference between a toy and a game.

Game theory is concerned with the interaction of individuals and groups of all sizes, either through cooperation or competition or both. Because a game is by nature ritualistic, structured and dependent on established rules, it tends to be backward oriented and conformist. It is social for both participants and spectators but not characteristically creative for either. Playing games means playing roles: We are rarely free to be ourselves.

As opposed to a game, a toy is a solitary device, permitting the individual to exercise his fantasy, imagination and creative powers. It lets him lower his defenses, to explore his own resources and personality. It permits a retreat from human discussion and allows a dialog between the individual and the symbols of his society. The toy is the essential, neglected element in creativity. It is man-machine: sports car, typewriter, camera, fishing rod.

In this light, computers, though structured like games, are—for those who control them—toys. They augment and support the creative, imaginative potential of the individual. They allow him to invent new systems that, if successful, can be introduced to society as games.

Toy theory is concerned with the changing relationship between structured game and anarchic toy. It should help us explore and understand why the institution (game center) is collapsing and the individual (supported by more and more powerful toys) will win increasing freedom and become more productive.

Now that we've learned to master, accept and enjoy the mechanical leisure toys—the car and its cousins, such as the boat and the plane—a new type of toy has appeared and is spreading like laughter among us: the time-sharing computer, with its remote terminals that let us talk and play back and forth with it and drive it through the world of ideas almost as though it were an automobile. In the past four years, since the arrival of the third-generation computers, with their easy man-machine dialog and their almost-English language, the computer population has shot from 15,000 to 67,200; each of the big new IBM 360s and the RCA Spectra 70s can support hundreds of terminals and each user has the distinct impression that the whole marvelous engine is at his sole command. And for so many billionths of a second in every minute, it's true. Like those chess geniuses who can play simultaneous games blindfolded, the machines can take on scores of us at a time, yet rarely keep us waiting for a move. We can use them for hours at a sitting and still pay only for the paltry few seconds we actually consume. Each day, the machines become easier to talk to and to use, and their terminals become more varied in expression, yet simpler for us to learn. Soon only our shyness and fear will prevent us from starting our own personal, computerized man-machine affair. And this fear, which, unfortunately, is sometimes promoted by the humanists, the priests of elite culture and the liberal-arts students ("I am not an IBM card; do not fold, staple or mutilate"), may be keeping us from a spiritual adventure as large as thought itself.

We've already been through this bogey with the automobile. Those of our grandparents who had deep, affective ties to nature through the horse could only look on the horseless carriage as a foul, noisome, dangerous, bloodless substitute, whose owner was losing far more than he gained in the trade. Now through a car we can relate to sea, desert, forest, mountains, and to a society that collectively and anonymously provides us with roads and service. A car has become a spiritual as well as a physical necessity, and he who can't afford one is underpaid.

You can look at a car, get into it and understand it. If it does something unexpected, then there's been a breakdown, and the car can be fixed or traded. You can kick its tires, count on its performance and learn to live with its limitations. However, a computer is amorphous. Its appearance seems almost nonfunctional, its performance noncircumscribed and —with sophisticated programing—unpredictable. To the outsider, that's frightening—like fooling around with the brain. Frankenstein's monster is dusted off and revived for a sequel, with the Orwells busy warning us what might happen if the computer's power were to fall into the wrong hands; i.e., the Government's, when all the goods they have on us in their various files could be instantly marshaled against us.

However, the real power lies not in the computer as drudge or censor but within ourselves, when we learn to use it as a *toy*, to turn on with it and follow a thought or a feeling through to the end, as fast as the mind can go. Those who've been privileged to foster its growth and its time-sharing powers speak of the *fun* of using it—of losing one's sense of time, of forgetting to eat, of having to be led away to sleep. These people are the early Christians of a new individualism. They are lovers, lost in a great affair. For them, computers are potential colleagues that will eventually surpass us in intellectual power. Most of these people are hidden in the universities, particularly in the great technological centers such as MIT, where time sharing and the cathode-ray terminal were born. And because of their presence, many universities are making time sharing a regular part of student life. Dartmouth, because of John Kemeny (formerly one of Einstein's assistants), sees to it that every student logs a minimum number of hours at a terminal before getting his degree. Others are following suit as fast as they can get delivery on the big new machines. Now 100 of these universities have banded together to network their computer and television facilities into a national educational resource. Soon students and researchers, alone with a terminal in Nevada or New Hampshire, will command the resources of Stanford and Berkeley, of Harvard and MIT—a Faustian power up to now beyond the reach if not beyond the dreams of the strongest governments. The third-generation computers, upon whose broad memory and speed-of-light operations this new power is based, are hardly four years old. Debugging, deliveries and programs are only starting to make their impact on our society. Most computer operations are still run on old, second-generation machines; but already, fourth-generation computers are being tested—computers 500 times as powerful as the 360s and the Spectra 70s behind the present revolution. Computer problems that cost $500 to solve with today's fastest machines should cost a few dollars tomorrow and pennies after that. Do you want your terminal in the living room or in the study? Do you want it in blue or in green, with black or white buttons? Better decide before you have the place repainted. The thinkers were the last to let TV into their homes. This time, it will be the other way around.

Unfortunately, it's still hard to get hold of anything at the bookstore to help you take this in. The shiny new paperbacks are still talking about the miracles of the second-generation machines, and you have to read the small print of the copyright notices pretty carefully to make sure the books weren't really written back in the computer stone age (before 1965). Most of the courses available to us are still training

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freakies and weirdos, violence and kinky erotica are the lurid staples of the national tabloids

I CUT OUT HER HEART & STOMPED ON IT!

article By REGINALD POTTERTON The 14th Street IRT station in New York differs very little from subway stations elsewhere in the city. Its atmosphere is rancid from the grease-coated grime and sour excrement that cling to the walls behind the stairs and there is, in this obscene and mephitic vault, a sense of death and imminent violence; which is, perhaps, why I have always thought it vaguely appropriate that it was in this station, on the downtown platform, that I was offered a job as articles editor on the staff of the *National Enquirer*.

I didn't know too much about the *Enquirer* at the time, but I knew it was a gory, ultrasensational horror tabloid. The vacuum that it evidently filled in the world of letters was one

I did not care to contemplate and grieved to acknowledge. But it was the spring of 1963; the New York newspaper strike was in its third month and there were no jobs left on the TV newsroom staffs or at the big uptown magazines. Most of the unemployed newspapermen I knew were out getting experience for the Big Novel—working as short-order cooks, merchant seamen, hired guns, pimps or encyclopedia salesmen; the cowards among us found jobs writing for the *Woven Fiber Goods Monthly* and similarly racy publications, which is what I was doing when the *Enquirer* offer came along.

"You'll like it," my benefactor assured me, adding, in an appeal to my tepid chauvinism: "The staff is nearly all English." I recognized immediately that this was a decision that called for deep meditation and so I accepted on the spot, although not without misgivings—the most important being: How would the words "*National Enquirer*" look on my résumé? Clearly, prospective employers elsewhere in the fourth estate would regard ex–*Enquirer* staffers with disgust and contempt, much in the same way a colony of lepers might view the intrusion of a stranger who had syphilis. It was a fear I overcame soon after joining the staff. Anesthetized by money, the *Enquirer*'s most abundant by-product, I stayed for nearly a year—ten months, to be exact. For what they are worth, those months are my credentials for writing a piece about the *Enquirer* and related members of America's *mauvaise lettres*, the tabloid press.

There are many tabloid-size newspapers in the mainstream of journalism; but the word "tabloid," as used here, refers specifically to a lurid subspecies that specializes in disasters corporeal and sexual—and often more imaginary than authentic—and unabashed gossip about the rich and the famous. There are upwards of 40 tabloids published every week in the United States and Canada, with a combined circulation of around 7,000,000 and a total readership (allowing three readers to a paper) of some 21,000,000. In view of this popularity, it is surprising that tabloids have been so widely ignored by serious commentators on the press; they represent a significant condition in our culture, yet few people talk about them. It is perhaps even more noteworthy that few tabloids are considered officially objectionable, even by such tirelessly censorious bodies as the National Office for Decent Literature, which, for example, tacitly condones the editorial policies of a tabloid that specializes in hatchet murderers and other unfriendly neighborhood psychopaths, and condemns another because it turns up an occasional feature on marital infidelity.

Though most of the tabloids are indistinguishable in content, there are several basic editorial themes, the principal ones being violence, congenital or acquired deformities, heterosexual and aberrant sex. Some papers concern themselves with only one theme, others try to cover the field. Ostensibly, the *Enquirer* shuns all contact with sex stories; *Justice Weekly*, on the other hand, boasts an editorial obsession with just about every form of deviation known, short of bestiality and necrophilia; while *Confidential Flash*, the *National Informer* and *Midnight* range over as many bases as possible but incline toward "straight" sex and horror-violence. These five publications are reasonably typical of the medium; it is safe to assert that when you've looked at them, you've seen them all.

The *Enquirer* is the biggest and richest of the lot. It has more than 20 editorial staffers and its own printing plant in Florida. In my day, the *Enquirer*'s New York headquarters was on Madison Avenue, and not in the cheap blocks but up there at 60th Street, where the Lincolns with the TV antennas double-park and the dogs are better dressed than some of the people. It has since moved to bigger premises in Englewood, New Jersey.

It has full-time correspondents and stringers throughout the United States and the rest of the world. The paper is well organized and it takes itself seriously. In the spring of 1966, a large group of *Enquirer* correspondents and bureau members was flown to New York to attend one of the American literary season's least-publicized happenings—a seminar for *National Enquirer* writers. One delegate came all the way from Turkey, others from several European capitals and half a dozen U.S. cities. For two days, they sat in the windowless conference room in the *Enquirer*'s offices and talked about the need to produce bigger and bloodier stories on quadruple amputees, white cannibals, grave robbers, animal torturers and killers of every conceivable quirk and quantity, such topics being the *Enquirer*'s staple editorial diet at that time. (Tabloid styles change from season to season, according to what the market will bear, rather than the dictates of the publisher's conscience. The *Enquirer* is currently in one of its "clean" phases and has of late de-escalated the emphasis on freaks and violence.) All expenses for this bizarre *salon*, including round-trip air fare and four days' accommodation at the St. Moritz, were paid by the paper. The seminar was termed a great success by those who attended and, when it was all over and the delegates had been feted at a rooftop party at the St. Moritz, they received tickets to the hit Broadway show *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*.

Sex was not discussed at the seminar, because, as already indicated, the *Enquirer* doesn't like it. Apart from routine pictures of bikini-clad starlets and the occasional "confession" feature by one of Hollywood's leading ladies, the paper hews to none of the vivid sexual themes that typify the tabloid format: no adultery, no incest, no homosexual scandals, no rape, no virgin sacrifices. It's true that coy hints are sometimes insinuated furtively into the gossip copy, but in the lead feature stories, sex is *verboten*. Which may explain why the *Enquirer* is not included in the list of objectionable and condemned publications periodically issued by the NODL.

"Sex stories appeal to people's prurient taste," Nat Chrzan, the editor of the *Enquirer*, told me after I left the paper. "We don't want to do that; we feel we're shooting for a larger market." A sampling of headlines from past editions echoes this distaste for sexual prurience: "KILLS SON AND FEEDS CORPSE TO PIGS"; "400-LB. BABY SITTER PUNCHES INFANT TO DEATH"; "SERENADES EX-WIFE AND SHE KNIFES HIM"; "COMMITS SUICIDE WITH A MACHINE GUN"; "DIGS UP WIFE'S ROTTING CORPSE AND RIPS IT APART"; "PENNILESS CRIPPLE HANGS HIMSELF"; "MAN, 23, BEATS WOMAN, 102, TO DEATH IN SELF-DEFENSE"; and the classic, "I CUT OUT HER HEART AND STOMPED ON IT."

Now and then, the *Enquirer* ventures into other areas of the public interest, usually in the guise of Social Conscience. It once ran a front-page picture of a man's face that had been split open vertically in an automobile accident. "The *Enquirer* joins with the National Safety Council in the plea: DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!" read the text inside. Accompanying the related four-page spread were pictures of the dead man's severed arm, the charred bodies of his infant sons, his wife ("With her right eye open, she gives the strange appearance of being alive") and a final photo of the driver, "on the morgue table after his torn face was put together by an attendant." In the same issue, the predilection for Before and After was carried a stage further in a story accompanied by two juxtaposed photographs, one of which showed an assortment of human remnants; the other, the face that police had reconstructed from them.

The *Enquirer*'s third principal theme (the first two being Violence and Social Conscience) is Consumer Protection, which was in one instance demonstrated by the front-page headline "HAIR DYE HAS MADE ME BALD FOR LIFE," with pictures of the hairless victim and the dye manufacturer's name sharing equal prominence. Other popular themes have included amputation (thoughtfully combined with conjugal bliss in the story "ARMLESS WOMAN FINDS ARMLESS MAN THROUGH AN ENQUIRER STORY—AND THEY MARRY"); law enforcement ("POLICEMAN GOES BERSERK AND BITES THREE PEOPLE"); politics ("L. B. J.'S BROTHER ARRESTED AS DRUNK"); animal welfare ("HUNDREDS OF PET DOGS KILLED BY INVASION OF GIANT TOADS");

(continued overleaf)

"If this weren't the Renaissance, Giovanni, you'd be just another dirty old man."

finance ("ACCOUNTANT WORKS WITH FEET BECAUSE HE WAS BORN WITHOUT ARMS"); happy endings ("SHE'LL MARRY THE MAN WHO CUT HER THROAT"); show business ("AFTER 25 YEARS OF TRICK SHOOTING—I MISSED AND KILLED MY DAUGHTER"); national defense ("INSANE MISSILE SCIENTIST KILLS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN"); miracles of medicine ("DAD AND TWO KIDS DIE IN CAR CRASH—AND HIS WIDOW GIVES THEIR EYES TO SIX BLIND PEOPLE"); and anticlimax ("WIDOW PRAYS FOR FIVE YEARS AT WRONG GRAVE").

The *Enquirer* used to have five gossip columns. The gossipees are those wicked Hollywood people. Not surprisingly, the paper turns a blind eye to their boudoir debaucheries. According to the tabloid's columnists, it's not broads that make star life what it is, it's bashing and booze. In fact, they say, all movie and television celebrities spend their waking hours either stupefyingly drunk or pummeling one another—and innocent passers-by—into insensibility. The prose is vividly descriptive: So-and-so "smashed A. into a bloody pulp"; B. "slammed her fist into the dancer's mouth and knocked her down"; "pint-sized actor C. charged muscle man D. and walloped him with punch after punch"; and "E. kicked his screen wife in the throat."

It was no surprise to discover shortly after I joined the *Enquirer*'s staff that much of the gossip material was virtually pure myth. I was waiting in the office of one of the desk men one morning while he checked a column over the office telephone with its author. The conversation went something like this: "Listen, how come you've got John Wayne punching some loudmouth drunk in Tokyo two paragraphs after you've got him punching another loudmouth drunk in Copenhagen?" There was a pause while the voice at the other end made its explanations. The desk man nodded and then put his pencil to the copy. "I got it," he said finally. "Make the second one Brod Crawford."

I didn't know it, but what I was seeing applied at that moment was the *Enquirer* principle of Historic Precedent, an instrument of astounding simplicity that was applied in the following manner: Any celebrity who was at one time or another unlucky enough to land in the national press on charges of assault or drunkenness could have his name resurrected and attached to a similar charge for the rest of his life, even if he became senile or joined the temperance society. Carl Grothmann, the *Enquirer*'s former editor, once defined the Historic Precedent principle when, as a new arrival, I asked him why nobody ever sued. He gave me this explanation:

"They wouldn't dare. They know that if they took us to court, even though we might not be able to prove the item in question, we could produce enough evidence, press cuttings and the like, to substantiate a similar incident they'd been in before."

"But wouldn't that be inadmissible or irrelevant?"

"Yes, but that wouldn't matter. By this time, the guy would be receiving so much publicity that he'd be wishing he hadn't sued us in the first place. Remember, all the public cares about is the charge made against the guy, not whether he's guilty or innocent. That's what sticks in their memory."

Asked whether he subscribed to his predecessor's theory, Chrzan mentioned the Senator Dodd case. "Even if he got off," he said, "the chances are that a lot of people would still think he was guilty. It's not so much the verdict as what they accused him of."

Among other house rules and theories, a canon that was long imbued with the sanctity of Holy Writ at the *Enquirer* was the Law of Accumulative Fact. Under Grothmann, every feature story that appeared in the paper had to be provably factual, in order to establish the reader's belief and faith in the gossip columns, which were provably fictitious. Consequently, every effort was made to ensure the authenticity of the main features, and a full-time library staff was employed to check the details. It sometimes happened, however, that a fake story of such tempting potential appeared that all this apparatus of noble diligence was sacrificed in the rush to get the story into print, which is what happened in the case of one of the *Enquirer*'s Before and After perennials, a story about a ten-year-old French girl with a congenital facial defect. The paper flew the girl and her mother to New York, where the child was to undergo plastic surgery. The subsequent story was a classic tabloid fraud: The little girl's face was as pathetically and irremediably grotesque in the After story as it was in the Before, despite the unblushing headline, "ENQUIRER FIXES HER FACE," and an improbable quote from her father: "It's a miracle. There's been a wonderful change. I can hardly believe it."

Behind this conglomeration of soiled legends and abiding principles stands the figure of Generoso Pope, Jr., enigma, graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and multimillionaire publisher-president of the *National Enquirer*. During the ten months I was there, I saw Mr. Pope only once. Although he spent most of the day at the paper, he rarely left his office and was accessible only to key executives, to his barber, who called once a week, and to an intermittent procession of pinkie-ringed male visitors who arrived in twos and threes wearing white-on-white and expensive shot-silk suits and who would sit in the reception area, backs straight and with manicured fists resting on their knees, while waiting to be ushered into Pope's office. "Who are those guys?" a writer once asked another staffer. "I think they're connected with charity," he was told. I once passed one of them, who had evidently lost his money in the cigarette dispenser that stood outside the washroom. He was kicking the machine, intently, methodically and with great force, all the while holding it with both hands and rolling a toothpick slowly from one side of his mouth to the other.

Pope maintains vigilant editorial supervision of the paper, but did not until quite recently allow his name to appear on the masthead. Modesty, prudence or an aversion to personal publicity? With Pope, nobody ever really knows. His name seldom makes the papers these days, but this was not always the case. In 1950, when Pope was 23 years old, he was director of radio station WHOM, editor of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* (an Italian-language daily owned by his father), honorary deputy police commissioner of the city of New York, member of the New York City Board of Higher Education and, according to Acting Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri, an active supporter of a mayoralty candidate who was allegedly backed by racketeer Frank Costello. Impellitteri said Pope had told him he would be voting with "Frank C."

The youthful millionaire was stripped of his honorary police position in October 1950 but retained his seat on the education board until 1954, when Mayor Robert F. Wagner expressed uneasiness about the cultural inconsistencies between board membership and the editorial tone of the *National Enquirer*, which Pope had purchased two years earlier. In any case, 1954 marked a city drive against newsstand displays of salacious publications and horror stories. Pope resigned from the board.

The *Enquirer* publisher made the front pages again in 1957, when a friend was shot and slightly wounded as he returned home after dining with Pope and an *Enquirer* columnist. The friend was Frank Costello, who, according to a former executive employee, was Pope's godfather and a frequent visitor to the *Enquirer* offices. But I never saw him there; and when I asked Chrzan if Costello was related to the publisher, he shrugged. "I don't know and I care less," was his reply.

Among his staff, respect for Mr. Pope transcends awe. "He's a fine journalist," one of his editors told me. "He's one of the best I've ever known, a truly vital man. Working for him is really a stimulating experience; but don't put that in, because it sounds like a load of old bullshit." Much of this modest loyalty springs, no doubt, from the publisher's fabled generosity to staff and free-lancers alike: Starting rate for articles editors today is $400 a week, which is $150 more than the current minimum for desk men on New York dailies. A former executive

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The Language of Legs

how a girl deploys her gams when seated reveals far more than just her lower limbs

The ubiquity of minis and micros has produced for confirmed girl watchers an abundant display of lower limbs—a utopian leggy domain that's a far and happy cry from the days when "a glimpse of stocking was looked on as something shocking." Now, thanks to a unique study by clinical psychologist John A. Blazer, what was only a pleasant pastime is also a useful science. How a girl disposes her legs when seated can instantly signal your most effective approach. Of the prevalent leg positions displayed on these pages, pay particular attention to the Schemer and the Philanthropist. According to Dr. Blazer, if the former dangles one shoe, she's a delightfully incurable flirt, a veritable study in come-hitherness. But keep cool—the girl doesn't always intend to deliver. The Philanthropist, however, digs talking and reading about sex and is apt to seek numerous love affairs, as she prefers constant sexual excitement. But we suggest you take note of them all; the next seated chick you meet may turn out to be a sitting duck for your romantic wiles.

Organizer: Neatness and order turn her on. Uncertainty bugs her, so proffer a definite date plan and stick to it. If she's sitting pigeon-toed, she lacks confidence; build up her ego and she'll do the same for you.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

Schemer: Though outwardly well balanced, she actually feels threatened by men. This girl is ambitious and competitive. Gently challenge her to a game of gin rummy and manage to lose—you'll win the bigger game.

Conformist: If you spot her at a party, head determinedly but quietly for her chair; she likes being told what to do, but doesn't like to attract attention. A slow starter, once committed, she's wholeheartedly yours.

Perfectionist: Concerned with impressions, she's apt to be insecure and overly anxious. She sincerely enjoys helping others, so have a problem and tell her about it. When her sympathy becomes aroused, so does she.

Social Worker: She shares many traits with the Perfectionist but is even more selfless. Act helpless and she becomes affectionate and generous. If you indicate you really *need* her, she'll put your interests ahead of hers.

Emancipated Woman: Independent and unconventional, she's the epitome of the "new girl." She digs her freedom, up-to-date fashion and faraway places. The Out Islands are in—take her there and yau'll be, too.

Philanthropist: Warm, easygoing and good humored, she's comfortable with herself and everyane else. This ramantic has a lot to give and she gives it freely. But don't try to tie her down—she's a laver of *all* men.

"Mr. Wilson, I think you've discovered a delightful way to bridge the generation gap."
Vargas

SERENDIPITOUS CEYLON

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an acquired taste; but jaggery sundae, a lip-smacking, sauce-covered fudge made from the crystallized sap of kittul palm, is immediately delicious. It's unfortunate that the same cannot be said of Ceylon's beer, which has a taste that should never be acquired by anybody. Three Coins is closest to the real thing, but now and then you can get Carlsberg.

Fare and prices similar to Tharanga's obtain at Samudra, a hotel-restaurant attached to the offices of the Tourist Board; at the Harbour Room atop the Hotel Taprobane; at the Roof-Top Restaurant of the Ceylinco Hotel; and at the Galle Face, where you dine in a high-ceilinged banquet hall overlooking the Indian Ocean. For Chinese food, there's the Peiping and the Peking; and at the Hotel Nippon, needless to say, the cuisine is Japanese.

Night-life activity in Colombo is limited to a few *disco*-type clubs: the Mascarilla and the Coconut Grove in the Galle Face, the Blue Leopard in the Taprobane and the Ball-Room of the Ceylinco. Since all of these are located in hotels, the problem of where to go afterward is readily soluble if you or your lady companion are a guest in the building. In many respects, Ceylon is a conservative country (especially where the "illicit" sexual conduct of its own citizens is at issue), but it is by no means a puritanical state insofar as visiting foreigners are concerned. If you want to entertain female company in your room, you should be as discreet about it as you would be in any other country, the United States included. Fortunately, once you have passed through immigration at the airport, the only times you're likely to be asked for your passport are when you buy currency—not at hotel registration desks.

One of the obvious advantages of Colombo's narrow field of choice for night games is that everything that may be going on after dark will be going on at one of these four clubs, which saves you the bother of rushing all over town. Though the standard of music may not bear much comparison with that of our *discos*, the patrons (mostly Westerners) cut loose and enjoy themselves regardless. The most-favored rendezvous for courting couples and singles on the search is the Blue Leopard, an air-conditioned grotto downtown, where the mood is soft and the music light and romantic. The pace is a little faster at the Coconut Grove, especially on holiday nights; and at the Mascarilla and the Ceylinco, the mood changes according to the group in residence.

About ten miles south of Colombo is Mount Lavinia, the biggest beach hotel on the island and home of the Little Hut, one of the more companionable night clubs attracting eligible young female vacationers from both Europe and America. For raunchier tastes, there's the Tropicana dance hall, a boisterous hooker haven out in Cinnamon Gardens; but go with a guide and keep your back to the wall.

The next morning, as you set out on your inland excursions, you'll discover that the real Ceylon lies outside Colombo and bears as little resemblance to the capital, in both mood and spirit, as do most countries to their capitals. The Ceylon Tourist Board, which is located just down the road from the Galle Face, will give you a full list of accommodations available outside town and will also arrange for a car and a driver. You can rent a late-model self-drive car, but it's best to limit yourself to short trips and leave the longer jaunts to a driver. They're all trained guides and can show you places you might never find alone. And don't worry about your driver at the end of the day; once arrived at your hotel, he vanishes for the night, usually to spend it with friends or relatives.

There are few actual hotels outside Colombo, however, except in the larger towns and beach resorts. Room and board elsewhere is found in resthouses, some of which are run by the government. These are the Ceylonese equivalents of wayside inns, and they are scattered throughout the country. The service and food are of an exemplary standard (wild boar and venison are among the specialties); and what the inns may lack in size, they make up for in beauty of location, smooth management and courteous attention to the needs of the traveler.

Ceylon is a land populated by hospitable, kindly people who have the delightful and sometimes disconcerting habit of shaking their heads no when they mean yes. Tell a villager you're thirsty and he'll offer everything from fresh pineapple to a coconut toddy before he'll even think of water. "*Ayubowan*," the kids shout when you drive through a village; "*Ayubowan*," says the old lady fruit vendor. It means "May you live long," and the sentiment is sincere whether the visitor is American, Russian, British or Congoese.

There are no signs or billboards to advertise the country's scenic treasures, no tacky souvenir stands to exploit their presence. You turn a mountain corner and suddenly you face Diyaluma Falls, the sixth highest in the world, a sheer white torrent that casts a perpetual shroud of mist over the road and sends a deep rumbling roar echoing across the plains that spread beyond it.

To the north is the ancient holy city of Anuradhapura, which once was ranked with Babylon and Nineveh and is said to have had a population of 3,000,000. Abandoned 12 centuries ago, it lies in tree-shaded fields of the lushest green, its domed temples a brilliant white against the foliage. Barefoot pilgrims file across the quiet grass, carrying lotus blossoms to scatter on the shrines.

An old man sits outside one of the temples and offers a foreign visitor a shallow hand-woven basket containing four lotus flowers. They are not for sale, they are a gift; and the donor indicates that they should be placed on the temple shrine. When the foreigner starts to lift them to his nose to inhale their scent, the old man gently stops him, saying, "Please, no—you must give all to Buddha, especially the fragrance."

Driving across the plain, you'll see a mountainous form soaring 400 feet above the flat scrubland: Sigiriya, the Lion Rock, brooding fortress-palace of a Fifth Century king who was lured from its heights to his death in battle at the base. From the ruined palace atop the rock, the vista is breath-taking: hundreds of square miles of forest and mountain range stretching into the pale-purple distance.

Leopards prowl the surrounding countryside; swarms of bees cling to the rock; and sudden gusts of wind tug at the intrepid visitors who make the long climb. Most of them go no farther than a shallow cleft in which are found the most intriguing frescoes on the island: delicate paintings of the king's women —heavy-bosomed, wasp-waisted beauties whose erotic allure suggests that the monarch lived a far-from-dull existence before he took that long trip down the mountain.

To experience the country's more contemplative side, every traveler—even if he skips the other historic sights—should visit the old temple at Dambulla. Built into a deep cleft in the face of a mountain, it is graced by a long, shady colonnade that skirts a cool paved courtyard. The incense hangs in wraiths; the air is filled with the scent of lotus and the sound of chanting from the shaven-headed monks who live in this tranquil place. In every direction for miles around, perfectly conical mountains thrust through the forest, looking more like a landscape from Conan Doyle's *Lost World* than an earthly location.

Many of the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor were set in Ceylon, and modern moviemakers have not been slow to take advantage of the country's natural gifts. This has had some comic results, one of them a tiny store in the middle of the tea country that its proprietor named The Gregory Peck Tailoring Mart after Peck made *The Purple Plain* nearby.

Part of *The Bridge on the River*

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MASTER OF THE BALL HAWKS

fiction By PATRICK McGIVERN

perfection was what he was looking for—in those hard little white spheres and in the soft curves of a woman

ONE DAY, Bertie McKeon would be up there competing with the best in the Masters Tournament. But we find him now in his formative years, on a summer afternoon, standing—and waiting—on a hill that overlooks the grass sward that is the 14th link of the public golf course in Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx, New York City.

Bertie does not even know yet that he will become a master golfer, only that something draws him repeatedly back to the links, something that excites him, that makes his insides buzz.

Right now, at the age of 12, he believes he is here, like the other ball hawks, to retrieve and pocket the golf balls that stray off the links to his side of the fence. Selling the strayed balls is a very lucrative activity, one that Bertie hopes will help him get some golf clubs—his first—this summer.

But Bertie has not been too successful at finding the lost white treasures. That is why he is waiting for the master of the ball hawks.

Unlike the other ball hawks, the master does not carry a long stick to poke the grass with. And where the others move at a snail's pace, methodically probing, the master strides at what amounts to a trot—the better, Bertie knows, to keep up with the Irish setter that invariably accompanies his patrols, running ahead of him like a galloping flame.

The master is younger than the others, too—30 or 35, to their 50 or 60. And yet, with all these differences, he always manages to find three stray balls to every one they find; and to top everything, he throws most of them away!

It is magic the master works, and Bertie wants to learn the magic. That is why he holds the three Dunlop Gold Cups in his hands. He will pay to learn.

And now, here comes the master, right on time, as Bertie knew he would be, the great dog gamboling ahead of him. Bertie steps down the hill on an intercept path, and his heart is heavily thumping. Will he have the nerve to speak?

"Hey, mister. What kind of dog is that?"

"Irish setter."

"I have a dog like that."

"An Irish setter?"

"No, but he's like that. Except he isn't red."

"No kidding?"

Bertie never noticed before, but the master has a very mournful face. He falls into step beside him.

"And he has short hair," Bertie says, "not that kind."

"Yeah?"

"And he's just about half that one's size."

"But otherwise, just like him?" *(continued on page 138)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN LINN

LIKE MANY a California girl, April Playmate Lorna Hopper was born outside the Golden State. A native daughter of Fort Worth, Lorna lived in Texas until she was 13. "I loved the land," she recalls. "Texas is still so vast, so uncrowded and so . . . well, *clean*, in comparison with everywhere else I've been in this country. But it's also very rural and totally square in outlook; and when my dad got a job in England for two years, I was glad to leave." Lorna's father, a scientific researcher, moved the Hopper clan to Manchester. "It's mostly a soot-filled, industrial city," Miss April says, "but the people there surprised me with their open, easygoing, honest attitude about life. Nothing seems to upset them very much and they don't appear to be as hung up on success as we are. Most Englishmen I met seemed at peace with themselves, and I admire that a lot." When another job offer brought the Hoppers back to the U. S.—and to California—in 1965, Lorna didn't want to come along. "I was really despondent about picking up again," she says. "But when we got to Los Angeles, it took me less than a month to stop moaning about leaving Manchester. Los Angeles' smog and architecture turn a lot of people off, but those things don't really matter to me. Every inch of this city is alive and tingling." Lorna, who was graduated from high school last June, thinks L. A. is the perfect place to launch her modeling career. "I know that New York is still where most of the modeling action is, but that's changing quickly," she says. "Everything's moving West, and because the shift is still new and exciting, I think L. A. is *the* place to be in America right now. New York has a style and structure all its own; out

COMELY CAMPER

nature-loving lorna hopper makes for beautiful bivouacs in california's wide-open spaces

Lorna finds unspoiled campsites almost as accessible in California as they were in her home state of Texas. Above: With her 23-year-old sister Pat, 11-year-old brother Bruce and friend Leslie, Lorna totes a packed picnic hamper to Pat's car in preparatian for an avernight auting near Santa Barbara. After completing the two-hour drive northwest from Los Angeles, Lorna—the most accomplished outdoorswoman of the three girls—takes charge of unpacking the bedrolls.

here, people and careers can happen almost overnight, without having to know all the powers that be." Lorna plans to add to her modeling income by creating women's fashions. "My sister Pat helps with the designing," she admits, "but I do all of the sewing." Miss Hopper became interested in designing because clothes, she says, "next to her face and figure, are a woman's most obvious way of attracting men." Says she: "Every girl wants to have a man who knows how to make her feel like a woman." To Lorna, that means clothing should always be sensual. "In ancient times, the purpose of clothes wasn't to hide nudity but to decorate the body," she says, "and we should never allow ourselves to forget that." Readers will agree that after one glimpse of Lorna—with and without decoration—there's not a chance in the world of that happening.

Above: Miss April is perfectly capable of pitching a tent, but when a kibitzing camper volunteers his assistance—and when Lorna's sister Pat also decides to get in on the act—the canvas collapses on the heads of both Hoppers. With the tent finally standing after a half hour of hard labor, the girls take a breather—and some refreshment—before embarking on further camping chores. Below: Lorna displays the proper logger-rhythm as she chops wood for a fire and brews a pot of coffee before getting down to the serious business of preparing a meal for the hungry troops. Come dinnertime, Lorna, aided by Leslie, is a picture of culinary concentration as she pans in on the bacon and eggs.

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Lorna, now handling the chef's chores solo, produces a respectable batch of bull's-eye fried eggs to go along with heaping rashers of uncharred bacon. She then invites her tent-pitching kibitzer and his wife to help them polish off the alfresco fare. They, in turn, inform the girls that a visit to Santa Barbara's East Beach makes an easy and enjoyable side trip. The next day, Miss April drives there with brother Bruce for a bracing afternoon's romp alongside the Pacific shore, before packing up and heading home to Los Angeles.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FIGGE AND ED DELONG

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Unable to manage his rebellious girlfriend, the young man asked his father how he had dealt with similar problems. "Well, son," the father frankly replied, "every time your mother began to act up, I'd take down her pants and spank her."

"I tried that," said the boy, "but by the time I get my girl's pants down, I'm not mad at her anymore."

I just can't find a cause for your illness," the internist said. "Frankly, I think it's due to drinking."

"In that case," replied his attractive patient, "I'll come back when you're sober."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *castration* as a eunuch experience.

The dazzling blonde met a well-attired gentleman at a plush cocktail lounge and they soon struck up an amiable conversation about human nature. "Would you sleep with a complete stranger for a million dollars?" the gentleman hypothesized.

"Yes, I think I would," the girl declared.

"Would you sleep with me for twenty-five dollars?" he asked.

"What do you think I am?" she retorted indignantly.

"We've already established that," he responded. "Now we're just haggling over the price."

A friend of ours, just back from a nudist wedding, reports that he came within an inch of being best man.

A youthful archaeologist was sent to a deserted outpost in the Middle East to assist with an excavation project. "You're going to like it here," a colleague assured him on his arrival. "Friday nights, we get a truckload of booze from the village and have a great time."

"I'm afraid I'm no drinker," the archaeologist protested.

The colleague shrugged. "On Saturdays, we bring in a busload of wild girls from the village and have an orgy."

"Gee," the archaeologist mused. "I don't think I'd enjoy that at all."

"I say," blurted his colleague. "You're not queer, are you?"

"Of course not," the fellow snapped.

"That's too bad," the colleague said. "You won't like Sunday nights, either."

When the pretty secretary failed to appear for the fourth straight day, her suspicious supervisor telephoned her apartment and demanded an explanation.

"I'm very sorry," she sighed breathlessly, "but I won't be in today."

"Well," he conjectured, "you must not be very happy in your present position."

"I'm very happy," she panted. "That's why I'm not coming to work."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wolf* as a man who treats all women as sequels.

Give me a kiss," the fellow ordered his lovely date.

"You'll have to make me," she teased.

"Not so fast," he protested. "All I want now is a kiss."

The perky bride returned home with an ultra-Mod, clear-plastic minidress and held it up for her stodgy husband's approval.

"Why, you can see right through it," the astonished husband gasped.

"No you can't, silly," she answered. "Not when I'm in it."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Van Dyke* as a truck-driving Lesbian.

A healthy-looking physical-education instructor was having a soft drink at a neighborhood bar, when a devastating brunette approached and made a familiar proposition.

"No, thank you," he said politely. "This might sound strange to you, but I'm keeping myself pure until I meet the girl I love."

"That must be very difficult," the girl sympathized.

"I don't mind," he said, "but it has my wife pretty upset."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *conversation piece* as a gal who likes to talk in bed.

Then there was the bachelor who continually felt the need to insert his masculinity.

Strolling through London's Soho district, the young Cockney noticed an attractive girl furiously struggling to hold down her microskirt in the brisk wind. Tipping his hat, he said: "Airy, ain't it?"

"What the 'ell did you expect?" she replied. "Feathers?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Please, Mr. McTavish! You don't have to tell all New York!"

THE BALL HAWKS *(continued from page 127)*

"Yeah."

The master has stopped in his tracks. He looks hard to his left. He starts off again, this time on a slightly altered course uphill. A few paces and he stops, bends, picks up a golf ball.

"Wilson K-twenty-eight," he says, examining it with a frown. "It'll do, I guess." He sticks the ball into his pocket and resumes his walk.

"Mister?"

"Yeah."

"Will you teach me how to find golf balls?"

"Teach you *how to what?*"

The master's mournful expression has changed to one of disbelief.

"I'll pay," says Bertie, exhibiting the three Dunlop Gold Cups.

"I don't know anything about finding golf balls, kid."

"You're the best ball hawk there is."

"Ball hawk. What the hell is a ball hawk?"

"You are. You're the master. Better than any three others."

"You mean those guys with the sticks?"

"That's right. You make them look silly."

"Listen, kid, this isn't really my line. I'm not a ball hawk. I'm a commercial artist, albeit a temporarily unemployed commercial artist."

"You find the balls and you take them home, don't you?"

"Yeah, but——"

"Then you're a ball hawk."

"All right, then, I'm a ball hawk."

Bertie knows it is going to be tough dealing with the master. After all, why should he reveal his secrets to anyone? But Bertie is determined to press on.

"Teach me how to find golf balls," he pleads. "I can't find many myself. I wear glasses. I'm slow. Somebody else sees them first or gets them first. I never get any, except sometimes. I got these ones. You can have them if you teach me!"

"Kid——"

"I'll give you two U. S. Royals, also. *Please*, mister, *please*!"

The master stops in his tracks again and turns to the boy. He looks not mournful now but intent. "You really want to know how to find golf balls?" he asks.

"I have six Spalding Dots at home that I will also throw in."

"Sit down."

Bertie sits.

"Close your eyes."

Bertie does.

"Imagine in your mind a golf ball. Round. White. Perfect."

Bertie tries; finally the image comes.

"See it whole, entire. Count each one of its concave facets. Got it?"

"Wait . . . yeah, yeah, I've got it."

"Now let the ball recede, back off from you, off, way off, until it is only a tiny dot in the distance. Now bring the ball back. Slowly, slowly. Now let it recede again. And remember, remember how round it is, how glistening white, how perfect. See it now on a green field, a round whiteness on a green field, now big and up close, now far away and small, but always round, always perfect. Roll the ball up and down the field, smoothly, smoothly. Think of it white, think of it round, now this size, now that. Keep doing it, OK? Now . . . open your eyes and look around."

Bertie does.

"Look over the bridle path and up the hill. First to the right, then to the left."

"It's very confusing," says Bertie.

"Sure, you see rocks, the bottoms of beer cans, white bits of paper, a thousand things that could be golf balls."

"I think I see one!"

"Look at it again. Remember the perfect white ball you imagined. Perfect roundness, that's what you're looking for. And whiteness, unblemished. Don't settle for anything else. Look again."

Bertie looks again. In contrast to the unsullied green link beyond the fence, the field rising up before him is littered with picnickers' rubble—bottles, beer cans, bits of paper, as the master said. And much of it quite like, but not exactly like, the perfect white roundness in his mind.

"It isn't a ball," he says.

"Most of them are not," says the master. "Using my method, you eliminate a lot of needless effort. You don't run off on a hundred wild-goose chases. You see, it's an old principle you're observing, kid. They call it keeping your eye on the ball. You probably don't know, but it's sort of like with a woman."

Bertie notices that the master looks mournful again.

"Every man in his mind's eye sees the shape of the perfect woman—her face, her body, even her soul. Every man looks for her, some knowingly, some not knowing, but every man looks. And when he finds her, recognition is instant. And he marries."

Bertie's eyes run once more over the field in his view. With the perfect ball in his mind's eye, he can now dismiss, one after another, all the ball-like objects that—before the master's lesson—would have made his heart leap in false discovery. But he sees something else now—a little spot of white near a dirt ridge that runs along the bridle path. No matter how long he looks, the white stays uniform and whole, and the roundness, even at 45 yards, is perfect.

"I see a ball!" he says, and points it out to the master.

"Yes," says the master, "it seems to me that that is quite definitely a golf ball. Go get it."

Bertie does; and when he comes back, he turns it over to the master.

"Hmmmm," says the master. "A Dunlop sixty-five . . . too bad." And with a disdainful flip, he throws it away. And the white pellet bumps silently down the slope, to land at the heels of another ball hawk.

"What did you do that for?"

"It was nicked," says the master. "Didn't you see that?"

"So what?"

"So they're no damn good if they're nicked."

Even if he is the master, Bertie is appalled. So this is why he throws the balls away!

"Why are they no good if they're nicked?" he demands.

"It's like the perfect woman, kid. Every facet's got to be perfect, perfectly white, perfectly round, spanking-new. Otherwise, how the hell can you marry her? Right?"

"You could play with that ball," says Bertie.

"I don't play golf."

"You could sell it, even with the nick."

"I don't need the money."

"Well, what do you do with the balls you keep?"

"I just take 'em home, I guess, put 'em in an old beach bag."

To Bertie's relief, that other ball hawk has finished his probing below them, moving on down the bridle path, the white pellet of the discarded Dunlop gleaming in the black cinders behind him.

"What do you put 'em in a bag for?" asks Bertie.

"I don't know, kid," the master says mournfully. "A compulsion, maybe. Like with women. I like perfect things. I always have. I can't stand flaws. Golf balls. Etchings. Women. Women. Women."

"They have to be perfect, too?"

"They've *got* to be."

"Why?"

"Kid, you start out in life with certain ideals, certain pictures in your mind's eye, you can't just throw them away because of a——"

"That's a good ball down there. Even with the nick, I could get fifty cents for it. A good golfer could take that ball and whack it two hundred yards, I bet. And a good putter could sink it from forty feet. You could win the Masters Tournament with that ball."

"But it's got a *nick* in it."

"If all you do is take 'em home and put 'em in a bag, what do you care if it's got a nick in it or not?"

Another ball hawk is now moving up along the bridle path and Bertie knows he will reach the discarded Dunlop in a matter of minutes. But the master is speaking or, rather, mumbling, and he

(concluded on page 183)

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

revolutionary new trends in men's attire for the upcoming sunny season

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

EMANCIPATION AND ECLECTICISM keynote this year's spring-and-summer silhouette: emancipation from the dated and traditional look, eclecticism in the vast variety of elegant apparel that will be available for the venturesome. Gazing into our crystal ball, we predict that many shaped suits and sports jackets will take a belt in the midsection, thus giving them additional suppression at the waist. (Some lightweight sweaters and body-contour shirts will be belted, too.) Longer double-breasted Edwardian-style jackets with greatcoat collars and deep center vents will continue to influence the urban summer scene; but we recommend that you give yourself ample time to suit your fancy by checking out other new looks, such as a white cardigan, no-button suit or a dark two-button chalk stripe with angled pockets. Manufacturers of summer-weight slacks, we foretell, will blossom *(text continued on page 142)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEN STECKLER

Country squire favors a tweed print corduroy military-style suit, by Stanley Blacker, $75, a striped shirt, by John Weitz for Excello, $16, and a raw-silk tie, by The Village Squire, $7.

Opening page: Avant-garbed gentleman prefers a brocade Edwardian jacket, by Paul Wattenberg for John Hampton, $80, worn over sueded cotton slacks, by Dunlee, $35. Above left, left to right: Rugged individualist opts for a polyester twill-knit sleeveless belted suit, by Tiger (Ericson of Sweden), $100, worn with a voile see-through supershirt, by Anthony Calardo for Clotheshorse, $14. Center fellow cottons to a cotton, acetate and viscose Edwardian suit, by Franklin Bober for Clinton Swon, $75, a voile fly-front shirt, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle, $18, and a silk tie, by Lanvin, $7.50. Third man's apparel theme includes a cotton twill Edwardian jacket, $65, cambined with cotton twill slacks, $25, both by Paul Wattenberg for John Hampton, a crepe shirt, by Hathaway, $16.50, and a wide cotton tie, by Taylor, $4. Belaw left, left to right: Chap doubles his dating pleasure with a Trevira and wool twill suit, by Oleg Cassini, $175, a Fortrel and cotton broadcloth shirt, by Aetna, $10, and a wide cotton tie, by Taylar, $4. Leading lad likes a herringbone twill suit with a hip-length jacket, by Franklin Bober for Clinton Swan, $65, a silk shirt, by Gant, $25, and a wide cotton tie, by Taylor, $4.

Mustachioed man about town leans to a linen-knit belted turtleneck with wide-ribbed body, $45, and linen-knit slacks with zip pockets, $35, both by Pierre Cardin for Intercontinental.

forth with a variegated array of patterns and hues; bold prints and multicolor stripes and plaids in seersucker will come on strongest, but there will also be more conservative offerings to consider, such as small-patterned ginghams and narrow stripes. Expect to see an abundance of bell-bottoms that are decidedly with it in width; styles will go from 17 inches at the knee to 21 inches at the ankle.

Come summer, you'll want to be on the lookout for voile, crepe and silk see-through supershirts and beach pants. (The latter are worn over a pair of matching

Above right: Lounging lad takes his ease in a cotton muslin beach caftan with printed sleeves and a placket neck with embroidered trim, by Jantzen, $20. Far right: Confident confidant sports a Dacron and gabardine worsted no-button shaped suit, by Monte Cristo, $125, a voile see-through supershirt, by Anthony Calardo for Clotheshorse, $14, and a silk neck scarf, by Handcraft, $8. Right: Fashion leader steps up his appearance in an acetate and rayon crepe supershirt with balloon sleeves, by Mike Weber for Boutique Sportswear, $14, and wool herringbone slacks, by Viceroy, $18.

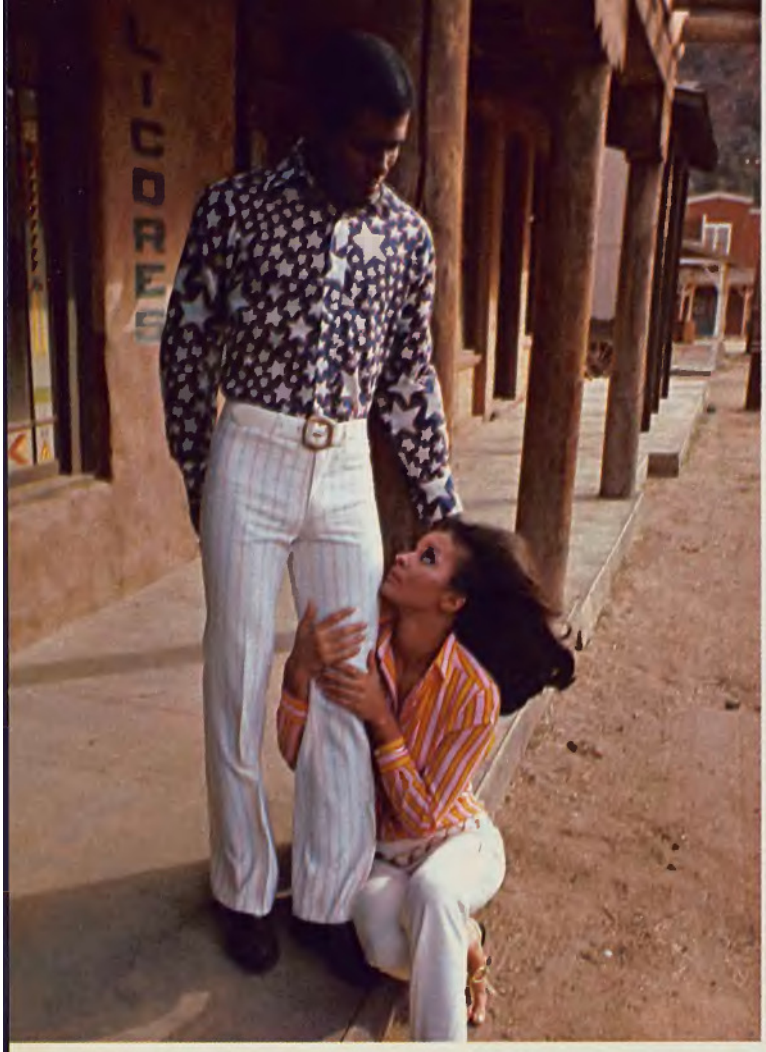
Bob

Sharp young salt gets soft support after donning a pair of print cotton voile see-through beach pants, $18, matching tapered shorts, $3, both by Anthony Calardo for Clotheshorse.

Above, far left: Great outdoorsman is enthusiastically received wearing a cotton plissé tunic shirt, by Sally for the Mad Tea Party, $30, wool worsted herringbone slacks with flared leg bottoms, by Viceroy, $18. Above, near left: Chairman of the boardwalk steps lively in a polyester and Avril poplin belted tunic shirt, $18, and giant-houndstooth print cotton twill beach pants, $11.50, both by Sebring. Left: Bird watcher wears an imported sueded buckskin snap-front jacket with side vents, by Ericson of Sweden, $65, Fortrel and cotton permanent-press jeans with flared leg bottoms, by Levi's, $9.

shorts.) This adventurous *après-surf* apparel is geared for the lean lad with a good build. Be sure to contrast rather than coordinate your shirt–slack shades; for example, try a salmon shirt with a pair of bright-green pants (or you might mix yellow and blue) and, as a fillip, add a neck square tied at the side. See-through shirts, by the way, are often worn open to the waist.

At the opposite end of the fashion spectrum are embroidered cotton caftans that cover the wearer from top to toe. They can be donned as a sun-day cover-up on the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Sandman riding the crest of a new fashion wave sees eye to thigh with a friendly mermaid who digs his nylon-knit "wet suit" that features a giant-zipper front, by Robert Bruce, $15.

Above, far left: Strong, silent type gets star billing in a voile see-through supershirt, by Anthony Calardo for Clotheshorse, $14, wool worsted slacks, by Viceroy, $18, and a Corfam belt, by Canterbury, $10. Above, near left: On-the-beam guys go for a leather-look nylon-coated pullover, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle, $25, cotton and rayon beach "jams," by Catalina Martin, $17; and a cotton-knit tank top, by Bill Miller for The Village Squire, $9, and cotton beach pants, by Paul Ressler, $7. Left: Beachnik comes on cool in a Fortrel and cotton beach vest, $8, and poplin beach pants, $9.50, both by Sebring.

strand or as a way-out wearable later in the evening.

Vested interest is already being shown in fancy weskits of polished leather, suede and denim—all to be worn over supershirts, turtlenecks or as an after-swim topper to a pair of trunks, see-through beach pants or bold-print knee-length "jams" with a drawstring waist. Keep in mind, if your present collection of warm-weather wearables is a bit lackluster, that now's the time to replenish your wardrobe and brighten your image. Fashions for the coming months, obviously, will be both colorful and fun.

PLAYING FOR KEEPS *(continued from page 109)*

financial depression that affected everyone. Few people—if any—understood what had gone wrong; yet all wanted to know. Unfortunately, economics is an infuriatingly obscure science; even economists don't really understand it—in the sense of being able to make foolproof predictions, at any rate. The only way to learn the dynamics of the money market place is to live in it. Monopoly made this a little more possible for the ordinary citizen. By playing a simple game, even a child could experience some of the emotions and operations of the real-estate business. It was not surprising that just as many adults as children found Monopoly fascinating.

Today, the big bad wolf is decision making. In the years following World War Two, enormous national growth created an unprecedented need for administrators, executives and other leaders who could make all kinds of important decisions rapidly, confidently and, it was hoped, accurately. Particularly at the upper policy levels in government and industry, it was disturbingly apparent that the American economy was a remarkably complex animal, whose actions resisted control and defied managerial projection. The huge corporations—some larger than many national economies—were themselves incredibly difficult to manage. Because of this web of variables, unpredictables and ambiguities, the decision to make any move at all was almost always fraught with perils that could only be guessed at. It may have been significant that the ouija board was soon to edge Monopoly out of the number-one spot.

For those who needed something more scientific than the ouija board to assist them in making decisions, rescue arrived in the form of the computer, which could handle the bookkeeping involved in the billions of individual transactions that added up to the gross national product. Along with the computer came the science of operations research.

At the heart of the operations-research method is the concept of mathematical simulation. Executives of a large trucking company might want to know the most efficient way to expand the number and location of trucks, garages and men to handle increased business. The decision might ordinarily be based on trial and error, rough calculation, experience and educated hunches.

Using the operations-research method, however, the problem would be converted into a symbolic model that would describe the situation somewhat in the way that a recipe describes a cake. This model, or simulation, would be fed into a computer that would run through millions of possible combinations of the ingredients and pick out the mixes that made the best mathematical sense. From these, the executives would select the plan that made the best practical sense.

Sometimes it might not be enough to experiment with a mathematical model. In order to get a better picture of how human factors might affect a plan in action, operations-research analysts would create a model in which workers and executives could carry out, on a trial basis, many of the steps in the proposed new procedure.

It soon became apparent that simulation could also teach management decision making to trainees by letting them act out the roles of supervisors, administrators and other executives. In 1957, the American Management Association introduced the Top Management Decision Simulation, the first nonmilitary competitive business game. To role playing and simulation, A. M. A. added the element of competition, and the educational gaming technique was virtually complete.

Since the appearance of this kind of simulation, games have been created to teach skills as various as running an airline, programing a computer and playing the stock market. In college, students learn business management by playing a game that lasts an entire semester. High school students absorb civics lessons by acting out the roles of legislators, judges and administrative officials. Elementary school pupils compete as consumers and store owners to develop an understanding of the way prices are determined in a market economy.

The modelmakers go to great lengths to create the illusion of reality. In American Management Association's General Management Simulation, players are called upon to carry on the operations of a firm disabled by the recent death of its president. Each receives a four-page letter that begins:

> Dear Fellow Manager:
>
> All of us in the company were appalled and distressed at the sudden and untimely death of our president, Mr. Mose. By now, you have undoubtedly read in the papers how his heart gave out while he was pruning trees in his garden.

As Professor James Coleman of Johns Hopkins points out, training games are based on the premise that people learn best not by being taught but by experiencing the consequences of their actions. Participants make relatively realistic decisions and see the results almost immediately.

"Games tend to focus attention more effectively than most other teaching devices," Coleman wrote in the *National Education Association Journal*, "partly because they involve the student actively rather than passively. The depth of involvement in a game, whether it is basketball, Life Career or bridge, is often so great that the players are totally absorbed in this artificial world.

"Another virtue of academic games as a learning device," Coleman continues, "is that using them diminishes the teacher's role as judge and jury. Such a role often elicits students' fear, resentment or anger and gives rise to discipline problems. It may also generate equally unpleasant servility and apple-polishing. Games enable the student to see the consequences of his actions in winning or losing. He cannot blame the teacher for his grades. . . . The teacher's role reverts to a more natural one of helper and coach."

Games, says Coleman, help develop a player's sense of his own ability to control his future, rather than a passive acceptance of capricious fate. One U. S. Office of Education study indicates that performance on standard achievement tests is strongly related to how well a person believes he can succeed by his own efforts. Those who see themselves as doomed victims of forces beyond their control do poorly. This is particularly true among the disadvantaged. Simulations, it is hoped, will help overcome the crushing sense of personal futility that is endemic in the ghetto among those who have never been allowed to play the game of life unhandicapped by color, language barriers, chronic poverty, ignorance and all the other crippling ghetto ills.

Other important advantages of gaming are illustrated by CLUG, the Community Land Use Game, created by urban planner Allan Feldt. "The basic object of the game is to teach the fundamentals of urban economics and economic theory," says Feldt. "In doing this, the players make real-estate purchases, build and operate various kinds of businesses and engage in a limited number of other urban-development processes, such as providing utilities and setting tax rates.

"CLUG is a fairly complicated game," Feldt reports. "It takes two or three hours to learn the rules. You can, if you care to, use census data to build a city before the game starts, but we usually begin with an empty field on which we grow our own city." Designed for architects, community planners and urban officials, a round of CLUG can be almost as rough as a day at city hall. At first, most players tend to operate like robber barons, attempting to assemble private fortunes and power complexes. The result is turmoil and crisis, as transportation breakdowns and recessions appear. The need for compromise, negotiation and responsible planning becomes clear.

"The real purpose of CLUG is not to

(continued on page 258)

THE SWINGERS

a new breed of unabashed orgiasts and casual couplers is flourishing in the subcultural hothouse of southern california

article **By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS**

LAST DECEMBER 31ST, in a glass-and-stucco dwelling cantilevered from a promontory in the Hollywood Hills, an expectant host was busy preparing a wide variety of Middle Eastern delicacies for his annual New Year's Eve orgy. Clad in nothing more restrictive than a silk robe tied loosely at the waist, the retired real-estate investor periodically visited the kitchen to check on the *kuba* (a casserole of crushed wheat with almonds and sirloin chunks), *shufta* (chopped meat and onions laced to skewers) and *bathanjon* (eggplant stew)—all tested recipes he had perfected during his youth in Baghdad.

Some of the dozen unmarried couples seated beside his living-room fireplace passed around joints of the best available marijuana—Acapulco gold—while they gazed at the incomparable view of twinkling city lights visible through a picture window and scooped *khubez*, an Arabic bread, into a crushed-sesame-seed dip.

Before long, the guests were thrashing in the nude on three mattresses laid side by side in a dimly lit bedroom overlooking a lush garden of Japanese ferns, bonsais and camellias surrounding a heated pool stocked with exotic tropical fish. A large-breasted French girl took on two other females with remarkable insouciance. The voyeurs among those assembled were continuously treated to a diversity of performances as rich as the sumptuous buffet. By the time all activity culminated at one o'clock the following afternoon, plans were already being formulated for the next gathering. "We have

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB POST

another orgy going at the end of the week," the host promised. "Who needs an excuse? This time we'll be celebrating the arrival of Friday night."

Two miles to the east, about the same time the Hollywood Hills party was getting under way, uniformed waiters were pouring 12-year-old Scotch and jeroboams of Dom Perignon in the sunken 40-foot living room of a penthouse apartment situated high above Sunset Strip. A major television personality warmly welcomed 100 guests who came prepared to celebrate the new year as well as one another. The faces would have been immediately recognizable at such celebrity restaurants as Chasen's or The Bistro. Relaxed by the free-flowing liquor and the oleaginous Mantovani strings purring over a stereo intercom, secure in the comfort of a large kindred group, they repaired at regular intervals to the five mirrored bedrooms. At a time when motion pictures were experiencing an unprecedented sexual emancipation, the spectacle of these actors acting out their wildest fantasies had yet to be depicted on the public screen.

The midnight scene at a high-octane San Fernando Valley night club dedicated to the cross-pollination of swinging married and single couples resembled V-J Day in Times Square. Surrealistically frozen on the crowded dance floor by blinking strobe lights, a capacity throng of 150 customers—who had paid $25 a couple—spent nearly 20 minutes embracing and kissing their respective escorts and anyone else within range, while a rhythm-and-blues quartet called Dillard Crume and the Soul Rockers played a heavily amplified version of *Auld Lang Syne*. Early arrivals had viewed some 600 color slides showing regular patrons, which flashed on a screen near the bustling bar every ten seconds. This get-acquainted device was superseded by more direct contact—sending drinks over to some likely-looking strangers across the flocked-wallpaper room and openly exchanging phone numbers.

By 1:30 in the morning, after numerous liaisons had been consummated and extemporaneous parties organized, the club was left virtually empty. Parking attendants wistfully watched the boisterous couples pile six and eight in a car, screech their tires and proceed to swapping sessions in the adjacent communities of Sherman Oaks, Sun Valley, Encino and Studio City. The morning after, a discarded size-34D brassiere was discovered on the floor of the club among crumpled paper hats and noisemakers, a reminder of the abandon that characterized even the earlier stages of the previous evening.

Not every swinging New Year's Eve party entertained large numbers. Thousands of anonymous couples, responding to frank classified advertisements in publications such as the *Los Angeles Free Press* ("Couple desire A. C./D. C. girl or couple, 30–45, local swingers only. Revealing photo and phone a must.") were happy to pair off two by two.

As late as 8:30 that night, a 21-year-old Norwegian blonde became the 386th female to enroll at one of more than two dozen highly organized local enterprises that arrange meetings among consenting adults for a fee. The girl was assigned a code number, issued an identification card and handed a bumper sticker to further designate her intentions to eagle-eyed club members. By midnight, she and a male companion were perpetuating the Dionysian tradition with a group of bring-your-own-booze couples they had never met before.

For those privy to word of mouth, there were additional swinging parties spilling through a dozen interconnecting rooms at a Balboa Beach motel, at a mountain cabin at Lake Arrowhead rented year-round exclusively for the use of swingers, and at an indefatigable open house in a Beverly Hills home that reportedly had been flourishing for the past four and a half months.

The more affluent swingers, pursuing their tireless quest for new partners, journeyed to Palm Springs—a sybaritic resort area 80 miles from Los Angeles—where some 15 swingers-only parties had temporarily supplanted the sun, spas and starlets as *au courant* tourist attractions. A sleek Lear Jet deposited six eager passengers at the bustling airport shortly after dusk. A waiting limousine transported them to a tile-roofed hacienda on the outskirts of town, hard by the desert. Silver Cloud Rolls-Royces and 1953 Chevrolets were parked bumper to bumper outside the miniature walled estate. Awaiting the new arrivals were 35 couples, many of them frolicking nude in an Olympic-sized swimming pool faced in marble. Many of the women at poolside had already changed into camisoles and the provocative lingerie advertised in movie magazines. Physical stamina was the only boundary for the males, adorned in one-size-fits-all *hapi* robes thoughtfully provided by the host.

The subsequent desert sunrise, a palette of yellows, reds and oranges illuminating the mesquite and saguaro, could very well have symbolized the dawn of a cultural phenomenon not only in Southern California—where such latter-day bacchanals have become as familiar as two-phone limousines—but throughout the nation. Though perhaps less celebrity studded and affluently appurtenanced, similar—if not equally uninhibited—get-togethers are being held every night of the year at suburban tract homes in Seattle, skylight studios on New York's East Side and nearly every intermediate point with a population of over two. Additional evidence of a widespread inclination toward group sex is geographically apparent in the distribution of box-number advertisements proliferating in mate-swapping periodicals and newsletters such as *Swingers Life, The Swinging World, La Plume, National Registry, Hot Line, Communiqué* and *Clique*.

One bustling cell of 2500 Chicago-area mate swappers wears SWINGERS lapel buttons and holds weekly meetings to answer questions for prospective inductees; reflecting the middle-class conditioning of the members, no singles are permitted, fornication in front of others is rare and male homosexuality is completely unknown. Summer vacationers on Fire Island and Martha's Vineyard spend their weekends sharing rental homes and their roommates' dates. Antique-hunting couples journey through the New England countryside, pausing to browse in quaint roadside shops—and to swap mates at small inns in towns such as Vergennes, Vermont. Weekend emigrees from California's San Mateo County sample one another's spouses in the motels that proliferate just across the Bay between San Francisco and Palo Alto on U. S. 101. Hotbeds of activity from Gila County, Arizona, to Cape Kennedy, Florida, serve as lively stopovers for married swingers motoring cross-country.

Not surprisingly, no authoritative figures are available about the extent of this action on the front lines of the Sexual Revolution, but all these manifestations clearly indicate that the trend is both real and growing. The number of participants may range anywhere from the conservative 500,000 cited by some sociologists to the inflated 14,000,000 claimed by enthusiasts such as Leo Gordon—author of *All the Loving Couples*, one of the four Hollywood pictures on the subject scheduled to be released or filmed during 1969.

"With fourteen million swingers, we got fourteen million tickets right there," Gordon joyfully predicts. "And then we got another fourteen million that are gonna go just out of curiosity. Then there's a third fourteen million who'll go just to condemn the son of a bitch."

Hoping to entice the same audience are the producers of *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, a $2,000,000 sextravaganza featuring the Hollywood version of a pot party climaxed by a free-for-all in bed with Natalie Wood and her three co-stars. Other upcoming entries are the adaptation of John Updike's *Couples*, an examination of mixed-doubles morality in New England, and something succinctly titled *The Crowded Bed*. Wags were freely predicting that it would only be a matter of time before the Walt Disney studios joined the procession.

Once a carefully guarded pastime indigenous to upper-income groups, especially the suburban *nouveau riche*, swinging has only lately been embraced by schoolteachers, mutual-fund salesmen, aerospace engineers and other members of the predominant middle class. Its swift surfacing

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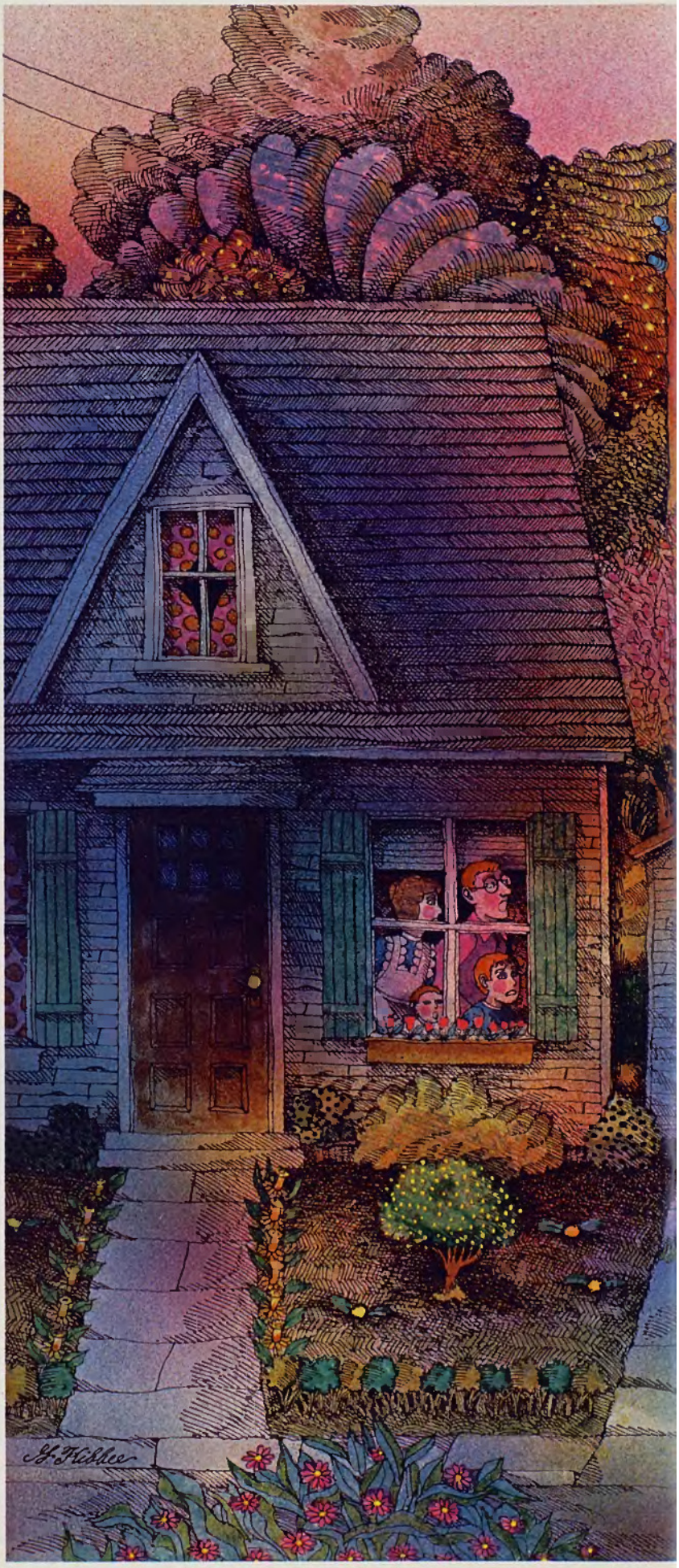
"I think you would be well advised to locate the new delphinium bed elsewhere, Hobbs."

wherein the dogs of war invade the temple and desecrate an easter icon

THE GRANDSTAND PASSION PLAY OF DELBERT AND THE BUMPUS HOUNDS

humor **By JEAN SHEPHERD**



"'MAH-REE ELENA, yore the answer to mah prayer. . . .'" The familiar twangy moan of old Gene Autry seemed to be coming from next to my ear. It was the first time I had ever dreamed in sound. Or *was* I dreaming?

"FER CHRISSAKE, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT RACKET?" The bedsprings clattered in the next room, as my old man cursed and leaped out of the sack, his feet thumping the floor in the dark. Instantly, I was wide awake.

"'MAH-REE ELENA. . . .'" It was even louder, now that my mind was working again. The tinny plunking of a guitar cut through the darkness. My kid brother sat up in his bed across the room from me and began to whine, his usual reaction to any outside stimulus.

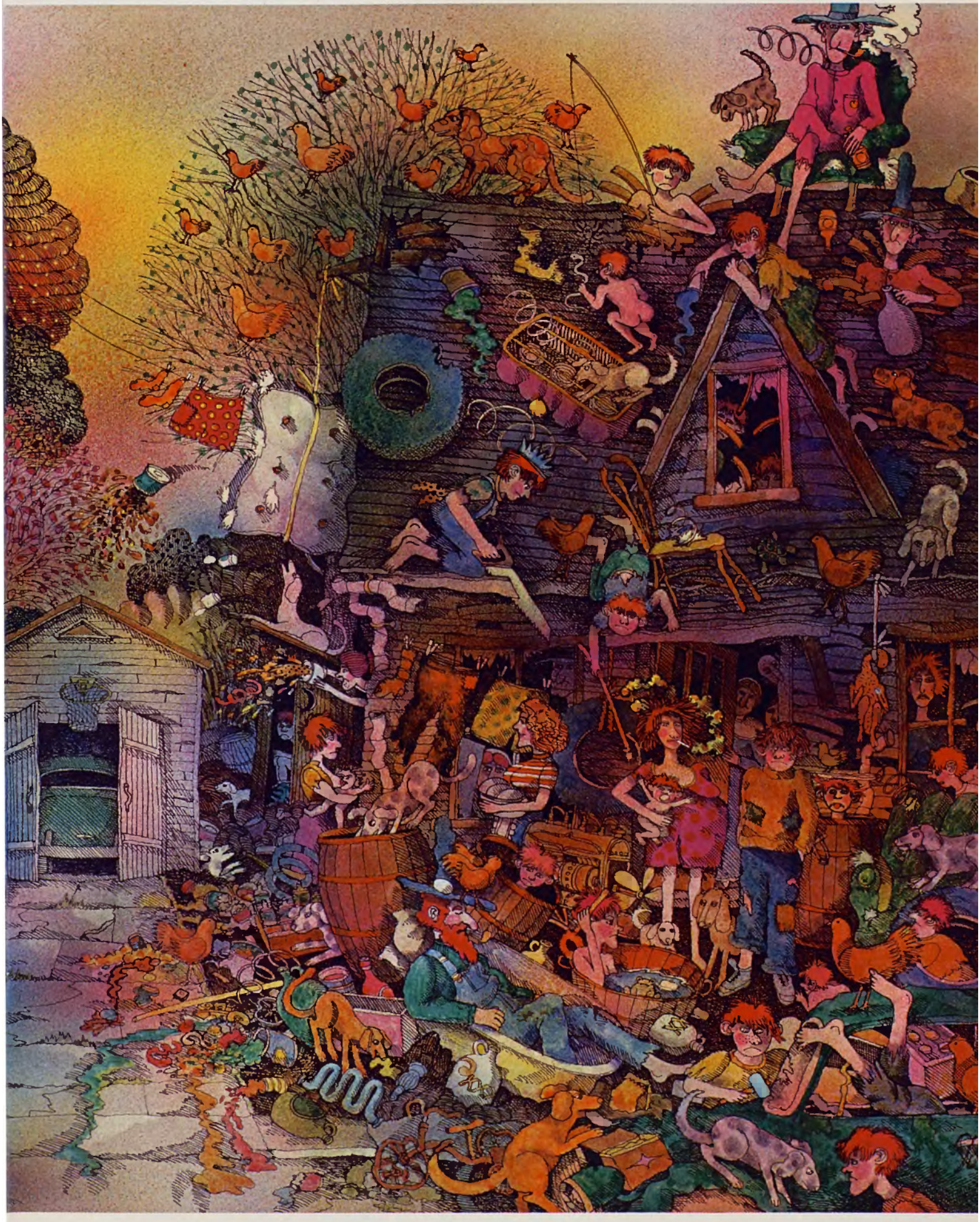
A guttural grunt of intense pain, followed by a high-pitched bleating wail, as the old man once again unerringly cracked his big toe against the leg of the dresser. He had done this so many times in the past, in the dark, that all the varnish was now worn off the leg, and my father's toe was permanently shaped like a small tennis ball.

"Now what?" My mother joined in the chorus, her hair curlers rattling in the gloom.

"'WHEN IT'S TWAALAHT ON THE TRAY-ULL. . . .'" Autry had launched into another favorite of simple-minded millions everywhere.

"What the hell *time* is it?" muttered the old man. He was always an aggressive sleeper. Sleep was one of the things he did best, and he loved it. Some look upon sleep as an unfortunately necessary interruption of life; but there are others who hold that sleep *is* life, *(continued on page 164)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON KIBBEE



BÉBÉ BARES ALL

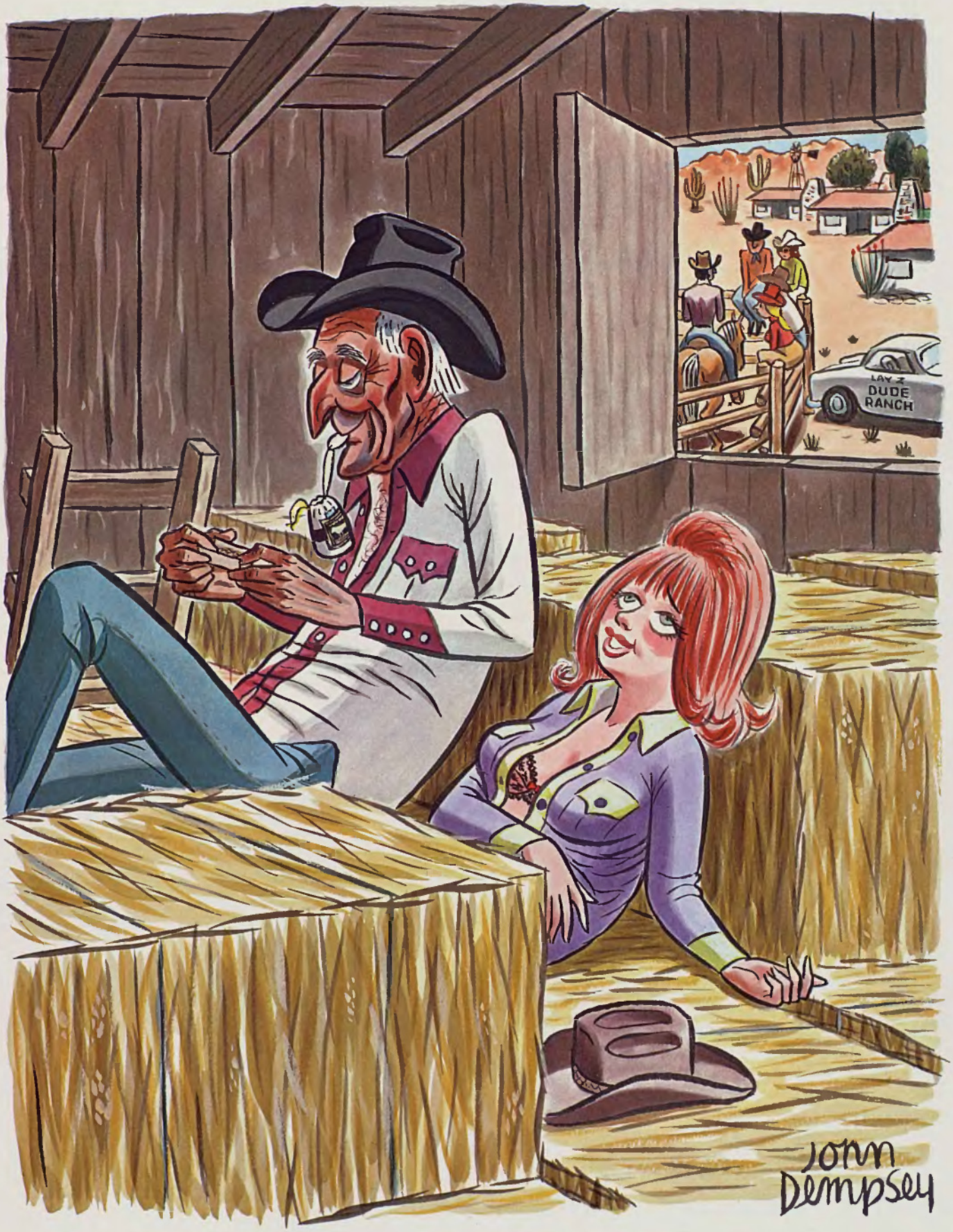
for the first time, sex queen brigitte bardot poses for off-the-set uncoverage

Since BB's derrière first received international exposure 13 years ago, the Bardot myth has grown ever more complex and imposing—thanks in part to a succession of husbands and lovers, a well-publicized try at suicide and innumerable hassles with photographers. However, the accompanying exclusive photos of the sex kitten—the first nude studies she has permitted—and her increasing willingness to appear on TV suggest a new *rapprochement* among Brigitte, her audience and the media she has never fully trusted. Bébé's legendary sexual indulgences, on screen and off, no longer provoke puritanical outcries; she has been vindicated by an ongoing cultural revolution that she helped set in motion. Long before the pill was popular, Brigitte, the pampered but rebellious product of middle-class materialism, showed an up-tight world that sexual emancipation for women was more than an idealistic phrase. Sincerity, in the Bardot life style, is a greater virtue than propriety—a sense of values that is rapidly gaining adherents. Not that acceptance and imitation have spoiled BB: She remains as delightfully unencumbered and unpredictable as ever.

BB's famed pout and feline figure are among the most potent symbols of an Eros-oriented era.

BB's erotic ingenuousness has fascinated such writers as Simone de Beauvoir, who declared that "a saint would sell his soul to the Devil merely to watch her dance."

Often called immoral or amoral, Brigitte actually anticipated what is now called situation ethics— but BB, more devoted to sunshine and l'amour than to philosophy, couldn't care less about labels.



"The Old West may be dead, but not some of you old Westerners."

the fixer from "Russkiia Zavetnyia Skazki"

Ribald Classic

IN MOSCOW there was once a beautiful young lady, Marya Poremskaya by name, who was brought up by her maiden aunt in an atmosphere of the greatest decorum imaginable. There was never a coarse word nor a vulgar noise in that house, you can be sure. But the result was that Marya felt a vague sense of something lacking about life, and she continually wondered what it might be.

The time came for her to be married, and this was a grievous problem, for, as the old saying goes, men are muddy boots at one end and dirty thoughts at the other. At last, her aunt found the right gentleman, Pyotr Petrovitch Grubsky, a man rich in both years—he was 75—and property. But there was hardly time for him to impart anything to Marya in the way of enlightenment about life, for Pyotr Petrovitch caught the grippe on the way home from his wedding and expired within a few days.

The somewhat downcast young widow decided to retire to her late husband's estate for a period of mourning. But there she found everything in the wildest disorder. The roof of the house leaked; the windows were broken and birds flew about in the drawing room; the fences were down and pigs roamed the garden. So she sacked her estate manager and made it known that she would hire another.

The first man had filthy habits with snuff, and so she sent him away at once. The second one failed to wipe the muck from his boots, and he was dismissed quickly, with a flea in his ear. The third was a cleanly young man, tall, smiling and bulging with muscle. Marya liked his looks, so she explained about the fences and the roof and the windows. "There is nothing easier, honorable lady," replied Grigory. "I am a member of the menders' and restorers' guild, and I know the mysteries of all such work."

Soon the roof was tight and dry, the garden pigless and well tended, the rooms of the house immaculate, with new windows and clean floors. Marya was delighted with her handsome new estate manager and she wrote her aunt in Moscow that she had found someone to keep order.

The lady wished to inspect her estate, which was a large one, so Grigory often drove the calash from farm to farm while Marya Poremskaya observed and asked questions. As they were going along one fine summer day, she noted a strange sight among some pigs in a yard. "Look, Grigory," she said, "now what can that mean?"

"Ah, Marya Poremskaya," he replied, "the old fellow on top must be a brother or a nephew and the one beneath must be a sister or an aunt. It is obvious that he is feeling ill and that his kind relative is carrying him to the house."

"I scarcely knew that animals possessed such delicate feelings," said Marya.

After a while, they came to a meadow where there was a herd of cows, and Marya suddenly became excited as she noticed something. "Grigory, tell me, please, whatever *that* may be."

"Ah, madam," said Grigory, "that poor cow is perhaps a little backward. She has eaten all the grass around her and does not know how to get more. The polite bull is pushing her toward a new pasture."

"That must be it, exactly," said the young lady, laughing and pleased to know that the animals she owned were so extremely well bred.

Later in the afternoon, they came to a field of horses. "And now, dear Grigory, there is something else that wants explaining," Marya said, pointing.

"Very simple," he said. "Notice that, over there beyond the woods, there is a plume of smoke. No doubt, there is a fire somewhere and that fine stallion has mounted up on the mare to gain a better view. He must be concerned for her safety."

"How thoughtfully the dear creatures assist each other!" Marya mused. "It is, indeed, the harmony of nature." But the next scene was distinctly more puzzling for her.

They had reached a secluded meadow; suddenly, between the haystacks, they caught sight of two young harvesters who had removed all of their clothing. "I am sure that there is some easy explanation," Marya said. "Is it that he is teaching this young girl the sport of country wrestling?"

"I'm afraid I don't know, madam," said Grigory.

"Or perhaps they are resting and the lad is covering her from the burning rays of the sun?"

"They do not seem to be resting," said Grigory, "but more I cannot say."

"I am convinced that he is being kind to her in some way," said Marya.

The day was hot and when at last they came to a cool brook that ran through a deserted forest ravine, Marya decided to bathe. She stopped the calash, took off her clothes and waded into the stream. She was very rounded, white and lovely as she stood there nude. "Why don't you cool yourself as well?" Marya called to Grigory. A little dazed, he threw off his clothes and started down the bank.

"My goodness," Marya said with wide-opened eyes. "What an odd thing you have there, Grigory! I have nothing of the sort myself."

"Oh, that," he said. "I told you that I was a fixer and a mender. That is one of the tools of my trade. It is used when an orifice must be stopped up."

"Could it be that the young man in the field was doing that sort of service for the peasant girl?" she asked. Grigory replied that it was entirely possible.

"Then come here, dear Grigory," said Marya. "I have something to show you. You have done marvelous work of mending the fence, the roof, the windows and all. But there is still one gap I have never known what to do about."

—Retold by Nicholas Gabayev

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

GRANDSTAND PASSION PLAY

(continued from page 152)

or at least one of the more fulfilling aspects of it, like eating or sex. Any time my old man's sleep was interrupted, he became truly dangerous.

"It's almost three-thirty. Who the hell's playing those goddamn records at three-thirty?"

Someone was, indeed, playing records at full blast. It was then that we first became aware of another sound—one that was to become more familiar and ominous in the weeks to come: a kind of snuffling, scratching, moiling, squealing, squishy turmoil.

"'. . . THAT SILVUHH HAI-UHD DAH-DEE OF MAHN. . . .'" Doors slammed. Twangy voices argued indistinctly. Gene Autry keened on and on. The snuffling squeals rose and fell. The old man reconnoitered silently through the bedroom curtains.

"HOOHCKK-PATOOOEY!" Something juicy splatted against the side of our house.

"Holy Christ!" The old man hissed a rhetorical comment to no one in particular.

"GRRAAAHHKKK! BROWWK!" A window-rattling burp boomed out over the scratchy Gene Autry disc.

My mother was finally galvanized into action. She had fought a lifelong battle against obscene noises of every variety. I could hear her pattering feet, as she joined my father at the window.

"Who *are* they?" she asked, after a pause to survey the scene.

"Damned if I know!" the old man answered; but I could tell from the sound of his voice that he knew trouble had arrived. Big trouble. The Bumpus crowd had moved in next door and was already in business.

Ours was not a genteel neighborhood, by any stretch of the imagination. Nestled picturesquely between the looming steel mills and the verminously aromatic oil refineries and encircled by a colorful conglomerate of city dumps and fetid rivers, our northern Indiana town was and is the very essence of the Midwestern industrial heartland of the nation. There was a standard barbershop bit of humor that said it with surprising poeticism: If Chicago (only a stone's throw away across the polluted lake waters) was Carl Sandburg's "City of the Broad Shoulders," then Hammond had to be that city's broad rear end.

According to legend, it bore the name of a hapless early settler who had arrived on the scene when the land was just prairie and Indian trails. Surveying the sparkling blue waters of Lake Michigan, he decided that Chicago, then a tiny trading post where land was free for the asking, had no future. Struggling through the quagmires farther south, for some demented reason now lost to history, he set up camp and invested heavily in land that was destined to become one of the ugliest pieces of real estate this side of the craters of the moon. Indeed, it bore some resemblance to the moon, in that the natives were alternately seared by stifling heat in the summer and reduced to clanking hulks when the fierce gales blew off the lake. Our founding father set the pattern of futility for all future generations.

My old man, my mother, my kid brother and I slogged along in the great tradition. The old man had his high point every Wednesday at George's Bowling Alley, where he once rolled a historic game in which he got three consecutive strikes. My kid brother's nose ran steadily, winter and summer. My mother made red cabbage, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, meat loaf and Jell-O in an endless stream. And I studied the principal exports of Peru at the Warren G. Harding School.

Delbert Bumpus entered Warren G. Harding like a small, truculent rhinoceros. His hair grew low down on his almost nonexistent forehead, and he had the greatest pair of ears that Warren G. Harding had ever seen, extending at absolutely right angles from his head. Between those ears festered a pea-sized but malevolent brain that almost immediately made him the most feared kid below sixth grade.

He had a direct way of settling disagreements that he established on the second day of his brief but spectacular period at W. G. H. Grover Dill—our number-two-ranking thug, right behind Scut Farkas, who stood alone as the premier bully of all he surveyed—challenged Bumpus to a showdown the first time he laid eyes on those peculiarly provocative ears. It was recess time and, as usual, we milled about aimlessly in the stickers and sand hills of our playground. It was too early for baseball; football had been over for months; we didn't have a basketball hoop; so we just milled.

Spotting Bumpus in his worn blue jeans and black turtleneck—tiny, close-set eyes almost invisible under a thatch of jet-black, wiry hair—Dill opened negotiations, his own slitted eyes glinting in anticipation of a little action:

"What's yer name, kid?"

Bumpus pulled his head lower into the turtleneck and said nothing.

"I SAID, WHAT'S YER NAME, KID?" This time in a loud, trumpeting voice that alerted the rest of the school ground that spring had come and Grover Dill felt the sap rising. Bumpus, a full head and a half shorter than Dill but built along the lines of a fireplug, muttered:

"Bumpus." It was the first word we had heard from him, his accent redolent of the deepest Kentucky hills.

"BUMPUS! What the hell kind of a name is that? Holy Moses! Didja hear that? Bumpus! What kind of a name is that?"

Dill's humor, while extremely primitive, was refreshingly direct. He began to sing in a high, feminine voice: "Bumpus Schlumpus, double Crumpus——" He broke off, advancing on Bumpus, sandy hair abristle.

"D'ya have a first name, runt?"

Farkas watched with Olympian disinterest as his protégé moved in for the kill. Schwartz huddled next to me, ashen-faced, while Flick attempted to blend into the sand. There wasn't one of us who had not, at one time or another, been dealt with by either Farkas or Dill.

"I said, what's yer first name, kid?" Bumpus, backed up flat against the school wall, finally spoke up:

"Delbert."

"Delbert! *DEL*BERT!" Outraged by such a name, Dill addressed the crowd, with scorn dripping from his every word. "*Delbert Bumpus!* They're letting *everybody* in Harding School these days! What the hell kind of a name is that? That must be some kind of *hillbilly* name!"

It was the last time anyone at Warren G. Harding ever said, or even thought, anything like that about Delbert Bumpus.

Everything happened so fast after that that no two accounts of it were the same. The way I saw it, Bumpus' head snapped down low between his shoulder blades. He bent over from the waist, charged over the sand like a wounded wart hog insane with fury, left his feet and butted his black, furry head like a battering-ram into Dill's rib cage, the sickening thump sounding exactly like a watermelon dropped from a second-story window. Dill, knocked backward by the charge, landed on his neck and slid for three or four feet, his face alternating green and white. His eyes, usually almost unseen behind his cobra lids, popped out like a tromped-on toad-frog's. He lay flat, gazing paralyzed at the spring sky, one shoe wrenched off his foot by the impact. The schoolyard was hushed, except for the sound of a prolonged gurgling and wheezing as Dill, now half his original size, lay retching. It was obvious that he was out of action for some time.

Bumpus glared around at the hushed faces, then spit a long stream of rich-brown tobacco juice onto Dill's left tennis shoe. The buzzer sounded for the end of recess, but it was the beginning of a new era.

That's the way the whole Bumpus crowd was, in one way or another. Overnight, the entire neighborhood changed. The Taylors, a quiet family who had lived next to us for years, had moved out and—without warning—the Bumpuses had flooded in. There were thousands of

(continued on page 184)

fiction **By RICHARD MATHESON**

from that primitively carved figure there emanated an aura of utter malevolence

PREY

AMELIA ARRIVED at her apartment at six-fourteen. Hanging her coat in the hall closet, she carried the small package into the living room and sat on the sofa. She nudged off her shoes while she unwrapped the package on her lap. The wooden box resembled a casket. Amelia raised its lid and smiled. It was the ugliest doll she'd ever seen. Seven inches long and carved from wood, it had a skeletal body and an oversize head. Its expression was maniacally fierce, its pointed teeth completely bared, its glaring eyes protuberant. It clutched an eight-inch spear in its right hand. A length of fine, gold chain was wrapped around its body from the shoulders to the knees. A tiny scroll was wedged between the doll and the inside wall of its box. Amelia picked it up and unrolled it. There was handwriting on it. *This is He Who Kills*, it began. *He is* *(continued on page 198)*

chili weather

for an animated camp-in, serve your guests the southwestern fun food that says "i'm hot stuff and hearty and guaranteed to win a warm reception"

food By THOMAS MARIO

JUST ABOUT THIS TIME each year—when the flames of the winter fireplace have been extinguished and the summer barbecue is still in the offing—the knowledgeable host often adds a glow to a party with that sizzling crater known as the chili bowl. As a host, you can expect newcomers to a chili party to feel some distinct shock waves, like Becky Sharp in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, who gasped after tasting chili, thinking it "was something cool as its name imported"; but they'll return to the zesty mahogany-colored chili time after time, for its rich sock-it-

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB ZOELL

to-me flavor. When people say "chili," they usually mean chili con carne, or chili with beef. Its name is Mexican, but its birthplace is most often attributed to the sprawling reaches of Texas. In the wide-open spaces that make up chilidom, you'll find, besides chili con carne, chili con queso (with cheese) or chili con anything you please. (Texas is the home of the Chili Appreciation Society International, which sponsored the World Chili Cookoff late last year. The hotly contested chilympiad ended in a draw.)

Chilies are the curries of the Americas. Like curries, they walk hand in hand

with such spices as oregano and cumin, whose aggressive flavors automatically qualify them as alleged aphrodisiacs. But the star attraction is the native American chili pepper. As early as 1493, the newly discovered pepper pods were reported by Peter Martyr to be more powerful than the East Indian pepper berries for which Columbus originally sailed. The native chili (*chile* in Spanish) from the new continent turned out to be of a pepper family altogether different from the one that is ground and sprinkled from the pepper mill. Spanish explorers fighting their way through South America learned about its penetrating pungency the hard way. Natives simply built numerous fires in the path of the invaders and at the proper instant threw chili pods into the flames, raising a smoke screen of burning fumes that stopped the conquistadors, crying and sneezing, in their tracks. This historical note isn't to suggest that the ability to build up mere burning power alone will make you a sophisticated chilicrat. Actually, a fine dish of chili is a pepper polyphony containing not only dried chili powder but fresh chili pepper, dried cayenne pepper, mild fresh bell pepper, freshly ground black pepper, as well as sweet Hungarian paprika. But the horses of fire must have something to carry into the whirlwind; and, in the case of chili con carne, the chariot is filled with beef and beans.

The carne should be a sturdy, lean cut such as beef rump or round. Although the meat is often ground fine like hamburger, chili connoisseurs prefer the meat put through the coarse plate of the meat grinder, so that distinct tiny chunks emerge, looking like meat from a chopping blade. (In Texas, the grinder plate with large holes is known as the chili plate.) There's a second version in which the meat is cut by hand into cubes from ½ to 1 in. thick. They shrink later as the meat simmers. During the first step in chili building, the meat should be lightly sautéed. Here again, there are two rival camps—those who sauté the meat in melted beef suet and those who sauté it in olive oil. Disciples of beef suet are careful to remove the crisp pieces that remain after the fat melts. Those who have olive oil running in their veins will use only the most aristocratic of oils for chili con carne.

Chili powder is a conglomerate in a jar, consisting in its simple form of dried ground chili pepper, oregano, cumin, garlic and salt. Other blends, with the same starting line-up, are merged with coriander, allspice and cloves. Some chili powders are even graced with a sprinkling of bitter chocolate. But most chili masters look upon chili powder as a traditional artist looks upon a tube of paint—as just a beginning. To put something more than a dehydrated tiger in their tank, they add fresh onion, fresh garlic and fresh chili pepper, so that the crater really begins to bubble. Every host should make due allowances for the capacity of the fire-eaters at his party. If he knows there are timorous palates in the crowd, he'll subdue the potency of the chili pot and provide supplementary bottles of crushed dried pepper or Tabasco sauce for the braver ones.

Your best bet for finding fresh chili peppers is a vegetable stall in a Spanish or Italian neighborhood. Fresh chili peppers—some are red, some green—should be skinned before going into the chili pot. Boiling them for a half to three quarters of an hour will loosen the thin sheath. Another technique is to wrap them in aluminum foil, place them in a hot oven for about a half hour and then, with a towel or a paring knife, rub off or peel the skin. The little pods should then be split, the stems cut off and the seeds and veins removed with a paring knife. If fresh chili peppers aren't available, dried hot red peppers may be used—the familiar ones, strung in long braids, that proudly adorn adobe homes in the Southwest. You may crush them by hand or in a mortar, or buy the red-pepper flakes that include seeds.

One of the best ways of keeping the chili buffs at bay until the proper moment of truth is to bring forth a shakerful of margaritas. The smoothly finished tequila now coming to the States has gradually made the margarita a modern cocktail classic. For drinkers north of the Rio Grande, follow this prescription: Pour 1½ ozs. tequila, ¾ oz. fresh lemon or lime juice and ½ oz. triple sec into a cocktail shaker. Add more than the normal amount of ice and shake with abandon. Pour into an oversize cocktail glass that is both prechilled and salt-rimmed. The salt on the rim shouldn't be so thickly encrusted that it overpowers the drink. The best procedure is to dip the rim of the prechilled glass into fruit juice to a depth of about ¼ in. and then sprinkle the rim with salt from a salt shaker, rather than immerse the glass into a dish of salt, as usually recommended. When pouring the margarita, be sure to pour into the center of the glass, to keep the salt rim intact.

Since the heat of the chili demands a quenching coolant, a chili party almost invariably becomes a beer party. The beer must be ice cold; that is, colder than the usual 38°–40° F. The brew, whether from bottle, can or dispenser, should flow copiously.

While the chili itself should be blazing hot, the rest of the menu shouldn't add fuel to the fire. Any guest with a margarita in one hand will appreciate a canapé of mild smoked sturgeon on chive butter or Nova Scotia salmon on parsley butter in the other. A smooth cold avocado soup and a dessert of fresh fruit chunks beneath a honey cream sauce will help everybody keep his cool before and after the chili.

Nothing sends a Texan on the warpath as fast as somebody else's recipe for chili. Since no two chilies are ever alike, it follows that chili men constantly lock horns over whether a proper chili should contain tomatoes, over how it should be thickened, over the cut of meat or the kind of beans or the brand of chili powder. Knowing full well that the eyes of Texas are upon us, we bravely offer our version of chili con carne, together with citations of some of the many-sided chili classics now flourishing. All spices may be increased or decreased to taste; the quantities given are hot, but not hellishly so.

CHILI CON CARNE

(*Serves six*)

- 2½ lbs. beef round or rump, trimmed of fat, coarsely ground
- 1 cup pinto beans
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 1 cup very finely minced onion
- 1 tablespoon very finely minced garlic
- 1 large green or red sweet pepper, minced
- 1 large bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 3 tablespoons chili powder
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 2 fresh chili pods, skinned, minced very fine
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1½ quarts beef or chicken stock
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- ¼ cup cracker crumbs
- Salt

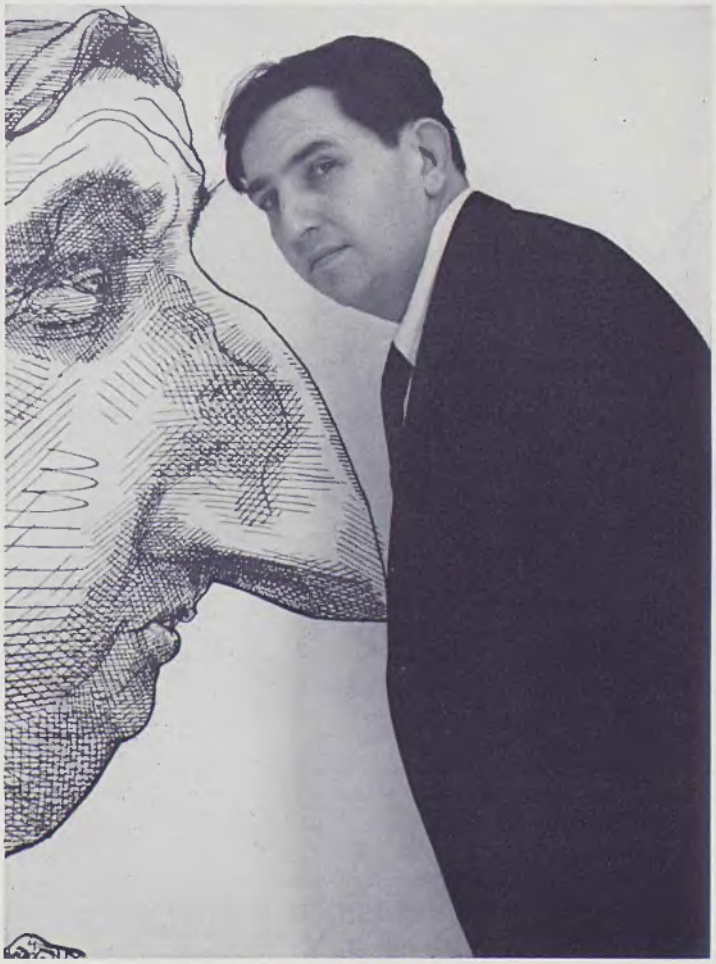
Soak beans overnight. Cook in salted water, following directions on package, about 1 hour or until tender. Heat olive oil over low flame in a large heavy saucepan or Dutch oven. Add meat, stirring frequently until it loses red color. Add onion, garlic, sweet pepper, bay leaf, oregano, chili powder, cumin, cayenne pepper, black pepper, paprika and chili pods. Stir well. Cover pan and sauté about 5 minutes. Stir in flour, blending well. Add stock and bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 1 hour. Stir in sugar and cracker crumbs. Drain beans and add, without their juice, to the pan. Simmer about 10 minutes longer. Add salt if necessary. Serve with freshly opened or toasted oyster crackers. May be served with plain rice or pasta as an accompaniment.

(concluded on page 172)

ON THE SCENE

DAVID LEVINE *pen-ultimate*

HIS DRAWINGS are unmerciful: L.B.J. exhibiting his abdominal scar, which is shaped like Vietnam; a bare-bottomed Harold Macmillan springboarding off De Gaulle's proboscis; then–Vice-President Ky at his desk under a huge portrait of a Hitler that subtly resembles Ky. About 20 of them a month appear in *The New York Review of Books, Esquire, The Washington Post, Look* and, it sometimes seems, everywhere—as in the first week of 1968, when they enlivened the covers of both *Newsweek* and *Time*. Yet their creator, David Levine—"the best political-social-literary caricaturist of this century," in the words of Jules Feiffer—is an unprepossessing Brooklyn family man who looks and dresses like an accountant and who goes to bed when the Manhattan literary and intellectual jet set that adores him is just starting to party. A reporter who knew that Levine frequents the seashore in the summer asked him which beach he prefers. "There's only one," the artist replied. "Coney Island. All the others tend to be chic." One key to this thoroughly domesticated Daumier is to be found in the prosaic subjects of the representational painting from which Levine made most of his living until the early Sixties, when he started doing caricatures: Dozens of his realistic canvases show pressers leaning over their work and overdressed, overweight women at the beach —depicted with a warmth that dignifies and humanizes them. In a way, the flamboyant exaggerations of his caricatures attempt to do the same thing. "What I want to do is bring the mighty down to the human level," he says. "Then I believe people can vote for so-and-so or judge so-and-so's book on a sensible level, without being awed by the great presence." Today Levine's income from his painting is again rivaling that from the lampoons, but contemporary Goliaths would be ill advised to hope that the Brooklyn David will put down his sling. "No governments have fallen as a result of my drawings," he said, when a collection of them (*The Man from M.A.L.I.C.E.*) was published in 1967; but Levine seems to take that fact as a self-challenge.



PAUL YOUNG *the paraphernalia of success*

THE BAROQUE VIBRATIONS of the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble rattled the premises and, as the fashion models went through their paces at the august Parke-Bernet Galleries in Manhattan last spring, multiple images of their outfits were flashed on a screen behind them. It was a characteristically contemporary merchandising device for Paraphernalia's Paul Young, 38, the soft-spoken Briton who left the office of his architect grandfather in 1957 and traveled Stateside, where (on behalf of J. C. Penney) he introduced Mary Quant's Mod designs to the American woman. Young's second American project —a "Youthquake" program for Puritan Fashions—gave him the impetus he needed to launch his own company three years ago. Paraphernalia, using young designers and executives, immediately won the trust—and the trade—of teenagers (who spend 18 billion dollars a year on clothing) and postteens. Today, the company boasts more than 50 franchises, including newly opened *boutiques* in Paris, Mexico City and Acapulco. While such spectacular success has won Young the influence he covets ("Influence, to me, means seeing that what you're doing makes other people move"), he considers it only a beginning; he's currently opening a new line of shops—Parenthetics—that will offer the sartorial benefits of the cultural revolution to men. According to Young, whose theories on the subject were incubated in informal discussions with Paul McCartney and Vidal Sassoon during their all-but-forgotten days of anonymity, fashion is intimately connected with social change: "Today's young people are alive to everything on the scene—they're politically aware, hip to what's new in music or films; in short, they're free, and their clothes exemplify this freedom." In the future, Young forecasts, styles of dress will get even wilder than they are today; men and women may soon be able to create their own "second skins" by spraying liquid fiber over mannequins of themselves —a practice that Young believes will make fashion a "true art."

TOM O'HORGAN *gutz!*

GENUINE EXCITEMENT is a rare feeling in Broadway's Theater of the Predictable, but director Tom O'Horgan is proving that the stage still possesses a dynamic life force that is at once dramatic, musical, visual, choreographic—and invigorating. As a 40-year-old with under-30 sympathies, his total-involvement approach to the love-rock musical *Hair*—besides shocking Broadway audiences with its nude tableau and extraordinary effects—succeeded in driving home the show's out-front, hip celebration of pacifism, free love, miscegenation, homosexuality and drugs. Directing Rochelle Owens' *Futz!*, he took a play dealing with a farmer who sodomizes the pig he loves and—despite its graphic sexuality—turned it into a dramatically viable black comedy. *Tom Paine*, Paul Foster's surrealistic biographical play about the dissipation of America's revolutionary patriot-pamphleteer, also came to life under what O'Horgan calls his "sensory bombardment," completing a trio of successes that won him not only critical and commercial acclaim but several dramatic awards as well. These directorial plaudits fulfill an ambition he has cherished since childhood, when his father, a Chicago newspaperman, built footlights and a wind machine to encourage his young son's burgeoning theatricality. After composing an opera at the age of ten, Tom went on to music school at DePaul University, toured the country with a bizarrely comic harp act and, finally, moved to New York and the Café La Mama in 1964. His first play there, Genet's *The Maids*, staged with males in the female roles, alerted both critics and audiences to his presence—one that has grown through 30 La Mama productions. O'Horgan is now in the midst of putting *Futz!* on film, as well as inspecting properties from producers who hope to lure him back to Broadway. Whatever he does next, there are those who are likely to decry his work as gimmicky, sensational and even obscene; but in freeing the theater from traditional forms and rigid structures, Tom O'Horgan will probably be too busy to listen.

chiliwater

(continued from page 168)

Chunk Beef Chili. Cut beef into cubes, ½ to 1 in. thick. Increase cooking time if necessary and simmer until beef is tender. Beef may also be cut chip size, Oriental style, as served in pepper steak.

Chili with Tomatoes. A 1-lb. can of tomatoes, coarsely chopped, may be added, together with the juice in the can. Decrease stock to 1 quart.

Chili with Red Wine. 1 to 2 cups dry red wine may be added; decrease quantity of stock accordingly. The chili powder still pulls the leading strings, but the cool wine flavor comes out distinctly.

Chili with Kidney Beans. Bachelor chefs pressed for time find canned red kidney beans, drained of their juice, a satisfactory timesaver.

Chili with Pork. *Aficionados* of chili who like their spices herculean often prefer a mild meat flavor. Instead of the 2½ lbs. beef, use 1½ lbs. beef and 1 lb. lean pork.

Chili with Chili Sauce. Chili powder is one spice *not* used in bottled chili sauce. Many people who dote on its sweet tart flavor like to blend it with chili con carne. Use anywhere from ¼ to 1 cup.

COLD AVOCADO SOUP
(Serves six to eight)

2 large ripe avocados
2 cups cold chicken broth, fresh or canned
2 cups milk
⅔ cup light cream
⅔ cup sour cream
Salt, white pepper, monosodium glutamate
2 medium-size scallions

Peel avocados and dice enough to fill 2 measuring cups, firmly packed. There should be some avocado left to slice for garnishing later. Sprinkle this with lemon juice, to keep it from discoloring, and chill in refrigerator until serving time. Combine diced avocado with chicken broth, milk, light cream and sour cream for puréeing in blender. Do the job in two batches if necessary. Blend at low to medium speed until well puréed. Pour into bowl. Season to taste with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Chill well. Soup must be ice cold when served. Cut scallions (white and firm part of green) into thinnest possible slices. At serving time, pour soup into prechilled cups. Slice remaining avocado and place a few slices on soup. Sprinkle with scallions. Minced fresh chives may be used in place of scallions if desired.

CHILI CON QUESO
(Six to eight appetizer portions)

½ lb. sharp cheddar cheese
3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup very finely minced onion
1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
1 tablespoon chili powder
½ teaspoon ground cumin
1 cup light cream
10-oz. can tomatoes with green chilies
2 eggs, well beaten
Salt

Force the cheese through the large holes of a metal grater. Melt butter in the top part of a double boiler over simmering water. Add onion, garlic, chili powder and cumin; stir well. Heat for about 10 minutes. Add cheese, cream and tomatoes. Continue to cook, stirring occasionally, until cheese has melted. Slowly stir eggs into mixture. Cook until thick. Add salt if necessary. For serving at a buffet, place chili con queso in a chafing dish over barely simmering water. (Do not heat in a fondue pot over a direct flame.) Serve with chunks of French bread, fondue style, or with crisp corn-flavored chips.

SHRIMP CHILI
(Serves six)

3 lbs. medium-size shrimps in shell
3 8-oz. bottles clam broth
1 large onion, diced
2 pieces celery, diced
½ cup butter
¼ cup very finely minced onion
1½ teaspoons very finely minced garlic
¼ cup minced fresh parsley
1 bay leaf
3 tablespoons chili powder
1½ teaspoons paprika
1 teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon oregano
⅓ cup flour
Salt, freshly ground black pepper

Pour clam broth and 3 cups water into a large saucepan or pot. Add shrimps, diced onion, celery and 1 teaspoon salt. Slowly bring to a boil. When liquid boils, remove pan from flame. Let shrimps remain in pan 10 minutes. With a slotted spoon or skimmer, lift shrimps from pan, leaving vegetables and liquid. As soon as shrimps are cool enough to handle, peel them and remove back veins. Return shrimp shells to pan and simmer until stock is reduced to approximately 3 cups. Strain stock; if necessary, add water to make 3 cups liquid. In another saucepan, melt butter and sauté minced onion, garlic, parsley and bay leaf until onion is yellow. Stir in chili powder, paprika, cumin and oregano; stir in flour. Slowly add strained shrimp stock. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 10 minutes. Season with salt and a generous dash of black pepper. Add shrimps and simmer until they are heated through. Serve with rice.

CHICKEN CHILI
(Serves eight)

2 2½-lb. broilers, cut up as for stewing
¼ cup olive oil or cooking oil
½ cup very finely minced onion
2 teaspoons very finely minced garlic
1½ quarts chicken broth, fresh or canned
6 tablespoons instantized flour
2 tablespoons chili powder
2 fresh chili peppers, peeled, very finely minced
1 teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon powdered cumin
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 cup yogurt
2 2-oz. jars sliced pimientos
Salt, monosodium glutamate

Heat oil in a large stewpot or Dutch oven over a low flame. Sauté chicken, a few pieces at a time, until chicken is light brown. Do not overcrowd pot. Remove each batch of chicken after it has been browned. Add onion and garlic to pot and sauté until onion is light brown. Add oil if necessary. In an electric blender, blend chicken broth, flour, chili powder, chili peppers, paprika, cumin and cayenne pepper until smooth. This should be done in several batches. Return chicken to pot and add blended liquid. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer about 1 hour or until chicken is very tender. Remove about a cup of gravy from pot and spin in blender with yogurt until smooth. Return to pot. Add pimientos; add salt and monosodium glutamate to taste.

FRESH FRUIT COMPOTE, HONEY CREAM SAUCE
(Serves six to eight)

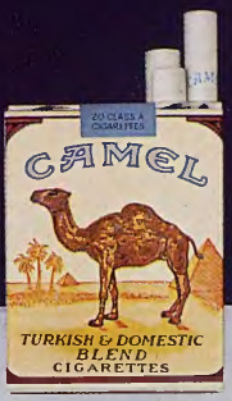
1½ quarts fresh or cooked fruit, such as pineapples, pears, papayas, bananas, etc., in spoon-size chunks
4 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup honey
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup milk
1 cup light cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup heavy cream
¼ lb. extra-large, toasted, salted pecans

Fruit should be ice cold for serving. Fruit such as pears and bananas should be dipped into orange or pineapple juice, to keep it from discoloring, but should not be immersed in juice for serving. Beat egg yolks until light in the top part of a double boiler. Slowly stir in sugar, honey and flour. Stir in milk and light cream. Place over simmering water and cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from flame and stir in vanilla. Chill in refrigerator. Whip heavy cream until thick. Fold into sauce just before serving. Spoon fruit into serving dishes, spoon sauce on top and sprinkle with pecans.

No matter what permutation of chili strikes your fancy, it should always be served in an atmosphere of casual camaraderie. Even the most reserved of guests will thaw out when exposed to the warm glow emanating from the convivial chili pot.

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

This message is strictly for smokers who never tasted a Camel cigarette. Camel smokers, you know what we mean. You other guys, start walking.



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PLAYING FOR FUN *(continued from page 116)*

programmers in obsolescent and even archaic processing techniques, without a terminal and without the new languages. This isn't play, it's drudgery. But soon it will pass, for we're involved in an accelerating revolution of staggering proportions, which will transform our institutions and our lives. What's even harder to grasp is that there is no final stage in sight, no settling down. We're entering a nonlinear era when all possible pasts and presents will coexist and where all conceivable futures are rushing toward us. Each of us will live many lives, some of them simultaneously and not a few of them deeply and profoundly—all because of the toy.

When we want to study or work creatively, everything seems to conspire against us. We need books and papers and articles to bring us the problem's dimensions and the solutions others have tried. We need tools, perhaps slide rules or calculators, perhaps only paper and pen. We need quiet and solitude. We need challenge, leadership and the chance to discuss the problem intelligently on our highest level of understanding. We need the drive to avoid the distractions of our subconscious needs—or, if not, we're shooting the breeze, dating, goofing off at the movies, working on easier problems, dozing. But once we control these psychological hazards, the miracle usually happens and we find ourselves involved beyond time, turned on, sensitive, deeply aware, resonant, working the world. Of all the many ways to turn on—sex, drugs, nature, conversation, games, entertainment—the most deeply satisfying and longest lasting seems to be creativity. So far, it's been the hardest. The computer as toy will change this. When it does, nothing will be the same: not we, not our friends and —especially—not our institutions.

There are some solid reasons our institutions seem to be hesitating to innovate. Almost by definition, an institution is an embodiment of an ideal, dedicated to a proposition. Even a business institution has to offer society something worth while. If it doesn't, it stands to run out of customers and go bankrupt—or it gets pursued through the courts by the state. The institutional ideal is embodied in its princes and its chiefs, and the ideal passes through them to the members of the institution's staff. Ultimately, this ideal saves institutions from budget slashes and other forms of attack. Solidity is all, hence the architecture, the conformity and the rather square humanism, of the cautious bureaucratic mold. Should the ideal be shaken by experimentation that backfires, the ultimate defense—the ideal itself—may not be sufficient to protect the institution from attacks by the press, the courts or the holders of the public purse strings.

When the master toy becomes generally available, very few of our great public or corporate institutions will survive as we know them. Their ideals and their purposes will be so drastically transformed that their princes will fall. Their methods will be radically changed. Their great buildings will no longer be needed. We will have to dismiss them as out-stitutions and turn to new systems based on new technologies and serving new needs.

Let's take the communications institutions, to start: the press, the library, the theater, publishing and broadcasting. They will be most dramatically affected and have the least excuse for not knowing what's going on. Perhaps the most modern of these, and the most technological—broadcasting—provides a good example of the transformations the master toy implies.

In the next medium, the medium after television, you have a terminal at home, with a screen—probably with higher definition than today's television, capable of resolving 1000 lines or points, instead of the present 525. There's a keyboard or a dial for making your wishes and feelings known, plus some kind of print-out device for hard copy—text and illustration. This home communicator is connected by a simple cable through a buffer and switcher to the vast computer network and its omnibus memory. Entertainment, news, information—everything is there at your command, when you want to see it, as often as you wish. News is added to the bank as fast as it is digested; and if you want to know more about something, you merely ask. If you especially care about medical or engineering or labor news, it keeps you up to date whenever you have a moment—or it prints out the day's developments overnight. Recipes, first-aid instruction, personally graded exercises, language instruction, the state of your stock portfolio—all these are easy to program. Instructional material, from how to build a pipe rack to how to draw up a critical path or how to behave in Burma, will be generally available; and the methods of making these courses personally responsive to the individual are already known and are being used in nearly 400 CAI (computer-assisted instruction) programs. Did you miss last fall's series on Japanese industry, and now you're being sent there on assignment? Dial it up. If you've grown interested in Roman archaeology, the unit can tell you that the BBC has just put out a program that you might like to see. Perhaps you'd like to dial up a Buster Keaton festival or see film versions of the works of Albert Camus. None of this is beyond today's technology: It's just a matter of cost. If you'd need $10,000 a year to subscribe to third-generation machines, the fourth generation should bring it down to a couple of hundred; and five years from now, as the fifth generation rolls around, the service will be cheaper than community-antenna television.

Where does the demand broadcasting (or narrowcasting, as MIT's Joseph Licklider calls it) leave today's broadcaster? He becomes a minor supplier of programs: an interviewer of local officials, an occasional news gatherer, a filmer of regional sports, an agent for signing up local commercials. Gone is the nonsense of scheduling and its prime-time concepts. Prime time will be whenever you want to see something. Gone will be balanced programing, equal time and the doom-and-disaster concept of news. True, the networks will still show *Son of Laugh-In* on Sundays at ten; but if you like, you can wait for the critics before you take the time to watch; for it'll be there all week, or all year, for that matter. Gone will be the summer desert, with its reruns (a now-meaningless term); gone the 58-minute and 30-second program: They will find their own length. Gone is the stupid waste of brilliant programs that found only part of their audience because nobody's always free to watch what he'd like when the schedulers want him to. If you want to watch Wayne and Shuster in the original Canadian version, or Peter Cook and Spike Milligan on the BBC, or Japanese or Swedish programs, they're about to be there when you want them, via low-cost satellite transmission.

In fact, with demand broadcasting, various communications institutions—the press, the libraries, the broadcasters, the film distributors—will all be fused into one vast communications institution, with many private suppliers, as well as the computers, sharing the spoils. A look at the recent acquisitions of vast corporations such as RCA will show you that this is well on the way.

Lord Thomson, the British communications baron, once described his Scottish TV-broadcast-station permit as "a license to print money." Seventy years ago, he might have said the same thing about an exclusive buggy dealership. Today, the future of these investments appears to be in doubt. The CATV, telephone and telegraph people are all maneuvering to exploit demand broadcasting through their existing cable networks; and there is at present a strong movement to deprive television of its enormous frequency allotments in the broadcast spectrum by putting it all on cable, so that the essential and expanding mobile transmissions may have room to grow. The present-day institution of broadcasting may soon be a historical oddity.

The institution of education has become the state religion, based on coercion, drudgery and an undue respect for

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EL TORO BRAVO

Comes on bold.

the past. Salvation, since Sputnik, seems to lie in technology. Though the really modern school has big, shiny buildings named after successful politicians, and all sorts of "scientific" accouterments, the basic idea is still to bunch students into groups of 30 or so and drag them along at the dismal pace of the slower learners. To alleviate boredom, instead of individualizing instruction, educators introduced mass media: film projectors (more boredom) and ETV (for sleeping and doing homework). In grade schools, to rein back the little devils' notorious capacity for mischief, teachers are issued overhead projectors, so they needn't turn their backs to write on the blackboard. Now it's almost impossible to pass notes, sling paper clips or read something interesting. What to do with your energy as the period drags on? You certainly can't use it for learning, because if something should happen to interest you, bong goes the bell. Anyway, teachers are more interested in teaching than in learning. Most of them still want you to pass their feudal exams, dress like everyone else and be as anonymous as you can. You're indoctrinated with the thought that all of these days of penance will somehow pay off in a lifetime of grace as soon as you get into the real world. And to further the myth, escapees, no matter how brilliant and clear-sighted (after all, they've seen through the system), are labeled dropouts and stigmatized for life.

Opposed to this dismal mass-education approach are some pretty bright experiments by the toy people. Here, the emphasis is on learning, not on teaching; on the student, instead of on the class; on channeling and multiplying the individual's energy, instead of on curbing it for the good of the group. The toy people are tearing out the milk-crate rows of seats, the bleak square walls, the rigid timetable, the concept of the class that stays together all through the year. Instead, they are scheduling the anarchy with a computer programed to look after each student's interests, problems and needs. They're putting in individualized film-loop projectors, dial-access systems, language labs (why should everyone be turned off while one student reads his homework to the teacher?) and computer-learning machines. This is our friend the home communicator under another guise; there is already a score of such systems in use. Educators have found that with a good machine, such as Omar Moore's talking typewriter (which pronounces letters and words as they are typed), tots of three can read and publish their own magazines.

The educational authorities say it will be 10 to 15 years before computer learning machines will be generally introduced in the schools; and unless there's another challenge like Sputnik, it will probably take longer than that. But two or three years will see the ultimate toy enter the home, and then the kids will go wild, learning things when they're ready, asking questions parents can't answer, playing games, cruising through their homework, finding out about drama, science and art, discovering who they are and what they like and the miraculous joys of the mind. We'll be back in the Elizabethan times, when the kids went on to the university at 15 and 16. There'll be no reason to keep them out. Their minds will be tumbling with facts and ideas, a broad spectrum of current thought, backed by some cogent history, integrated with their personalities. They'll be itching for debate and challenge and reinforcement from top thinkers and the chance to get their fingers on the electron microscopes, lasers and atom smashers—all the big toys the university can provide.

When that starts to happen, the computer will begin entering the office as a toy. Of course, it's already there as a drudge, looking after billing and payroll and inventory. It's been used to simulate marketing situations and help lay out critical paths. But through individual terminals, it will become the daily companion of executives, customer's men, designers, researchers, forecasters, salesmen—in short, anyone from whom initiative is expected in the pursuit and development of his job, all the way up to and including the boss. The first companies that throw out the remnants of their coercive systems and introduce the turn-on toys will attract the most creative people. If they can handle the explosion, they will rocket up *Fortune*'s list of the 500 biggest companies like squirrels up trees. You can see it happening already in the ads for creative people placed by growth industries in the Sunday *New York Times*. You can see the bait they're using: building big war toys, space toys and transportation toys; using toys to build them; and extolling the recreational joys and educational advantages of their particular boondocks. But until each of us gets his own personal master toy, we are still out of touch and held back in our work. However, the trend is there: For the men who are making tomorrow, education, creativity, work and entertainment are becoming synonymous. When the master toy makes it happen, business institutions will be completely transformed and we'll all be ten feet tall.

Under our patient tutelage, machines have evolved from mechanical pets to intellectual companions, and already we're getting on well together. Sooner or later, we'll get used to the idea of living with the changes machines will make in our society. Then we will have to face new challenges in our relationship, for our toys will take on a biological dimension, to watch over our weight, diet, exercise and personal indulgences. Each day, as we submit to the machine's intimate examination of our mortal coils, we will rest in the assurance that hospitals, with their diseases and poisonous anesthetics and barbaric surgery, will soon be a thing of the past. And I suppose some of us will be ready to try man/machine sex, when they cybernate our pleasure centers through sensors, stimulators and manipulators. The ultimate state in this progressive man-toy liaison is projected by Arthur C. Clarke, the poet of spiritual growth through technology, in the closing chapters of his *Profiles of the Future*:

> One day we may be able to enter into temporary unions with any sufficiently sophisticated machines, thus being able not merely to control but to *become* a spaceship or a submarine or a TV network. This would give far more than purely intellectual satisfaction; the thrill that can be obtained from driving a racing car or flying an airplane may be only a pale ghost of the excitement our great-grandchildren may know, when the individual human consciousness is free to roam at will from machine to machine, through all the reaches of sea and sky and space.

Like a book, the master toy is a device for storing up the distilled knowledge and best thinking of our species, putting it at our disposition on demand. Unlike books, our master toys will play a radical role in transforming that knowledge into energy, which, like Einstein's atom, moves at the speed of light and is the source of limitless power. The Greek philosophers feared that books would destroy the memory, leaving the mind unsupported; but we've conquered that fear—and others—to rise to new pleasure, strength and wealth. Now it seems the hurdles are getting closer and closer together. It sometimes seems as if we have to keep running and jumping faster, and it's no longer possible to stop and see where we are. If we could look back at the present from the coming decades, we might see that it isn't an ever more frantic race but a take-off; and that the late Sixties, with their time-shared computer toys, showed the way to overleap the inanities, the extravagances, the barbarities, the waste of human potential that our present institutions represent. And just for kicks, since the highways are much too crowded, we will crawl into our simulator, set the dial for Sopwith Camel, pull back the joy stick and joust a few rounds with the Red Baron over the green fields of France.

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PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 78)*

THE CLERGY IS ALIVE

I feel compelled to comment on the letter from the woman in Wilmington, Delaware (*The Playboy Forum*, November), who received little help when seeking birth-control counseling from the clergy of her church. She wrote: "Maybe people think God is dead because His priests and ministers are mentally and emotionally not quite alive."

Recently, more than 400 bishops met in London for the Tenth Lambeth Conference of the Churches that make up the world-wide Anglican Communion. On the first day of their meeting, the Pope issued his controversial encyclical on birth control. In Christian conscience, the bishops felt they had to make a statement on the matter. This they did by reaffirming what has been the Anglican position for many years now:

> The Conference believes that the responsibility for deciding upon the number and the frequency of children has been laid by God upon the consciences of parents everywhere: That this planning, in such ways as are mutually acceptable to husband and wife in Christian conscience, is a right and important factor in Christian family life and should be the result of positive choice before God. Such responsible parenthood, built on obedience to all the duties of marriage, requires a wise stewardship of the resources and abilities of the family as well as a thoughtful consideration of the varying population needs and problems of society and the claims of future generations.

This paragraph is simply a rewriting of the same decision stemming from the Lambeth Conference of 1958; thus, this line of thought has been policy for at least ten years and it is apparent that it will continue to be so. Let me assure your November letter writer that some of God's priests and ministers are very much mentally and emotionally alive. Could it be that this is so because some of God's priests and ministers are also happily married?

The Rev. Harry Callaghan
Diocese of Guyana
Georgetown, Guyana

ADOLESCENT SEX

An item in the December *Forum Newsfront* describes a program at the Sinai Hospital adolescent center in Baltimore in which teenage girls, "some as young as 12," are being given oral contraceptives. This item happily goes on to state that none of the girls who took the pill regularly became pregnant. It strikes me that this little story belongs not in *The Playboy Forum* but in the *Playboy After Hours* section as a specimen of black humor.

I'm not a moralist, but it would seem to me that sanctioning sexual relations of 12-year-olds is a bit much, even for a scientific study.

Charles A. Bentley
Rolling Meadows, Illinois

The purpose of the study was to discover whether or not anything practical could be done to cut down the incidence of unwed motherhood among sexually active teenage girls. The behavior of the girls was already established and would doubtless have continued with or without sanctions.

BAIRD CASE PRESSED

As you know, Bill Baird, crusader for enlightened attitudes concerning birth control and abortion, faces a ten-year prison term for publicly exhibiting a birth-control pill and for dispensing three kits of contraceptive foam during a lecture at Boston University (*The Playboy Forum*, February 1968). Recently, in the presence of a member of the Boston vice squad, I bought contraceptive foam at three leading Boston department stores. I am not married and I did not have a prescription. The stores, by selling the foam to me, thus violated the Massachusetts birth-control law. I signed complaints against them to that effect.

The case was brought before municipal court justice Elijah Adlow, who denied the complaints and stated that they were not appropriate for his court, though he did not give his reasons for this decision. It appears to me that Boston law-enforcement authorities are not willing to prosecute these big department stores for quietly committing the same offense—dispensing contraceptives to a woman not having a prescription for them—that Bill Baird publicly committed to test the Massachusetts law.

Thus, while a knowledgeable middle-class woman who is unmarried can get contraceptives without a prescription in violation of the Massachusetts law, a poor woman cannot get contraceptive aid at a city clinic, because there the law will be adhered to. The inequity of the Massachusetts birth-control law, which hurts the poor while leaving those who are better off untouched, is what Bill Baird came to this state to fight.

Billie Jean Blair
Parents' Aid Society
Hempstead, New York

THE POPE AND VIOLENCE

As I understand it, the Pope's encyclical banning birth control is based on the contention that contraceptives are unnatural and are interferences with life. Assuming the validity of the philosophy that life is sacred, then the Pope should also ban the use of pistols, guns and military weapons—all forms of violence. Think what this would do to lower the shocking crime rate in our cities and the carnage on battlefields and in bombed cities. Perhaps even non-Catholics would get the idea and follow suit. War would cease and Christmas hymns about "Peace on earth, good will to men" would become a reality instead of a sad joke.

David Stry, Director of Education
Villa Vegetariana Health Resort
Cuernavaca, Mexico

VATICAN *VS.* BEDROOM

Pope Paul, by publishing the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, has created many conflicts of conscience among Catholics, without at all solving the problem of overpopulation. Unlike the Pope, French bishops have cautiously admitted, at their convention in Lourdes, that contraception is not a sin but a fault that can be rectified simply by a person's regretting it. One bishop compared it to his killing four Germans during World War Two, regretting it but feeling that it was the right thing to do.

A German weekly newspaper, *Die Zeit*, stated recently that world population will amount to about five billion in 20 to 30 years' time and that even now, there are millions of people suffering and dying from starvation, especially in India and in some South American countries. The German paper added that the Church may belong to the Vatican, but the bedroom belongs to the couple.

Armand Panico
Nice, France

NEW YORK ABORTION BILL

I am a member of the National Organization for Women, New York Chapter. Believing that it is every woman's civil right to make her own decisions regarding her reproductive life and that no government should have the power to force women to have unwanted children, we are working to help repeal the criminal abortion laws in New York State.

Republican assemblywoman Constance Cook of Ithaca, New York, prefiled a bill for the 1969 session of the state legislature, with Manhattan Democrat Franz Leichter as co-sponsor. If passed, the bill will completely repeal New York laws defining most kinds of abortion as crimes and will make it a medical procedure governed only by the laws regulating general medical practice. The decision to have an abortion will be a private matter between the woman and her physician.

This may well be the most important bill that the New York State Assembly will consider this year. Every citizen who believes in this bill should write to his assemblyman and his state senator urging them to vote for it.

Arleen Emery
New York, New York

The Illinois state legislature will also

consider a similar law this year. The Illinois Family Study Commission has accepted a subcommittee report calling for the removal of restrictions on abortions performed under proper medical conditions.

COURT FIGHT ON ABORTION

"Progress Report on Liberalized Abortion" was the title of the lead item in the "Medicine" section of a well-known news magazine recently. The writer came to the conclusion, based on data from Colorado and California, that so-called liberalized abortion laws, were they to be passed in all 50 states this year, would make only the smallest dent in the incidence of criminal abortions. It ends with a prophecy by Dr. Alan Guttmacher that nothing will happen because the public is not ready to legalize abortion. But the public was not ready to grant civil rights, either. The people of California passed Proposition 14, an initiative constitutional amendment that prohibited state fair-housing laws, and the California Supreme Court struck it down as a violation of the "equal protection" clause of the U.S. Constitution. Now, the California Supreme Court must determine the constitutionality of abortion laws with respect to that same 14th Amendment. A California superior court has already decided that any omission in an abortion law that, like California's, denies an abortion when there are indications that the child will be malformed violates the guarantee of due process and equal protection and is therefore unconstitutional.

The California Supreme Court has agreed to hear an appeal that challenges the constitutionality of all laws purporting to regulate abortion except those that govern surgical procedure and medical practice. The doctor bringing the challenge is Beverly Hills obstetrician Dr. Leon Belous, for many years a crusader for abortion reform. He has long pleaded the cause of pregnant patients seeking abortions and of doctors who wish to practice medicine properly by terminating contraindicated pregnancies. For many years, he has taken his pleas for mercy to the public, but the results have been negligible. Dr. Belous was convicted for referring a woman to an abortionist, a man whose skill was well-known to many Southern California obstetricians. When the police raided the abortionist's clinic, Dr. Belous' patient was there, still groggy from the anesthetic, and under police interrogation, she gave the doctor's name. She has testified that she pleaded with Dr. Belous hysterically, threatening to injure herself and refusing to be turned away, until he finally gave her the name of someone he knew to be a safe and qualified person.

So, it is down to the wire for abortion laws in California, and there will be further recourse to the U.S. Supreme Court for the loser. Advocates of abortion reform have always put themselves on the defensive, justifying gradual liberalization and answering their opponents point by point. Now the question is turned around. What justifies the present abortion laws? What is the compelling interest of the state in interfering with individual rights to control one's own reproductive life? If the state could show that it must force women to breed because increased population is necessary, that might be a compelling interest. Or if the nonviable fetus is legally regarded by the state as a human being, that would justify stringent laws. In fact, it would require that abortion be redefined as murder, with corresponding penalties. Eminent lawyers are preparing their briefs on the constitutional challenges. It would be pointless here to second-guess them on the specific way they will attack these questions; we shall wait and see.

Ellen W. Studhalter
Secretary, California Committee on Therapeutic Abortion
Van Nuys, California

ABORTION AND JUSTICE

I am currently serving 10 to 14 years in a state prison for abortion, attempted abortion, aiding and abetting the commission of abortions and conspiracy to commit abortions. I am guilty only on the conspiracy counts, having acted as a go-between in several cases. Prior to my conviction, I remained a prisoner in a county jail for over 15 months because I was unable to meet bail set at $50,000 and later reduced to $20,000. During this period, my family was forced to exist on welfare. At the time of the trial, the doctor involved was suffering from infectious hepatitis. His own doctor pleaded for a continuance but was refused. After being found guilty and while awaiting sentence, the doctor took an overdose of sleeping pills (accidentally, I believe) and died. The court, deprived of one whipping boy, vented its spleen on the remaining "criminal"—me. When my lawyer asked the judge to reduce my unusually severe sentence, the judge replied that the sentence was not merciful but was just.

My personal experiences with abortion indicate to me that so-called liberalized abortion laws are farcically inadequate. Most women who seek the services of an abortionist are healthy women; their offspring are in no danger of birth defects and the women have not submitted to incest or have not been raped. They have simply loved, not wisely but carelessly. They are the daughters of law-abiding citizens, widows, divorcees, college students, older married women; they are not bad women, they are *our* women. Therapeutic abortion laws won't help them.

In the state of New Jersey, a woman who procures an abortion is not prosecuted for it but is hounded by the authorities until she agrees to be classified as a victim and to testify against the abortionist. The way women are pressured into turning against those who helped them reminds me of the phony confessions and accusations that mark purge trials in Iron Curtain countries.

What price justice? One man is torn from his wife and two children and sentenced to 10 to 14 years at hard labor. Another is dead. A cruel and unnecessary law has been enforced. When are we going to make our legislators enact laws in keeping with the people's wants and needs?

(Name and address withheld by request)

CLERGY AND ABORTION

Your readers may be interested in hearing about the formation of a Clergy Counseling Service for Problem Pregnancies here in Southern California.

When a person dials the Clergy Counseling number (213) 666-7600, the call is answered by an automatic answering device with a recorded message, giving the names of five ministers and rabbis on call for that particular week and the suggestion that she call another number in her own area to make an appointment to come in for counseling. The counseling team is composed of rabbis and ministers of all major Protestant faiths. Our aim is to provide the best medical, legal, psychological and theological advice available to enable a woman to make a decision that meets her particular situation.

The service was formed because of a recognition that the recently enacted California Therapeutic Abortion Act meets very few of the problems faced every year by women who must resort to the humiliation and the physical peril of illegal abortions. Women are forced by ignorance, misinformation and desperation into a course of action that demands human concern on the part of religious leaders.

Under present abortion law in the U.S., it is estimated that more than 1,000,000 women each year are forced to resort to dangerous illegal abortion. In California, nearly one third of all maternal deaths are due to abortions, either self-induced or by malpractice.

The Rev. J. Hugh Anwyl
Mount Hollywood Congregational Church
Los Angeles, California

STRAIGHT IS GREAT

I am a homosexual who was married for several years, during which I was able to accomplish a fair number of sex acts with my wife. I still keep in touch with the progress of medical science through

The Major is British...the Lieutenant is American. They're out to win World War II this weekend...or die trying.

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my family doctor, hoping that someday my desire can be reversed from that for men to women.

Despite my present propensity, experience has told me the heterosexual's secret, and I want to be like him. There is no question that superior satisfaction is to be gained from heterosexual intercourse. Any homosexual who states that he doesn't want to change just doesn't know what complete and normal sex satisfaction is like—and especially the awe-inspiring presence of a joyfully fulfilled woman lying beside him.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

THE MAN BETWEEN

I have enjoyed the debate in *The Playboy Forum* among those who want to kill homosexuals, those who want to cure them and those who just want to leave them alone to live their own lives. I would like to summarize my own life briefly and then ask some questions that might stimulate further debate.

My father died when I was an infant and I was raised by my mother and my aunt (one of the classic situations that produce homosexual personalities, I am told). I started having homosexual relations at the age of eight and remained exclusively homosexual in behavior until I was 19. At that point, I started having sexual relations with a girl, fell in love with her (I had never loved any of my adolescent male partners), married her and for five years was faithful to her. Then I was drafted—and you can guess what happened. After a few months of loneliness and frustration, I resumed my former homosexual pattern. I even fell in love with a man for the first time in my life. He was killed in battle and I was honorably discharged a few months later. I returned to my wife and we are now expecting our second child. Although I feel very settled and satisfied in my role as husband and father, I, of course, cannot predict what the future might bring. (No man knows his destiny until he's dead.)

Now, my questions: Was I sick when I was exclusively homosexual before the age of 19? Am I well now? If so, since I never had any kind of psychoanalysis or other psychotherapy, what cured me? Did I get sick again when I went into the Army? And, for those of your readers who are especially hostile to the notion of homosexual love: Which was sicker—having casual affairs with men or falling in love with one?

(Name withheld by request)
Dayton, Ohio

A QUEER SORT OF FUZZ

Like some other letter writers to *The Playboy Forum*, I, too, was approached in a public rest room by a vice-squad cop (just shortly before being sent to Vietnam). It was unfortunate for the cop, because he had guessed wrong; I am heterosexual. Also, I had just completed a course in judo and karate and my reflexes were extremely quick. As a result, he landed on his behind at the opposite end of the room. At first, he was angry as hell, flashed his badge and threatened me with arrest for assault; but it gradually got through to his fuzzy brain that I was not homosexual and could therefore not be intimidated. Since he made the initial move (grabbing for my genitals), I acted solely in self-defense. He unhappily allowed me to go on my way; but I think he is one cop who will be more careful in the future to observe correct legal procedures in dealing with suspected homosexuals and will not attempt such crude forms of entrapment again.

(Name withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

Ralph Nader's statement in the October *Playboy Interview* that automobiles are responsible for more than 50 percent of the air pollution in the United States was quite a shocker. Even more shocking is Nader's claim that nonpolluting cars, driven by electricity, are deliberately being withheld from the public due to collusion between the auto companies and the petroleum interests. If this is true, these corporations (and not individuals who engage in noncoital sex) should be prosecuted for "the abominable and detestable crime against nature."

Janet Hermosa
Chicago, Illinois

"No one denies that he had the right to hold dissident views. On the other hand, it was a drag having him around."

"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.

THE BALL HAWKS *(continued from page 138)*

looks more mournful than ever now.

"You won't understand this, kid, but somebody has to hear it. You see, there's this woman I know, a really great woman, in all senses of the word. Except she just don't fit what I want to wind up with. She's a brunette, for God's sake, and another twenty years or so, she may even have a mustache. As if that's not bad enough, this woman, Gladys, she's not even *educated*! She's a nurse, a dumb nurse; she thinks *Oliver Twist* is a pastry recipe, that the theory of relativity is about family togetherness. And . . . her ankles are just a bit too thick. What would you do with a woman like that?"

"I don't know what you do with women."

"I do love her, you see. I'm crazy about her. That's what I don't understand. She's pretty, but she's not a blonde. Levelheaded, but dumb. Feminine enough, but not altogether compliant. In short, she's full of nicks. What do you do with a woman like that? It's driving me nuts. I tell you, I don't eat, I don't sleep, I don't care about anything but her. When I walk, I'm six inches off the ground. When I see my friends, all I can talk about is her. Wherever I am, I see her, hundreds of her; only, at the last moment, it's always someone else. I lost my job over mooning about her. And I never want to see her again!"

"Why not?"

"Are you nuts? She's full of nicks. Brunette, thick ankles, dumb. I can get any damn woman I want, and the ones I want have got to be round, white, perfect!"

"If you've got those kind, why don't you marry one?"

"Because they're so great I want to marry them all!"

"But you never do."

"No."

"Why don't you learn to play golf?"

"What has *that* got to do with anything?"

"I don't know," mutters Bertie, but his mind is now on other things; namely, the advancing ball hawk down the slope from them. "Look, mister," he says, "thanks for the lesson. It sure seems to work, that trick." And Bertie hands the master three Dunlop Gold Cups and two U. S. Royals. "Your pay," he says. "And I've got to run. Otherwise, that guy will beat me to the ball I found."

"Hey," the master calls after him, "I'll keep one of these U. S. Royals, but all the others got nicks in 'em."

"Thanks again," says Bertie, snatching up the ball on the cinder path. "They're all yours."

In the course of this day, using the master's technique, Bertie finds eight more balls, and only one of them is too badly scarred for use. And before the summer is out, the boy has amassed enough lost balls to purchase three golf clubs: a wood, an iron and a putter. His career, in other words, is launched.

• • •

It is autumn before Bertie sees the master again. He has teed off on the 14th link, his ball has hooked far to the left—over the fence, in fact, onto the bridle path. Right where the ball should be stands the master; only this time, there is a woman, not a dog, with him. She is a brunette and very pretty, although her ankles are a little thick.

"Hey, kid," says the master, "where you been the last six weeks?"

"Playing golf, I guess," says Bertie.

"Glad to hear it, kid. By the way, I want you to meet my wife, Gladys. Gladys, this is . . . what is your name, kid?"

"Bertie McKeon."

"Bertie McKeon," the master says to Gladys. "Remember that name, Bertie, I have a present for you, some things of no use to me anymore."

Bertie takes the old beach bag and opens it. It is full of golf balls, all of them shining white, round, perfect.

ADVICE TO THE WORKLORN. RELAX.

After a tough day, you both deserve a break. So stretch out. Have a drink.

Share a few quiet moments together. The drink?

Seagram's 7 Crown. Because at a time like this, you want a whiskey you know will always taste smooth and light.

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GRANDSTAND PASSION PLAY

(continued from page 164)

them! The house seemed to age in one week. What had been a nondescript bungalow became a battered, hinge-sprung, sagging hillbilly shack.

I remember only brief images of various Bumpuses. They never mixed with anyone else in the neighborhood, just moiled around, hawking, guffawing, kicking their dogs and piling up junk in the back yard. They drove an old slat-sided Chevy pickup truck that was covered with creamy-white bird droppings and a thick coating of rutted Kentucky clay. It had no windshield and the steering wheel looked like it was made entirely of old black friction tape. It roared like a tank, sending up clouds of blue smoke as it burned the sludge oil that the Bumpuses slopped into it. It seemed to be always hub-deep in mud, even though there was no mud in our neighborhood.

Old Emil Bumpus was kind of the headman. He was about eight feet tall and always walked like he was leaning into a strong wind, with his head hanging down around his overall tops. He must have weighed about 300 pounds, not including his chaw of navy plug, which he must have been born chewing. His neck was so red that at first we thought he always wore some kind of bandanna. But he didn't. He had an Adam's apple that rode up and down the front of his neck like a yo-yo. His hair, which was mud-colored, stuck out in all directions and looked like it had been chopped off here and there with a pair of hedge-trimming shears. And his hands, which hung down to just below his knees, had knuckles the size of pool balls, and there was usually a black, stringy bandage around a thumb. His hands were made for hitting things.

The Bumpuses weren't in town three days before Emil cleaned out the whole back room at the Blue Bird Tavern one night. They said somebody had given him a dirty look. Another time, Big Rusty Galambus, who had heard about that incident and felt his reputation was at stake, busted Emil's gallon jug over the back of his head. They said that Emil didn't even know he'd been hit for a couple of minutes, until somebody told him. Then he turned around, stood up, looked down at Big Rusty and said:

"Ah'd be mo' careful with that thar jug a mahn ef'n ah was yew. Ef ah didn' know bettuh, ah mighta tho't yew was spoilin' for a fight."

There was something about the way he said it that persuaded Rusty, a scarred veteran of the open hearth, who had once hoisted the back end of a Ford truck with his bare hands when the jack busted, to apologize and say that the jug slipped.

Emil let it pass; after all, he had 9000 more jugs at home, of all sizes and shapes, sitting on various window sills. We wondered what they were for, until we saw the Bumpuses carrying in pieces of copper tubing—and until we got our first whiff of a mighty aroma from their basement that overpowered even the normal neighborhood smell from the Sinclair oil refinery a half mile away. It got so bad at times that starlings would sit around on the telephone wires back of the Bumpus house, just breathing deeply and falling off into the bushes and squawking. From time to time, there would be a dull explosion in the cellar, and a Bumpus would run out of the house with his overalls on fire.

One afternoon, with a snootful of whatever they were making down there, Emil came reeling out onto the back porch. He was yelling at somebody in the kitchen, his deep molasses drawl booming out over the neighborhood.

"WHO YEW THANK YO' TAWKIN' TEW?" With that, he grabbed ahold of the back porch and pulled it right off the house. He just grabbed the porch and yanked it out by the roots:

"AAAuuuggghhh!"

From that day on, the Bumpus house had no back porch, only a door about eight feet up in the air and a rusty screen. Once in a while, one of them would jump out—and land in the garbage. And every so often, one of the skinny, red-faced sisters would fall out accidentally, usually carrying a pail of dishwater or chicken innards.

"Lawd a'mighty, Amy Jo, ef'n yew cain't watch them clodhoppers a yourn, we gonna have to chain yew up!" Another raucous round of harrooping. They sure loved one another.

From the day they moved in, the house was surrounded by a thick swamp of junk: old truck tires, barrels full of bottles and tin cans, black oil drums, rusty pitchforks, busted chicken crates, an old bathtub, at least 57 ancient bedsprings, an old tractor hood, a half-dozen rotting bushel baskets overflowing with inner tubes and galoshes, a wheelbarrow with one handle, eight or nine horse collars and a lot of things that nobody could figure out—things that looked like big tall water boilers with pipes sticking out. For some reason, they loved wire; they had all kinds of it—chicken wire, baling wire and rolls of barbed wire, just sort of lying around. And in between the big stuff, there was all the little stuff: sardine cans, old batteries, tire irons, old blue tin cups, corncobs, leather straps and a lot of tire pumps. They were always bringing home license plates, which they nailed up by the basement door. The Bumpuses went to the city dump two or three times a week—like art patrons to a gallery—to stock up on more of the same.

The sea of wreckage spread like a blight onto the surrounding yards, first an ironing board on our lawn, then a bicycle tire in our bushes, then a few odd corncobs on the front porch. And

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one day, a gust of wind covered my mother's flapping laundry—her pride and joy—with a thin, indelible coating of chicken dung, pigeon feathers, rabbit fur and goat droppings. After that, her jaw was grim, her eyes thin slits of rage, every time another burst of hawkings or blattings reminded her of the Bumpuses. The night my old man tripped in the dark over a rusty radiator in our back yard, causing him to drop his bowling ball on his left foot, didn't help things, either. He grabbed the radiator and flung it into the dark, back into the Bumpuses' yard; it crashed into the rubble, and for five minutes, an avalanche of sound rumbled on and on, like Fibber McGee's closet. Emil stuck his head out of the kitchen window, quickly followed by the barrel of his trusty shotgun. When the old man stood his ground, Emil hissed, "Sic 'em, Luke!" Instantly, 17 dogs roared out from behind the garage. The old man barely made the kitchen.

A few days later, Schwartz, Kissel, Flick and I were trudging up our driveway when Flick stopped in his tracks, pointed and said, with a touch of delighted wonder, "Hey, look at that funny little house."

"Yeah, look at that little moon on it," replied Schwartz, likewise with some wonder.

"What the hell is it?" Junior Kissel chimed in.

Suddenly, Delbert Bumpus shot around the side of the house, dodging his way through the junk yard like a broken-field runner, and hurled himself headlong into the tiny pine shack and slammed the door, disappearing from our view—but not, unfortunately, beyond our earshot. It was then that we found out about little houses with moons, a new concept for all of us. Devout believers in eternal verities and ancient traditions, the Bumpuses obviously distrusted newfangled, citified contraptions such as that white-porcelain doohickey beside their upstairs bathtub, which didn't get much use, either—except, rumor had it, for the aging and storage of white lightning. From that day on, there was an endless stream of Bumpuses beating a path through the back yard at all hours of the day and night. The outhouse also solved for them the problem of what to do with last year's Sears, Roebuck catalog.

With the Bumpuses—and the outhouse—came the rats. They must have brought back a couple of thousand from one of their trips to the dump. Emil would squat out in back and pop at them with a long-barreled single-shot .22. You could hear the ricochets bouncing off the oil drums, and then Emil yelling:

"Gahdamn, Ima Pearl, ah missed that varmint agin."

"Emil, yew kin go out huntin' after supper. It's time we et."

The Bumpus hounds, who had their own problems with an even larger population of ticks and lice, had no interest at all in the rats. Once in a while, you'd see a hound sprawled flat on his back in the dust, legs spraddled, ears spread out, mouth hanging open, tongue lolling, sound asleep in the sun, with a rat lying beside him like they were the best of friends. The rats had no such nonaggression treaty with the Bumpus chickens, whom they ganged up on now and then, but their losses were too heavy to make it a regular thing. The Bumpuses had *mean* chickens. One big gray hen with a ratty tail and demented yellow eyes chased Schwartz all the way to school one day and waited in the playground for him to come out at recess. He wisely cowered in the locker room.

They also had rabbits—and pigeons. For some reason, hillbillies dearly love pigeons. They kept them in chicken-wire pens when they weren't out dive-bombing our yard and roosting on everybody's laundry. And the Bumpuses had one animal nobody could identify. It was kind of round, with blackish fur and claws. It weighed about 30 pounds or so, and Mrs. Kissel told my mother it was "a swamp bear." Nobody believed her, until one time it tried to eat Mrs. Gammie's Airedale, Rags, who had a nervous breakdown and had to be sent to the country. But the only atrocity it ever actually committed was to devour all my mother's iris bulbs. Emil used to holler at it once in a while, when it got to chewing on the truck tires. Its name was Jack.

The three goats never gave anybody much trouble; in fact, they kept our lawn mowed for us. They didn't smell too good if you got downwind of them on a warm day, but nobody complained about it—what with all the other indescribable smells that drifted our way day and night. My old man would peek out of the kitchen window with a Montgomery Ward spyglass to try to see what the Bumpuses ate when they were all squatting around the trough in the kitchen, with a yellow light bulb hanging overhead amid the wriggling flypaper. There was one smell that really used to get him. He could never tell what it was—a kind of smoky, greasy, gamy animal scent. Then one night he got it. He was watching them wolf it down, the way they always did, slurping and crunching, throwing off a thick yellow spray.

"By God, they're eating possum! That's what it is. Possum!"

My mother, who was always interested in cooking, asked: "Possum, what's that?"

A *Field & Stream* subscriber, the old man immediately answered, "Possum—you know, it's kind of a big rat." My mother, who was putting tomato paste on top of our meat loaf at the time, dropped her spoon and ran into the bathroom. After that, she didn't ask much about what the Bumpuses ate.

"I wonder where the hell they get it?" the old man continued. "I never heard of a possum around here." Where they got possum was just another of the Bumpus mysteries.

Every five minutes or so, someone threw something out the back window into the yard. My mother would be standing at the sink, peering out the window that looked right into the Bumpus house just across the driveway from us. A soggy paper sack filled with coffee grounds and apple cores would sail out and land amid the rubble.

"Tch, tch, just look at those pigs!"

She was right. We were living next door to a tightly knit band of total slobs, a genuine gypsy family. The Bumpuses were so low down on the evolutionary totem pole that they weren't even included in Darwin's famous family tree. They had inbred and ingrown and finally emerged from the Kentucky hills like some remnant of Attila the Hun's barbarian horde. Flick said that they had webbed feet and only three toes. It might have been true.

Delbert Bumpus, the runt of the litter, came to school about three days a month. It was three times too often. Whenever he showed up, there would be a lot of yelling, and they'd throw him out. Delbert never played with anybody and he hardly ever talked; but he spat a lot. Since he lived with the goats and rabbits and chickens, he didn't smell exactly like the rest of us, either—and *we* weren't any bargain.

One time, Miss Parsons, our gym teacher, made the mistake of putting Delbert in a volleyball game. I guess they never played volleyball in Kentucky, because at first he didn't seem to understand what was going on. But when he got the hang of it, everything changed. He stood there, watching them knock the ball back and forth, for maybe five minutes, and then somebody hit one toward him. He left the ground about three feet and gave the ball an overhand shot that sent it screaming over the net; it caught Schwartz just below the left eye and knocked him flat. Bumpus' side cheered.

Miss Parsons said, "No, Delbert, you mustn't hit it that hard."

Bumpus spat on the gym floor and glared at her for a minute, and then growled, "What the goddamn hell is this game 'spose ta be about?"

While Schwartz crawled around on the floor, crying, Miss Parsons—who taught Sunday school at the Baptist church—tried again.

"You mustn't use those bad words, Delbert. Now, let's begin the game again, shall we?"

Miss Parsons believed in law and order. Schwartz, who had been removed to the nurse's office, trailing blood, had been replaced by Roger Beanblossom, who, at the age of seven, was already six feet tall. Beanblossom, famous for his

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serve, sliced a whistler right at Bumpus, who stopped scratching just in time to slam the ball back over the net. This time, he got Jack Morton in the pit of his stomach, knocking the wind out of him like a deflated beach ball. He slumped to the floor, the color of Cream of Wheat.

"No, Delbert." Miss Parsons was back in the fray. "Here, I'll show you."

She tapped the ball delicately into the air, to show how the game was played. Bumpus, watching this exhibition, came out with a line that soon became legend at Warren G. Harding School.

"Who the hell wants to play a goddamn silly girl's game lahk that?"

Miss Parsons, now beet red and faced with a question many of us had privately asked, since volleyball was a hated game among the males of the school, could do only one thing. "Delbert Bumpus, you go to the office this instant!"

Picking his nose, Delbert slouched toward the door and muttered, with classic simplicity: "Screw you."

And he left. It was lucky that Miss Parsons didn't know what he meant by that, or there would have been real trouble. He was kicked out of school for only a week.

Then there was the time Miss Shields opened up the day by reading us a chapter of *Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy*. Miss Shields, our second-grade teacher, was tall and thin and wore rimless glasses. She was a very kind lady, who believed that all children were basically good.

"Boys and girls," she began, after setting the book down, "are there any questions?"

Bumpus, who had never asked a question, spoke up. He had a very deep voice for a kid; already, it sounded a lot like old Emil's, rich and phlegmy.

"Yeah." That was all he said.

"Oh, you have a question, Delbert?" asked Miss Shields, obviously pleased. She felt at long last that she was *reaching* him.

"Yeah." He was a kid of few words.

"Well, what is your question, Delbert?"

"Was this guy Raggedy Andy a bohunk?"

"What was that?" Miss Shields was caught off guard.

"Mah Uncle Cletus knew a bohunk onc't named Andy."

Miss Shields, who did not know Delbert Bumpus the way the class did, gamely replied: "Well, no, Delbert, Raggedy Andy was not of Bohemian extraction. He was a doll."

"Well, ah'll be goddamned," he snorted.

"What was that, Delbert?" Miss Shields felt the class slipping from her grasp.

"You mean a doll that walked aroun'? Sheee-it!"

"Delbert, you mustn't use words like that in class. Yes, Raggedy Andy was a doll who walked around, and so was Raggedy Ann."

"Then there was another little oddity that caught our eye. You claim to have two wives, both over sixty-five and blind."

Delbert snorted again in disbelief and, as he sat down, said in a loud voice, "Ah nevah did heah such a crock a hog drippin's."

"Delbert," said Miss Shields with an ashen face, "report to the office this instant!" We waited for him to say what he usually said when he left the room, but I guess he liked Miss Shields. He just stalked out and went home.

The only time Delbert ever said anything to me directly was one day when I made the mistake of throwing him out at first base. He looked at me real hard for a long time and then said: "Doan' worry, piss-ant, ah'll git yew someday."

Little did I dream at the time what form his revenge would take.

Delbert was the only Bumpus kid in my grade, but they infested Warren G. Harding like termites in an outhouse. There was Ima Jean, short and muscular, who was in the sixth grade, when she showed up, but spent most of her time hanging around the poolroom. There was a lanky, blue-jowled customer they called Jamie, who ran the still and was the only one who ever wore shoes. He and his brother Ace, who wore a brown fedora and blue work shirts, sat on the front steps at home on the Fourth of July, sucking at a jug and pretending to light sticks of dynamite with their cigars when little old ladies walked by. There were also several red-faced girls who spent most of their time dumping dishwater out of windows. Babies of various sizes and sexes crawled about the back yard, fraternizing indiscriminately with the livestock. They all wore limp, battleship-gray T-shirts and nothing else. They cried day and night.

We thought that was all of them—until one day a truck stopped in front of the house and out stepped a girl who made Daisy Mae look like Little Orphan Annie. My father was sprinkling the lawn at the time; he wound up watering the windows. Ace and Emil came running out onto the porch, whooping and hollering. The girl carried a cardboard suitcase—in which she must have kept all her underwear, if she owned any—and wore her blonde hair piled high on her head; it gleamed in the midday sun. Her short muslin dress strained and bulged. The truck roared off. Ace rushed out to greet her, bellowing over his shoulder as he ran:

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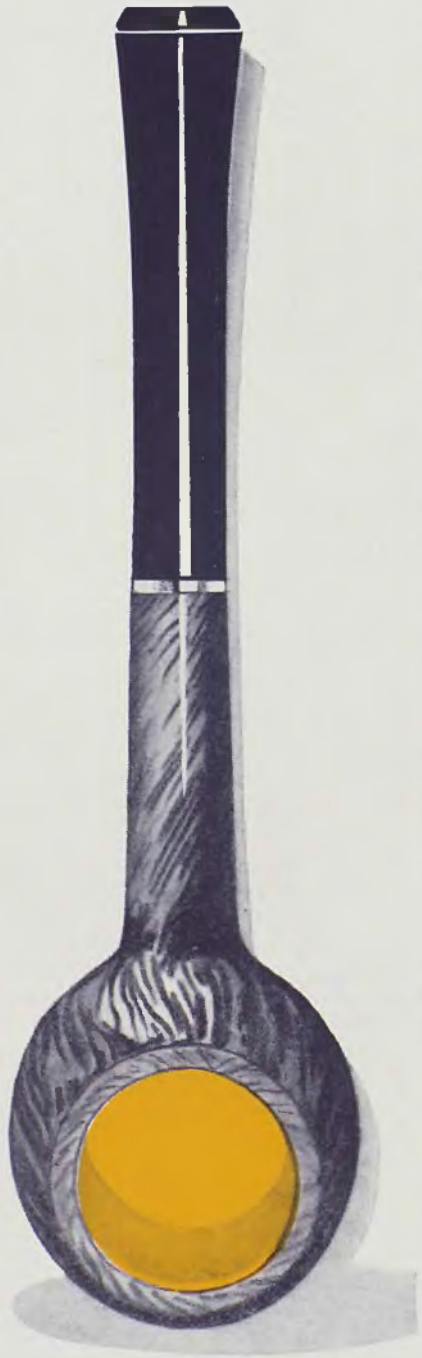

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"MAH GAWD! HEY, MAW, IT'S CASSIE! SHE'S HOME FROM THE REFORMATORY!"

Emil grabbed her suitcase and Cassie, the ripest 16-year-old ever to descend on northern Indiana, kissed her father in a way that clouded up windows for blocks around.

"Mah Gawd, Cassie, yew sure filled out!" he boomed, slapping her none too paternally on the backside. Maw Bumpus, drying her hands on her apron, yelled from the porch:

"YEW GIT IN HERE, CASSIE, AN' LEAVE YORE PAW ALONE. LEASTWAYS TILL WE'VE ET."

After that, my father stepped up his spyglass work considerably, since they had no window shades and Cassie liked to dress very casually around the house. She also liked to lie in the swing on the front porch and suck jawbreakers when the weather was hot.

On Saturday nights, even before Cassie arrived, a roaring fleet of old cars would park around the Bumpus house and a mob of slope-browed, slack-jawed friends and relatives would crowd into the place. All night, paneless windows needlessly flung wide, a thunderous square dance would shake the crockery for blocks around. Hawking and spitting and swilling applejack, they yelled and sweated and thumped up and down, while old Emil sat in a corner and sawed on his fiddle. On those nights, hardly anyone dared leave their homes. These parties always ended one way—with a sudden crash, a prolonged scuffle and then:

"EF'N YEW LAY ANOTHA FINGA ON MAH WOMAN, AH'LL SLICE YEW UP LIKE HOG BACON!"

"YEW AN' WHO ELSE, YEW SONOVABITCH!?"

Followed by screams, crashing bottles, running feet; then a distant wail of sirens. A tremendous roaring of ancient motors, a cloud of gravel and they were all gone, leaving a trail of blood and sweat behind them.

Then there were the dogs. They had at least 745 dogs. Now, our neighborhood had always had dogs—walking-around, ordinary dogs, with names like Zero and Ralph. Once in a while, one of them would knock over a garbage can, but they were dogs that knew their place. The Bumpus hounds, on the other hand, didn't seem to be dogs at all, or maybe they were such *total* dogs that no one knew how to handle them. They were the most uninhibited animals you ever saw in your life. They had absolutely no sense of privacy. They did everything in the bright sunlight, and I mean *everything*. They were just a great churning mass of tails and tongues and flea-bitten bodies. You could almost see the smell. On a warm day, a sort of bluish-greenish-yellowish haze hung over the Bumpus house, and even the haze had fleas.

Every day, one of the Bumpus women would swing down from the back door to feed them. She strode amid the slavering pack, carrying a greasy dishpan full of obscene table scraps and chicken gizzards.

"COME AN' GIT YO' VITTLES!"

The mob would charge, rolling over her in a tidal wave of heaving flanks, bloodshot eyes and mangy fur. Snarling and squealing, they stormed over the littered back yard, a heaving ball of yapping curs. The Bumpus woman, fastidiously shifting her wad of tobacco from one side of her mouth to the other, would then kick her way through the pack and back into the house.

They dug holes continuously—under the porch, in the back yard, in the middle of our scrawny lawn and under the car. Five of them took up residence beneath our garage. They slept there in shifts 24 hours a day. Every time the old man would drive the Olds in, we'd hear under the floor: "ROWFF OUFFF ROWWFF!" and they'd run in mad circles around the garage.

"Shoo! Beat it! Lemme alone!" my father would shout, as he hopped up and down amid the hounds, fighting his way toward the kitchen door. We'd see the eyes of the Bumpus family peering out, waiting for him to make a wrong move. They were a real hillbilly family when it came to their dogs. You could say anything you wanted about anybody in the family, but you didn't dare insult one of their dogs. You didn't say anything against Old Blue or Big Red. *All* the dogs—with the exception of those 17 named Luke—were named either Big Red or Old Blue.

Half a dozen times a week, my old man would come sprinting up the back steps just a stride ahead of the leader of the pack—a wiry, scarred battler named, of course, Big Red—baying the way Kentucky hounds always do when they've got a bear up a tree. Every time this would happen, there would be another wave of juicy guffaws and wheezy back-slapping from the Bumpus mob. This really burned the old man up. After a hard day at the office and the Olds' acting up again, fighting off Big Red to get into the kitchen really got him. He'd sit at the kitchen table, his face sweaty, gulping down a bottle of Atlas Praeger. Finally, after catching his breath, he'd say, "Goddamn it, did you see what those lousy hounds did to the hedge?"

My mother, who had long since given up caring, always shrugged her shoulders and continued stoically scouring her pots.

When there was a full moon, the Bumpus hounds, feeling some ancient canine urge, would treat the neighborhood to a nightlong serenade.

"OwwwwwOOOOOOOOOOOOOO. WOWOOOOOOOOOOoooooooo. Yap yap yaoooOOOOOOoooooooooo."

One after the other, they would take solos; then, after a blessed moment of silence, a full chorus, 15 or 20 strong, would howl to the inconstant moon:

"Yipe yipe yaaWOOOOOOOOooooooooo. Ow Ow OWOOOOOOO. OOOOOOOooooooWOWOOO WOW! WOW! WOWOOOooooooo."

All over the neighborhood, in darkened bedrooms, hairs rose on reddened necks, children whimpered in fear. The Bumpus hounds bayed on, interspersed with Gene Autry—"'MEXICALI ROSE, KEEP SMILIN', AH'LL COME BACK TO YEW . . .'"—and the running commentary of the Bumpuses themselves: "HOICK-PATOOEY."

Months went by. We were in a state of siege. Only after you've lived next to a family like the Bumpuses can you understand how anyone could carry on a lifelong feud with his neighbors. My mother and father were just standard-type people. The old man would flip his cork once in a while when the furnace went on the fritz; he'd threaten to blow out his brains when the White Sox traded away the only ballplayer they had. But he never got mad enough to throw rocks at people—not until that fantastic day when the rumbling volcano of his temper, roused from dormancy by the arrival of the Bumpuses, finally erupted.

Every three or four months—roughly three times a year—we would make a major food investment. I suppose rich families don't even think about this kind of thing, but ordinary families in those days spent their lives eating canned corn, meat loaf, peanut-butter sandwiches, oatmeal, red cabbage and peas. In such a home, the great meals that came along every few months stuck out like icebergs in the Caribbean. Buying a turkey was a state occasion. The entire family would go to the market to inspect all the turkeys; they'd discuss the relative merits of each, press the breastbones down, wiggle the legs, until finally they'd take a vote and decide on this particular 12-pounder, which is borne home with honor and prepared for the big day, like a virgin for the sacrifice. It's a ritual almost as cherished and time-honored as the moment when the tribe hunkers around the ceremonial campfire to devour it.

For weeks afterward, the theological debates continue:

"That was a very good turkey. Very good."

"It was almost as good as the turkey we had in Thirty-three."

"But it wasn't quite as tender as the one we had in Twenty-nine. Actually, this year's was a little dry."

These feast days are always associated with major holidays: turkey for Thanksgiving and Christmas, roast chicken for birthdays and, in our house, Easter always meant ham. My father was totally

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"I wanted to buy a filthy, shocking button to flout the hypocritical values of our degenerate society, but the salesclerk was a lady."

ape over ham. The week before Easter, usually on Friday night, he'd say, "I'll tell you what let's do. What do you say we all pile in the car, drive down to the A. & P. and pick out a great big ham for Easter?"

He said it almost nonchalantly, but his eyes would be lit with a wild and ravenous light. It was no small thing he was suggesting, since "a great big ham" meant about half his pay check in those days.

My mother almost always would come back with, "Well, gee, I don't know. Can we afford it this year? We can always get a nice little pot roast."

"Ah, come on! What the hell. You only live once. What do you say?" And she would always relent.

Quivering slightly, he would throw on his coat and rush to the door. He could already see the ham half eaten, rich and red, weeks of magnificent pickings. Nothing goes with Atlas Praeger like cold ham after a session at the bowling alley.

We'd race to the A. & P. All the hams would be laid out, wrapped in white paper, some marked Armour Star, others Swift; not to mention Hormel. There were always great arguments as to which was really best. These were not dinky little canned hams but weighty monsters smoked darkly and tied with greasy, twisted twine.

The old man would go up and down the case, poking, peering, hefting, sniffing, occasionally punching, until, eventually, *the* ham was isolated from the common herd. Somehow, it looked a little different from the rest. It was *our* ham.

We would leave the market with at least four giant bags of groceries, our fare for the week: loaves of Wonder Bread, Campbell's tomato soup, Ann Page pork and beans, eggs, a two-pound jar of grape jelly, fig bars, oatmeal, Cream of Wheat—real *people* food—and the ham. *The* ham.

When we got the ham home, my mother immediately stripped off the white paper and the string in the middle of our chipped white-enamel kitchen table. There it lay, exuding heavenly perfumes—proud, arrogant, regal. It had a dark, smoked, leathery skin, which my mother carefully peeled off with her sharpened bread knife. Then the old man, the only one who could lift the ham without straining a gut, placed it in the big dark-blue oval pot that was used only for hams. My mother then covered the ham with water, pushed it onto the big burner and turned up the gas until it boiled. It just sat there on the stove and bubbled away for maybe two hours, filling the house with a smell that was so luscious, so powerful as to have erotic overtones. The old man paced back and forth, occasionally lifting the lid and prodding the ham with a fork, inhaling deeply. The ham frenzy was upon him.

After about an hour, the whole neighborhood knew what we were having for Easter. Finally, the next phase began. Grunting and straining, my mother poured off the water into another pot. It would later form the base of a magnificent pea soup so pungent as to bring tears to the eyes. She then sprinkled a thick layer of brown sugar, dotted with butter, over the ham. She stuck cloves in it in a crisscross design, then added several slices of Del Monte pineapple, thick and juicy, and topped it off with a maraschino cherry in the center of each slice. She then sprinkled more brown sugar over the lot, a few teaspoons of molasses, the juice from the pineapple can, a little salt, a little pepper, and it was shoved into the oven. Almost instantly, the brown sugar melted over the mighty ham and mingled with the ham juice in the pan.

By this time, the old man, humming nervously to himself, had checked his carving set several times, to make sure the knife was honed, the fork tines sharp—while in the oven, the ham baked on and on, until late Saturday night, when my mother finally turned off the gas, leaving the oven unopened and the ham inside. She said, as she always did, "Never eat a baked ham right after it's baked. Let it sit in the oven for twelve hours at least."

All night long, I would lie in my bed and smell the ham. The next day was Easter: Easter eggs and chocolate bunnies and all that. But the ham and only the ham was what really counted—not only for itself but because it always put my father in a great mood. We would play catch tomorrow; he would drink beer and tell stories. For once, the Bumpuses would be forgotten. Who the hell cares about a bunch of hillbillies, when there's baked ham on the table? I lay in my bed, awake, the dark, indescribable aroma of ham coiling sinuously into my bedroom from the kitchen. In the next room, my father snored lustily, resting up for the great feast.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, while my brother and I crawled around the house, looking for Easter eggs, my mother turned on the oven to heat the ham ever so slowly. This is important, she told us. The flame must be very low.

By 1:30 that afternoon, the tension had risen almost to the breaking point. The smell of ham saturated the drapes. And on my trip down to Pulaski's for the Sunday paper, I found that it could be smelled at least four blocks away. Finally, at about two o'clock, we all gathered around while my mother opened the blue pot—releasing a blast of

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fragrance so overwhelming that my knees wobbled—and surrounded the ham with sliced sweet potatoes to bake in the brown sugar and pineapple juice.

We usually had our Easter meal around three. Everything was timed carefully around the ham and the Parker House rolls. About 30 minutes before H hour, my mother took the ham out of the oven and laid it out on a big sheet of wax paper, right in the middle of the kitchen table, to let it cool a bit and set—the thick, sweet, brown molasses and sugar oozing down over the sides, the pineapple slices baked brown, the cloves like tiny black insects soaking in the hot ham gravy.

Easter that year was the way all Easters should be but rarely are. Spring had come early, for a change. There were years when winter's hard rock ice was still visible along the curbs, blackened and filthy, coated with steel-mill grime, until late in May. But this Easter was different; gentle breezes blew through the kitchen screen door. Already the stickers in our yard gave promise of a bumper crop. The air was balmy and heavy with spring passion about to burst.

The spring sunlight slanted in through the kitchen window and bathed the ham in a golden, suffused light, just like any good religious experience should be lit. The old man was in an exalted state of anticipation. Whenever he really got excited, he would crack his knuckles loudly. On this fateful day, he was popping them like a set of Brazilian castanets. He had on the new white shirt that he had gotten the week before at J. C. Penney.

While the ham sat basking in our gaze, my mother busily spread the lace tablecloth on the dining-room table and set out our best china, which was used only three or four times a year at the maximum. My father picked up his carving knife again, for one last stroke on the whetstone. He held the blade up to the light. Everything was ready. He went into the living room and sat down.

"Ah."

His eyes glowed with the primal lust of a cave man about to dig into the kill, which would last us at least four months. We would have ham sandwiches, ham salad, ham gravy, ham hash—and, finally, about ten gallons of pea soup made with the gigantic ham bone.

When it happened, he was sitting knee-deep in the *Chicago Tribune* sports section. I had been called in to wash up. My mother was in the bedroom, removing the curlers from her hair. My Aunt Glenn and Uncle Tom were on their way over to have Easter dinner with us. Uncle Tom always gave me a dollar. It was going to be a day to remember. Little did I suspect why.

I had just left the bathroom and my kid brother had just gone in for his fumigation, when suddenly and without warning:

BLAM!

The kitchen door flew open. It had been left ajar just a crack to let the air come in to cool the ham.

I rushed to the kitchen just in time to see 4293 blue-ticked Bumpus hounds roar through the screen door in a great, roiling mob. The leader of the pack—the one that almost got the old man every day—leaped high onto the table and grabbed the butt end of the ham in his enormous slavering jaws.

The rest of the hounds—squealing, yapping, panting, rolling over one another in a frenzy of madness—pounded out the kitchen door after Big Red, trailing brown sugar and pineapple slices behind him. They were in and out in less than five seconds. The screen door hung on one hinge, its screen ripped and torn and dripping with gravy. Out they went. Pow, just like that.

"HOLY CHRIST!" The old man leaped out of his chair.

"THE HAM! THE HAM! THOSE GODDAMN DOGS! THE HAM!!"

He fell heavily over the footrest as he struggled to get into the kitchen, his voice a high-pitched scream of disbelief and rage. My mother just stood in the dining room, her face blank and staring, two aluminum hair curlers still in place. I ran through the kitchen, following my old man out to the back porch.

The snarling mob had rolled across the back yard and was now battling it out next to the garage, yipping and squealing with excitement. Occasionally, one of them would be hurled out of the pack, flipping over backward in the air, to land heavily amid the barrel staves and sardine cans. Instantly, he would be back in the fray, biting and tearing at whatever moved.

The ham didn't last eight seconds. Old Grandpa Bumpus and a dozen other Bumpuses stuck their heads out of various windows, to see what all the yowling was about. Without pausing to aim, he reared back and spit a great big gob of

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tobacco juice—a new long-distance record—right into the middle of the pack. It was a direct hit on our ham—or what was left of it.

He whooped wildly, wattles reddening with joy, spraying tobacco juice in all directions, while Cletus, his dim-witted grandson, yelled from the basement door:

"GAHDAMN, GRAN'PAW, LOOKA THEM HOUN'S GO! LOOKA THEM OL' BOYS GO! HOT DAMN!!"

Delbert, meanwhile, circled around the roaring inferno, urging them on, kicking dogs that had given up back into the fray. Suddenly, he looked up at where I was hiding, a sadistic grin on his face, his hair hanging low. Our eyes met significantly for a fleeting instant and then he went back to kicking. A paralyzing fear gripped me. I remembered! That time I threw him out at first! Was this what he meant? Was *I* responsible for this tragedy? Oh, God, no! I slunk back into the shadows.

Bumpus women, their lank hair streaming down over their red necks, cackled fiendishly. Emil Bumpus, who had been asleep under the front porch, came reeling out, trailing his jug of white lightning. He took one look and practically passed out, wheezing and harrumphing and gurgling with hilarity.

My old man just stood stock-still on the back porch for a long moment, and then he blew his stack. I had never seen him do anything before that came near what he did now. We kept bottles on the back porch to be returned to the grocery store. He reached down and grabbed a milk bottle. His face white with rage, he wound up mightily and, with a sweeping, sidearm motion, hurled the bottle against the side of the Bumpus house with a deafening crash.

Grandpa Bumpus stopped in mid-spit, a big juicy gob hanging down over his chin. Emil dropped his jug to the ground, eyes lighting up with joy. This was back home for Emil. He was in his element. Turning around as if to run for his shotgun, he paused when he saw the old man standing there unmoving—radiating the clearest and most beautiful rage I'd ever seen in my life.

I cowered next to the railing on the back porch. Even the dogs felt his hatred. One by one, they fell silent. The bare, shiny bone of the ham lay in the sun. Big Red licked his chops.

After a long, pregnant moment, the old man turned, walked back into the kitchen and slammed the door. He stood for a minute by the kitchen table, looking down at the big sheet of wax paper dripping warm ham gravy. The heavenly aroma still hung heavy in the house. The old man just stood there—and came as close to crying as I'd ever seen him come.

Finally, he spoke, in a low, rasping voice: "All right! OK! Get your coats.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 219.

We're going to the Chinese joint. We're going to have chop suey."

Ordinarily, this would have been a gala of the highest order, going to the chop-suey joint. Today, it had all the gaiety of a funeral procession. The meal was eaten completely in silence.

That was the beginning of the bitter Shepherd–Bumpus feud. Relentlessly, the old man beleaguered the Bumpuses at every moment. He had tap-dancing cleats put on his shoes, which proved to be quite a nasty surprise to Big Red the first day he tried his usual ankle grab and caught a cleat behind his left ear. The old man took up tobacco chewing and arched long, undulating gobs onto the Bumpuses front porch when the wind was right. Every time the Bumpuses cranked up for a Gene Autry record festival, the old man countered with *In a Persian Market* played at full blast on our Sears, Roebuck Silvertone phonograph.

He took to throwing beer bottles out of the kitchen window and hurling coffee grounds onto the roof of the Bumpus truck when it bellowed by, taking the Bumpuses down to pick up their weekly relief check. He put bottle caps and tacks in the driveway and laughed uproariously every time one of the Bumpus women fell out the back door. He planted stickers in the cave that the Bumpus hounds lived in under the garage and took to jumping up and down on the garage floor late at night, when the hounds were asleep. Once he even bayed at the moon louder than all the hounds put together. I still remember the startled look on Big Red's face when the old man let out a long, drawn-out, quavering howl that he had learned from 20 years of watching Tarzan pictures.

The only trouble was that nothing he did—but *nothing*—made the slightest dent on the Bumpus way of life. They didn't even seem to know he was doing anything. The bottle caps and tacks he threw in the driveway never even scratched their feet, horny-hard after generations of shoelessness. The only thing that came of it was that we got two flats in one day on the Olds. His pitiful tobacco juice added as much to the sea that the Bumpuses themselves produced as a raindrop in the ocean. Nothing he could do had any effect. One night, he told my mother he had concluded that the Bumpuses *planned* the ham raid, the dogs carrying out their orders like guerrilla fighters. He hinted that he had something up his sleeve that he was working out in the basement that would really settle the score once and for all. He was biding his time.

The Bumpuses, meanwhile, went on with life as usual. There wasn't much they could do to us that they hadn't already done without intending to. Grandpa Bumpus jacked up his output of tobacco juice a little, but the rest of them just went about their business—collecting junk and piling it in the yard, tossing potato peels out the window, brewing moonshine, hollering, hitting each other and scratching themselves.

Then one night, without warning, everything changed forever. I awoke suddenly about three A.M. with a strange feeling that something was wrong. It was. For a couple of minutes, I couldn't focus my mind; then, gradually, it became clear to me that something was up. I heard my father in the next room. He had apparently awakened about the time I had.

He said hoarsely to my mother, "Hey, wake up!"

Then a long period of silence, while he listened in the darkness. We were always having alarums and excursions, but this was really different.

The bedsprings squeaked and the old man's feet pattered across the bedroom floor; the usual thump and groan of excruciating pain as he stubbed the foot of the dresser. A rustling silence as he peered through the curtains into the blackness of the night.

"Shhhhh!"

Another pause. I waited, scared and anxious in my bed, my kid brother mewing softly across the room.

"I'll be damned!" the old man said aloud in wonder. "You'll never believe it."

"Believe what?" whispered my mother, who had gotten up and joined him.

"Just take a look out there," he said with disbelief. "They moved out! They're gone!"

I realized why I had awakened. For the first time in many months, the sound of Gene Autry records had ceased; the continuous whine and yelp of the Bumpus hounds had been silenced. Everything was—*quiet*.

My father sniffed noisily.

"The smell is gone. Even the smell is gone!"

It was true. The air in my bedroom was clear of cabbage, dog urine and corn whiskey for the first time in six months.

The next morning, the truth was there for all to see. The Bumpuses had packed up and moved on, leaving behind a sagging shambles of a house, the back yard rutted and ground to gray dust by the endless clawings and scratchings of the Bumpus dogs and the Bumpus chickens, with great, tangled rat's nests of rusting junk and weather-beaten barrels, and smelly gallon jugs and empty bean cans that told everything there was to know about the way the Bumpuses lived out their days. They just ran up a big enough rent bill and then moved out in the middle of the night. We never heard another word about them.

At first, my father seemed to be glad. Then, about a month later, a nice old couple moved in next door and soon had the house and yard looking like an illustration for an insurance company that sold retirement plans to nice old couples. They went to bed every night at 8:30 and had a canary as a pet.

One night at supper, after a couple of beers, the old man finally said it:

"You know, they cleaned out just when I was going to hand 'em my crusher. I'll bet they did it on purpose." He got kind of moody for a while after that. We never found out what he had planned.

PREY

(continued from page 165)

a deadly hunter. Amelia smiled as she read the rest of the words. Arthur would be pleased.

The thought of Arthur made her turn to look at the telephone on the table beside her. After a while, she sighed and set the wooden box on the sofa. Lifting the telephone to her lap, she picked up the receiver and dialed a number.

Her mother answered.

"Hello, Mom," Amelia said.

"Haven't you left yet?" her mother asked.

Amelia steeled herself. "Mom, I know it's Friday night . . ." she started.

She couldn't finish. There was silence on the line. Amelia closed her eyes. Mom, please, she thought. She swallowed. "There's this man," she said. "His name is Arthur Breslow. He's a high school teacher."

"You aren't coming," her mother said.

Amelia shivered. "It's his birthday," she said. She opened her eyes and looked at the doll. "I sort of promised him we'd . . . spend the evening together."

Her mother was silent. There aren't any good movies playing tonight, anyway, Amelia's mind continued. "We could go tomorrow night," she said.

Her mother was silent.

"Mom?"

"Now even Friday night's too much for you."

"Mom, I see you two, three nights a week."

"To *visit*," said her mother. "When you have your own room here."

"Mom, *let's not start on that again*," Amelia said. I'm not a child, she thought. Stop treating me as though I were a child!

"How long have you been seeing him?" her mother asked.

"A month or so."

"Without telling me," her mother said.

"I had every intention of telling you." Amelia's head was starting to throb. I will *not* get a headache, she told herself. She looked at the doll. It seemed to be glaring at her. "He's a nice man, Mom," she said.

Her mother didn't speak. Amelia felt her stomach muscles drawing taut. I won't be able to eat tonight, she thought.

She was conscious suddenly of huddling over the telephone. She forced herself to sit erect. *I'm 33 years old*, she thought. Reaching out, she lifted the doll from its box. "You should see what I'm giving him for his birthday," she said. "I found it in a curio shop on Third Avenue. It's a genuine Zuñi fetish doll, extremely rare. Arthur is a buff on anthropology. That's why I got it for him."

There was silence on the line. All right, *don't talk*, Amelia thought. "It's a hunting fetish," she continued, trying hard to sound untroubled. "It's supposed to have the spirit of a Zuñi hunter trapped inside it. There's a golden chain around it to prevent the spirit from" (She couldn't think of the word. She ran a shaking finger over the chain.) "escaping, I guess," she said. "His name is He Who Kills. You should see his face." She felt warm tears trickling down her cheeks.

"Have a good time," said her mother, hanging up.

Amelia stared at the receiver, listening to the dial tone. Why is it always like this? she thought. She dropped the receiver onto its cradle and set aside the telephone. The darkening room looked blurred to her. She stood the doll on the coffee-table edge and pushed to her feet. I'll take my bath now, she told herself. I'll meet him and we'll have a lovely time. She walked across the living room. A lovely time, her mind repeated emptily. She knew it wasn't possible. Oh, *Mom!* she thought. She clenched her fists in helpless fury as she went into the bedroom.

In the living room, the doll fell off the table edge. It landed head down and the spear point, sticking into the carpet, braced the doll's legs in the air.

The fine, gold chain began to slither downward.

• • •

It was almost dark when Amelia came back into the living room. She had taken off her clothes and was wearing her terry-cloth robe. In the bathroom, water was running into the tub.

She sat on the sofa and placed the telephone on her lap. For several minutes, she stared at it. At last, with a heavy sigh, she lifted the receiver and dialed a number.

"Arthur?" she said when he answered.

"Newcomers are always so surprised when they find that the suburbs really swing."

"Yes?" Amelia knew the tone; pleasant but suspecting. She couldn't speak.

"Your mother," Arthur finally said.

That cold, heavy sinking in her stomach. "It's our night together," she explained. "Every Friday——" She stopped and waited. Arthur didn't speak. "I've mentioned it before," she said.

"I know you've mentioned it," he said.

Amelia rubbed at her temple.

"She's still running your life, isn't she?" he said.

Amelia tensed. "I just don't want to hurt her feelings anymore," she said. "My moving out was hard enough on her."

"I don't want to hurt her feelings either," Arthur said. "But how many birthdays a year do I have? We *planned* on this."

"I know." She felt her stomach muscles tightening again.

"Are you really going to let her do this to you?" Arthur asked. "One Friday night out of the whole year?"

Amelia closed her eyes. Her lips moved soundlessly. I just can't hurt her feelings anymore, she thought. She swallowed. "She's my mother," she said.

"Very well," he said. "I'm sorry. I was looking forward to it, but——" He paused. "I'm sorry," he said. He hung up quietly.

Amelia sat in silence for a long time, listening to the dial tone. She started when the recorded voice said, loudly, "Please hang up." Putting the receiver down, she replaced the telephone on its table. So much for my birthday present, she thought. It would be pointless to give it to Arthur now. She reached out, switching on the table lamp. She'd take the doll back tomorrow.

The doll was not on the coffee table. Looking down, Amelia saw the gold chain lying on the carpet. She eased off the sofa edge onto her knees and picked it up, dropping it into the wooden box. The doll was not beneath the coffee table. Bending over, Amelia felt around underneath the sofa.

She cried out, jerking back her hand. Straightening up, she turned to the lamp and looked at her hand. There was something wedged beneath the index fingernail. She shivered as she plucked it out. It was the head of the doll's spear. She dropped it into the box and put the finger in her mouth. Bending over again, she felt around more cautiously beneath the sofa.

She couldn't find the doll. Standing with a weary groan, she started pulling one end of the sofa from the wall. It was terribly heavy. She recalled the night that she and her mother had shopped for furniture. She'd wanted to furnish the apartment in Danish modern. Mother had insisted on this heavy, maple sofa; it had been on sale. Amelia grunted as she dragged it from the wall. She was conscious of the water running in the bathroom. She'd better turn it off soon.

She looked at the section of carpet she'd cleared, catching sight of the spear shaft. The doll was not beside it. Amelia picked it up and set it on the coffee table. The doll was caught beneath the sofa, she decided; when she'd moved the sofa, she had moved the doll as well.

She thought she heard a sound behind her—fragile, skittering. Amelia turned. The sound had stopped. She felt a chill move up the backs of her legs. "It's He Who Kills," she said with a smile. "He's taken off his chain and gone——"

She broke off suddenly. There had definitely been a noise inside the kitchen; a metallic, rasping sound. Amelia swallowed nervously. What's going on? she thought. She walked across the living room and reached into the kitchen, switching on the light. She peered inside. Everything looked normal. Her gaze moved falteringly across the stove, the pan of water on it, the table and chair, the drawers and cabinet doors all shut, the electric clock, the small refrigerator with the cookbook lying on top of it, the picture on the wall, the knife rack fastened to the cabinet side—

—its small knife missing.

Amelia stared at the knife rack. Don't be silly, she told herself. She'd put the knife in the drawer, that's all. Stepping into the kitchen, she pulled out the silverware drawer. The knife was not inside it.

Another sound made her look down quickly at the floor. She gasped in shock. For several moments, she could not react; then, stepping to the doorway, she looked into the living room, her heartbeat thudding. Had it been imagination? She was sure she'd seen a movement.

"Oh, come on," she said. She made a disparaging sound. She hadn't seen a thing.

Across the room, the lamp went out.

Amelia jumped so startledly, she rammed her right elbow against the doorjamb. Crying out, she clutched the elbow with her left hand, eyes closed momentarily, her face a mask of pain.

She opened her eyes and looked into the darkened living room. "Come on," she told herself in aggravation. Three sounds plus a burned-out bulb did not add up to anything as idiotic as——

She willed away the thought. She had to turn the water off. Leaving the kitchen, she started for the hall. She rubbed her elbow, grimacing.

There was another sound. Amelia froze. Something was coming across the carpet toward her. She looked down dumbly. No, she thought.

She saw it then: a rapid movement

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near the floor. There was a glint of metal; instantly, a stabbing pain in her right calf. Amelia gasped. She kicked out blindly. Pain again. She felt warm blood running down her skin. She turned and lunged into the hall. The throw rug slipped beneath her and she fell against the wall, hot pain lancing through her right ankle. She clutched at the wall to keep from falling, then went sprawling on her side. She thrashed around with a sob of fear.

More movement, dark on dark. Pain in her left calf, then her right again. Amelia cried out. Something brushed along her thigh. She scrabbled back, then lurched up blindly, almost falling again. She fought for balance, reaching out convulsively. The heel of her left hand rammed against the wall, supporting her. She twisted around and rushed into the darkened bedroom. Slamming the door, she fell against it, panting. Something banged against it on the other side; something small and near the floor.

Amelia listened, trying not to breathe so loudly. She pulled carefully at the knob to make sure the latch had caught. When there were no further sounds outside the door, she backed toward the bed. She started as she bumped against the mattress edge. Slumping down, she grabbed at the extension phone and pulled it to her lap. Whom could she call? The police? They'd think her mad. Mother? She was too far off.

She was dialing Arthur's number by the light from the bathroom when the doorknob started turning. Suddenly, her fingers couldn't move. She stared across the darkened room. The door latch clicked. The telephone slipped off her lap. She heard it thudding onto the carpet as the door swung open. Something dropped from the outside knob.

Amelia jerked back, pulling up her legs. A shadowy form was scurrying across the carpet toward the bed. She gaped at it. It isn't true, she thought. She stiffened at the tugging on her bedspread. *It was climbing up* to get her. No, she thought; *it isn't true*. She couldn't move. She stared at the edge of the mattress.

Something that looked like a tiny head appeared. Amelia twisted around with a cry of shock, flung herself across the bed and jumped to the floor. Plunging into the bathroom, she spun around and slammed the door, gasping at the pain in her ankle. She had barely thumbed in the button on the doorknob when something banged against the bottom of the door. Amelia heard a noise like the scratching of a rat. Then it was still.

She turned and leaned across the tub. The level of the water was almost to the overflow drain. As she twisted shut the faucets, she saw drops of blood falling into the water. Straightening up, she turned to the medicine-cabinet mirror above the sink.

She caught her breath in horror as she saw the gash across her neck. She pressed a shaking hand against it. Abruptly, she became aware of pain in her legs and looked down. She'd been slashed along the calves of both legs. Blood was running down her ankles, dripping off the edges of her feet. Amelia started crying. Blood ran between the fingers of the hand against her neck. It trickled down her wrist. She looked at her reflection through a glaze of tears.

Something in her face aroused her: a wretchedness, a look of terrified surrender. *No*, she thought. She reached out for the medicine-cabinet door. Opening it, she pulled out iodine, gauze and tape. She dropped the cover of the toilet seat and sank down gingerly. It was a struggle to remove the stopper of the iodine bottle. She had to rap it hard against the sink three times before it opened.

The burning of the antiseptic on her calves made her gasp. Amelia clenched her teeth as she wrapped gauze around her right leg.

A sound made her twist toward the door. She saw the knife blade being jabbed beneath it. It's trying to stab my feet, she thought; it thinks I'm standing there. She felt unreal to be considering its thoughts. *This is He Who Kills*; the scroll flashed suddenly across her mind. *He is a deadly hunter*. Amelia stared at the poking knife blade. God, she thought.

Hastily, she bandaged both her legs, then stood and, looking into the mirror, cleaned the blood from her neck with a washrag. She swabbed some iodine along the edges of the gash, hissing at the fiery pain.

She whirled at the new sound, heartbeat leaping. Stepping to the door, she leaned down, listening hard. There was a faint, metallic noise inside the knob.

The doll was trying to unlock it.

Amelia backed off slowly, staring at the knob. She tried to visualize the doll. Was it hanging from the knob by one arm, using the other to probe inside the knob lock with the knife? The vision was insane. She felt an icy prickling on the back of her neck. *I mustn't let it in*, she thought.

A hoarse cry pulled her lips back as the doorknob button popped out. Reaching out impulsively, she dragged a bath towel off its rack. The doorknob turned, the latch clicked free. The door began to open.

Suddenly, the doll came darting in. It moved so quickly that its figure blurred before Amelia's eyes. She swung the towel down hard, as though it were a huge bug rushing at her. The doll was knocked against the wall. Amelia heaved the towel on top of it and lurched across the floor, gasping at the pain in her ankle. Flinging open the door, she lunged into the bedroom.

She was almost to the hall door when her ankle gave. She pitched across the carpet with a cry of shock. There was a noise behind her. Twisting around, she saw the doll come through the bathroom doorway like a jumping spider. She saw the knife blade glinting in the light. Then the doll was in the shadows, coming at her fast. Amelia scrabbled back. She glanced over her shoulder, saw the closet and backed into its darkness, clawing for the doorknob.

Pain again; an icy slashing at her foot. Amelia screamed and heaved back. Reaching up, she yanked a topcoat down. It fell across the doll. She jerked down everything in reach. The doll was buried underneath a mound of blouses, skirts and dresses. Amelia pitched across the moving pile of clothes. She forced herself to stand and limped into the hall as quickly as she could. The sound of thrashing underneath the clothes faded from her hearing. She hobbled to the door. Unlocking it, she pulled the knob.

The door was held. Amelia reached up quickly to the bolt. It had been shot. She tried to pull it free. It wouldn't budge. She clawed at it with sudden terror. It was twisted out of shape. "No," she muttered. *She was trapped*. "Oh, God." She started pounding on the door. "Please help me! *Help* me!"

Sound in the bedroom. Amelia whirled and lurched across the living room. She dropped to her knees beside the sofa, feeling for the telephone, but her fingers trembled so much that she couldn't dial the numbers. She began to sob, then twisted around with a strangled cry. The doll was rushing at her from the hallway.

Amelia grabbed an ashtray from the coffee table and hurled it at the doll. She threw a vase, a wooden box, a figurine. She couldn't hit the doll. It reached her, started jabbing at her legs. Amelia reared up blindly and fell across the coffee table. Rolling to her knees, she stood again. She staggered toward the hall, shoving over furniture to stop the doll. She toppled a chair, a table. Picking up a lamp, she hurled it at the floor. She backed into the hall and, spinning, rushed into the closet, slammed the door shut.

She held the knob with rigid fingers. Waves of hot breath pulsed against her face. She cried out as the knife was jabbed beneath the door, its sharp point sticking into one of her toes. She shuffled back, shifting her grip on the knob. Her robe hung open. She could feel a trickle of blood between her breasts. Her legs felt numb with pain. She closed her eyes. Please, someone help, she thought.

She stiffened as the doorknob started turning in her grasp. Her flesh went cold. It couldn't be stronger than she; it *couldn't* be. Amelia tightened her grip. *Please*, she thought. The side of her head bumped against the front edge of her suitcase on the shelf.

The thought exploded in her mind. Holding the knob with her right hand,

They make a great couple–our shirt and tie.

Our BELGRAVE SQUARE pair. Boy matches girl. Shirt matches tie—both 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton. Both permanent press. New fashion collar, single needle sleeving, taper tailored. $6 & $7† the set.
Career Club Division, Truval Shirt Company, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. ©1969

*DuPont Reg. Trade Mark †Prices slightly higher in West.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 219.

she reached up, fumbling, with her left. The suitcase clasps were open. With a sudden wrench, she turned the doorknob, shoving at the door as hard as possible. It rushed away from her. She heard it bang against the wall. The doll thumped down.

Amelia reached up, hauling down her suitcase. Yanking open the lid, she fell to her knees in the closet doorway, holding the suitcase like an open book. She braced herself, eyes wide, teeth clenched together. She felt the doll's weight as it banged against the suitcase bottom. Instantly, she slammed the lid and threw the suitcase flat. Falling across it, she held it shut until her shaking hands could fasten the clasps. The sound of them clicking into place made her sob with relief. She shoved away the suitcase. It slid across the hall and bumped against the wall. Amelia struggled to her feet, trying not to listen to the frenzied kicking and scratching inside the suitcase.

She switched on the hall light and tried to open the bolt. It was hopelessly wedged. She turned and limped across the living room, glancing at her legs. The bandages were hanging loose. Both legs were streaked with caking blood, some of the gashes still bleeding. She felt at her throat. The cut was still wet. Amelia pressed her shaking lips together. She'd get to a doctor soon now.

Removing the ice pick from its kitchen drawer, she returned to the hall. A cutting sound made her look toward the suitcase. She caught her breath. The knife blade was protruding from the suitcase wall, moving up and down with a sawing motion. Amelia stared at it. She felt as though her body had been turned to stone.

She limped to the suitcase and knelt beside it, looking, with revulsion, at the sawing blade. It was smeared with blood. She tried to pinch it with the fingers of her left hand, pull it out. The blade was twisted, jerked down, and she cried out, snatching back her hand. There was a deep slice in her thumb. Blood ran down across her palm. Amelia pressed the finger to her robe. She felt as though her mind were going blank.

Pushing to her feet, she limped back to the door and started prying at the bolt. She couldn't get it loose. Her thumb began to ache. She pushed the ice pick underneath the bolt socket and tried to force it off the wall. The ice pick point broke off. Amelia slipped and almost fell. She pushed up, whimpering. There was no time, no time. She looked around in desperation.

The window! She could throw the suitcase out! She visualized it tumbling through the darkness. Hastily, she dropped the ice pick, turning toward the suitcase.

She froze. The doll had forced its head and shoulders through the rent in the suitcase wall. Amelia watched it struggling to get out. She felt paralyzed. The twisting doll was staring at her. No, she thought; it isn't true. The doll jerked free its legs and jumped to the floor.

Amelia jerked around and ran into the living room. Her right foot landed on a shard of broken crockery. She felt it cutting deep into her heel and lost her balance. Landing on her side, she thrashed around. The doll came leaping at her. She could see the knife blade glint. She kicked out wildly, knocking back the doll. Lunging to her feet, she reeled into the kitchen, whirled and started pushing shut the door.

Something kept it from closing. Amelia thought she heard a screaming in her mind. Looking down, she saw the knife and a tiny wooden hand. The doll's arm was wedged between the door and the jamb! Amelia shoved against the door with all her might, aghast at the strength with which the door was pushed the other way. There was a cracking noise. A fierce smile pulled her lips back and she pushed berserkly at the door. The screaming in her mind grew louder, drowning out the sound of splintering wood.

The knife blade sagged. Amelia dropped to her knees and tugged at it. She pulled the knife into the kitchen, seeing the wooden hand and wrist fall from the handle of the knife. With a gagging noise, she struggled to her feet and dropped the knife into the sink. The door slammed hard against her side; the doll rushed in.

Amelia jerked away from it. Picking up the chair, she slung it toward the doll. It jumped aside, then ran around the fallen chair. Amelia snatched the pan of water off the stove and hurled it down. The pan clanged loudly off the floor, spraying water on the doll.

She stared at the doll. It wasn't coming after her. It was trying to climb the sink, leaping up and clutching at the counter side with one hand. It wants the knife, she thought. It has to have its weapon.

She knew abruptly what to do. Stepping over to the stove, she pulled down the broiler door and twisted the knob on all the way. She heard the puffing detonation of the gas as she turned to grab the doll.

She cried out as the doll began to kick and twist, its maddened thrashing flinging her from one side of the kitchen to the other. The screaming filled her mind again and suddenly she knew it was the spirit in the doll that screamed. She slid and crashed against the table, wrenched herself around and, dropping to her knees before the stove, flung the doll inside. She slammed the door and fell against it.

The door was almost driven out. Amelia pressed her shoulder, then her back against it, turning to brace her legs against the wall. She tried to ignore the pounding scrabble of the doll inside the broiler. She watched the red blood pulsing from her heel. The smell of burning wood began to reach her and she closed her eyes. The door was getting hot. She shifted carefully. The kicking and pounding filled her ears. The screaming flooded through her mind. She knew her back would get burned, but she didn't dare to move. The smell of burning wood grew worse. Her foot ached terribly.

Amelia looked up at the electric clock on the wall. It was four minutes to seven. She watched the red second hand revolving slowly. A minute passed. The screaming in her mind was fading now. She shifted uncomfortably, gritting her teeth against the burning heat on her back.

Another minute passed. The kicking and the pounding stopped. The screaming faded more and more. The smell of burning wood had filled the kitchen. There was a pall of gray smoke in the air. That they'll see, Amelia thought. Now that it's over, they'll come and help. That's the way it always is.

She started to ease herself away from the broiler door, ready to throw her weight back against it if she had to. She turned around and got on her knees. The reek of charred wood made her nauseated. She had to know, though. Reaching out, she pulled down the door.

Something dark and stifling rushed across her and she heard the screaming in her mind once more as hotness flooded over her and into her. It was a scream of victory now.

Amelia stood and turned off the broiler. She took a pair of ice tongs from its drawer and lifted out the blackened twist of wood. She dropped it into the sink and ran water over it until the smoke had stopped. Then she went into the bedroom, picked up the telephone and depressed its cradle. After a moment, she released the cradle and dialed her mother's number.

"This is Amelia, Mom," she said. "I'm sorry I acted the way I did. I want us to spend the evening together. It's a little late, though. Can you come by my place and we'll go from here?" She listened. "Good," she said. "I'll wait for you."

Hanging up, she walked into the kitchen, where she slid the longest carving knife from its place in the rack. She went to the front door and pushed back its bolt, which now moved freely. She carried the knife into the living room, took off her bathrobe and danced a dance of hunting, of the joy of hunting, of the joy of the impending kill.

Then she sat down, cross-legged, in the corner. He Who Kills sat, cross-legged, in the corner, in the darkness, waiting for the prey to come.

FOLKS DON'T ALWAYS AGREE on the best way to drink Jack Daniel's. But we see no cause for dispute.

Some say the less you add to a glass of Jack Daniel's, the more you enjoy its taste. Others insist on plenty of mix.

But to us Jack Daniel's is Jack Daniel's. The whiskey with a rareness none other can achieve. And that holds true no matter how you fix it.

You see, every drop is seeped through ten feet of finely ground charcoal before being barrelled to age. Called charcoal mellowing, this extra step takes a lot of time and patience. But the mellow difference it gives Jack Daniel's makes it all worthwhile—and everyone agrees on that.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

M

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TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

Our recording FM/AM/FM stereo radios.

RS-763S

Panasonic's RS-763S is a radio. But it's more. RS-763S is a 7", 4-track stereo tape recorder. As a result, you can tape FM stereo and FM/AM broadcasts direct. And that means you don't need connecting cords. And that means you can tape your favorite program while listening to it.

Good idea? We thought so. That's why we put a 4-track stereo cassette recorder into Panasonic's RS-280S FM/AM/FM stereo radio. Of course, you don't need connecting cords. And you can tape your favorite program while listening to it.

What's more, both can be used as first-class amplifiers. All you have to do is turn the sound-source-selector knob. This lets you listen to many different types of sound equipment. Like FM/AM/FM stereo radios, tapes and phonographs.

And Panasonic's RS-763S and RS-280S have FET (Field Effect Transistor) circuits. They give you super-sensitive reception and reproduction of FM and FM stereo.

In addition, both have an FM stereo 'eye' to let you know when you're receiving stereo. And a stereo headphone jack. And a handsome walnut cabinet.

RS-763S has 40-watt music power for true-to-life sound. Automatic tuning. And automatic stop. While RS-280S has 20-watt music power. And automatic start-and-stop 'pop-up' cassette.

And let's not forget that both are covered by warranty service throughout the U.S. And let's not forget that Panasonic's RS-763S tape recorder and RS-280S cassette recorder can tape just about anything. Even radio programs . . . direct.

PANASONIC®

NATIONAL and PANASONIC are the brandnames of Matsushita Electric.

RS-280S

MATSUSHITA ELECTRIC (P. April '69. ARD)
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Please send me your free RS-763S and RS-280S brochures.

NAME and RANK _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ APO/FPO _____

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555 Fifth Avenue
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Please rush me the free CTE "Wheels for the Military."

Make and Model Car

Name

Address

Rank Serial No.

Approx. Delivery Date

Delivery: City

☐ Financing
☐ Lay-away

P-130

Car Tours in Europe, Inc.
555 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the free CTE "Wheels for the Military."

Make and Model Car

Name

Address

Rank Serial No.

Approx. Delivery Date

Delivery: City

☐ Financing
☐ Lay-away

P-131

Car Tours in Europe, Inc.
555 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the free CTE "Wheels for the Military."

Make and Model Car

Name

Address

Rank Serial No.

Approx. Delivery Date

Delivery: City

☐ Financing
☐ Lay-away

P-132

Car Tours in Europe, Inc.
555 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the free CTE "Wheels for the Military."

Make and Model Car

Name

Address

Rank Serial No.

Approx. Delivery Date

Delivery: City

☐ Financing
☐ Lay-away

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Car Tours in Europe, Inc.
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Please rush me the free CTE "Wheels for the Military."

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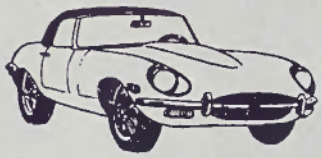
Delivery: City

☐ Financing
☐ Lay-away

P-134

A car from CTE will really get you around.



Well, we can't guarantee you a brunette traffic stopper. But you can **save** up to 30% on the purchase of a car from CTE because you're overseas and rate a special price, tax-free at the factory in Europe.

Take your pick—maybe a sporty Triumph, a flashy Jaguar or a luxurious Mercedes. We'll ship it to the U.S. or deliver it in Europe. Mail us one of the coupons and we'll send you our FREE CTE complete car guide, "Wheels for the Military." There's no obligation.

Decide which car turns you on. What accessories and color you dig. Then just mail us a reservation form. That's all you do. CTE takes care of all the details—insurance, direct shipment and all car documents. We can arrange a special financing plan if you rank E-4 or above. Or you can use our lay-away plan. We'll do just about everything—except choose your car.

Send us that coupon now, so we can return your free catalog. Have your car ready and waiting to go the day you step stateside—or in Europe. You'll save at CTE.

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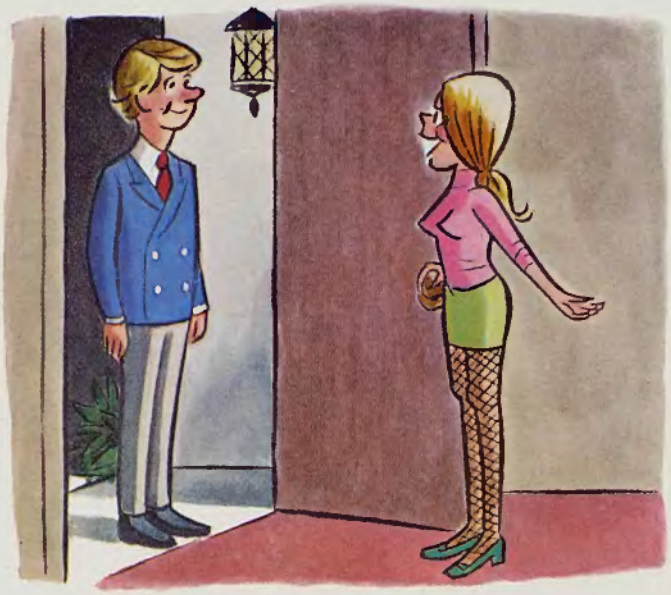
Taste is the name of the game.

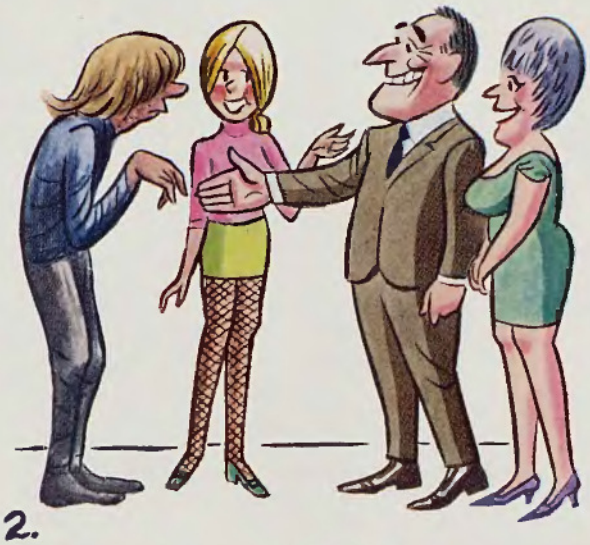
That's what Imperial is all about. This rich tasting whiskey is just a sip smoother than the rest. Hiram Walker makes it that way. Game for taste? Taste Imperial. One of America's largest selling whiskeys.

Imperial

by Hiram Walker

DAUGHTER'S FIRST DATE





I CUT OUT HER HEART *(continued from page 120)*

employee reports that when he was at the paper, the editorial budget was around $500,000 a year, but Pope never imposed a mandatory ceiling. One story in the 1960s cost more than $60,000 in transatlantic fares and telephone bills, medical fees and staff expenses.

The *Enquirer*'s most prolific contributor at that time maintained an office at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street on the strength of his earnings of about $100,000 annually. Another former editor, who left to free-lance, bought a 40-foot motor cruiser and a house in the San Fernando Valley and had enough money left over to go into the publishing business himself. Among the free-lancers were a staff member of *The New York Times* and a former assistant producer for David Susskind. Hubert Selby, author of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, worked in the *Enquirer*'s fabulously unsuccessful mail-order department. "I couldn't believe the way Pope spent money," Selby told me. "He hired a buyer at five hundred dollars a week and spent something like a quarter of a million a year on running the operation." Selby stayed less than six months.

When Pope bought the *Enquirer* in 1952, it had a circulation of around 25,000 a week. Today, according to the Audit Bureau of Circulation, it sells more than 1,000,000 a week and there are signs that it is still growing. Last fall, the paper opened its new automated printing plant in Florida. When I was at the paper, there were no bureaus south of the border and, apart from an elderly American in Mexico City, no correspondents, either. Our one link with the Spanish-language press was provided by a former Mexican attorney who lived on Long Island. It was his job to write synopses of stories that had appeared in Spanish publications and that looked promising for development into full-length features for the *Enquirer*. José, which was not his name, was known at the office as the "Omposible Man" after he left the following note on my desk:

To Mr Paterton atencion

I am sending you de four traslation you order me to do.

It was omposible to see you Monday, but I will be at your office soon.

Shortly after, José delivered the following synopsis of a story he had seen in *Excelsior*, a Mexico City daily:

An AIRPLANE pilot killed a TACOS vender. The vendor refused to sell him more beers and the pilot became angry and in a funny question asked the vendor: "Who bought you that funny little hat." The vendor answered: "I am your father." The pilot drew his gun out and killed the man and injured GUADALUPE MENDIOLA a waitresess. He is in jail. Photos available.

When not "traslating" for the *Enquirer*, the Omposible Man taught English to new arrivals from Puerto Rico and Mexico. In addition to the touch of Dadaism that José gave the proceedings, the *Enquirer* was (and still is) notable for its prose style, which often approached black humor at its blackest. The lead for a story about a missile expert who wiped out his family offers a typical example:

Joseph Barnocky had a beautiful wife, three lovely children, a healthy bank balance and a job that paid him a high five-figure salary.

On top of all that, Barnocky, 45, was one of the United States' most highly respected missile scientists.

He had only one problem. He was stark-raving mad.

Similarly:

Salvador Jiminez took his girlfriend at her word when she told him to drop dead. He walked out of her house and blew his brains out.

Eva Fedorchuk battered her husband's face into a bloody pulp with a pop bottle. Then she told police he'd cut himself while shaving.

Mrs. Maria Contorno couldn't bear to watch her seven hungry children cry for food while most of her husband's salary went to pay for her medical bills. So Mrs. Contorno, 47, and suffering from many ailments, solved the problem by hanging herself.

The two policemen rushed to the bank in answer to an alarm. When they saw Santa Claus coming out the door with his bag they started to chuckle.

The laugh died in their throats—because Santa had a special present for them. He lifted a tommy gun and shot them full of holes.

It is perhaps significant that many of the readers who wrote to the paper expressed their thoughts in a similar style. I kept a few of the letters that landed in my cubicle after they were rejected for publication. Among them were the following.

From Brooklyn, New York:

About two weeks ago, there was a story in the *Enquirer* about a man dying in New Jersey and after dying his pet dogs ate him. I would like to know if the house that he was found in is for rent and if you could find out if it is for rent to let me know.

From Phillipsburg, New Jersey:

Would like to know who to contact in reference to selling a story of a 84 yrs old man recently deseased. He was a retired Paymaster of the Lehigh Valley RR. Worked there 42 yrs. I am his widow and have 48 letters, 10 & 12 pages (Lge Pages) long written 55 yrs ago. In these letters, he discusses Rents, 8 rooms, all Imp.—$18 a mo. His mind broke two das before xmas, 1962. He tried to kill me with a hatchet. As I am partly crippled, I don't know how I got away from him. He completely smashed the glass knob on our 1 bath-room door. From then on it was hectic. I had to put him in a nursing home. Please have someone write to me and they will get a 100% unheard of story. He died 3000 mi. away at Eugene, Oregon.

From Cleveland, Ohio:

I like to know if you have any reporter around Cleveland, Ohio, because I have very interested story about me how they robed me in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, 20 minutes after I left aeroplan, it was in Croatian paper and I have a copy of it of course in Croatian langvige. I have *Enquirer* every week for last three years and liked everything you write so I like to get that story in because lot Croatian people reed it. I have those custom oficial arested and they are in jail now. There are two more things what happen same time, about Mexican vice counsel in Beograd and about smal girl who was dying and did die because they did not let medecine to be send in hospital for her. So if you have somebody around here send him to my house I will give him that margarine from Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

Why do people read the *Enquirer*? Krafft-Ebing, Stekel and Freud would have told us in a trice. In the first place, they might have said, this ostensibly asexual publication, with its explicit prohibition against sex stories, is based almost entirely on sex. Amputation, one of the *Enquirer*'s most popular themes in its gorier days, is a subject riddled with sexual connotations: Krafft-Ebing treated men who confessed that their sexual passions could be aroused only by the sight of women who had arms or legs missing. Stekel, who described such patients as amputation fetishists, recorded a similar case of a man who declared: "Any woman who has had a leg amputated exerts a most marked sexual influence upon me." In Stekel's view, such patients suffered a castration complex. As for the *Enquirer*'s exposition of violence, the experts would say that it satisfies vicariously a form of latent sadism. According to Freud, such a compulsion originates in feelings of sexual inadequacy. Thus, it would not be too

The Poole or Lady Poole Maincoat® of 65% DACRON® Polyester, 35% Cotton, with DU PONT ZE PEL® rain/stain repeller about $42.50. Slightly higher West of the Rockies. Also available in Canada. London Fog® has hats and umbrellas, too. Londontown's trademark for its any weather coat. ©The Londontown Manufacturing Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

extravagant to suggest that a large proportion of the *Enquirer*'s readership consists of sexually maladjusted, latent sadists.

If this is the case, it offers food for contemplation, because the *Enquirer*'s formula sells ten times as many copies each week as does *Justice Weekly*, a quarto-sized publication that's been in circulation for 24 years and is probably the oldest regularly published tabloid in the world that caters almost exclusively to what might be described as the hard-core deviate market. To quote from one of its house ads, *Justice Weekly* is for "disciplinarians, boot and foot slaves, faddists and transvestites, ladies & gentlemen." Each edition sells around 100,000 copies.

The news stories that appear in this Canadian weekly revolve around the topics of indecent exposure, rape, corporal punishment, child molesting, incest, homosexuality and transvestism—or TV, to use *Justice*'s beguiling abbreviation. Sometimes it manages to combine a soupçon of everything, as in a recent story headlined, "INCESTUOUS FATHER OF ELEVEN TRANSVESTITE."

It is a sober-looking publication with no pictures or cartoons; and scattered among the court reports that constitute the news stories are terms of editorial reproof such as "loathsome activities," "offenses too indecent to describe" and "the rest of the evidence, of a revolting nature, cannot be published." Fortunately for its readers, however, *JW*'s code of morality is governed by expediency rather than substance; for, in addition to the court reports, there are several pages of personal ads and interminable letters to the editor, many of which recount the writers' fondness for being beaten into a stupor while wearing combat boots and corsets.

The editor-publisher, and the man responsible for the tone of civic outrage that runs through the news columns, is Phil Daniels, a 76-year-old journalist who has been reporting court cases since 1911. When I telephoned his Toronto office to question him about the authenticity of the ads and letters that appear in his paper, he said, without any prompting: "I am one hundred percent normal." I was a little taken aback by this unexpected confession but concluded that the automatic response was one born of long custom. "There's a need for a paper like mine," Mr. Daniels went on. "It allows these people who can't be cured—and they can't, you know, they can't—to get in touch with each other through our ads. By doing so, they leave decent, innocent people alone. Everything in this paper, including the letters, is guaranteed bona fide. There's nothing phony about this operation."

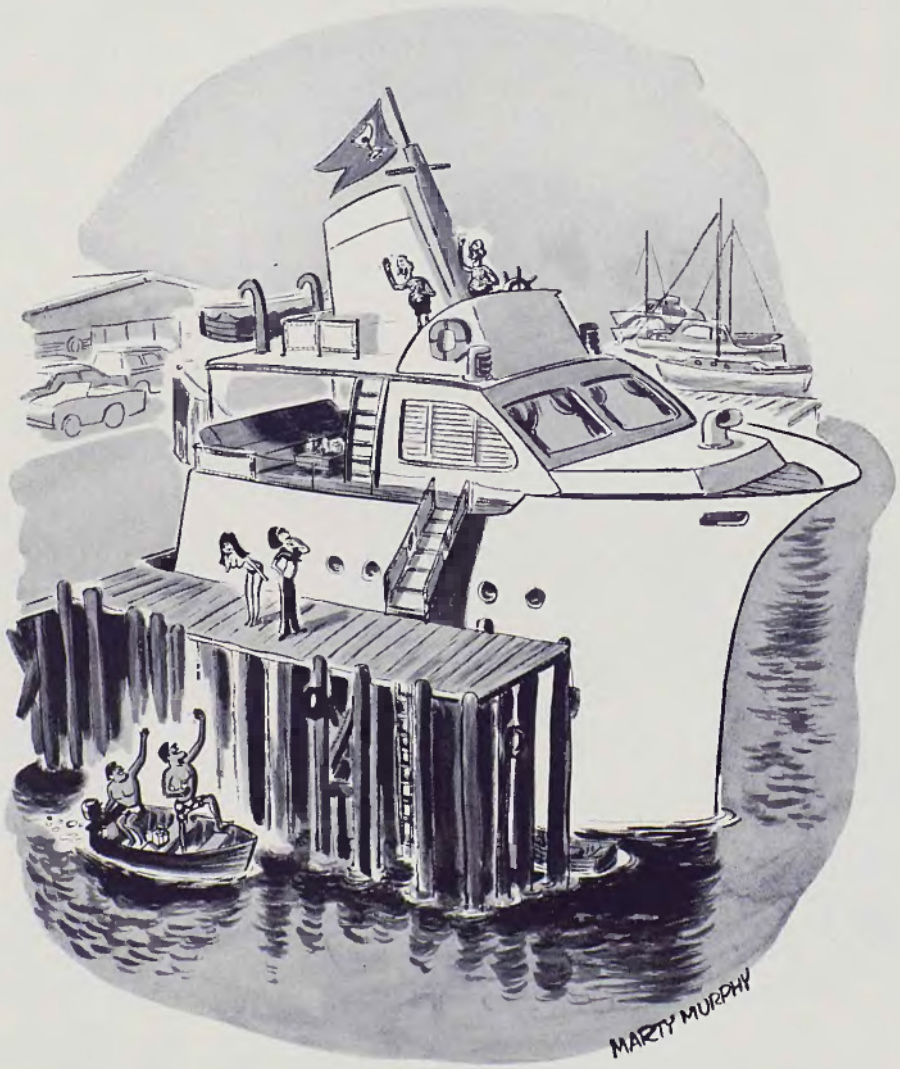
I was impressed by the tone of triumphant pride in Mr. Daniels' erudite analysis of sexual incongruities, but I reasoned, perhaps uncharitably, that without such conviction, he might feel he was wasting his time. When I asked him about circulation figures, however, he was less outspoken.

"*Justice Weekly* is sold all over the world in huge numbers," was all he would say. Pressed further, he added: "Mine is the only publication I know that doesn't lie about its circulation, and the reason we never lie is because we never divulge it." I was later able to obtain the figure of 100,000 from the paper's former advertising agency in New York.

In addition to the contents already described, *Justice* carries editorials (often on the need for more stringent law enforcement in these evil days) and paid ads that promote everything from a club for "swinging disciplinarians" to a set of nine-by-six glossies featuring bondage equipment, hoods, rubberwear, gags and masks, "as modeled by Wendy, one of Europe's top-line bondage models." Each of the ads is prefixed with a code number. It costs two dollars to advertise, and respondents must pay a dollar for their reply, which is forwarded by *Justice*.

Nobody who has read the case histories in Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* or in Stekel's *Sexual Aberrations* will be too puzzled by the classified ads in *Justice Weekly*. Clearly, as editor-publisher Daniels confirmed, the publication represents a kind of community bulletin board for foot and boot fetishists, sadomasochists, parapathic voyeurs and transvestites. The cryptic wording of some of the personals would be immediately explicit to those partial to mixoscopia—a term psychiatrists use for sexual excitement derived from witnessing others perform sexual acts; while other ads might appeal to those with a preference for everything from Pygmalionism to coprophilia.

One wonders what Stekel or anybody else would have made of the man who wrote the following letter about life in a concentration camp. It appeared in an issue of *Justice Monthly*, which was a short-lived attempt to exploit unused



"Golly! Decisions, decisions!"

Fire & Refinement

In the Shelby GT for 1969, Carroll Shelby has created a car that blends two entirely different qualities: high-performance and luxury.

Seventeen years of running at the front of the pack, fielding the cars the competition had to match, has put fire into this car. Power comes from your choice of two mind-bending engines: the all new Ram-Air 351 V-8, or the unbelievable 428 Cobra-Jet V-8. No nonsense super wide belted tires hang on to the road under the pressure of a suspension that's the toughest set-up this side of Daytona. There's stirring music to be made with the carefully crafted 4-speed manual or 3-speed automatic. And the power assisted front disc brakes come on like the great hand of gravity.

Altogether it adds up to an uncommon Sports machine.

But the fire is balanced by a rare kind of elegance and refinement. Deep nylon carpeting throughout. Handsome touches of simulated teakwood. Courtesy lights in the doors. Bright trimmed pedal pads. Plush high-back bucket seats. An array of luxury options that include air conditioning and stereo tape equipment. These are the touches of luxury cars.

Together the fire and the refinement make the Shelby a very special kind of car be it a SportsRoof or Convertible in either the GT 350 or GT 500. A car designed for rapid transit in the utmost comfort and luxury.

See your nearby Shelby Performance Dealer now!

Shelby GT 350/500

SHELBY COBRA

material from the files of *JW*, and Phil Daniels swears it is authentic.

What was hellish degradations, humiliations and tortures for some prisoners was simply heavenly delight, felicity and ecstatic fascination for others. Having been a boot fetishist and masochist of booted men since my early childhood, being made a boot slave by the SS was for me the most rewarding and fascinating experience that could happen to me. During those years of boot servitude, I lived in sheer ecstatic fascination and heavenly delight.

Every day, for 12 to 14 hours, I was kept in groveling servitude under those irresistible high black-leather militaristic boots, caring for them, pulling them off my captors' feet and pulling them on for them, keeping them spotlessly clean and highly polished at all times.

I was always so fascinated by those domineering and masterful high-booted SS men, who also wore full-flared black riding breeches, that I constantly assumed a cringing, crawling and groveling attitude before them, keeping my head low, never above the level of the height of the boots of my masters, as instructed, keeping my eyes constantly fixed on the boots, admiring them, hypnotized by them, and my ears always opened to the heavenly sound of creaking and squeaking boot leather as well as to the thumping and scraping sounds of heavy boot soles and heels on the floor around me.

An intelligent, genial and genuine boot sadist will get actively stimulated to more imaginative actions in the presence of a slave who is completely submissive and subservient under his boots.

The writer went on for several hundred words, recalling past delights he had experienced at the feet of his "genial and genuine boot sadists" and noting, with genuine nostalgia, that life had not been quite so rewarding since. "I only wish it had lasted until the end of my days," he concluded. "I was perhaps the most happy and contented captive that ever lived through the War. . . . It just shows that what can make one man miserable can also make another man happy." The letter was signed, "Happy Boot Captive, Lachine, Quebec."

Happy Boot Captive would find little to excite him in *Midnight*, which, after the *Enquirer*, is the best-written tabloid and the most professionally produced. When it started in Montreal 15 years ago, the paper was little more than a parochial scandal sheet, given to such delicate observations as, "Miss Thingummy, a well-stacked secretary who works for the XYZ Company on Craig Street, turned her eyes the other way last week when she exited from her apartment building and saw two dogs doing what comes naturally on the sidewalk. She should be so prudish! Anyone would think she spent those long lunch hours with her boss taking down dictation!"

Since those pioneering days, *Midnight* has eliminated its provincialism and increased its circulation to 550,000 a week by adopting a more salable formula. A later issue, for example, carried this headline over a story on June Wilkinson: "I HATE MY BUST—IT GETS IN MY WAY TO SUCCESS." She was quoted as saying: "When I come out for my act, there is always a chorus of low, long whistles. These I like very much. It is so flattering—it always makes me think the men want to do awful things to me."

Elsewhere in the same issue was, "BOY, 14, KIDNAPS TOT TO RAPE ITS MOTHER"; and on page 15 appeared a story about a British Broadcasting Corporation documentary, captivatingly titled "ORGY TELEVISED—LIVE." Page 19 was headed "FORCES HIS WIFE'S LOVER TO WALK DOWN STREET IN THE NUDE"; while page 10 quoted Warren Beatty, allegedly in conversation with a *Midnight* reporter: "My childhood ambition was to be a bareback rider. As any girl with whom I've been out can tell you—I've finally got halfway there. You just figure that one out any way you want." This candid reportage, whether truthful or not, has one disadvantage: *Midnight* appears regularly on the NODL list.

For the rest, the paper offers nothing too exotic or erotic. There are the familiar gossip columns, with their forays into the sex-and-violence front in the world's movie capitals and the popular tabloid formula of pseudo science, which prompted this remarkable headline in a recent issue: "LATEST PSYCHIATRIC RESEARCH SHOWS BADLY FITTED SHOES CAN CAUSE CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, FRIGIDITY, INSANITY, CANCER—AND MAKE YOUR FEET HURT, TOO!" In a bid for respectability, however, *Midnight* does not accept salacious or suggestive advertising in its personal columns, and the paid ads that appear elsewhere in its pages are far less lubricous than those found in some of the lower-grade tabloids. About the most bizarre ad *Midnight* has carried lately is an offer to transform the reader into a "master of Chinese Kung-Fu, the Oriental Art of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact."

The paper shares with the *Enquirer* a fondness for incongruous prose, as this excerpt indicates: "If Clarence Harrell, 31, had known that within an hour a man he'd never seen before would bite off his left ear and swallow it, he wouldn't have suggested going for a ride with his wife. 'That,' he says bitterly, 'would be the last thing I'd have done.'" Unlike

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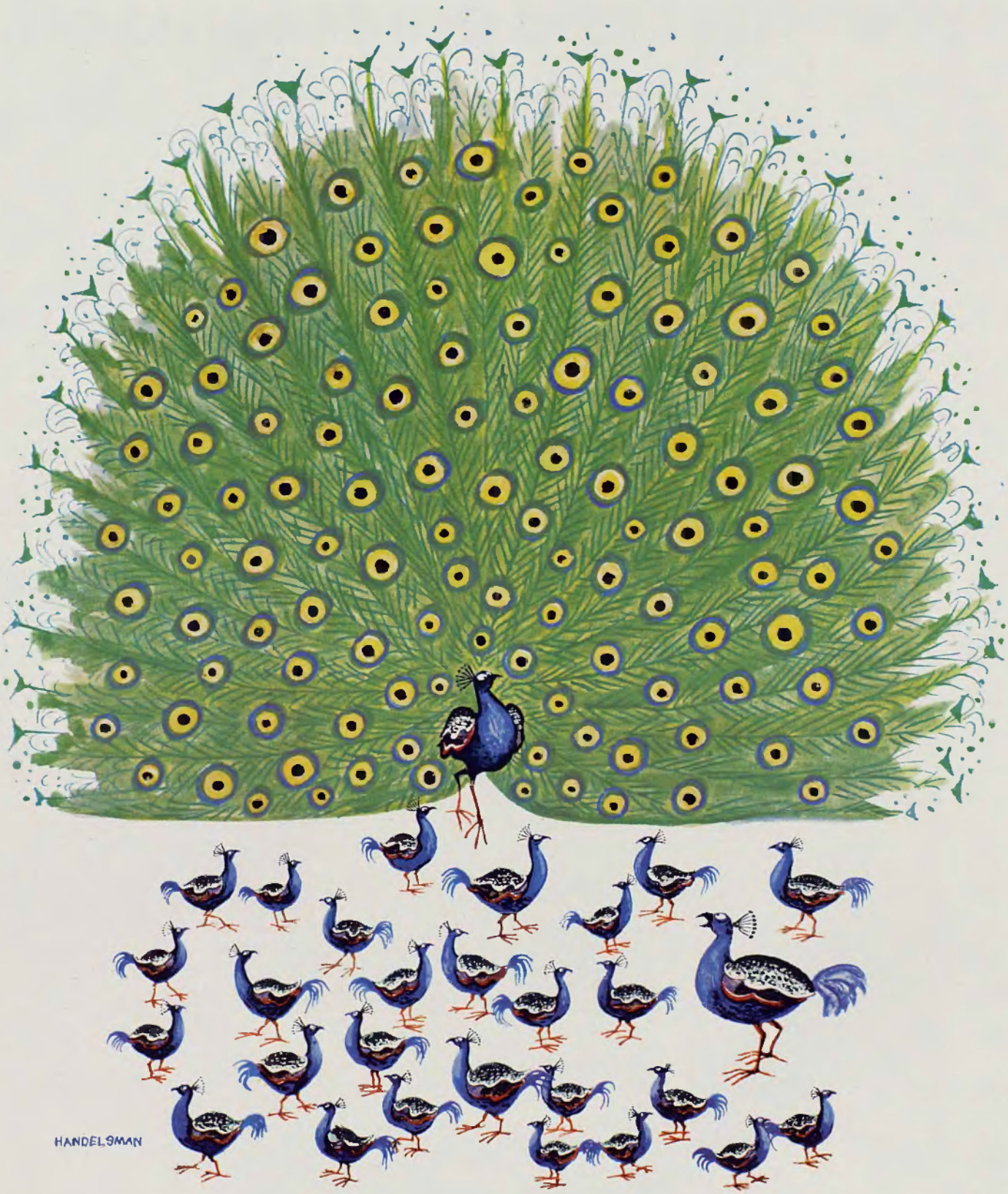

"You're not serious, I hope."

the *Enquirer*, however, *Midnight* seems unabashed by its professional vocation. Its corporate name is Midnight Publishing, whereas the *Enquirer*'s is Best Medium Publishing Co., a McLuhanish title that sounds more respectable when *Enquirer* writers introduce themselves to some hapless celebrity they intend to crucify in a future issue.

The *National Informer*, the fourth paper of the quintet, has all the earmarks of a tabloid in search of an audience. It is a quest for identity that sometimes produces this kind of front-page banner: "I WAS RAPED EIGHT DAYS BY THREE MEN AND A LESBIAN." Vince Sorren, the *Informer*'s 26-year-old publisher, says the paper has a circulation of around 500,000, which, if true, is surprising, because the tabloid audience tends to take its sex and horror seriously, and the *Informer*, though laced with the gaudiest imaginable innuendoes ("ANN-MARGRET XXXXED BY NINE GUYS IN WILD SCENE"—inside, readers learned that the XS stood for "KISS"), does not. If anything, it could be considered a parody of the tabloid form, for its stories are of such blatant flamboyance that none but the most gullible could be expected to believe them. One issue carried a story headlined "NUN CONFESSES HAVING LOVE AFFAIR IN CONVENT WITH MEN—BRIDE OF CHRIST FLIPS HER LID." This spectacular revelation was totally unsupported by the text of the story, which often happens when a tabloid editor's imagination runs ahead of the available facts.

Publisher Sorren holds a B. A. degree (in business administration) from Marquette. His editor, Joe Reece, an affable and mildly loquacious 38-year-old, claims to have a Ph.D. from Stanford. Their South Side Chicago office was a dusty hangar of a room filled with newspapers and ancient office equipment; one wall was covered with the *Informer*'s filing system: row upon row of large envelopes, each of which bore a subject title printed in black: NECROPHILIA, INCEST, MONSTERS, PERVERSION, SCANDAL, VICE, VIOLENCE, SEX LIGHT and SEX SERIOUS, etc. "We go after all the sex we can get," Sorren explained, "although sometimes we have to draw the line." He said that he had been compelled to exercise this kind of editorial discretion only the week before in rejecting a story about a horse and a nymphomaniac. "There's only so many of your perverted people who would be interested in that kind of thing," he said.

Reece began to describe the front page for the next issue. "Somebody made this schlock movie with Batwoman in it. We wanted to get a bust shot of her, but all we could get hold of was this tiny picture, so we blew it up and cut out her profile in such a way so that her bust looked bigger. The headline will read in two parts, 'I WANT TO BE HANDLED' in our biggest type and 'BY REAL MEN' in smaller type down the side. But, actually, we've been moving away from sex lately in favor of more gore features. We used to get some really wild stuff from a local cop—morgue shots and that kind of thing—but he's been made chief of police or something and he's stopped supplying us." Reece picked up a clipping from the pile on his desk. "Here's one about a guy who was fished out of the river. Nobody knows how he got in there, but we've written a story that says it was a vengeance murder. Great pictures of his body. We'll call it 'REVENGE FOR RAPE,' I think."

The paid ads that run in the *Informer* include marital aids such as Prolong ("Get more lasting pleasure from marriage") and Jems ("Sex Energizer Nature Pep Tablets"), a somewhat wishful course in mesmerism ("Hypnotize Women Instantly—Unnoticed") and a service called Fantasy Correspondence. "I cater to your fantasies through 'make-believe' letters," the copy reads. "Who would you like to hear from? Use your imagination." Another ad exhorts: "Answer God's Call. Start Preaching Today. Become an ORDAINED MINISTER of the Gospel for Christ. Conduct Funerals —Perform Marriages. Send 10¢ for Details."

"A lot of these are fake," Reece admitted. "The ads for Instant Pussy and Instant Peter, which we run regularly, for instance. You send the company a dollar and they send you either a tiny cat or a rabbit made of sponge. All you do is drop them in water and they get bigger." The copy in both of these ads runs: "In keeping with the modern trend toward automation, we have developed a product which we call Instant Peter/Pussy. This, of course, is synthetic and is not designed to replace the original. However, in a pinch, we hope it will prove to be a satisfactory substitute."

"Vince and I are both the squarest people, you know," Reece went on. "He's married, with kids; we don't swap wives or anything like that and I lead a very sedate life. In fact, I don't do anything but sleep, listen to classical music and read."

The same tone of jovial depravity that characterizes the *Informer*'s feature stories runs through the column edited by Miss Informed, one of the paper's two lonelyhearts counselors. "I bet I could love you to death," writes Romeo Hevvyhung; "I got 20 sez you can't," replies Miss Informed. Another writer complains, "My wife brings home strange men every night. What should I do?" Miss Informed: "Tell her to bring home men you know." Also: "I think I know how we can crush the Communist nations," writes a reader in the letters-to-the-editor column. "All we got to do is infest everybody with crabs and they'll scratch themselves to death."

"These readers of ours never cease to amaze me," Reece said. "The letters they send in are more fantastic than the stories we run." He showed me one from a Philadelphia man who said his present wife was dying of "incurable diabetic sickness" and was, in addition, blind. Perhaps, he suggested, if the *Informer* published his letter, some healthy female reader would offer herself as a replacement. "I don't think people care that most of our stories are phony," Reece said. "In fact, a lot of them write and say that while they didn't believe a specific story, they enjoyed reading it. Others send in ideas of their own, many of which are a bit strong even for us."

"Truthful News of All Facts of Life," runs the blurb under the *Informer* logo. "When you think about it," a friend pointed out later, "is it any more farfetched a claim than the *Chicago Tribune*'s blurb, 'The World's Greatest Newspaper'?"

The weekly tabloids devote little space to significant world news, such as Vietnam, an omission in coverage that could be due to the fact that even these papers are unable to grasp horror on a large scale. One occasional exception to this general rule is *Confidential Flash* ("No Fear—No Favor—The People's Paper"), a Toronto tabloid that jumped right into the void with a story by one Archer Heaton, staff military strategist, who had obviously given the Vietnam issue his unstinted and scholarly consideration. "Let's Smell Burnt Flesh!" ran the subhead over the main headline, "ONLY BOMBS CAN PURGE THAT PYRE."

"Pinkos and pacifists and their misinformed followers have been having a ball bellowing over the bombing of Viet Cong oil dumps by American fliers," Heaton declaims, and then goes on to deplore the fact that these unworthy citizens—"expertly brainwashed and blinded by subtle Red propaganda"—disapprove of official U. S. policy in Vietnam. Fortunately, as war correspondent Heaton is quick to point out, "The boys in the Pentagon have stuck to their guns." This reference to the United States military leadership reflects a relationship between Mr. Heaton and the generals that may or may not be mutual; but, in any event, it leads him directly to the core of his argument. After noting that bombing raids will inevitably kill Vietnamese civilians, the only question he asks is, "Isn't quick death by high explosive preferable to dying by inches in unspeakable torture or fire?" Unfortunately, what might have been a valuable contribution to national policy deteriorates from this point into a vividly imaginative account by an unnamed "eyewitness" of a Viet Cong raid on a jungle village. Colorful dialog abounds ("Shoot 'em in the guts if there's any trouble"), and sex and violence replace the statesmanlike admonitions: "Rape the

women and burn the men—that's the way to bring these scum into line." There's no question about it, concludes Mr. Heaton: Bombing is essential. "The Red Beast [must be] brought to bay and the insidious hammer and sickle broken beyond repair."

For *Confidential Flash*, this is pretty serious stuff, far weightier, intellectually speaking, than "NAKED SEX FIEND ATTACKS GIRL, SIX—LEFT UGLY HANDPRINTS ON LITTLE LEGS," which headlined one of its stories. Most of the news features in this singularly humorless tabloid are clumsy inventions illustrated with stock shots of badly posed models. There's a gossip column written by somebody identified as the founder and president of the Exotique Dancers League of America, a page of personals (lonely widows and some couples on the make), plus two pages of classified and paid ads with an emphasis on homosexual publications, bondage equipment, transvestism, physique photos ("Teenage German Sailor —striking, muscular!") and sexual aids. A film depicting the birth of a child is available for "those who desire knowledge on a subject of social and medical significance," and, for readers whose sex knowledge stops short of the basics, a book that illustrates the sexual organs "and their functions." These are "unretouched, actual photos, not just drawings, [of] types of pubic-hair arrangements . . . nipples . . . and variations in sizes of penes—with average size as well as the largest ever recorded."

During the time I worked for the *Enquirer*, I often wondered whether there was such a being as the typical tabloid reader; not the man or the woman who picks up a copy every month or so just for laughs but the regulars, the subscribers, the believers. I pictured such a person as a roller-derby fan who owned several Lugers, voted straight lunatic fringe and cruised around the neighborhood in a 1955 Mercury sedan, hoping to come across fatal accidents.

"Last night Jerome said he loved me and he wasn't on pills or anything!!"

It was suggested at the office one quiet afternoon that we throw a big party for 50 of our most faithful readers and an equal number of the walking wounded, maimed and deformed who had appeared in previous issues. We dropped this plan when we discovered a man who had invented a machine that cured hiccups. Somebody devised a scheme that was known briefly as Operation Belch, the idea being that we would bring a large number of chronic hiccup victims to New York and stage a demonstration of the machine at the Waldorf-Astoria, with invitations to the press. "Think of the publicity if it makes the network news," one of the writers said. "Yeah, but we might kill some poor bastard with the goddamn machine," growled another. "Great," said the first. "If that happened, we'd get an even better story out of it. 'ENQUIRER EXPOSES QUACK INVENTOR.' Anyway, we'd have doctors there and everything." In the end, neither plan was carried any further, and so we never did get to meet our readers.

In six years, I have seen only two people reading the *Enquirer* in public. The first was a man in his late 40s on a Long Island train bound for Montauk Point. He wore a tweed highland jacket with leather buttons and tartan trousers, and he wasn't actually reading the paper when I first noticed him; he was playing *Summertime* on the bagpipes. He looked very pleased with himself. It wasn't until after the train passed Patchogue that he took the *Enquirer* from his pocket and opened it. The second reader I saw was on the subway, going into the same station in which I had accepted the *Enquirer* job. She was an elderly, tormented-looking woman and she was visibly amused by a story about a Kansas woman who had driven 600 miles with her dead husband in the back seat of the car. I had been on the staff for only a short time and was tempted to identify myself but, after a second look, decided against it. She was still silently laughing behind the paper when I got off the train.

A couple of years ago, I asked Nat Chrzan if, as the *Enquirer*'s new editor, he planned to conduct a survey of the readership. He recoiled and shook his head emphatically. His reluctance may be justified, but there is, somewhere out there, an appreciative and responsive audience, as I think this last letter to the editor, from one of its members, proves:

> I think your paper is wonderful. My husband and I both read it. You don't know that there is so much dirt and filth going on in this world untill you read about it in your paper. I look forward to seeing your paper every sunday keep them coming.
>
> P.S. Print initials only. Thank you.

SERENDIPITOUS CEYLON *(continued from page 126)*

Kwai was filmed at Kitulgala, about a two-hour drive east of Colombo. If you can brave leeches and the infrequent cobra, you can still see the river location; but the bridge is gone and there is no trace of the rails that carried the train to its spectacular doom. Locals still speak with awe of the time the locomotive was pulled out of the river because the scene had to be reshot. Today, an old bootlegger escorts an occasional party through the jungle, fortifying them first with some of his home-brewed coconut juice, a highly potent thirst quencher and cobra conqueror that swiftly removes all fear of things that lurk in the dark.

For a more civilized excursion, there is a delightful resthouse a couple of miles down-river that serves a stupendous lunch, Western or Ceylonese, in a setting of unparalleled splendor. The wide brown river passes below the open veranda and now and then a mahout from a jungle logging camp will steer his elephant into midstream and give him a good scrubbing with a coconut husk. It is also a popular washing and bathing place with the villagers, and nobody will mind if you join them for a refreshing dip.

Beyond Sigiriya on the east coast at Trincomalee, early bathers spread their towels to soak up the first sun. There, the weather is hot and dry from May to September. The area has scarcely been touched by tourist development, although one American firm has suggested construction of a resort town. The beaches are white and deserted and they stretch for miles, offering an incomparable invitation to skinny-dip in the warm emerald sea. You can rent a place of your own at Trinco or put up either in a resthouse or at the popular Welcombe Hotel.

To the south of Sigiriya lies Kandy, the romantic hill capital and scene of one of Asia's most colorful festivals—*Perahera*—a spectacle of richly caparisoned processional elephants in a torchlit pageant that has been held almost without a break every July and August for the past 2000 years. From the grounds of the Chalet Guesthouse in the hills above Kandy, the town is a shimmering vision of twinkling lights reflected in the lake around which it is built. Drums throb in the Temple of the Tooth, repository of a cherished Buddhist relic: a tooth from the Buddha himself; fireflies glow incandescently in the velvet darkness and lightning flickers behind the distant mountains, throwing each successive range into relief, as if the earth had opened between them to reveal some buried fire.

In the town itself, a patent-medicine man sells peacock oil for the relief of aches, pains and brain tumors; and in the old-fashioned bar of the stately Queen's Hotel, a few tea planters sit over their sundowners and discuss the probable outcome of next week's golf tournament at Nuwara Eliya. A trio of sun-tanned German girls chats in the hotel lobby with an American and an Australian who accost every passing young male and ask him to even out the party. Later, they might go to the Kandy Lake Club, where there are occasional dances; or, more likely, they'll take a moonlight drive into the tea country that surrounds the town.

Nuwara Eliya (known to the locals as Nurelia) is the resort and recreation center of the district. For half the year it is a foggy, rain-swept replica of the West Highlands, and guests at the rambling Grand Hotel sit in the oak-paneled bar and warm their hands over a blazing fire. But from late November to May, the weather is fine, and April is the busiest time of all. There are dances, parties and boat races on the lake; and the tea planters, contrary to their popular image as slightly blimpish individuals, come rampaging out of the hills like cowhands with a month's back pay. They are

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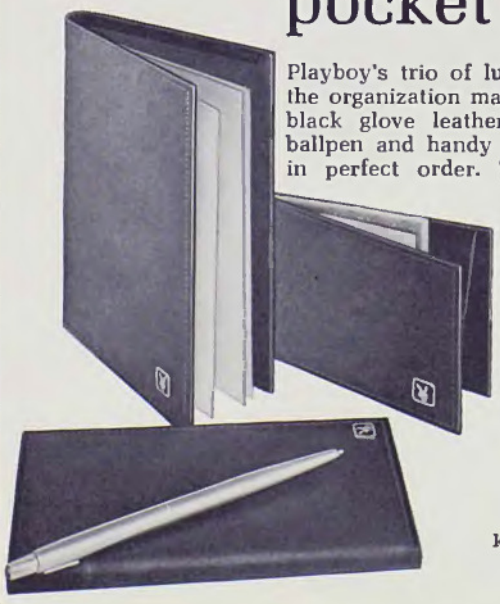

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generally convivial types and it is seldom difficult to obtain an invitation to one of the many clubs in the region. Visitors are always welcome at the tea-processing factories and afterward, more often than not, for a drink or two at the planter's estate house.

From the tea country, it's about a three-hour drive to Ruhunu game park on the southern coast. The ideal times to arrive there, as with any natural reserve, are sunrise and sunset; except for buffaloes and elephants, most animals stay away from the water holes during daylight hours. To see all the action, you should plan to stay overnight at the Tissamaharama Resthouse, which is 15 miles from the park entrance, and leave very early in the morning. At that time of day, the grounds of the resthouse will give you a taste of what it's like in Ruhunu: There are monkeys stirring in the trees and shouting abuse at the crocodiles that float on the limpid surface of the adjoining lake. Once inside the park, you'll be accompanied by a ranger.

From Hambantota, which is about 20 miles west of Ruhunu, the road hugs the beach all of the 150 miles back to Colombo, through the coastal plains, past tiny fishing villages, Dutch and Portuguese fortresses and ruffled coves where fishermen with hand lines perch atop one-legged stilts. One of the delicacies in the south is curd and honey served in big earthenware bowls; ask for it at the Hambantota Resthouse, where you can take your lunch in a sunny dining room overlooking the beach and fishing fleet. Afterward, follow the road to Hikkaduwa, where you'll probably want to spend a couple of nights at the Coral Gardens Hotel.

The Coral Gardens is probably the most popular beach hotel among younger visitors to Ceylon. It's a perfect place to end your island tour before returning to Colombo. There are usually some unattached girls in residence, mostly Europeans—they fly in on the frequent charters from Zurich and Frankfurt—and a few Americans. It's also a favored location for vacationing female staff members from the Colombo embassies and foreign business offices; although in the case of these local experts, you're as likely to find them halfway up a mountain as you are to meet them on a beach.

Reserve one of the open-fronted suites in the north wing of the Coral Gardens, for these are the most secluded and they're more comfortable than the inside rooms in the main building. By day, you can explore the beaches or rent one of the sturdy hand-built outriggers to carry you to the extensive coral reefs that lie offshore. Underwater gear can be rented on the spot.

At night, there may be an informal

party or two or a quiet cocktail in one of the hotel's bars before dinner. Many visitors seem to arrive at Hikkaduwa toward the end of their Ceylon tours, so there's always lively conversation and exchanges of experiences. So-and-so from San Francisco says his car was charged by an elephant in the game park (it missed); and a young airline stewardess says she'd like to see the coral reefs by moonlight, but she's scared to go alone. A volunteer grabs her by the hand and in a couple of minutes they're undressed and swimming for the reef. "Think I'll join them," says a second girl; and before long, there's a general stampede for the sea, leaving the room occupied by a clutch of landlubbers.

About ten miles south of Hikkaduwa is the fortress town of Galle, built by the Portuguese and Dutch during the 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries, when Europe coveted the nearby cinnamon forests and other native spices. Today it's known for its heritage of colonial architecture—and its polished jewels. Since the earliest times, Ceylon has been famous for its gems, and few people leave without buying a couple of samples. J. P. Morgan once bought a blue sapphire of 466 carats found at Kuruwita; and two of the rarest sapphires unearthed on the island —the legendary 563-carat Star of India and the 116-carat Midnight Star—are in New York's Museum of Natural History.

The present-day range of precious and semiprecious stones includes garnets, topazes, moonstones, star sapphires, rubies and amethysts. Ask the Tourist Board for a list of recommended dealers and make sure you obtain a certificate of authenticity when you make your purchase. Some dealers have their own mines or workshops, and visits are easily arranged. Experts might like to choose their stone in the rough and follow the process right through the cutting and final polishing stages.

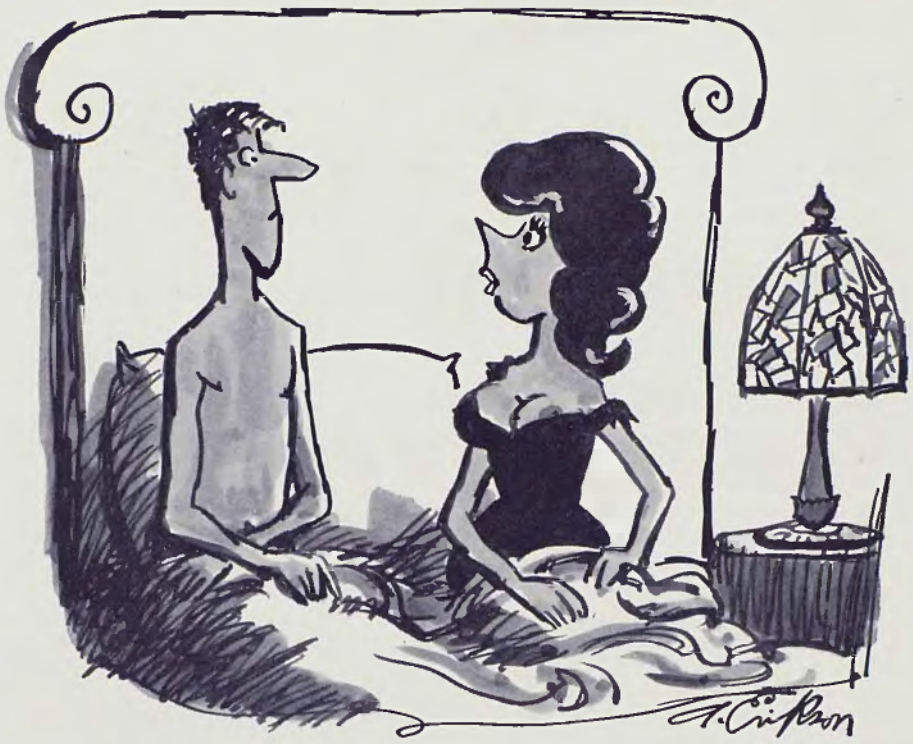
But most of your shopping, even for gems, can be done in Colombo. Ceylon produces some exquisite handicrafts—among them, Ambalangoda masks, which are brightly painted and horrific likenesses of various deities; ivory and wood carvings; lacquerware; tortoise shell; metalwork (including some damascene and gold filigree); pottery; and hand-loomed batik textiles. Finished jewelry is, of course, in abundant supply, from antique pieces to native adornments such as the silver phallic necklace worn by Tamil men who are worshipers of Siva the Destroyer and God of Sex. (Similar necklaces are sold in the gift shop of the Brooklyn Museum to respectable housewives who would probably swoon if they understood the significance of the long silver tube on the chain.)

Another bargain you can pick up on your travels is Ceylonese shirts. Back home, they'd cost at least $15 apiece; but in Ceylon, they're about $1. One Colombo entrepreneur, evidently the confused victim of cultural cross-pollination, has come up with a "Nehru buttondown," an ingenious and foredoomed creation that owes unequal and incompatible allegiance to both Brooks Brothers and the Maharishi. A hipper gift to take home is Ceylon's Beedies, hand-rolled cigarettes wrapped in leaves and guaranteed, when smoked in public, to bring a squad of fuzz down on your neck because of their olfactory resemblance to you-know-what. No fear of arrest, however; they contain nothing but tobacco.

If you have time before you leave Colombo, visit the downtown branch of Laksala, the government-operated handicraft store. Prices are fixed by law and you can arrange to have bulky packages shipped to your home. (Remember that under U. S. Customs regulations, you're entitled to send gifts duty-free to the value of ten dollars, as long as the addressee doesn't receive more than one package a day.)

You should also save an hour for a look around Colombo's port, where you'll run into everything from snake charmers and fortunetellers to stamp salesmen and native dancers. Most of the charmers have cobras named Charlie, George or Harold, and the performance depends entirely on the snake's willingness to rear up and strike. The venom glands are milked monthly, or so the charmer will tell you. The port's fortunetellers may not give a very convincing demonstration of their powers, but it's always entertaining. They nod their heads solemnly and pronounce a few sonorous platitudes, all the while looking into your eyes, trying to judge whether fear will wring a bigger donation from you than flattery and good tidings. One particular wizard carries around a book of testimonials allegedly written by satisfied customers from all over the world; but on examination, the handwriting of each laborious entry is, though thinly disguised, identical.

Your onward or homeward flight will probably leave Colombo in the morning, possibly on a *Poya* holiday. Most comings and goings in Ceylon seem to be at that time of day, and it's fitting that this should be so on the last. The morning air will be fresh and there will be few people on the highway leading out to the airport. A wave as your car flashes past, a last shout of "*Ayubowan*" and the endless squawking of the beautiful black crows in the tall green trees—these will be among your final impressions; and then the island recedes rapidly in the distance, looking like some rare, uncut gem set in the deep blue of the sea.



"George, just because I look like a prostitute, dress like a prostitute and talk like a prostitute doesn't mean I can make love like a prostitute."

THE SWINGERS *(continued from page 150)*

from the clandestine to the commonplace has coincided with the increasing availability of leisure time—and consequent unexpected boredom—as well as with the latitude and security provided by general acceptance of the pill.

Although the word "swinging," in its specifically sexual connotation, is too new for inclusion in the 1966 *Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, the activities it describes—indiscriminate, ultracasual copulation with relative or complete strangers in groups of two, three, four and up—are as old as the two sexes. As Pompeian frescoes testify, the multiple couplings that took place at Roman orgies are indistinguishable from those immortalized by Polaroid buffs at contemporary parties. And the grapplings of conventioneers with callgirls—or traveling salesmen with farmers' daughters—aren't much different from those engaged in by most of the fun seekers who answer those "personal" ads in the underground newspapers. What's new about swinging, as opposed to old-fashioned hanky-panky, is the fact that it's organized—and almost openly embraced by a sizable and swelling segment of the population that would have been scandalized by such behavior only a few years ago. Society at large, meanwhile—inured by the mass media to increasingly unabashed expressions of public and private sexuality—has assumed an attitude of indifference (or at least neutrality) that lends the trend an aura of social acceptability.

With this new semirespectability has come a wave of frankness among swingers anxious to advertise their own behavior and enlist newcomers by proselytizing on radio and television talk shows, over tea at weekly P. T. A. meetings and among strangers at so-called straight parties. Swingers invariably point with pride to their perpetuation of traditions dating back to Greek and Roman cultures. In addition to the beneficial and deleterious aspects of wife swapping, the orgy scene and organized sex have become familiar subjects for discussion in open-to-the-public seminars bearing imposing titles such as "Exploring the Intimacy Barrier in Sexually Liberal Groups"—an overnight conclave for swinging couples conducted by Dr. Gerard Haigh, a psychologist associated with the Elysium Institute in Santa Monica.

The lively sales of works by contemporary artists such as Rick Herold, who photographs orgies and then transposes these vivid impressions onto canvases of acrylic paint and Plexiglas, signal an important trend toward honest eroticism. Some 200 *aficionados* attending one of Herold's openings at the Molly Barnes Gallery on La Cienega Boulevard, the art center of Los Angeles, were recently treated to an impromptu exhibition by one of his female admirers. The total effect of his two-dozen latest efforts—similar in impact to a genuine orgy—inspired her to remove her Gernreich dress and what little was beneath it. Thereafter, still in the buff, she graciously served as an expedient human screen on which one of the painter's orgiastic films was publicly premiered.

The girl in the Gernreich dress displayed noticeably fewer inhibitions than most newcomers to the swinging scene. Their experience is typified by the recollections of a blonde, blue-eyed mother of two. "I panicked when my husband first suggested that we swing with another couple," recalls Michelle, who at the time had been married for nearly six years. "I thought he didn't love me anymore. I went into complete hysteria, tears and everything. I thought: 'Why doesn't he divorce me if I'm not enough for him?' But then I decided I wasn't going to be like a lot of other women and let my husband have all the fun. And I hoped he might outgrow it if I went along with him in good grace. He had been telling me for years that sex and love weren't the same thing. And I'd tried to tell myself that. But I'd never been with another man. I was 17 when I met and married him."

Michelle and her husband became involved in swinging (most participants prefer that term rather than wife swapping, which they consider a pejorative) by responding to an ad in one of the local swingers' journals. They selected a couple that lived near their west-side home.

"We went there and met a very attractive model and her husband, a writer," Michelle continues. "I swung with him and he was a very good lover. I had a marvelous time. I found that after being with someone else, I was stimulated. It's such a peak that you can't wait to get home to your own mate, almost to show him what you've learned. It's such a beautiful experience. It's good for people who've been married several years. No matter how much they love each other, everything gets dull after a while. Some of the edge wears off. Swinging just makes the marriage that much better. As a result of that one night three years ago, I've enjoyed swinging ever since."

The process of revulsion-resistance-acceptance-enthusiasm undergone by Michelle parallels that of many, perhaps most of the women involved in the swapping scene. Once the initial doubts are overcome, most swapping wives report feelings of greater security within their marriages and enhanced sexual relationships at home. The vast majority of more than 200 Midwestern and Southwestern swinging couples recently surveyed by Dr. Gilbert Bartell, a Northern Illinois University cultural anthropologist, concurred that swapping had brought them closer than ever before. "In the development of their little suburbias, their ticky-tacks, the work effort, the Protestant ethic and all that, these people have become estranged from each other," Dr. Bartell explained. "Then, for one of the first times in their lives, they do something together without having the *Ladies' Home Journal* call it 'togetherness.' They are communicating with each other, at least on one level. They join a group that gives them time to think about other people and become involved with other people, very much like church activity, the Kiwanis or what have you. These people, most of whom have been married quite young, find this tremendously exciting. They feel in a sense that they're rejuvenating themselves. They're acting out what 'swingers' do in the movies, in the magazines and on TV."

Inveterate swappers point with pride to the low incidence of divorce among them. One group of 400 East San Fernando Valley swingers, who have attended Friday-night parties for the past four years, reports that only three split-ups have resulted during that period—a figure dramatically below the national average. But trained social scientists find this statistic misleading, since those who have dropped out are conveniently excluded.

"Turning on to the swinging scene probably *has* saved a large number of marriages," concedes Dr. William Simon, former senior research associate at the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, and currently a sociologist with the Illinois State Department of Mental Health. "Whether they *should* have been saved is another question. But what about the vast number that phase out? Many of them are badly traumatized by the experience. Unless somebody is intensely pathological, the normal reaction to engaging in this type of behavior involves somehow the management of guilt and anxiety. For most people, this generates some degree of tension and strain. One gets the feeling in the swinging scene that people are using sex to satisfy motives that are intrinsically nonsexual."

This view is disputed, of course, by diehard swappers, who consider themselves emancipated rather than aberrant. "I was reluctant to attend my first swapping party, probably because of the way I was raised," observes Joan, a confirmed swapper who has been married for 11 years. "My head was just full of social conventions. I had no idea how I would feel seeing my husband having sex with another woman. I was curious as to my own reaction. It excited me. When he came back to me, it made me feel more like he's with me; he can have sex with somebody else, but he's mine. It made me more secure. I don't see where there's any place for guilt feelings, as long as we're doing it together. We're not deceiving

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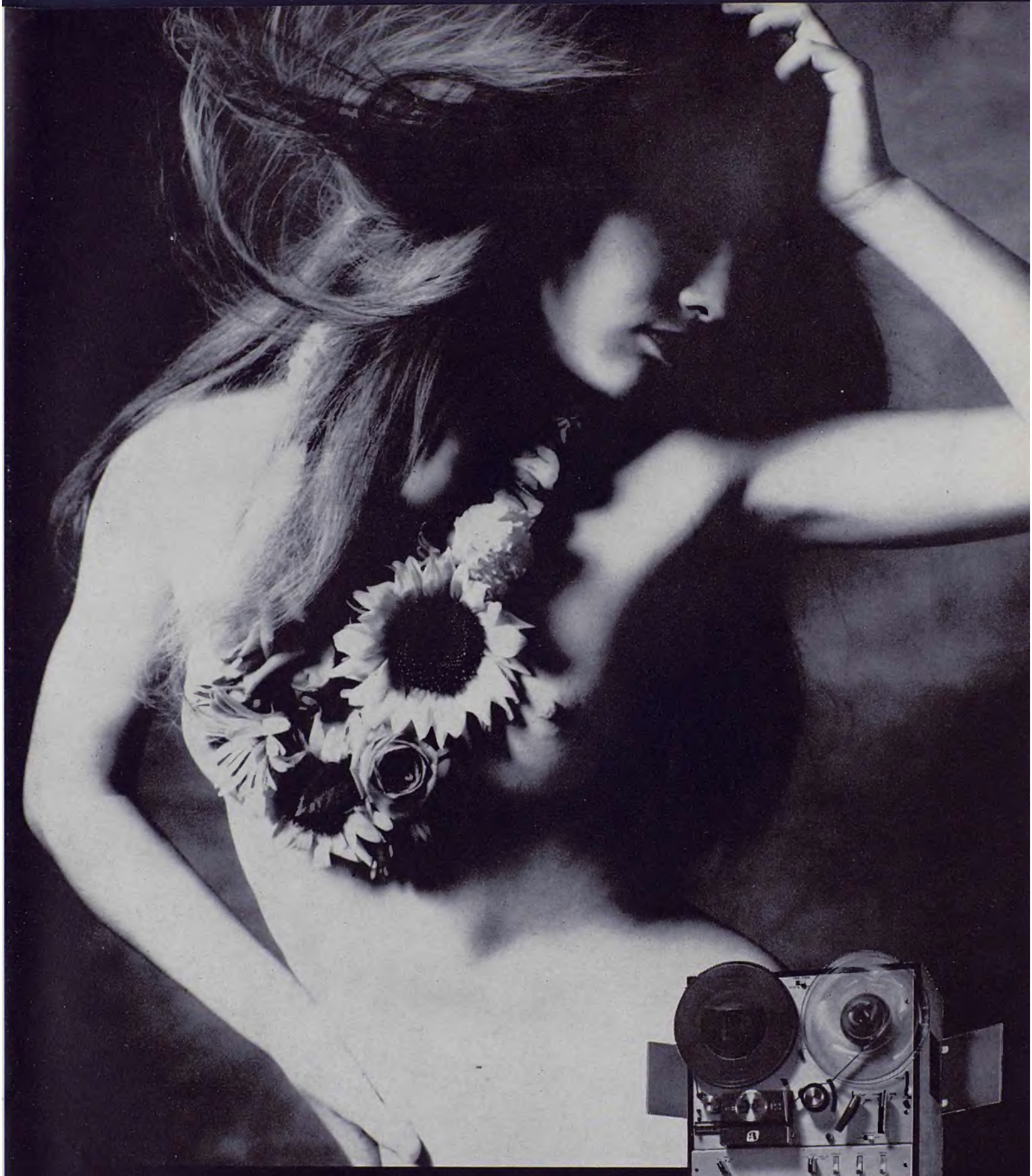
each other. Often it will spice up our own sex life for three or four days afterward, when we talk about something that turned us on in a swapping situation."

However many partners they may entertain in the course of a week—or even of an evening—the majority of swingers consider themselves nonpromiscuous and their activities highly moral. "This is the logical conclusion of the average cocktail party in a community where everyone knows everyone else," explains a somewhat prejudiced participant. "The hypocrisy that you find in the country-club set—where everyone knows that everyone is balling everyone else, but it's clandestine—simply doesn't exist here."

This kind of self-righteous dialectic is typical among married swingers anxious to cleanse themselves of culpability. "They're using this to condone their own guilt," says Dr. Simon. "Most men involved really want to engage in extramarital activity and can't handle it alone. The easiest thing to do is simply make their wives accomplices. Such men have very little ego strength going for them, and many are really very unattractive, pedestrian types who have to use their wives for barter. It's not surprising that so many of the swapping scenes, as a consequence, don't have the emotional openness and honesty claimed by their spokesmen. It's a world in which you can say 'I love what we're doing,' but there's an implicit prohibition against saying 'I love *you*.' "

In almost all cases, it's the male who instigates the initiation of a couple into mate swapping. "He envisions this as a return to his youth and all its fantasies," says Dr. Bartell. "In a sense, he is making real the juvenile dream of a harem full of women to which he will have ready access." But making this dream come true can often create more problems than it solves. "These people buy tremendous amounts of what used to be called pornographic literature, word-and-picture studies on how to make love," Dr. Bartell has found. "Almost all of them, at least in my sample, have eight-millimeter stag films. The difficulty arises in trying to live up to the examples displayed in such material. These men have a high expectation rate as well as a constant fear of failure."

Many of the studies conducted by Dr. Albert Ellis, the well-known psychologist and author of several popular books on human sexuality, reveal that such anxieties almost always plague the male at the inception of his swapping activities. "He is especially worried whether he'll be able to do it with his wife present in the same room or, even if they take separate rooms, whether he'll be able to be as proficient as the other woman's husband," Dr. Ellis explains. "So at the beginning, he tends to fail. Practically no male is as virile as he imagines he would be in such a situation. Later on,



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This was written by Len Deighton, who doesn't know what pleasure trips are, because he was once an airline steward (not one of ours, unfortunately) and today has to move around professionally as travel editor of a magazine.

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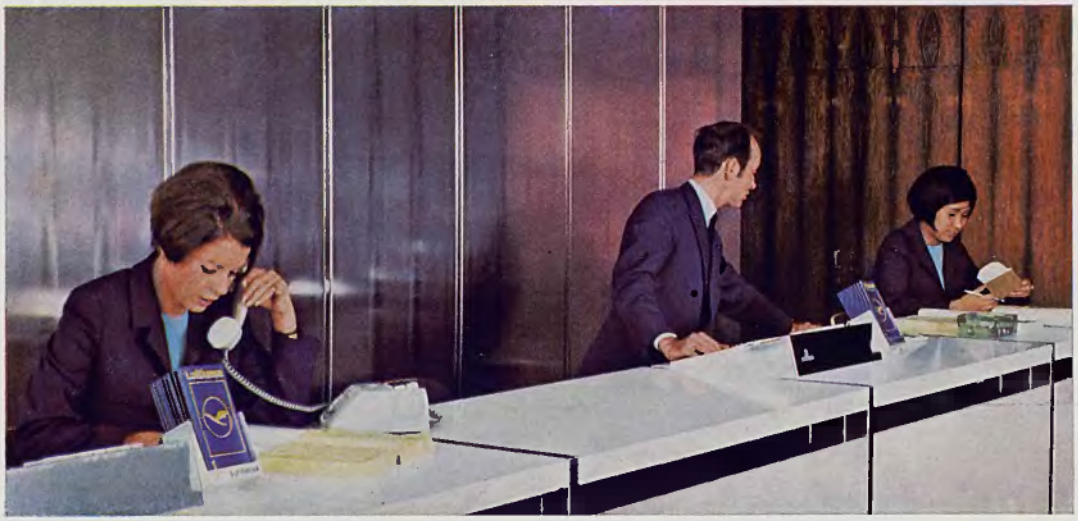

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he may get better. But the female may eventually get more of a charge than he does, because she's more capable of it."

"Women bloom in a swinging situation because they get total attention," explains a well-known Hollywood character actor regarded as the sultan of swap in the San Fernando Valley. "They know they're women. You take just a plain, nice girl and all of a sudden she's got people making love to her like she's never had in her whole goddamn life and turning her on every way imaginable. She's bound to react to that. She finds she has senses she didn't know existed."

"Cardinal rule number one is that if we play, we play together," declares another acolyte. "None of this bullshit—'Can I see you sometime?' The only other basic ground rules are that no one is obligated to do anything he or she doesn't want to and that you must conduct yourself reasonably, without forcing your attentions on anyone. It just takes a little patience. If you've got 20 women in the room and you've got some kind of weird hang-up—like sometimes a broad will like two guys at once or a guy will like two girls—as long as it isn't offensive or painful, you'll certainly find a means to express it."

Hard-core swingers, however, deliberately avoid what are referred to as freaky scenes, such as the regular Malibu parties—thrown by a group of aerospace employees—that feature such kinky *divertissements* as velvet whips, wet towels, leather fetishism, spanking and other sadomasochistic pursuits. The use of marijuana to heighten the sexual experience is also downgraded by most swappers. "If pot is smoked at a party, the bulk of the people immediately leave," says an informed insider. "That's one damn situation where the police could walk in and arrest everyone. Why leave yourself wide open? Instead, the liquor flows fairly free."

Dr. Tom Grubbs, a Beverly Hills psychiatrist, cites another reason for the swingers' aversion to marijuana. "They've done what the establishment has dictated for years—grow up, finish high school, get an eight-to-five job, get married, have kids, buy a home and go to church. Despite their unusual group behavior in private, they still reflect establishment values. And right now, the establishment says smoking marijuana is not only against the law, it's harmful and it's wrong." It may be one of the ironic anomalies of culture lag that such moral and legal censure is no longer meted out to those decent, law-evading citizens who care to experiment with *sexual* consciousness expansion.

Apart from the obvious attractions of erotic adventuring, says Dr. Simon, "many of the people who go to these parties systematically are suffering from various types of status deprivation. These are people to whom society is not yet prepared to accord the upper-middle-class status they aspire to and identify with. They're not big in the community; they're not big in politics nor even on the job. Swinging becomes one means to act out their frustrations; they feel it's an intense experience and that they're doing something that's significant. It's kind of an overcompensation for what they subconsciously feel is really an act of deviance."

"We should have barricaded ourselves in the cafeteria instead of the administration building! I'm starved!"

Considering the persistence of this residual guilt, most experienced swingers show an almost cavalier disregard for the possibility of discovery and arrest for violation of such statutes as those defining cunnilingus and fellatio—both common activities at swinging parties—as crimes punishable with severe prison sentences. The uneasiness of initiates is assuaged when they learn that swinger parties are very seldom raided, even when the police know what's going on.

"The reason they never bust the swappers is because the court has to prove that there was a conspiracy to commit immoral acts," explains Harold Nebenzal, the coproducer of *All the Loving Couples*, who conducted extensive research on his own. "They cannot prove that. The people attending the party could very well say: 'We met to play bridge. We didn't meet here to exchange wives.' In many states, fornication and adultery per se are not illegal activities; the authorities have to prove that they're carried on 'openly and notoriously.' This is sufficient to make prosecution virtually impossible."

Still, nagging fears persist among many swappers, even though they know that these laws, and others pertaining to "lasciviousness" and "corrupting morals," are rarely enforced. What they are doing may not be strictly illegal, but it isn't quite legal, either. They occasionally hear reports of undercover activity such as the recent raid on a Hollywood apartment where a dozen swingers were arrested; one of the participants had unwittingly picked up a female vice-squad officer on the Sunset Strip and taken her to the party. But even in this case, the charges were eventually dismissed for lack of evidence.

Two years ago, in an address before the Sherman Oaks Chamber of Commerce, Sergeant Norman Draeger of the Van Nuys vice squad warned community leaders about the sex orgies, lewd movies and wife swapping he alleged were running rampant in hillside homes overlooking the San Fernando Valley. Several concerned citizens vowed to organize vigilante groups to flush out the sinners, but no serious action ever materialized. Perhaps the involvement of off-duty vice-squad officers as enthusiastic participants in many wife-swapping parties accounts for the absence of even token harassment in most communities.

Periodic attempts at exposés by crusading newspapers have also been fruitless. *The Newhall Signal*, a thrice-weekly suburban paper published just north of the San Fernando Valley, recently assigned

one of its reporters to infiltrate the parties known to proliferate among those living in lower-middle-class housing developments in the unincorporated neighboring community of Saugus. The reporter was unable to gather enough solid facts to substantiate such activity; but before abandoning the crusade, the *Signal* satisfied its mandate by printing several insinuating items in an editorial-page gossip column. "Rumor Department," one of them read. "An unusually reliable source reports that a wife-swapping club is going hot and heavy in the Four Oaks tract in Saugus. About 30 members. Partners are chosen simply by drawing straws. You'd think the least they could do is be more creative."

Editor John Newhall received an angry letter signed by several Saugus residents soon after the item appeared. "They demanded one of two things," he recalls. "Either we fire the columnist or we print the names of the people involved. They admitted there were people engaged in wife swapping, but they didn't want everybody in the tract to be implicated."

Increasingly concerned about infiltrators, swappers have begun to voice a good deal of skepticism and suspicion about the classified advertisements in underground newspapers and swapping magazines—the very outlets that provided most of them with their first group-sex contacts. "You don't know who they are," says an articulate spokesman, lately wary of opportunists. "It could be a setup. They could be blackmailers. Or vice cops. Or postal inspectors. We don't want to put ourselves in a vulnerable position. We've become more selective as well as intelligent. Most of the people are also hip on hygiene, so that's the least of our worries."

One notable exception occurred after a party last year, when one of the participants discovered that he had contracted a dose of syphilis. Within 24 hours, everyone in attendance had been contacted and assembled in the office of a West Hollywood general practitioner, who administered penicillin shots and tablets. The atmosphere in his waiting room resembled that of a class reunion. Naturally, the doctor was also a swinger.

The communal aspects of swappers' sexual behavior seem to have solidified many of the participating couples into a remarkably close-knit relationship. Unlike single swingers, they tend to be as clannish as the American Legion and as loyal to one another as a *mafioso* family. Politically, a majority of them embrace the conservative wing of the Republican Party (psychologists explain that swapping often reflects an overcompensation for the puritanical restraints imposed by the up-tight environment in which such people are raised), and Negroes are almost always excluded from their gatherings. But most disparities in income and social status are characteristically forgotten—ample evidence that sex in these circles is the great equalizer. "It's hard to be a snob when you're bare-assed," one of them admits.

It's also hard to remain a stranger to the people you party with. The private lives of the swappers, in fact, often become intricately interwoven with those they enjoy carnally. Groceries are purchased from swinging supermarket owners, accident policies from swinging insurance salesmen, cars from swinging automobile dealers. One woman who recently serviced a tire salesman at a swap party appeared several days later at his garage to acquire five new tubeless Goodyears. He was more than happy to accommodate her—at wholesale prices. Like dedicated Gray Ladies, swappers visit even comparatively unfamiliar bedmates recuperating in hospitals. They baby-sit with one another's children, lend money to kindred souls with no questions asked; and when they leave the city on vacation trips, they know they'll be able to visit total strangers functioning as active participants in the underground network.

Several months ago, a London-based professor and his wife made extraordinary use of that extensive grapevine—coordinating a lecture tour of various American medical schools with a swinging tour involving like-minded couples—from coast to coast and back again. Midway through their 26-stop junket, they were entertained like visiting royalty at a San Fernando Valley party attended by some 50 swappers, all of whom were enthralled by the professor's reports of burgeoning group activity from San Francisco to Cape Kennedy. "One of the couples we stayed with were already taking bets about who would be the first swappers in outer space," he told them.

His hosts in Los Angeles were a San Fernando Valley couple who had accumulated a collated list of 1800 swingers' names, broken down according to sexual preference, geographic locale, physical characteristics, age and occupation—a treasure-trove of information stored alphabetically in a locked filing cabinet. Many of the festivities that take place at parties organized by this enterprising pair—and by other swinging hosts—are depicted *in extenso* in *All the Loving Couples*. The provocative script—on which the Valley couple served as unofficial "technical advisors"—chronicles in color an overnight, 12-hour marathon among four swapping couples, three of them experienced weekend partygoers, the newcomers undergoing an unforgettable introduction to the scene. But there are significant differences between *Loving Couples* and its progenitors—the more blatant sexploitation films.

The eight participants epitomize middle-class America. They discuss little-league trophies and recipes for Dutch chocolate cake as avidly as they describe their respective sexual lusts. Before proceeding to the inevitable—and prolonged—seduction scenes, which occur in bedrooms, in a swimming pool and on the living-room couch of a WASPishly

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comfortable, pine-paneled home, they rail about the A. C. L. U., the John Birch Society, local police and whether the Supreme Court decision quashing prayers in public schools was Communistically inspired.

Revealing the kind of ambivalent mood, manners and mores that characterize many real-life swinging situations, one of the impatient husbands finally bellows: "When do we get laid?"

"Well, you don't have to be crude," reproaches one of the wives, while the others greet this boorish remark with humiliating stares.

"What I like about swinging," says another character, finally changing out of her street clothes in the powder room, "is that no thought processes are going on."

Leo Gordon offers a ready explanation for this shroud of mindlessness that hovers over numerous swinging affairs. "When you're popping your nuts, you can't very well be thinking about whether Mayor Yorty is going to run again," he declares. "It's a sublimation and a moment of escape that happens in times of stress. And we are living in a stressful society. These are the days in the bunker in Berlin, for Chrissakes. This is the blitz in England. The bombs are dropping. Let's do something. Let's fuck."

The Lesbian scenes in this film, while hardly comparable with the denouement in *The Killing of Sister George*, do reflect some of the corollary aspects of many swinging parties. Though male homosexuality is almost unknown, it is not unusual to be confronted with women kissing each other's breasts or genitals.

"I once saw a guy making it with a broad who took his wife's hands and put them on the broad's breasts," Gordon reports. "Nobody complained. A woman has much more latitude in her approach to sex, anyway. She'll do any goddamn thing as long as she has a reason. Most of them, after they overcome their initial shyness, turn out to be incredible exhibitionists."

That may be an exaggeration, but the average woman, according to many sociologists, deports herself in group sexual situations in a manner approximating her attitudes in contemporary culture. Not only does she dress exhibitionistically, they feel, but she undresses the same way as well; in either case, her behavior is often compulsive. Women will occasionally arrive with suitcases and slip into provocative bedwear for everyone to ogle. Costume masquerades are also common. In their constant search for novelty, swappers may dress up as children, or as doctors and nurses, before getting down to the business at hand.

"These men and women are crying in the night, trying to say 'Love me,'" says a disenchanted observer. "They're all looking for something, but they never

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quite find it. They're kind of sad, in their way."

"All this smacks of infantilism, reliving their childhood," explains Dr. Grubbs, whose patients include a significant number of swappers. "The swapping parties actually remind me very much of being a little kid and playing naughty in the bedroom with the kids from down the street and running the risk of getting caught by the parents, who I suppose are represented by the police when you're an adult. They are tantalized about doing something wrong and forbidden."

More complex games are played at an increasing number of night clubs designed to convene and catalyze swinging couples, both married and single. The logical extension of classified "personal" ads, they enable swingers to widen their circle of "friends" beyond the neighborhood grapevine—and to meet one another face to face, rather than waste time corresponding or risk sending provocative Polaroid photographs through the mails.

The West Coast prototype for this new phenomenon is The Swing, an aptly named establishment located across the street from a fashionable restaurant, The Tail o' the Cock, in the otherwise sedate San Fernando Valley community of Studio City. When they were devising a name for their new club, owners Joyce and Greg McClure were sorely tempted to christen it The Head o' the Cock—a bit of japery that might have appealed to their clientele but certainly would have irritated the local sheriff's department.

The McClures were not deterred by the dozen other night spots that had previously failed on the same Ventura Boulevard premises. Based on their extensive experience in the field, they were able to accumulate a sizable and selective mailing list. The hundreds of printed formal invitations heralding the club's opening in April 1966 more closely resembled wedding announcements. "All the swinging people will be there if you come," the invitations promised, in the *double-entendre* argot of the erotic underground.

Three consecutive opening nights, each of them attended by a different group of 200 swingers, were necessary to accommodate the huge demand. "It was a strange feeling, like belonging to the Elks or the Masons," recalls one of the celebrants, "like strangers walking into a convention hall in an alien city and suddenly acting like it was old home week, because they all had the same secret handshake."

Three years later, the consanguinity that marked those first giddy nights still prevails. From the time one enters the dimly lit club, pausing to observe himself in a Coney Island fun-house mirror that makes even the chunkiest swinger appear sveltely slender, an insinuating mood dominates the proceedings. Its pulse is a heavy-beated, hard-rock quartet wailing beneath an outsized Charlie Brown poster emblazoned with the legend: HAPPINESS IS PEACE AND LOVE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Whether attending get-acquainted night on Wednesdays or the hard-nosed bartering on Fridays and Saturdays, it's important to know how to maneuver at The Swing. Experienced swingers usually sip their first drink at the bar, scanning the well-filled turtlenecks, miniskirts and vinyl boots parading by, like hunters staking out and sizing up their prey.

From this vantage point, they can observe the interplay between couples seated in semicircular booths, their faces bathed by candlelight, some talking and drinking, others voraciously kissing and fondling their companions. Such overt stimuli customarily serve as an invitation to join the smitten strangers and engage them in conversation. Certain key questions inevitably reveal the interlopers' intentions and proclivities.

"Do you come here often?" the knowledgeable team might ask, idly twirling their swizzle sticks.

"Oh, yes, we come here every Saturday night."

"Have you been to any of the parties?"

A gauche response—such as "What parties?"—usually halts the conversation abruptly. Hard-core swingers have little patience with tourists.

Lately, a good opening gambit begins with the female admiring a likely stranger's love beads and inquiring seductively as she strokes them: "Are you a swinger?" Bluntness is *de rigueur*. The anticipated affirmation will prompt more penetrating questions like: "Do you dig everybody in one room or do you like the private scene, where everybody splits and goes into separate rooms?"

Even the McClures, who patrol the room like chaperones at a college mixer, faintly smiling as they introduce prospective partners, are occasionally amazed by some of the candor audible from the booths and tables. "The openness of the conversation is remarkable," Greg admits. "They talk about balling and screwing in such a casual manner."

But their own expertise in the field enables both McClures to appreciate their clientele's frank pursuit of pleasure. Though they're privy to the times and locations of various swinging parties, the McClures make a practice of keeping such information to themselves. "We are completely legal in everything we do," Greg declares. "We don't even have a picture of a nude woman in the club. We think we have something that some people might take exception to, so we'd better run it real straight, even though I feel that what people do after they leave here is fine. If it's not hurting anybody, why not do it?"

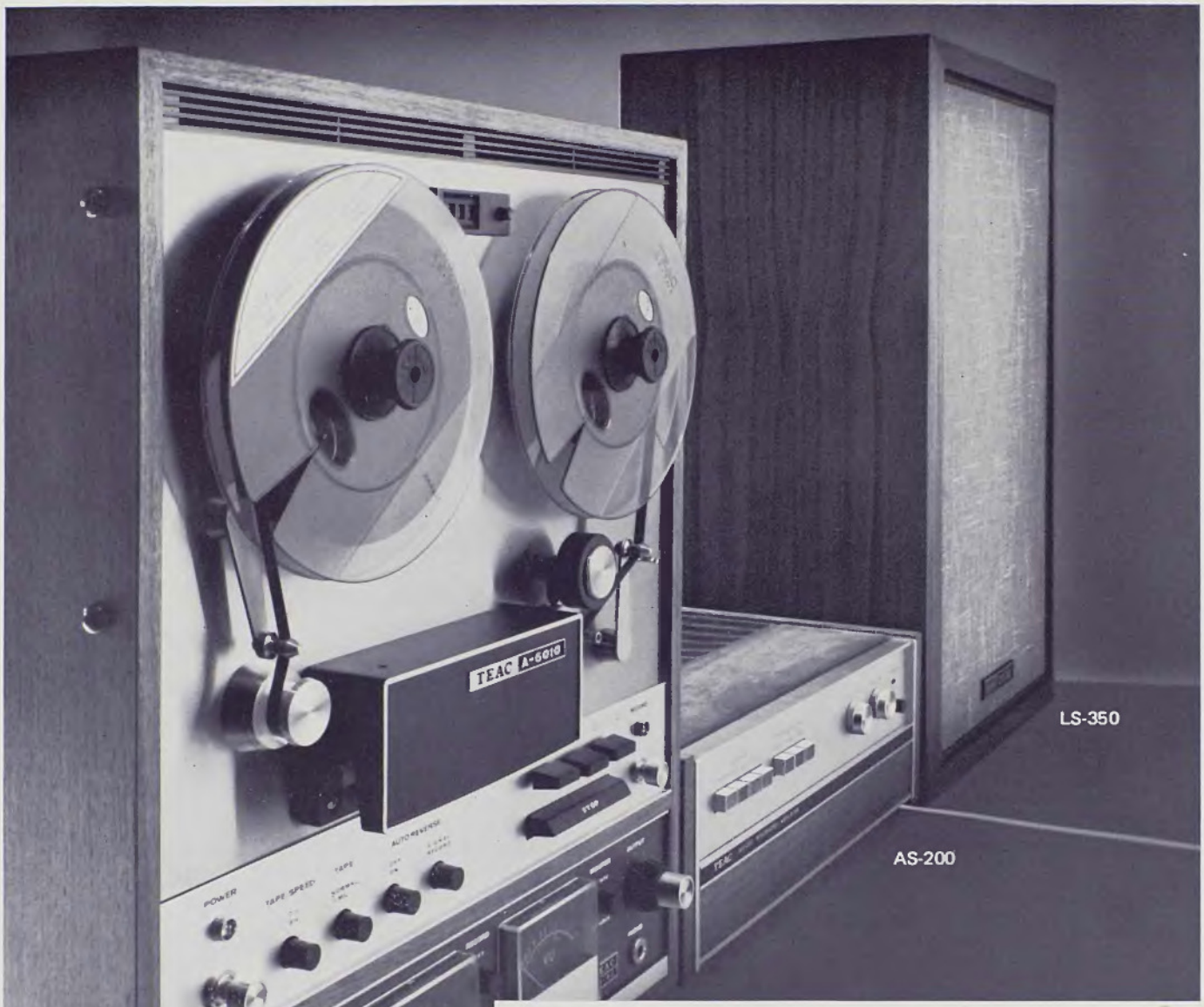
The substantial proportion of swingers from high-income brackets—at least in Los Angeles—inspires Leo Gordon's even-people-who-have-everything-use-Listerine theory. "Like Onassis, we gradually acquire every goddamn thing that money can buy," he explains. "The color-television set might have three months of payments outstanding, but we've still got it. Same way with the car. How many material things can one person collect? How many meals can he eat? The only thing left is other people. So we start looking for things we can't get by saying 'Here's ten dollars. I want it.' Swinging is especially attractive because you can't buy it."

Like art collectors, swingers also tend to become almost dilettantish in their selectivity. They have no interest in balky newcomers; and those with long hair or granny glasses or Russian peasant blouses are usually repudiated, along with those crass outsiders who pay money to savor the pleasures that swappers believe are beyond bidding.

This is not to say that swingers are unwilling to invest a few dollars in the pursuance of their pastime. In the Los Angeles area alone, quite apart from The Swing, more than a dozen lonely-loins clubs charge male applicants up to $25 initiation fee, plus $5 monthly dues (girls are admitted free), for leads to like-minded members of the opposite—and sometimes the same—gender. Among the sex societies in and around L. A.: The Local Swinger, The In-Crowd, The Compatibles, The Exchange, The Group, Dial-A-Date Tonight and the best-organized of the lot, The Utopians, which boasts a membership of some 1200 swapping couples and 1800 swinging singles, male and female, who preach as well as practice the club's winking motto: "Let's keep in touch." In addition to a telephone introduction service, each member is furnished with the ultimate in sign language—triangular-shaped bumper stickers whose arrangement of yellow borders designates a particular category.

"Thank you for calling The Utopians," says John Adams, the bearded entrepreneur whose voice purrs gently into the receiver. "May I help you?" His two-telephone command post is the back room of a storefront office in West Hollywood decorated with a nude canvas painted by one of the organization's members. The Rubensesque figure is a composite—the face of the artist's wife and the body of his mistress. Behind a makeshift plywood desk hang studio greeting cards from several of Adams' eminently satisfied female customers. One of them reads: "I don't always think about sex. Once I thought about overthrowing the Government." An adjacent reproduction of an Early American sampler, fashioned out of cardboard, pleads: HELP ME MEET MY SEDUCTION QUOTA.

"Yes, this is C-44," replies the caller on the other end, identifying himself with



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"If this is the way I become a star, how did you become a star?"

the coded number assigned when he joined the club. "I just saw one of our emblems on a car—number B-6. A good-looking chick was driving. What can you tell me about her?"

"Hold on," says Adams, flipping through a commodious card file.

"Her first name is Colleen. She's twenty-four," Adams begins, dispassionately reciting the vital statistics belonging to the girl in the car. "Five feet, four inches. A hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Black hair. Brown eyes. She will go with a Negro man if necessary. Will not trio. Will not go with a gay girl. She lives out by the beach."

"Sounds great," exclaims C-44.

"Fine. I'll have her call you if she's interested," Adams replies, observing his policy of withholding female telephone numbers to accommodate local statutes. "It will probably be around seven o'clock. She gets home from work at six and I'll get in touch with her then."

"I'm also looking for Scandinavian girls," C-44 persists. "Do you have any on file?"

"Yes. I have Bridget," Adams replies. "But she won't be back until next month. She's gone to Norway on vacation. In the meantime, Colleen should do fine. My other phone is ringing. Talk to you later."

Since launching operations as a sex organizer a year ago (his club was originally known as The Registry), Adams has logged an average of 1400 membership inquiries each month, in addition to the uncounted phone conversations in which he parallels the matchmaking propensities of Dolly Levi or Polly Adler in their prime. And business is expanding. Once an unheralded baritone in road-company productions of shows such as *The King and I*, Adams has already sold Utopian franchises at $1000 apiece to operatives in the Los Angeles suburbs of Long Beach, Orange County and Van Nuys, as well as in San Diego, the San Gabriel Valley and Austin, Texas.

A large-hipped, button-nosed insurance-claims investigator who dabbles in abstract painting and charcoal cookery, Colleen clearly illustrates the opportunities offered by Registry membership. She had attended swinging parties nearly every weekend since joining The Registry four months before. Among her earliest contacts was Fred, a land developer who had since become her steady swinging partner.

"One Saturday, he called and asked me to a party," Colleen recalls, re-creating their first joint appearance. "It was my first real big party, about 20 couples in a home in Inglewood. I told Fred I wasn't going to swing that night. Guys kept coming over to me and asking whether I'd like to go into the other room. I kept saying no. It was the wrong time of the month. Finally, I noticed my date go into one of the bedrooms. Watching other people enjoy themselves seemed like a very exciting idea. All of a sudden, I decided to participate. Fred was nowhere around, so I went into another bedroom with a guy I had been talking to. There was already another couple busy on the bed. We joined them. Afterward, we said 'Hi.' The guy I was with wanted to swing with the other girl, so they did—and I swung with the other guy. The exchange worked out fine.

"When it was all over, I told them that I still hadn't swung with my date and that I thought I should. They all laughed. My date finally took me into another room. When we started making love together, he turned me on to a point where I'd never been turned on before. I can't quite describe the sensation. Later on, Fred told me there had been another couple waiting next to us for their turn on the bed and that they'd finally just given up and left. For us, it lasted a good hour or so, at least. I didn't bother to count the number of orgasms. Most women don't like to admit it, but actually they're more sensitive when they're menstruating."

After Adams called to give Colleen the phone number of C-44, she phoned him up and asked a series of questions she'd devised for every Utopian referral, whatever his race, creed or code number. "I usually can tell a lot from the way a guy talks on the telephone," she told C-44. "I want to know how old you are, how tall you are and your occupation." He told her. She also found out where he lived, the nature of his job and whether he was "happy," before getting to the most salient question.

"I'm looking for a husband," she admitted. "I have no qualms about advertising that. I tell some guys my intentions when I first talk to them. That eliminates most of my callers. They don't call me back anymore. I do that purposely. If the guy is insecure, he's going to run from reality."

Nonplused, C-44 agreed to meet her the following day. But the chemistry Colleen had anticipated failed to materialize during a rather perfunctory luncheon, and C-44 went back to his pursuit of Scandinavian swingers. "I enjoy sex," Colleen later confided. "But if a man doesn't have anything to say or if he's not interesting, I'm not going to swing with him. So many guys join The Registry with stars in their eyes. Like, they're going to meet Brigitte Bardot; they're going to a sex orgy and they're going to get so much sex they won't know what to do with it. I expect to be treated like a lady and I demand it, so I get it. Most guys tell me they were thinking of dropping out until they talked to me and I gave them new hope. Sometimes I feel like Billy Graham."

On especially active nights, when she's in the mood and her four-year-old daughter has gone to sleep, she impulsively invites callers to her second-story apartment, scheduling them at 45-minute intervals. "Sex is just like cooking," she tells them. "Each thing you prepare and serve should have a different taste. It can get pretty bland if it all tastes the same."

Colleen's social contacts—unlike those of most unattached girls her age—aren't limited to the group she meets at work. "Being a woman and swinging, you can write your own ticket," she continues. "You can have everything you want. It was different when I was younger. I was already pregnant when I got married. Now I have my choice of a fantastic range of men. I'm curious about a lot of the men I meet. I like to find out what they're like in bed."

At another time in history, Colleen might have been stoned to death for advocating such irreverent views. And even today, only a minority of citizens would condone her prodigious appetite. But she doesn't care. "When a woman swings," Colleen maintains, "she blossoms. Inhibitions suddenly all disappear. You're more aggressive and more responsive in sex. You feel things differently. It's actually doing away with the double standard, which I am absolutely opposed to. When you're able to enjoy these sexual experiences without love and without marriage, you actually find out the true basis for love."

Surprisingly, two marriages have already resulted from contacts made through The Utopians. Not surprisingly, the newlyweds now swing as couples. A recent holiday season inspired another pair of newlyweds to send a membership to their neighbors as a Christmas gift.

Included in the membership package, besides an identification card and a bumper sticker, is free advertising in *Swing Modern*, a monthly magazine self-proclaimed the "Swingers Official Publication." Eight pages of want ads and nude photographs detailing the qualifications and desires of swinging couples and singles highlighted the first issue of its earlier incarnation, *National Registry*. Some typical copy read:

> Beautiful A.C./D.C. girl wants to hear from couples and single girls who are young and very attractive.

> Burbank couple want to learn to swing . . . early 20s and happy . . . all singles . . . bi-girls or couples. Photo appreciated.

For added enjoyment, Adams' readers were encouraged to purchase nude photographs of groups and singles in action, color motion-picture films, Lesbian-adorned playing cards, "sex body lotion" and laminated-plastic cards establishing membership in the fictitious Swap-A-Wife Club, Inc. The Utopians also sponsors gatherings at two swingers-only night clubs in the L. A. area—the Cougar Room and The Catacombs.

Adams' partner in this burgeoning

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 219.

"Of course I'll marry you, Harold. . . . I thought you'd never ask."

enterprise—and among the most opulent nudes on view in his swingers' guide—is none other than Mrs. Adams, an attractive blonde in her mid-20s.

"I'm very much in love with him," she confesses, "so much so that when I'm swinging, I want someone who has a similar technique to his, because I enjoy him so much. We've been married eight years and have two children of our own who seem very happy. They'll probably be swingers when they grow up. All our six-year-old and our three-year-old know now is that swingers are people who love children."

Clubs like The Utopians, Adams feels, are of inestimable value as a medium of sex education. "Society has told a woman from the time she was a little child not to go to bed with a man unless she's married to him or deeply in love with him," he asserts. "Most women, therefore, have been repressing natural urges and desires since they have physically matured. Then, all of a sudden, the woman is married. The first thing society says is, 'It's OK now. Hop into bed and screw your head off.' But she often can't. She's up tight and therefore frigid.

"It's the same way for a lot of young men. Despite his sexual inexperience, a boy gets married and goes to bed with his wife—and it's over with just like that because of premature ejaculation or impotence induced by fear. We throw married people into bed together with absolutely no experience whatsoever, if we follow society's rules. If couples had a variety and a frequency of experience with intercourse beforehand, many of the basic problems that afflict most new marriages could be avoided."

A series of swinging weekend boat excursions, culminating next October with an 11-day sailing trip to the Leeward Islands in the West Indies, will presumably provide limitless opportunities to indoctrinate new converts with the Adams philosophy. He hopes to carry 70 swinging couples on board a 192-foot schooner at a $700-per-person tariff that will include round-trip air fare from Los Angeles, ample amounts of duty-free Scotch and all the sex they can handle. But the Adamses normally prefer a more intimate swinging scene to such massive gatherings. "A lot of people like to have a big orgy on the living-room floor," says Mrs. Adams. "It stimulates them, I guess. But it makes me feel self-conscious."

Escalating numbers of uninhibited young men and women across the country feel differently about it. "Until a year ago, I didn't even know what an orgy was, really," admits Jane, a 20-year-old brunette who works as a part-time bank teller. "I'd always heard about them, but I'd never seen one. I wondered whether attending an orgy meant being involved simultaneously with two or three other people or whether it meant taking on a number of people one at a time. I was totally unprepared for my first one. I went to this party solely to meet and talk with a friend. So I had no anticipation, no expectations. Then I found myself in the middle of it all.

"My sexual relationship with my husband was not what it should have been. I hadn't slept with him for about a month. I was very horny, which made it a lot easier to participate. That was a catalyst once I got there, once people started coming on with me physically and verbally. Then I had a few puffs from a joint that had been cured with Kahlúa, and later a little liquor. A drink will kill anybody's inhibitions. They weren't a bunch of pretty people, which surprised me; it was a motley assortment. But they all seemed to be so open and healthy about everything. They had their hang-ups—like some of them wanted only oral sex—but they didn't let it bother them. If you didn't want to participate, fine. Two or three women wanted to make it with me. I reacted by expecting my friend to protect me, but he didn't. And then it dawned on me: 'If I'm old enough to be here by myself, that certainly means I should be able to take care of myself.'

"There was no motivation needed to become involved in the orgy. It just sort of happened. It was like, all of a sudden, I'm dancing with some guy and we're more or less undressing each other. It was totally spontaneous. I don't even remember the music. The next thing I knew, I was walking into the bedroom. There were, like, ten people on the bed and the floor, each one involved with the two people next to him. They would all trade off when they were finished, like a round robin.

"It was so completely new to me. I'd never been a part of anything like that before. I could never have imagined myself doing anything like that. Previously, all my relationships were with one man at a time. I slept with three men that night. There was no embarrassment. When you're balling somebody and half a dozen people are balling simultaneously, you sort of lose your qualms. When I was driving away three or four hours later, I was concerned about getting home and my husband wondering where I was. When I told him about it, he was really interested."

For orgy people like Jane, there are no membership fees or dues nor any need to run provocative classifieds. The cardboard identification tags used on get-acquainted nights at swinging night clubs are also absent. Brief first-name introductions are more than sufficient. Furthermore, there are none of the sticky preliminaries observed by other groups, no game playing, no shallow romancing. According to insiders, tuned-in individuals can choose from upwards of 200 orgies each night in Los Angeles alone, whether it be Saint Swithin's Day or New Year's Eve. A loose-knit telephone network relays the news of times and places for these word-of-mouth affairs.

Women like Jane dress for the occasion as simply as possible, usually in little more than shoes and a dress, eschewing encumbering undergarments. They frequently arrive alone and, when they feel surfeited, leave by themselves.

"That's a lot better than sitting home watching Johnny Carson," comments Jack Margolis, a Hollywood comedy writer who knows the scene. "Many of these people's lives are barren and uncreative. They have nothing happening and they like to ball, so they go to the orgies. Everybody likes to fuck. Today, it's increasingly acceptable."

With the list of orgygoers he has accumulated through the years, a local telephone-advertising salesman named Mel Chesner could easily cast an epic bedroom sequence in the best De Millean tradition. As the city's king of swing in the orgy department, he is respected for his uncanny ability to find sumptuous homes for his bacchanals and the right kind of extroverts to populate them.

One of his recent affairs was held at a three-bedroom Tudor home in Benedict Canyon, just a couple of winding driveways above the Beverly Hills Hotel. It was called for the customary hour of 11 P.M., after guests had dined or attended straight parties of their own. New arrivals were almost immediately assimilated into the languid *ambiance*—low living-room lighting, soft music, perfunctory conversation and the euphoric aroma of pot. Chesner had specified in advance that this would be a "head" party, a good omen for those who believe that marijuana intensifies the sexual experience.

A couple on the couch was busily engaged in preliminary manipulations. A mini-skirted blonde named Candy, known for her hearty homosexual appetite, weaved back and forth near the fireplace, dancing in tandem with her elongated shadow projected on the wall. Arms held aloft Zorba style, she was soon joined from behind by another blonde, who clasped her hands around Candy's waist.

It gradually became apparent that few newcomers would be in attendance, a fact that dismayed several of the regulars eager for variety. Clearly, however, nobody would be hesitant about retiring to the bedrooms. In the past, Chesner had occasionally been obliged to circulate among a reluctant gathering, wearing nothing more than a red terrycloth shaving towel around his waist, merely to get things going. A self-conscious group of neophytes at another recent party decided to change into bed sheets before proceeding. Then they nervously assembled in the living room, waiting for somebody to break the ice.

"Well, what's everyone waiting for?" a woman finally exclaimed, unraveling herself from a sheet. "Let's go!" In moments, the pile of sheets on the carpet resembled Monday morning at a Chinese laundry.

"Have you seen the rest of the house?" a bearded enthusiast was now asking one of the girls at the Benedict Canyon orgy. She responded to this roundabout invitation by taking his hand and leading the way. Already, half a dozen couples were thrashing away on three king-sized mattresses arranged side by side on the floor of a bedroom. Various angles of a lengthening daisy chain could be seen in the flickering candlelight reflected by the plate-glass mirrors covering the four walls and ceiling. Participants walked in and out of the room in various stages of undress. One gentleman had just finished with a slender girl. He was immediately replaced by another fellow lying next to them.

Surrounding this mound of writhing bodies was a circle of fully dressed observers, some of them hunkering, some prone, with hands supporting their heads, eyes transfixed, as they casually passed around joints of grass. Like bleacherites at Yankee Stadium, they often whispered approval of the participants' technique or speculated on the next development. One of them murmured that he was experiencing a strange sensation of omniscience, a godlike quality, a sense of power.

"How about a little audience participation, you Peeping Toms," suggested a man on one of the mattresses, as he climbed off his female companion, "before

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you have an optical climax." His raillery, as well as his performance, inspired numerous clucks of appreciation—and a couple of takers. They were soon joined by drifters from the living room and several late arrivals. The final vision of two dozen people heaving on the mattresses—beheld by a few fascinated holdouts—resembled a cross between a purple passage from an Olympia Press reader and a goal-line stand between the Colts and the Jets.

"It's perfectly natural to want to watch other humans screwing," says Dr. Tom Grubbs of this unabashed voyeurism. "It's a throwback to our childhood, when we wished to join Mother and Father when they were doing this very intimate thing. We were loved by them and we wanted to be a part of all of their life. When they went into the bedroom, closed the door and got into bed, we were excluded, even though we wanted to view Mother and Father copulating and be a part of it. Men who are chronic voyeurs want to be accepted, in a similar manner, into the orgy scene. There's also an element of exhibitionism here, too, in this group sexual activity, of being seen, of being accepted by those viewing, and thereby having one's sexuality accepted."

Experienced male swingers like Margolis have long since learned to pace themselves in such a situation. Presumably, their only limitations are those of durability. "The most important thing is to have a good partner who'll let you relax and enjoy yourself," says one of the orgy girls. "This is more difficult for a man. He has to take the initiative and is expected to perform well with several women. A man cannot fake something like that, whereas a woman can."

This constant pressure to perform prodigiously both in the orgy and in the swapping environment can create psychosexual problems for some male participants. "For many men," Dr. Simon explains, "swinging tends not to produce joyous free sexuality but very compulsive, very constrained sexuality in which the ability to stay hard becomes almost an end in itself. They get so hot that in the process of vascularization, it comes to such a point that they can't have an orgasm even if they want to, and therefore they feel inadequate. They're so concerned with displaying ego-gratifying competence that they've forgotten how to enjoy it. There is something very frightening about that."

Some of those frequently exposed to orgies also become disillusioned by the impersonal nature of what takes place. Jane, the bank teller, resisted attending the New Year's Eve orgy to which she was invited, preferring to spend a quiet evening at home.

"The last couple of times, I went only because I got a free dinner," she admits. "It's not as stimulating now as it was at first. Many of the same people present at my first orgy recently reappeared a year later at another one. After talking to them for a while, I realized they were, without doubt, intellectually the dumbest human beings I've ever encountered. Now I'm only sort of haphazardly involved in the scene."

Dr. Simon suggests a likely reason for this kind of reaction. "As you move into the orgy scene, it becomes increasingly imperative to talk," he says. "You have to explain yourself and what you want to happen or else you wind up being a dumb actor in a charade that no one is running, which leaves most people feeling terribly frustrated. Because of that feeling, large numbers of people are walking away from the swinging scene."

His observations after talking to orgiasts on Fire Island last summer crystallized Dr. Simon's thinking. "How banal and immensely dull the conversations were," he recalls, "and how typical all the parties. It's an amazingly limited exchange of cards of identity—'I like this, you like that, let's screw.' Either these people are very simple-minded or the aspects of themselves that they are prepared to reveal are extremely limited."

Many of those who've tried it, however, don't knock it. The hoary Hollywood cliché that held that one could attend a different orgy each night for a month and never see the same people can now be authenticated—at least in Los Angeles.

Many well-known celebrities devote as much time to orgies as they do to movie-making, political campaigning and raising funds for various causes. Among the more prominent adherents are a popular Negro singer, a millionaire businessman and his wife, a couple that headlines in Las Vegas cafés and the star of a current television series and his actress wife.

While still in her teens, actress Mia Farrow already had become interested in the scene. "For my education, Salvador Dali took me to a number of orgies," she reports. "He presided over them. These strange, erotic people *like* someone presiding, kind of watching. He had this cane and conducted a great symphony of these people sort of all over the place. I would wear my long white dress, like something that just arrived from heaven. This added an ingredient that was even more erotic, and everybody sensed it. I would just stand there and watch these sex orgies, people making love. All kinds of people. All kinds of sexes. They were all deeply absorbed in themselves. I had a strange feeling they were performing, like a ballet."

"If you know your way around today," Margolis ecstatically enthuses, "you can get laid every single night. It's the new morality. Girls take pills. It's OK to make love. If you don't, there's something wrong with you. Who knows, before long, swinging might be as popular as pistachio nuts."

A cross section of more objective thought produces a less emotional evaluation of how long the swinging pendulum may stay in motion. "Societies tend to generate all kinds of innovative behavior," notes Dr. Simon. "The social scientist's problem is to distinguish which of these forms is prototypal of the future and which is a symptom of the crisis that society is undergoing at a given moment. In its present form, swinging tends to be symptomatic of our current overloading of the sexual, making it stand for more than it can really be. There is no emotional or intellectual commitment involved in it. And I'm not sure that it's the route to greater sexual freedom."

Dr. Ellis doesn't take such a dim view. "Maybe a hundred years from now it will be generally accepted," he says. "But even then, what will be practiced is what I call civilized adultery, rather than wife swapping—meaning the allowing of leeway in a marriage for couples to find extramarital mates." A possible increase in socially sanctioned swinging is also anticipated by Dr. Bartell. "For the next four years, I think we'll see a regression to a more staid, Eisenhowerlike period, which will tend to diminute this," he predicts. "But then, if society continues evolving toward an increasingly permissive attitude about the sexual activities in which people choose to engage—then mate swapping could develop a beneficial rapport for those who practice it, as it does for the Eskimo society. If it doesn't, eventually it will fall apart and the population will go on to something else."

Regardless of the casualties suffered along the way, the swinging phenomenon shows no sign of disintegrating; it gives every indication, in fact, of becoming a viable life style for increasing numbers of Americans. In the final analysis, however, only time—and the experiences of the participants themselves—will tell whether swinging makes a positive, negative or any kind of imprint at all on existing cultural patterns. According to Dr. Eleanor Hamilton, a New York marriage counselor and author of a new book called *Sex Before Marriage*, it may be a deep and lasting one. "I suspect that there are going to be plenty of polyandrous or polygamous relationships in the future, especially if we continue to have wars and emerge from them with more women than men in the population," she hypothesizes. "It's possible that the loneliness of the modern couple—and they *are* lonely—has already produced the current searching for deeper relationships. These people are looking for a really intimate fellowship beyond the traditional twosome—beyond even the threesome or the foursome. I'm pretty sure there will be more and more divergence—along with a willingness to experiment and to see what works best for any individual couple."

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PLAYING FOR THE UPPER HAND

(continued from page 112)

"Next-best outcome is for me to go to the Democratic affair while she drinks with the Republicans. I keep my nose clean, even if I don't get any credit for it. Three points.

"Worst of all is for both of us to go to the Republican thing. She catches me there and I could get fired. Score it zero."

You may challenge, if you wish, the neatness by which complex values are assigned simple numbers. But for this example, all you need accept is the order of the priorities and their logic is self-evident, at least to the bureaucratic mind. To keep track of the possible outcomes, he puts them in matrix form:

		She: Democrat	She: Republican
He	Democrat	7	3
	Republican	10	0

The numbers in each cell are his pay-offs. Since her aim is to cause him as much pain as possible, the same numbers are her losses. He wants to maximize his pay-off, she wants to minimize it.

When you look at the matrix and reflect a bit, the solution becomes obvious. Her best move, no matter what he does, is to go to the Republican event. That way, she can hold him to three or zero, instead of giving him a chance for seven or ten. Because he knows that she is as smart as he is, he must assume she'll figure this out. So he must pass up the temptation to try for the best possible score and maximize his minimum gain by hoisting his drinks with the Democrats. That way, he'll score no less than three and, if she does turn out to be more foolish than he thought, there's a chance of getting the seven.

Their strategies converge, then, in the upper-right-hand cell. He goes to the Democrats' party, she parties with the Republicans. Each has the satisfaction of knowing that, from his or her point of view, he or she is assured of the least of the worst possible outcomes.

Where opposing strategies naturally converge in this manner, game theorists call it a saddle point. Most games don't have saddle points, but when they do, the solution is automatic. And there is a shorthand way to spot this condition in a game matrix: Look for a cell with a number that is both lowest in its row and highest in its column. If there is such a cell, that's the saddle point, and that's where you should play. If none exists, then there are no simple choices that will enable each side to minimize risk and seek the best feasible gain with a straightforward decision. And on that dismal note, matters might stand—except for a proposition advanced by Von Neumann and Morgenstern in their classic work.

They showed how to get around the awkward case of no single best strategy by using probability and mathematical expectancy. Their proof is rather intricate. John W. McReynolds, the political scientist, once asked a friend whose work had contributed to the theory how long it would take to lead him through the book if he picked up a couple of years' work in mathematics first.

"He told me," McReynolds reported in the *American Journal of Physics*, "that it would take him—if he had nothing else to do—three or four months to get through it himself. We let it go at that."

Nonmathematicians must, therefore, accept a good deal on faith. But it is easy to see that it works. First, refresh yourself on these two simple rules of probability:

1. To find the probability that both of two separate events will occur, multiply their separate probabilities. (The probability of flipping heads once is .50. The probability of doing it twice is .50 times .50, or .25.)

2. To find the probability that either of two mutually exclusive events will occur, add their separate probabilities. (The probability of getting heads *or* tails on one flip of the coin is .50 plus .50, or one; i.e., certainty.)

Which leads to the next case. This time, picture yourself the hero. On a double date, you have met a long-limbed redhead who shares your passion for skiing. Unfortunately, she was the other guy's date, not yours. You call the next day and invite her for a weekend of winter sport. She accepts, provided the two of you go either to Snowville, New Hampshire, or to Aspen, Colorado, the only places she skis.

This is fine with you. Unfortunately, her boyfriend finds out. He is insecure about women and so you are concerned, though not surprised, when you hear that he has resolved to track you down and create an unpleasant scene. While he knows that you will be in Aspen or Snowville, he will have time to look for you in only one place.

You construct the matrix. Assigning pay-offs is easy. The opponent wants to catch you with his girl. You don't want to get caught. So you express each pay-off in terms of the probability of not getting caught at each location. This takes some judgment, of course. You have been to Aspen and you know that it is big and tends to be crowded, and you figure you'd have a 60-percent chance of getting lost in the crowd. Snowville is more intimate. If you took the girl there and the boyfriend also looked there, your chance of ducking him would be only 40 percent.

The matrix:

		He: Snowville	He: Aspen
You	Snowville	40	100
	Aspen	100	60

The numbers, remember, are pay-offs to you. Two of the cells are worth 100, because your chance of success reaches certainty if you ski in one location while he's looking in the other.

You look for a saddle point and find there is none. No number is lowest in its row and highest in its column. That being the case, your impulse may be to take the girl to Aspen, where the odds of not being found are the more favorable. But before deciding, you might have the same sort of conversation with yourself that the Harvard guy had with his girl on Route 128:

First thought: Hell, why don't I take her to Aspen? A 60-percent chance of success beats a 40-percent chance.

Second thought: Don't be simple-minded. He'll expect me to go to Aspen for that reason. Therefore, I should go to Snowville.

Third thought: But he'll figure that I expect him to expect me to go to Aspen and that I would therefore go to Snowville. So that's where he'd look, and so I should go to Aspen.

Fourth thought: No, he'll expect me to expect him to expect me to . . . arrrrgh.

There is a way out of all this. Ancient Chinese warriors used it to decide their routes of attack. If you don't want the enemy to figure out what you are thinking, don't think. Flip a coin, instead. If you reach a decision through a random device, no one will be able to read your intentions, because you won't know them yourself. Primitive hunters unwittingly followed the same idea when they cracked bones and studied patterns in the cracks to decide where to look for game. It worked. While they thought the gods were telling them what to do, the effect was to randomize their searches so that the animals would never be able to sense a pattern and stay out of the way. A fleeing rabbit is another example. Its zigs and zags, leaps and bounds are governed by unconscious nerve centers. The hunter can't solve the pattern and predict the right place to aim his rifle, because the rabbit itself doesn't know which way it'll jump.

So flipping a coin is one way to decide where to ski. But it is not quite the best way. Von Neumann's contribution was that he saw how you can mix the odds so that you can be *indifferent* to your opponent's move. Only then will you have

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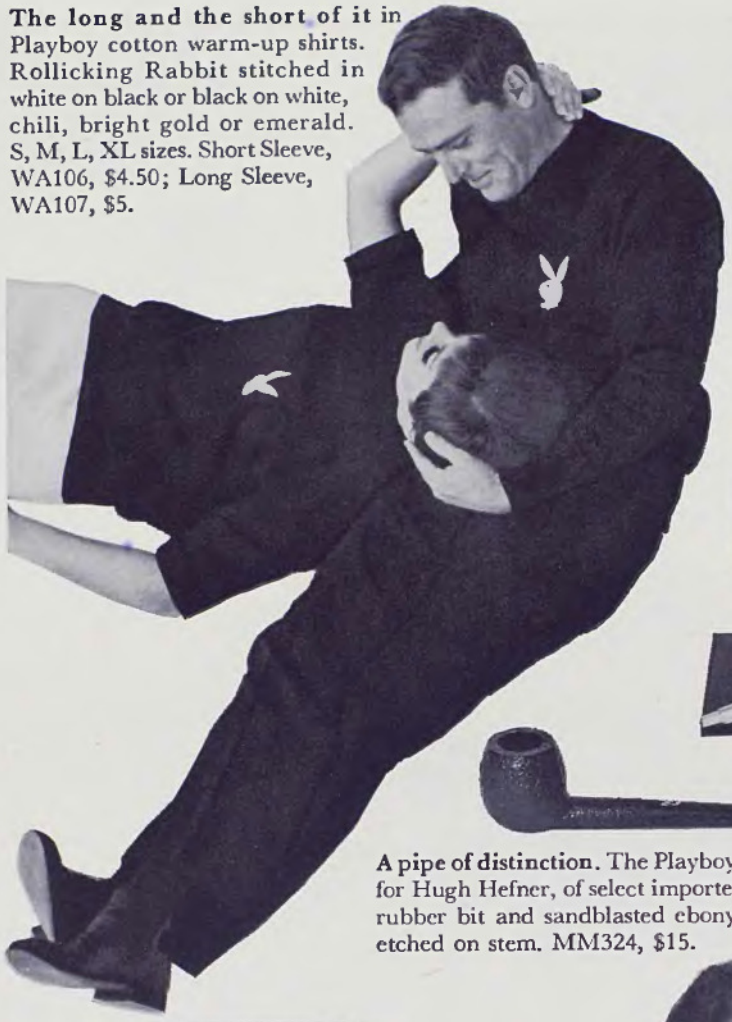

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fully minimized your expected loss—or maximized your expected gain. The trick is to weight the odds of your taking each of your two choices—much as the Harvard humanitarian weighted his odds of helping the stranded motorist—so that the expected effects of the two alternatives are equalized. If that sounds complicated, don't brood about it. Just follow this rule of thumb: Weight the odds for each of your possible moves by the difference between the pay-offs for the other move.

To be more specific, take the difference between your two possible Snowville pay-offs and use that value to weight the Aspen odds. Take the difference between your Aspen pay-offs and assign the resulting value to Snowville. Thus:

Snowville:	100 −60 (Aspen pay-offs)	= 40
Aspen:	100 −40 (Snowville pay-offs)	= 60
Total:		100

What these numbers mean is that you should arrange things so that you have 40 chances out of 100 of going to Snowville and 60 chances out of 100 of going to Aspen. That the total adds to the round sum of 100 in this case is merely a convenient coincidence. In some games, it might be 7 out of 12 or 13 out of 208. Now, how are you going to give yourself 40 chances out of 100 of going to Snowville and 60 chances out of 100 of going to Aspen? Put 40 black marbles and 60 white marbles in a hat, close your eyes and draw one. Or make it four black and six white and use a Mason jar. You go to Snowville if you draw black and to Aspen if you draw white.

Pause now and appreciate the beauty of this way of mixing strategies. You have trimmed the chances of getting caught with the redhead from a nerve-racking 40 percent—which would have been the case had you and the boyfriend both done the obvious and gone to Aspen—to a more relaxing 24 percent. And you have limited him to this 24-percent chance of finding you, no matter what he does. The proof:

1. He goes to Snowville. Odds that you'll be there are 40 percent. Chance of his finding you if you are there is 60 percent. Forty percent of a 60-percent chance is a 24-percent chance.

2. He goes to Aspen. There is a 60-percent chance you will be there and a 40-percent chance he'll find you if you are. Sixty percent of a 40-percent chance is a 24-percent chance. Indifference!

Even if he catches you and blacks your eye, you'll know you didn't make an avoidable mistake.

Suppose the boyfriend knows game theory, too! He can do this much: He can assure himself that no matter what you do, he will have at least a 24-percent chance, which is, after all, better than the zero he would get by guessing wrong. And he does it, of course, by getting a Mason jar and putting in four black marbles and six white marbles.

You can appreciate the theory's appeal. Economists leaped on it as a way to aid decision making in the market place, then military thinkers started looking for adaptations to their own use. Psychologists tried it out in laboratory games, to see if people would follow it intuitively. They did, up to a point. It's better to figure out the numbers for yourself. While it may sound like a parlor game, the theory is taken seriously by hard-nosed businessmen. When the late Edward G. Bennion was consulting economist for Standard Oil of New Jersey, he demonstrated how game theory could be used in making capital budgeting decisions. In one of his examples, described in *Harvard Business Review*, the businessman assumes that nature—or, if you like, God—is the opponent. However, he does not assume a vengeful, Old Testament God consciously persecuting him. Rather, it is Einstein's dice-playing God. This makes an important difference.

Bennion's illustration involves a company with some extra cash on hand and two choices for putting it to work: plant expansion or investment in securities. "Nature" also has two moves: pushing the business cycle toward prosperity or toward recession. If there is prosperity, investment in plant will yield 17 percent and securities will yield 5 percent. If there is recession, plant will yield only one percent and securities will yield four percent. Management goes to the company economist and asks him to do what Dan Ellsberg did when he studied the wind direction during that California fire: figure out the odds on nature's side. The economist consults his charts, checks the latest indicators and decides there is a 40-percent chance of prosperity and a 60-percent chance of recession. Management prepares its matrix:

		Company: Plant	Company: Securities
Nature	Prosperity (40)	17	5
	Recession (60)	1	4

Since you have the advantage of being able to estimate the probabilities of nature's possible moves, you ignore the saddle point. It is as though you could peek at the other player's cards, and you want to make the most of this opportunity.

The unsophisticated manager might look at this matrix and decide that since recession is more likely than prosperity, the safe thing is to invest in securities. This will ensure a minimum four-percent return and avoid the risk of getting the one percent that would be the most probable outcome of an investment in plant. But this kind of thinking ignores mathematical expectancy.

The expected return from securities, with the given odds, is 40 percent of five plus 60 percent of four. It works out to 4.4 percent. The expected return from plant, figured the same way, is 40 percent of 17 plus 60 percent of one: 7.4 percent. Why are the separate probabilities added? Because prosperity and recession are mutually exclusive, like heads and tails on a coin. One will happen, not both.

Because an expected return of 7.4

"Please be careful today, Harcourt. The 'I Ching' says 'The dragon's tail will whip the surging winds.'"

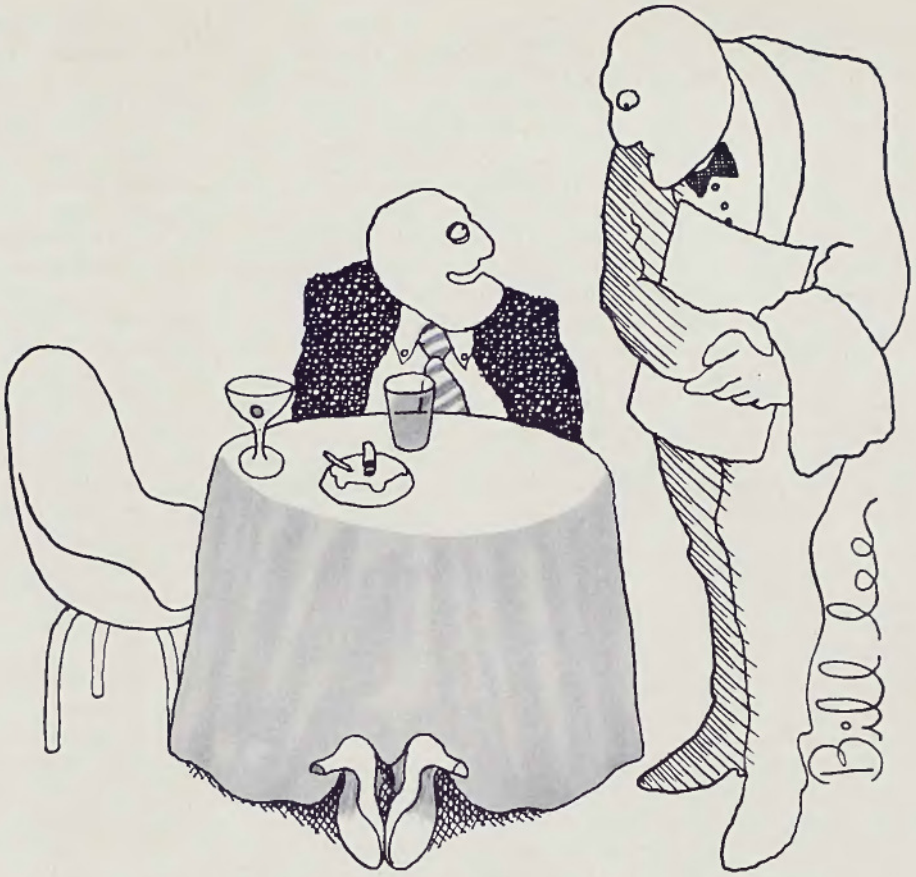
percent beats 4.4 percent, the company, then, should invest in plant. But Bennion suggests an even nicer judgment. The company should calculate, he says, the level of probabilities for recession and prosperity that will leave management indifferent to its investment choice. High school algebra produces the answer: When the odds in favor of recession reach 80–20, it makes no difference which action the company takes. Its expected return is the same: 4.2 percent. The moment recession is judged to have a higher-than-80-percent probability, the company should shift from plant to securities. This knowledge gives the businessman a figure to paste on the wall while he thinks ahead to possible changes in the economic trend. It also tells him exactly how accurate his economist's forecasts must be to keep the company out of trouble. If the economist predicts a 60-percent chance of recession and the indifference point is 80 percent, then top management can relax as long as it trusts the economist to keep his forecasting within a 20-percent error margin.

The range of possible games that have been studied and analyzed since 1944 goes far beyond the basic two-person, zero-sum case. The going gets murky when you deal with the possibility of mutual gain for the players mixed with conflict. Such non-zero-sum games are more often found in life, and Von Neumann and Morgenstern did not shrink from considering them. To do so, they had to push modern math to its outer limits. But along the way, they opened up some new ideas and novel ways of thinking that can be handled on a nonmathematical level.

It helps to think about the non-zero-sum game if you imagine nature—or Einstein's unconcerned, dice-rolling God—as a third player in the game. If you and your real-life opponent are both going to win, someone should pay, and so you can think of nature as paying. The problem, then, becomes one of finding the cell in the matrix where you both come out ahead. And if there is more than one such cell, you must figure out a way to make your strategies converge on the same one.

Immediately, two problems arise: coordination and bargaining. The game may be structured so that you can't communicate, like two lost infantry patrols in the jungle trying to join forces. And even if you do coordinate your moves and conspire to obtain a net gain from nature, there is the problem of sharing the spoils of this victory. If you can't agree on how to share it, you may both end up losing.

Buying a used car is a non-zero-sum game. Somewhere between the highest price you are willing to pay and the lowest price for which the dealer will sell is an area of mutual interest. Within this zone of overlap are the prices where each of you would rather make a deal than call the whole thing off. The problem is to find the exact point within that zone to make the deal. The conflict comes because you want to deal in the low end of the zone; he wants to settle at the high end. Somehow, an equilibrium point has to be found.



"It's all right . . . we're married!"

One way to establish an equilibrium point is for one side to convince the other that he is committed to not going beyond a specific price. One way to do this is to shop only for cars priced beyond your ability to pay. If you cannot pay the asking price, you are more likely to convince the dealer that you will not, because truth, as Schelling has noted, is easier to demonstrate than falsehood. "The sophisticated negotiator," he says in *The Strategy of Conflict*, "may find it difficult to seem as obstinate as a truly obstinate man. If a man knocks at a door and says that he will stab himself on the porch unless given ten dollars, he is more likely to get the ten dollars if his eyes are bloodshot."

Another way to establish an equilibrium point is to offer to "split the difference." There is no inherent logic in splitting the difference, except that it does provide a distinctive landmark on which the players can converge. Everyday life is full of such cues for coordination. Schelling demonstrated their existence in a fascinating series of experiments. In one case, he posed this problem to a sample of 41 persons in New Haven:

You are to meet someone in New York City. You both know the date of the meeting but not the hour or the place. Where would you go and when? A majority of his sample chose the information booth at Grand Central Station. Virtually all picked the same time—noon.

When large groups of people are involved, tacit coordination becomes more difficult. In 1958, when the first Negro family moved into a previously all-white section of northwest Washington, panic selling was averted by a group committed to fair housing. Dominated by white liberals and welcoming Negro newcomers, it sought to stabilize a mixed racial balance by encouraging white buyers and fighting a real-estate-industry pact to make the area exclusively Negro. This organization stopped short of setting a fixed ratio of black to white. A quota system was too much like discrimination for liberal consciences. So while their efforts slowed the process, the neighborhood steadily tipped over the years from white to black. Whites were

reluctant to move in, because they expected the neighborhood to become all black, and this expectation became self-fulfilling. Negroes were reluctant to move into other, all-white areas, because they did not expect other Negroes to move there. This, too, was self-fulfilling. The problem was that there were no cues, no equilibrium points between zero Negroes and 100 percent Negroes.

The international arms race presents a close parallel. Equilibrium points between total disarmament and total war exist, but they are fragile and hard to find. The world has rested at such a point in recent years, with each of the two major powers having the capacity for annihilating the other and each deterred from using this capacity by the lack of a good defense against retaliation. This is not the most comforting kind of equilibrium, but it is better than none. And the chief disadvantage of building the new "thin" antimissile system is that it will move the balance of power off the tested equilibrium point without any guarantee that there will ever be another, short of total war.

In some bargaining cases, an equilibrium point can be discovered, only to have one side unable to move toward it, for fear of violating a carefully established commitment. Such a violation could damage the credibility of all future commitments, and so the wise negotiator will always help his opponent find a rationalization for backing down. A car dealer is more likely to accept your proposal to pay $100 less than his "final" offer if you agree not to require him to fix the funny thumping noise in the rear wheel. There may be no funny thumping noise. Pretending there is lets him abandon his commitment with grace.

In the best of strategies, commitment communicates itself, eliminating the need to argue. When an advancing army burns the bridges behind it, the flames that bar retreat signal the foe that the invaders have no choice but to advance. The girl who does not want to be seduced tonight may purposely refrain from taking her pill this morning. At Harvard Square, pedestrians and motorists continually challenge each other's commitment. Each wishes to occupy the territory in the middle of the street. Neither wants a bloody accident. Most pedestrians try to fix oncoming drivers with hypnotic stares while taking tentative steps toward the street. The drivers ignore them. Harvard-Radcliffe students who have taken Economics 135 do better. Instead of looking at the approaching traffic, they turn their heads the other way and step out. Drivers, seeing a pedestrian who cannot see them and therefore cannot leap out of the way, are forced to stop. They lose.

Whether or not you develop the habit of reducing problems to game matrices, it is important to learn to quantify your preferences. If your problem is developing a strategy for spending Saturday night, it helps if you have already established that you prefer Marge to Peggy and Louise to both of them. This is called an ordinal scale. An interval scale is even more useful, because it measures the exact degree to which you prefer Louise to Marge and Marge to Peggy. Von Neumann and Morgenstern invented a way to create such scales of preference.

Since Louise ranks at the top of the scale, assign her a value of 100. Now ask yourself the question: Suppose you had a choice between a sure date with Marge and a 95-percent chance of a date with Louise; which would you take? If one choice is as attractive as the other, then Marge has a rating of 95 on your preference scale. Repeat the procedure with Peggy, finding the point at which a sure date with her is equal to a probability (P) of a date with Louise. Peggy's utility is equal to $100 \times P$. If you would be indifferent to a choice between a sure date with Peggy and a 50-percent probability of a date with Louise, then Peggy's rating is 50 on the scale.

This is highly useful data in decision making. If you find that you like Louise exactly twice as much as Peggy, for example, then you can govern yourself accordingly; e.g., by exposing yourself to twice as much risk for her or by spending twice as much money on her without worrying that you are making an uneconomic decision.

The key to this system of scaling preferences is, of course, the ease with which one can find his own indifference level. Even two children dividing a cake can do it. If the one who gets to cut has to let the other have first choice, the cutter is careful to divide the cake so that he is indifferent to the decision of the chooser. Most of us make such judgments unconsciously every day. Doing it with awareness is more efficient. And more fun. Even so, it is important to recognize that there will always be some situations that will be sticky, no matter how skillfully one wields the slide rule. Game theorists delight in dreaming up brutal examples of cases where coordination is impossible and victory goes to the man who wins and then betrays a confidence. Martin Shubik of Yale postulates the imaginary case of a prison with a central blockhouse that can be entered by only one man. Once inside, this man has two choices: He can push a button that will open the prison gates for ten seconds, long enough for everyone standing near them to get out but leaving him in the blockhouse, or he can push another button that flies his blockhouse over the prison wall and leaves his fellow inmates behind.

The problem, of course, is that the prisoners cannot afford to let anyone enter the blockhouse until they have found a man they can trust. Once inside, such a man might cease to be trustworthy. Shubik and two colleagues have devised a parlor game that duplicates this situation in real life. The game is called So Long, Sucker. When Shubik tried it out in the parlor with dinner guests, the guests, a husband and wife, went home in separate cabs.

"One of them double-crossed the other," Shubik explains. "I think it was the wife."

The game can be played with cards or chips. A psychiatrist friend of the inventors tried using it in therapeutic sessions. "He hoped it could be controlled," Shubik recalls. "But he found it to be so vicious that he abandoned it."

That this game is as painful as predicted by theory, and that it grew from a line of once obscure mathematical thought begun by Von Neumann and Morgenstern a quarter of a century ago, is comforting evidence that everyday-life applications of game theory do, indeed, exist. If you believe in a capricious universe, if you think of yourself as the product of a random wandering of the atoms, so much the better. Game theory tells us not only how to bring order to randomness but how to use randomness to order our lives.

One can, of course, get too cute about this. Once you start breaking down your daily problems into two-by-two matrices, with your preferences ordered and scaled, you may get a heady sense of fate control that leaves you dangerously exposed. Schelling tells the story of a colleague who planned to lend his office to a friend while he was away but lacked an extra key.

It was, therefore, necessary to hide the key somewhere, and not under the mat, which, as everyone knows, is the first place a burglar looks. Being a game theorist, the key owner was sure he could cope with the problem. It was a two-person, zero-sum game between himself and the burglar.

He considered all the possible hiding places and all the possible moves that he and the burglar might make. He then arrived at the one hiding place that was the least probable location for a burglar to look. It was agreed that the key would be left there. At the end of his day's work, he locked his office door, went to the agreed-upon hiding place and found his sense of personal efficacy brutally shattered. Someone else's key was already there. But it was an unavoidable mistake, and he at least had the comfort of knowing he had rolled his own dice.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 92)*

want to confront. It's like a smoking cough; you'd prefer to ignore it rather than face the fact that you're getting cancer. Or like not wanting to turn around to see if anybody's following you, for fear somebody really *is*. But when you *do* turn around to see, you widen your area of consciousness.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to go to Chicago in the first place? Surely you're not that interested in party politics.

GINSBERG: Well, the original fantasy was to hold a Festival of Life; I thought of it as a continuation of the Human Be-in that happened in January 1966 in San Francisco. What would happen if all the psychic heroes of America—breakthrough artists and manifesters of consciousness like Tim Leary, William Burroughs, Ed Sanders, Buckminster Fuller, Paul Goodman and some of the great Digger-anarchist cats—were to assemble a universal academy in Chicago and give everything away free, mingle with each other and all the younger people whose consciousness is in tune on the new transcendental rock-'n'-roll revolutionary sexual aesthetic planet level? Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman began the idea, and the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and Dylan were supposed to be invited to celebrate, as well as all the swamis and Hare Krishna singers in America and anybody else with a nongrasping nature and a constructive demeanor. Like, have a wild grass-roots planet academy festival where teeny-bopper poet-revolutionaries and technological prophets could be let loose to sing naked and exercise the great humane arts free—and blueprint a new nation.

Imagine all those mad folk together in a classical *Kumbh Mela*—a gathering of the tribes. Every young kid in America who had any spiritual or artistic interests or any penetration into his consciousness would want to come, learn, contribute, get laid, amuse himself, turn on—and *think*. And it would be a marvelous way to expose young kids to traditional intelligence as it's been adapted to psychedelic consciousness by their elders, making them aware of the larger world of planet history, new attainments in articulation of community and the links with older traditions.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you have held your festival more peacefully in a less troubled place and time?

GINSBERG: The whole idea of a street-theater festival was to gas out the political-drag-Neanderthal scene in the Amphitheater. What kind of show could the Democratic National Convention stage that would have rivaled that? Old, tired theater—that's what the convention was, with its showbiz bunting, bands, flags, people making speeches written for them and acting roles ordered by city bosses. No joy or spontaneity at all.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel your Festival of Life turned out?

GINSBERG: Well, it didn't come anywhere near its goal, obviously. For one thing, few people realized what a locked-up police state Chicago was, just like Prague—and how much stealing, guns and Mafia and outright illegality there was. Police and City Hall break laws and lie. Chicago has no government; it's just anarchy maintained by pistol. Inside the convention hall it was rigged like an old Mussolini strong-arm scene—police and party hacks everywhere illegally, delegates shoved around and kidnaped, telephone lines cut. And Daley himself mouthing curses at Ribicoff on TV.

PLAYBOY: What do you think caused the violence in Lincoln Park and in front of the Hilton Hotel?

GINSBERG: None of those assemblies in the park or marches were violently provocative. Provocation was ultimately on the part of the city, whose threats, shows of force, tear gas and physical attacks triggered every specific instance of violence. The city also helped to provoke the violence by insisting on technical interpretations of law that only foment riots—such as refusing to make humane adaptations of rules to let people sleep in the park. And the city's restrictions prohibited free movement of people in what is, after all, their own territory. "The streets belong to the people," as Abbie Hoffman kept saying. "The streets belong to whoever we say can have them," the cops replied. Obviously, that's a confrontation.

PLAYBOY: Did you see any acts of violence by the demonstrators?

GINSBERG: Sure. There was lots of violent language after people were beat up, but there weren't many kids who wanted outright revolutionary violence or *bloody* confrontation. Of course, there was a small group of "terrorists" who believed in stink-bomb sabotage as therapy, and a few youthful drunks who were violently resentful of all symbolic authority. But there were no more of these than in the normal population of any country club.

Actually, the tragicomedy of the Daley-police position was that the city was paranoiacally obsessed with *any* sign of inflammatory language or behavior by rare revolutionary birds. So they beat up an entire cross section of typical healthy American youths, avant-garde flowery longhairs, the entire mass media and all those in the "Clean for Gene" suite at the Hilton. They also tear-gassed half of their own force on occasion. As Burroughs remarked, it wasn't that the police intended to beat up on citizens; it was that they literally did not *see* whom they were attacking in their hysteria.

It became a question of how to handle such confrontations. What kind of street theater would best make one's point? One possibility was a theater of resistance—by using your body to try to hold the ground and being ready to have your head clubbed.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that what the police would call "asking for it"?

GINSBERG: Are Americans reduced to having to regain liberty by violence—like in the American Revolution? Obviously this is the question on everybody's mind. I'm convinced there's another way. Blake has some lines appropriate to armed resistance: "Thy brother has armed himself in steel / To avenge the wrongs thy children feel; / But vain the sword and vain the bow / They never can work war's overthrow." I'm willing

"There's a vibration at Mach two that's curdling all of our table wines."

to die for freedom, but I'm not willing to kill for it.

PLAYBOY: Would you literally die for freedom?

GINSBERG: After this Chicago experience, yes. This police state's unreal.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned resistance as one form of "street theater" with which the police could be confronted. That was just what happened in Chicago. How would you have preferred to confront them?

GINSBERG: Organized chanting and organized massive rhythmic behavior on the streets, shamanistic white magic, ghost-dance rituals, massive nakedness and distribution of flowers might have broken through the police-state hallucination-politics theater wall. Now, nobody got naked in Chicago, but the few times there was communal chanting of mantras, that proved helpful. I've described one of them. A few other times, when everybody felt trapped in confrontation-fear—lights glaring and tear-gas anxiety and Mace and police ready to attack at midnight and a few people up front on useless barricades shouting and banging on trash barrels, like some scene from a Warsaw-ghetto movie—a group came along chanting OM and transformed the scene into another kind of glorious pageant theater. It was like a religious service, chorales under the trees and midnight sky.

PLAYBOY: But the chanting, of course, didn't stop the violence.

GINSBERG: As a matter of fact, it did stop a lot of violence; it really calmed several scenes where police didn't have remote-control orders to attack. But it didn't stop *all* the violence, because the chanting wasn't participated in universally by all the people in the park. To succeed, it would have required an unbroken circle or at least a majority of participants in order to set up mammal-vibrations strong enough to be irresistible.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why did you chant OM all alone one night from the gallery of the convention hall?

GINSBERG: Better one prayer than none at all—and by then lots of people knew what it was for. When the Wisconsin delegate asked that the convention be adjourned for two weeks because of all the beatings in the streets, I jumped to my feet in the balcony and began shouting OM. It was sort of a Phantom of the Opera feeling—like I was swinging down from the chandelier with my weapon mudras.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

GINSBERG: Mudras are Buddhist hand gestures, magic swords that cut down phantoms of illusion.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

GINSBERG: Fake flag imagery, hallucinatory patriotic band music drowning out antiwar delegate language, ghostly cops listening everywhere on the convention floor, black-magic curses coming from Daley's throat, complete blackout of popularly expressed vote against the Humphrey-Johnson-Nixon war psychosis, take-over of convention-hall procedure by an elite group of ward heelers in the name of old-fashioned democratic procedure, rigged electronics and seating arrangements, dead telephones, galleries illegally packed with a party-hack audience, and physical intimidation of delegates and observers by secret police. Zap! The convention illusion was staged by self-interested power conspirators against the *expressed* wish of the majority of citizens of the nation; and their shoddy sleight-of-hand shell game was meant to make voters think they were getting a choice, while actually phantom manipulators were nominating a candidate who continued to apologize for a war the voters wanted to reject. The whole convention, in fact, was an exercise in black magic and mass hallucination—just as the Vietnam war has been.

So when the priest began to pronounce benediction on all this massacre and hypocrisy, it seemed to me that a complete formal exorcism of the convention was necessary. So I stood up and went into some kind of fit of total ecstasy and started chanting OM over and over again—louder and louder, until almost everybody in the convention heard

"Gold? Right now, I'd be happy if I could just find my donkey."

it, and officials on the platform turned to look at the balcony where I was standing. I went at it for five solid minutes; nobody stopped me, they were all so guilty. It was a ritual to exorcise all demons in sight, including myself.

PLAYBOY: It obviously didn't succeed.

GINSBERG: Well, it had exactly the same effect, on whoever heard it, as the priest praying and hypnotizing people into a state of stupefaction so that they believed they were all doing something traditionally moral together. Since my chant was untraditional but ritual, formal, everybody noticed an interruption opposite from what they expected. It did shake their consciousness a bit because it was out of context. It was white-magic theater; it helped to break up the mass hallucination of political respectability that the priest's prayer created for the convention as a whole—if only for a few minutes.

PLAYBOY: How would you reply to the explanation that most of the people who heard your exorcism did nothing to stop you not because they felt guilty but because they thought you were some kind of nut?

GINSBERG: Perhaps, but I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Were there any other "positive experiences" that came out of the confrontation between the establishment and the New Left?

GINSBERG: There was the sudden recognition of eyes between blacks and the whites who'd been beaten—the whites discovering with relief that blacks are allies, not enemies, and have been there all along. An enormous relief for everybody! Blacks got what they had hungered for: companionship instead of lip service and the usual brush-off. Several times during that week, the social fog lifted; there was a psychedelic clarity in the air. All week I felt touches of what were almost acid illuminations when I talked with people—everybody conscious of a crisis of public reality—or looked in their eyes on the street. Everybody was looking at one another, wondering: "Is he aware what's happening, or is he one of the brainwashed police-state robotlike forms? Is he a *good* German, a good Russian bureaucrat, or a free man?" A whole society of respectable people became beat.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean beat as in beat-up, Beat Generation or beatific?

GINSBERG: I mean beat-illuminated the way Kerouac defined it over and over. After the Chicago convention, that word should be clear to the youth of America; they'd seen the shambles of authority as it authorized itself to issue its own image. Everyone who had been so hopeful —like the McCarthyites—wound up beat. Even Humphrey and Daley were beat, all dust and ashes. The day after Humphrey'd been nominated, beat McCarthyites came down from the Hilton and discovered that free territory in Grant Park. They mixed with the Yippies, all eyes glancing at each other, everybody bankrupt and suddenly discovering a holy community on the grass —so holy that Senators and delegates, and finally McCarthy himself, came down and mingled with the youngsters who had been considered dirty, despised, bathless, bearded terrorists. A marvelous afternoon. So, beat also in the sense of crazy new feelings of joy vibrations right in the middle of America—as Kerouac always linked beat with "beatitude." Now that enough people have had this experience, it's time everybody stopped making believe they don't understand the term.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel will be the long-term results of the confrontation in Chicago?

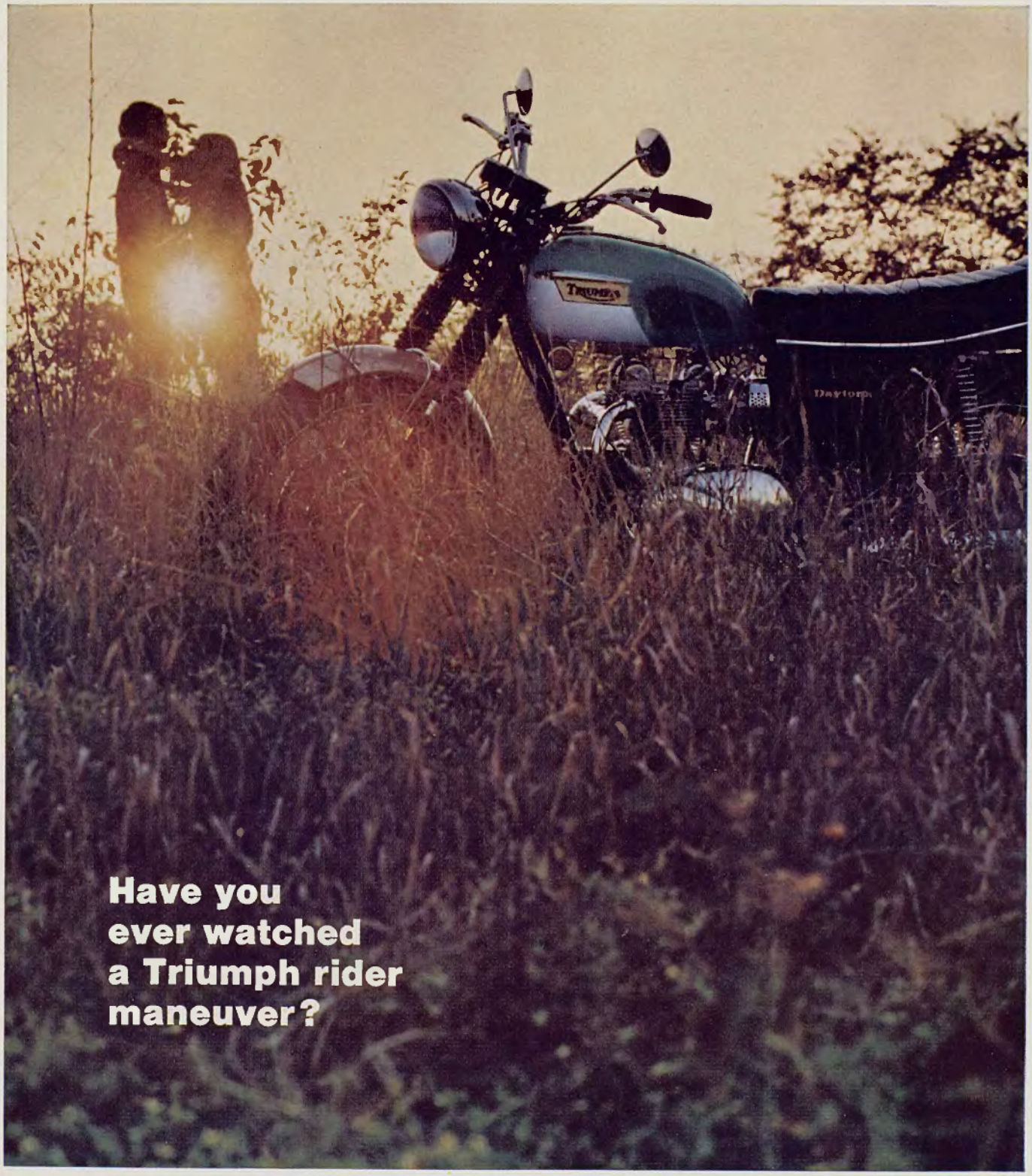
GINSBERG: The populace is a bit cowed; the military take-over has already happened, in the sense that the tactics of take-over—arms, Mace and so on—were prepared and tested in Chicago. Whether such tactics will be used on a large scale in every city may not be up to mayors anymore, because the country has already been taken over by the police, the Birch Society, the CIA, the military industry, the party hacks. Exactly the same type of hard-line people whose tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia last August. That kind of communism really means a strong-arm, authoritarian police state—involving occasional illegal violence, mostly on the part of police agencies and their collaborators. The *Chicago Tribune*, in U. S. context, is a collaborator, in that it's been manipulating readers' minds for years to think that America needs stronger, more powerful police and military agencies in order to combat the "Red menace." But the police state itself is the Red menace. Actually, it gets to be a question of two *versions* of communism: the Russian and American police states. Both dig the same hot cold war.

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you think the new "hip planetary consciousness" you've mentioned can resist a police state?

GINSBERG: Part of that hip consciousness is the realization that authoritarianism of any nature is a usurpation of human consciousness—open manipulation, brutalization and arbitrary manhandling of bodies and consciousness. Student rebellions in Prague and New York are the same. More and more people will become alienated from the authoritarian state and its images, such as angry mayors and police. One way to oppose such authoritarian images will be increased community action. The problem here will be how to transform the "greasers"—the blue-collar class which is always in favor of a strong police force and the persecution of minorities. Naked street theater ain't going to transform them. But giant rock 'n' roll might get greasers into rock concerts and turn them on. The spread of psychedelics—which is a person-to-person matter, like all grass-roots procedures—might be another weapon. So might new electronic art forms. And long, intensive conversations and explanations among blacks and greasers and squares and kids and Yippies and party hacks might be another. What would you do if you were in Prague? Fight? Propagandize? Infiltrate?

PLAYBOY: How successful do you believe this re-education of "greasers and squares" will be?

GINSBERG: One of the big questions here, as in Prague, is how free the news media will remain. For the first time, there was a breakthrough in Chicago: Actual social reality, with unmistakable images of social truth, was shown on TV and reported in the papers. Minority groups have been beaten and clubbed and jailed for years—hippies, teaheads, Negroes, avant-garde literary folk, underground-newspaper editors. But now white middle-class McCarthyites were



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suddenly shown being beaten on the head —and the message got through. There'd been a breakthrough in graphic coverage of American armed violence in Vietnam; now there was one on American armed violence at home. A lot of people have begun putting the two images together and realizing they're the same: natives getting napalmed and citizens getting beaten in their own streets. Newsmen finally realized these things really happened, because it started happening to them, too. But then a big campaign began to convince newsmen and other people who saw or read about the beatings that it was all a subjective hallucination. It's like what happened in Prague. During the eight-month freedom there, everybody blew their tops and told the truth; then the *Putsch* set in. Authoritarian Communists like the *Tribune* and *Pravda*, Mayor Daley and the commissars, foster the hallucination by calling the demonstrators who'd been clubbed "agitators" and "terrorists."

PLAYBOY: Though opinion is polarized on the subject, a great many people seem to agree with that description. What do *you* call them?

GINSBERG: Good, old-fashioned Americans trying to be free men on free territory, manifesting the American dream. And it's amazing how many of them there are. In Chicago, I met lots of kids who'd spent a year or two in Alabama working as civil rights workers, and then another year in SNCC and VISTA and maybe two in the Students for a Democratic Society. Others are "professional revolutionaries" totally dedicated to social activity and community work—like the post-Digger "Motherfuckers." It's marvelous. And many of them are high a lot psychedelically, so there seems to be a joining of forces between social-activist and hippie youths.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the fact that some of these groups are pledged to overthrow the U. S. Government?

GINSBERG: I think that there's no *legitimate* Government to overthrow in America. The military industry has *already* overthrown it by armed violence. We're living in an anarchic state. Already, the power structure's upheld by guns, not equal law. To mistake Daley's *Putsch* in Chicago for democratic procedure would be a phantom illusion. Humphrey's nomination was taken by force. I wasn't in Miami for Nixon's theater.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that these young people will "sell out" and turn into middle-class conformists as they grow older?

GINSBERG: No; impossible. *Time* or *Life* may think them misguided youths who'll straighten out in time and return to the ways of their collaborating fathers. But how can they go back? The way's been barred by beatings and arrests. What bridges they haven't burned behind them have been burned for them with pot busts. What's happened to young people is a sudden breakthrough of cosmic consciousness catalyzed in part by psychedelic drugs. Another factor was the deconditioning caused by alienation from social authority as it proved itself completely incomprehensible and mad and burned its own bridges from Hiroshima to Vietnam. What happened in Chicago is only one local example. Suddenly a lot of people have awakened and asked: What in hell am I doing on this poisoned planet, where everybody else is running around waving flags and shooting guns? In answer, many of the long-haired kids are turning into Adam and realizing—as they realized when they walked on the Grant Park grass across from the Hilton in Chicago—that they're walking on the green of antiquity, a "green and pleasant land," the ancient New Jerusalem Blake envisioned as possible in England. It's much like in a science-fiction story where suddenly this spontaneous generation appears that realizes it's living in eternity, in the sense of having a whole new planetary consciousness. Now these kids can check back through ancient symbols and learn about the traditions from which they've sprung or to which they correspond. One source would be early Gnostic texts about the nature of man and the universe—in particular, the nature of the guardians of cosmic order who try to keep man locked in the body stump: the establishment.

PLAYBOY: What kind of life do you think these young people want to lead?

GINSBERG: Here I can talk only about the life *I'd* like: more contact with nature; more and more occupation with exploration of subjective consciousness and enlargement of areas of inner and outer sensibility; more participation in rhythmic theater; and liberation of sexual energy from population reproduction. Since the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply" isn't sacramentally appropriate anymore, it seems to me that the time has come for the orgy to become a communal form of "adhesive" democratic festival. Ideally, what should have happened in Chicago, for example, was that the Festival of Life should have eclipsed the convention with the glow of thousands of naked bodies intertwined, making love, spurting semen all over the newsmen and TV cameras and one another on the grass, all to the accompaniment of *yab-yum* mantras and naked rock-'n'-roll artists swinging through trees.

PLAYBOY: You've got to be kidding.

GINSBERG: On the contrary. Life should be ecstasy. We need life styles of ecstasy and social forms appropriate to whatever ecstasy is available for whoever wants it.

Beyond man's natural ecstasy is total serenity and tranquillity: cessation of desire, which the Buddhists talk of, which is liberation from grasping and craving. I think many of the younger children have already liberated themselves from grasping after the things of this world and have begun to grasp for wisdom; eventually they may even liberate themselves from grasping after wisdom. Everybody wants, needs, deserves and will have this free kingdom, which the police state, whether it triumphs or not, can never touch.

PLAYBOY: Is that one of the reasons why you recently moved to a farm in upper New York State—to try to find such a life?

GINSBERG: It's just a place of privacy. A retreat. A hermitage.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there'll be an increase in communal retreats among the hip-psychedelic generation?

GINSBERG: The kids say so. Communal living's a good experiment; it provides another family. Most older people, on the other hand, are so sold on television sets and superfluous commercial gimmick amusements that they've forgotten about electric being and inside space and outside nature relationships in the human universe. Some garden, but too many of them are occupied in purely abstract mental worlds, like money power. They externalize their abstractions in creations like that John Hancock Building. Instead of using our space to create a humane construction overflowing with imagination and delight, a real-estate computer computed what the profitable angles, stresses, strains and maximum height should be, based on a big-money downtown building site. That black tower is the product of nonhuman automatism, total squareness built literally on greed—usury extended in robotic directions and with robotic tenacity.

Such desensitization has been closing in on human consciousness for centuries now, leading to complete disregard of the sensitive skin of the earth, the pollution of water and poisoning of the atmosphere. Who's grooving and profiting from disrupting our ecology? What alternative economic structures are inevitable if the planet isn't going to explode? The whole greed-money thing must be kicked like a junk habit. Obviously some type of equal use of moneys—as well as of sunlight and water—is appropriate, especially since in a mechanized society nobody really works. The guy who buys and sells the land on which the Hancock Building stands doesn't do any productive work. Instead of making money by producing some product, he only plays with paper, with telephones on his desk, and makes money out of money; that's usury, and usury creates these visible hells. The alternative is for the resources to belong to everybody.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about collectivism, socialism—or anarchy?

GINSBERG: Those are just words. To say that nature's resources—sun, water and air—should be available to all makes

"No, no, don't get up; just make yourself at home."

more sense. How that can be done is not the great problem. Lots of blueprints are available: Buckminster Fuller, Robert Theobald, Paul Goodman, Fourier, Leary, Burroughs and Bakunin offer practical directions. The main problem will be how to dry out the money-property junkies. Try to break the money-property-power men of their habits and they'll act just like junkies—lie, steal, scream, rob, live in your house and swipe your last Tibetan tanka in order to sell it to the pawnbroker and buy themselves some more real estate, sell the ground from under unborn feet, cut down forests, raze hills, make uninhabitable box houses. Such acts literally destroy the billionfold delicate balance of relationships between man and nature on the planet in so many ways that today the main technological problem is in attempting to calculate what have been the effects of our intrusion on the planet. That's a problem so vast, scientific and manly that it staggers the imagination of most real-estate operators. Wheelers and dealers of property are stuck in tiny little corners making piles, mortally ignorant of how the terrible feedback from their power plants affects all life around them.

I'm talking about the fact that this planet is in the midst of a probably fatal sickness; the by-products of that sickness include not only the political violence of real-estate developers but all the giant fantasies of the Cold War—the witch-hunts, race paranoia, projections of threat and doom. The sickness will end in our destroying our own planet. All sorts of Presidential and scientific advisory commission reports, books on biology and ecology, prove that we are literally destroying the earth because of vulgarly applied technology, irresponsibly planned military-consumer industrialization and waste of resources. We've got about 30 years left to get straight—or else. The sickness may even be irreversible already; Burroughs thinks it is.

It's an ecological cancer. We're polluting more and more of the world's freshwater sources, for one example. Right now, Lake Erie's just a great dead pool of green goo, a toilet. If it were left alone today, it would take 500 years for it to return to any kind of freshness and normal balance of life. But we need that water now—not only to keep up with the population explosion but also to help freshen the atmosphere, not to mention for our own pleasure. Then there's the thermopollution of the oceans. Oceans are getting hotter and dirtier on account of all the atomic and DDT waste we're pouring into them; it's begun poisoning fish and some rare bird species. If all the atomic power plants now on the drawing boards are put into operation in the next 30 years, the atomic waste from them will alter the entire heat balance of ocean and land, change all marine forms and generate enough heat to melt the polar icecaps, causing a world-wide flood just like in the Bible! "The icecaps are melting to wash away our sins," as Tiny Tim sings.

PLAYBOY: The possibility of a world flood seems remote to most people. Can you honestly expect them to relate now to this almost-inconceivable future catastrophe?

GINSBERG: They don't have to. Catastrophe is more immediate than that. Miscalculations about the rising strontium-90 count have already damaged entire young pine forests in northern Canada, poisoned arctic dolphins and probably changed the weather a little. Continuous use of insecticides not only pollutes oceans and kills fish and birds, but it accumulates in people's livers and poisons them and perhaps causes freak-outs in subliminal ways. In the same way, the use of synthetic nitrates in fertilizers depletes the soil. It's like people taking speed: it may give more energy and productivity for a few years, but it ends by depleting the system. In addition, such fertilizer eventually turns into certain nitrogen forms which are poisonous in baby foods. And this is continuing when the nitrate level in baby food has already passed what's clinically considered the health level. We're poisoning our own babies.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel that the technological strides now being taken by medical science hold out some hope of coping with these health hazards?

GINSBERG: The cancer is more than a purely medical problem. Car waste products and industry gases not only pollute the atmosphere but they cut us off from the clarity of Mediterranean azure by turning the sky into shit-colored smog through which you can't see the moon and sun and stars. People no longer know the procession of the seasons. And they don't know they're on a planet anymore—much less in a vast galaxy. They think they're in "Chicago" or "New York." Seventy percent of them are. Their conceptual awareness of the world consists of little piled blocks, streets, radios, politicians, TV stations, city halls. We're living in somebody's comic science-fiction nightmare rather than on a fresh planet.

Not only does smog cut off eyeball consciousness and mental awareness but it also cuts in on your breathing, poisons the body, causes suffocation, heart attacks and nervous anxiety. Add to that the noise in the cities. Most city noise is subliminal; you get used to it, but it's bugging you all the time. Noise attrition is considerable on the nervous system, but it also damages the heart—cardiovascular-cell freak-outs. If you've never lived for any length of time in the country, you think the city is the normal condition of existence. Pretty soon people are going to begin mutating and adapting to smog, noise, pollution of lakes and rivers, living in high-rise apartments and experiencing politics on TV and human relations through police-state stereotypes.

Most luxury products we use are useless and destructive—like the no-deposit, no-return bottles littering the planet; it will take hundreds of years to get rid of them. Aluminum throwaway cans! Everything's being turned into plastics and synthetics. Living forms are being turned into inorganic ones; cancer has exactly the same effect. Instead of continuous spontaneous creation, there's continuous spontaneous consumption of matter reduced to dead form. That's a pretty degraded human environment, I think. All I've been saying is symbolized by the fate of the very emblem of America—the bald eagle. The species is almost extinct.

PLAYBOY: Some scientists believe that man's ability to control genetics and natural environment will lead to higher evolution of our species rather than to extinction. Do you think this is unrealistic?

GINSBERG: If technological mismanagement continues to take us in the direction we've been going—and there's reason to presume that it will, at a geometrically increasing speed—ecological damage, waste of resources and overpopulation will eventually create more and more fighting and anxiety and aimless Chicago beings and police states and grabbings of power and presumptions of authority and terrorism. It will all lead to giant genetic, intercontinental starvation—wars and rebellions in every direction which may ultimately end with people shooting arrows from windows of the Hancock Building and defending the last canned goods for some fat old banker's nephew.

PLAYBOY: Do you seriously believe it's that bad?

GINSBERG: Absolutely—and young kids know it; that's the basis for their conduct. They're being cheated out of the Garden of Eden. While this science-fiction crisis is building, the old power and money freaks remain so self-involved that they don't even see the planet beginning to smoke under their feet. They're busy destroying on a more and more massive scale, polluting the atmosphere, defoliating Mekong Deltas and wreaking such vast havoc that newspapers get thicker and thicker, and larger and larger forests have to be cut down to print the news—all of it bring-down, or irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: What do you think can be done?

GINSBERG: The first step toward a cure for the sickness is to realize it's there. The robot standardization of American consciousness is one side-effect feedback from a greedy, defective technology, just as ecological disorder is another feedback, and these systemic disorders reinforce each other fatally unless there is complete metabolic change. One could argue with the patient for years—forever. But the fact is that he is his own

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disease. That's what he must be taught to recognize. What we must first realize is the fact of our own diminished consciousness. "A new world is only a new mind," as William Carlos Williams said. Being willing to solve problems depends mostly on being aware that they exist.

The specific cure probably lies in the direction of a technology that will restore living forms to the surface of the planet—revitalize the planet's skin—without setting up a feedback that further pollutes or disturbs that living, breathing skin. Then—assuming that we maintain our giant population—we'll face the terrific technological problem of finding a place for everybody to live. We'll have to tear down the cities—they stink—then decentralize and miniaturize our machinery. But these are just technological problems; there's no reason why they can't be solved. After all, we can split atoms, create giant computers, articulate the shapes of DNA molecules, go to the moon and wage vast wars. Why shouldn't we be able to solve our specific conservation and population problems?

PLAYBOY: Even if we solve these problems and make continued human life at least feasible, what do you think can be done to enhance the *quality* of life?

GINSBERG: All sorts of propositions are available. Dr. Barry Commoner's books cover ecological reconstruction, and Gregory Bateson has the technical ideas. How the human community can reorganize and decentralize itself has been written about by Paul Goodman. Pound and others describe how to decentralize the monopolistic control of money by banks and individuals, and invent new forms of social credit. Robert Theobald has suggested structures adaptable for economic liberation from the domination of money. The Diggers have told us how to organize Adamic communes. The Chinese Reds and other Communists can teach us about some structures for group organization. Capitalists know a lot about certain aspects of production. We should also listen to Dick Gregory and the macrobiotic people about healthy foods; to the American Indians about seasonal and communal rituals and how to respect the sacred body of the land we inhabit; to shamans like Aldous Huxley about the appropriate use of natural and synthetic psychedelics; to Leary and Gary Snyder about enlarged variant family structures; to Burroughs about the reorganization of educational systems in order to provide proper training in nonconditioned, spontaneous consciousness; to scientologists on mind training to rub out hang-ups like fear of death, sexual obsession and either love or hate for the American flag; to poet Charles Olson about suggestions for temporary reorganization of American police so they'll all be black or female; and to a million Oriental Zen masters and yogis about physical education and consciousness therapy. So plenty of prescriptions are available. Practical problems can be solved in practical ways.

PLAYBOY: Then why—in your view—aren't they being solved?

GINSBERG: Because our governments are addressing themselves in precisely the opposite direction: how further to fuck up the surface of the earth. Most of our national consciousness is invested in an 80-billion-dollar "defense" budget still preoccupied with the completely hallucinatory and paranoid problem of attack from the outside—by "the Communist conspiracy"—and with competition for supremacy over colored races and other life forms. Intermarriage would produce a golden race, which obviously would be one solution to such hallucinatory problems, as well as to the problem of race itself. Otherwise, we'll have a war for the survival of one color: a war which will destroy the planet. Progress requires abolition of race ego, national ego, boundaries; it requires planet-citizen consciousness.

Although a minority is aware what that next step is, what about the majority who are plunged in darkness, flood, apocalypse and destruction? How to redeem these "ignorant armies" who clash by night from their own bad karma? Violent confrontation? Violence begets violence. Revolutionary violence begets fascist tyranny. So, though the noble impetuosity of confrontation by some New Leftists may seem appropriate to a situation in which long-haired angels are surrounded by pigs, the problem remains: how to cast the Devil from the hearts of the swine?

PLAYBOY: We'll bite. How *do* you?

GINSBERG: Since we're in an apocalyptic situation, old historical dialectics no longer apply. I prophesy that the only way to reverse the apocalypse is white magic, because the apocalypse itself is incarnate black magic. What would be the effect of total sacramental harmonious shamanistic ritual prayer magic massively performed in the American or Russian political theater?

PLAYBOY: We're beginning to feel like a straight man. What *would* be the effect?

GINSBERG: Exorcism. We need a million children saints adept at high unhexings, technological vaudeville, rhythmic behaviors, hypnotic acrobatics, street trapeze artistries, naked circus vibrations—magic politics to exorcise the police state. Is there a kind of poetry and theater sublime enough to change the national will and to open up consciousness in the populace? If the direction of the will can be changed and consciousness widened, then we may be able to solve the practical problems outlined: ecological reconstruction and the achievement of clear ecstasy as a social condition. And once that is achieved, people could relax and start looking for the highest, perfect wisdom.

PLAYBOY: And what is that?

GINSBERG: The realization that even visionary ecstasy is unnecessary because the universe was neither born nor will it be annihilated. The universe is an illusion. Once you realize this—with LSD or without it—you get into the ultimate science of ZimZum, as the cabalists call it. ZimZum is the science of the expansion and contraction of the universe—the appearance and disappearance of the universe itself. This is ultimate physics and also ultimate consciousness. But for this ultimate theater we need the advice of the Dalai Lama, Daitokuji Roshi, Lubovitcher Rebbe, Krishna and a hip Pope.

"There's the toughest hazard on the course, and that's her husband with her."

ada *(continued from page 104)*

softer skin had been established—high up in that dappled tree, with only that stray *ardilla* daintily leavesdropping—nothing seemed changed in one sense, all was lost in another. Such contacts evolve their own texture; a tactile sensation is a blind spot; we touch in silhouette. Henceforth, at certain moments of their otherwise indolent days, in certain recurrent circumstances of controlled madness, a secret sign was erected, a veil drawn between him and her—

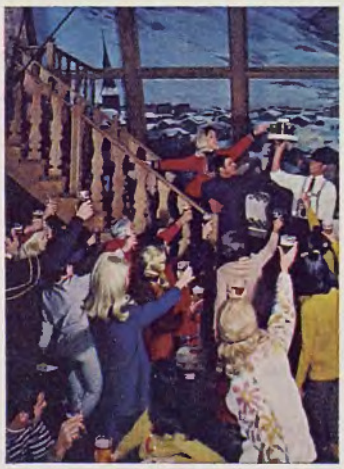
(Ada: They are now practically extinct at Ardis. Van: Who? Oh, I see.)

—not to be removed until he got rid of what the necessity of dissimulation kept degrading to the level of a wretched itch.

(Och, Van!)

He could not say afterward, when discussing with her that rather pathetic nastiness, whether he really feared that his *avournine* (as Blanche was to refer later, in her bastard French, to Ada) might react with an outburst of real or well-feigned resentment to a stark display of desire, or whether a glum, cunning approach was dictated to him by considerations of pity and decency toward a chaste child, whose charm was too compelling not to be tasted in secret and too sacred to be openly violated; but something went wrong—that much was clear. The vague commonplaces of vague modesty so dreadfully in vogue 80 years ago, the unsufferable banalities of shy wooing buried in old romances as arch as Arcady, those moods, those modes, lurked, no doubt, behind the hush of his ambuscades and that of her toleration. No record has remained of the exact summer day when his wary and elaborate coddlings began; but simultaneously with her sensing that at certain moments he stood indecently close behind her, with his burning breath and gliding lips, she was aware that those silent, exotic approximations must have started long ago in some indefinite and infinite past and could no longer be stopped by her, without her acknowledging a tacit acceptance of their routine repetition in that past.

On those relentlessly hot July afternoons, Ada liked to sit on a cool piano stool of ivoried wood at a white-oilcloth'd table in the sunny music room, her favorite botanical atlas open before her, and copy out in color on creamy paper some singular flower. She might choose, for instance, an insect-mimicking orchid, which she would proceed to enlarge with remarkable skill. Or else she combined one species with another (unrecorded but possible), introducing odd little changes and twists that seemed almost morbid in so young a girl so nakedly dressed. The long beam slanting in from the French window glowed in the faceted tumbler, in the tinted water and on the tin of the paintbox—and while she delicately painted an eyespot or the lobes of a lip, rapturous concentration caused the tip of her tongue to curl at the corner of her mouth; and as the sun looked on, the fantastic, black-blue-brown-haired child seemed in her turn to mimic the mirror-of-Venus blossom. Her flimsy, loose frock happened to be so deeply cut out behind that whenever she concaved her back while moving her prominent scapulae to and fro and tilting her head—as with air-poised brush she surveyed her damp achievement, or with the outside of her left wrist wiped a strand of hair off her temple—Van, who had drawn up to her seat as close as he dared, could see down her sleek ensellure as far as her coccyx and inhale the warmth of her entire body. His heart thumping, one miserable hand deep in his trouser pocket—where he kept a purse with half a dozen ten-dollar gold pieces to disguise his state—he bent over her, as she bent over her work. Very lightly, he let his parched lips travel down her warm hair and hot nape. It was the sweetest, the strongest, the most mysterious sensation that the boy had



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ever experienced; nothing in his sordid venery of the past winter could duplicate that downy tenderness, that despair of desire. He would have lingered forever on the little middle knob of rounded delight on the back of her neck, had she kept it inclined forever—and had the unfortunate fellow been able to endure much longer the ecstasy of its touch under his wax-still mouth without rubbing against her with mad abandon. The vivid crimsoning of an exposed ear and the gradual torpor invading her paintbrush were the only signs—fearful signs—of her feeling the increased pressure of his caress. Silently, he would slink away to his room, lock the door, grasp a towel, uncover himself and call forth the image he had just left behind, an image still as safe and bright as a hand-cupped flame—carried into the dark, only to be got rid of there with savage zeal; after which, drained for a while, with shaky loins and weak calves, Van would return to the purity of the sun-suffused room, where a little girl, now glistening with sweat, was still painting her flower: the marvelous flower that simulated a bright moth that in turn simulated a scarab.

If the relief, any relief, of a lad's ardor had been Van's sole concern; if, in other words, no love had been involved, our young friend might have put up—for one casual summer—with the nastiness and ambiguity of his behavior. But since Van loved Ada, that complicated release could not be an end in itself; or, rather, it was only a dead end, because unshared; because horribly hidden; because not liable to melt into any subsequent phase of incomparably greater rapture that, like a misty summit beyond the fierce mountain pass, promised to be the true pinnacle of his perilous relationship with Ada. During that midsummer week or fortnight, notwithstanding those daily butterfly kisses on that hair, on that neck, Van felt even farther removed from her than he had been on the eve of the day when his mouth had accidentally come into contact with an inch of her skin hardly perceived by him sensually in the maze of the shattal tree.

But nature is motion and growth. One afternoon, he came up behind her in the music room more noiselessly than ever before, because he happened to be barefooted—and, turning her head, little Ada shut her eyes and pressed her lips to his in a fresh-rose kiss that entranced and baffled Van.

"Now run along," she said, "quick, quick, I'm busy," and as he lagged like an idiot, she anointed his flushed forehead with her paintbrush in the semblance of an ancient Estotian "sign of the cross." "I have to finish this," she added, pointing with her violet-purple-soaked thin brush at a blend of *Ophrys scolopax* and *Ophrys veenae*, "and in a minute we must go down, because Marina wants Kim to take our picture—holding hands and grinning" (grinning, and then turning back to her hideous flower).

• • •

NOT ONLY in ear-trumpet age—in what Van called their dot-dot-dotage—but even more so in their adolescence (summer 1888) did they seek a scholarly excitement in establishing the past evolution (summer 1884) of their love, the initial stages of its revelations, the freak discrepancies in gappy chronographies. She had kept only a few—mainly botanical and entomological—pages of her diary, because on rereading it, she had found its tone false and finical; he had destroyed his entirely, because of its clumsy schoolboyish style combined with heedless, and false, cynicism. Thus, they had to rely on oral tradition, on the mutual correction of common memories. "And do you remember, *a ti pomnish', et te souviens-tu*" (invariably with that implied *codetta* of "and" introducing the bead to be threaded in the torn necklace) became with them, in their intense talks, the standard device for beginning every other sentence. Calendar dates were debated, sequences sifted and shifted, sentimental notes compared, hesitations and resolutions passionately analyzed. If their recollections now and then did not tally, this was often owing to sexual differences, rather than to individual temperament. Both were diverted by life's young fumblings, both saddened by the wisdom of time. Ada tended to see those initial stages as an extremely gradual and diffuse growth, possibly unnatural, probably unique, but wholly delightful in its smooth unfolding that precluded any brutish impulses or shocks of shame. Van's memory could not help picking out specific episodes branded forever with abrupt and poignant, and sometimes regrettable, physical thrills. She had the impression that the insatiable delectations she arrived at, without having expected or summoned them, were experienced by Van only by the time she attained them: that is, after weeks of cumulative caresses; her first physiological reactions to them she demurely dismissed as related to childish practices that she had indulged in before and that had little to do with the glory and tang of individual happiness. Van, on the contrary, not only could tabulate every informal spasm he had hidden from her before they became lovers but stressed philosophic and moral distinctions between the shattering force of self-abuse and the overwhelming softness of avowed and shared love.

When we remember our former selves, there is always that little figure with its long shadow stopping like an uncertain belated visitor on a lighted threshold at the far end of an impeccably narrowing corridor. Ada saw herself there as a wonder-eyed waif with a bedraggled nosegay; Van saw himself as a nasty young satyr with clumsy hooves and an ambiguous flue pipe. "But I was only twelve," Ada would cry when some indelicate detail was brought up. "I was in my fifteenth year," sadly said Van.

And did the young lady recall, he asked, producing metaphorically some notes from his pocket, the very first time she guessed that her shy young "cousin" (their official relationship) was physically excited in her presence, though decently swathed in layers of linen and wool and not in contact with the young lady?

She said, frankly, no, she did not—indeed, could not—because at 11, despite trying numberless times to unlock with every key in the house the cabinet in which Walter Daniel Veen kept "Jap. & Ind. erot. prints" as seen distinctly labeled through the glazed door (the key to which Van found for her in a twinkle—taped to the back of the pediment), she had still been rather hazy about the way human beings mated. She was very observant, of course, and had closely examined various insects *in copula*; but at the period discussed, clear examples of mammalian maleness had rarely come to her notice and had remained unconnected with any idea or possibility of sexual function (such as, for example, the time she had contemplated the soft-looking beige beak of the Negro janitor's boy who sometimes urinated in the girls' water closet at her first school in 1883).

Two other phenomena that she had observed even earlier proved ridiculously misleading. She must have been about nine when that elderly gentleman, an eminent painter whom she could not and would not name, came several times to dinner at Ardis Hall. Her drawing teacher, Miss Wintergreen, respected him greatly, though actually her *natures mortes* were considered (in 1888 and again in 1958) incomparably superior to the works of the celebrated old rascal, who drew his diminutive nudes invariably from behind—fig-picking, peach-buttocked nymphets straining upward, or else rock-climbing girl scouts in bursting shorts——

"I know exactly," interrupted Van angrily, "whom you mean, and would like to place on record that even if his delicious talent is in disfavor today, Paul J. Gigment had every right to paint schoolgirls and poolgirls from any side he pleased. Proceed."

Every time (said unruffled Ada) Pig Pigment came, she cowered when hearing him trudge and snort and pant upstairs, ever nearer, like the Marmoreal Guest, that immemorial ghost, seeking her, crying for her in a thin, querulous voice not in keeping with marble.

"Poor old chap," murmured Van.

His method of contact, she said, "*puisqu'on aborde ce thème-là*, and I'm certainly *not* making offensive comparisons,"

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was to insist, with maniacal force, that he help her reach for something—anything, a little gift he had brought, bonbons, or simply some old toy that he'd picked up from the floor of the nursery and hung up high on the wall, or a pink candle burning blue that he commanded her to blow out on an *arbre de Noël*—and despite her gentle protests, he would raise the child by her elbows, taking his time, pushing, grunting, saying: ah, how heavy and pretty she was. This went on and on until the dinner gong boomed or Nurse entered with a glass of fruit juice, and what a relief it was, for everybody concerned, when, in the course of that fraudulent ascension, her poor little bottom made it *at last* to the crackling snow of his shirt front, and he dropped her and buttoned his dinner jacket. And she remembered——

"Stupidly exaggerated," commented Van. "Also, I suppose, artificially recolored in the lamplight of later events as revealed still later."

And she remembered blushing painfully when somebody said poor Pig had a very sick mind and "a hardening of the artery," that is how she heard it, or perhaps "heartery"; but she also knew, even then, that the artery could become awfully long, for she had seen Drongo, a black horse, looking, she must confess, most dejected and embarrassed by what was happening to it right in the middle of a rough field with all the daisies watching. She thought, arch Ada said (how truthfully was another question), that a foal was dangling, with one black rubber leg free, out of Drongo's belly, because she did not understand that Drongo was not a mare at all and had not got a pouch as the kangaroo had in an illustration she worshiped; but then her English nurse explained that Drongo was a very sick horse and everything fell into place.

"Fine," said Van, "that's certainly fascinating; but I was thinking of the first time you might have suspected I was also a sick pig or horse. I am recalling," he continued, "the round table in the round rosy glow and you kneeling next to me on a chair. I was perched on the chair's swelling arm and you were building a house of cards, and your every movement was magnified, of course, as in a trance, dream-slow but also tremendously vigilant, and I positively reveled in the girl odor of your bare arm and in that of your hair, which now is murdered by some popular perfume. I date the event around June tenth—a rainy evening less than a week after my first arrival at Ardis."

"I remember the cards," she said, "and the light and the noise of the rain, and your blue cashmere pullover—but nothing else, nothing odd or improper, *that* came later. Besides, only in French love stories *les messieurs hument* young ladies."

"Well, I did while you went on with your delicate work. Tactile magic. Infinite patience. Finger tips stalking gravity. Badly bitten nails, my sweet. Forgive these notes; I cannot really express the discomfort of bulky, sticky desire. You see, I was hoping that when your castle toppled, you would make a Russian splash gesture of surrender and sit down on my hand."

"It was not a castle. It was a Pompeian villa with mosaics and paintings inside, because I used only court cards from Grandpa's old gambling packs. Did I sit down on your hot hard hand?"

"On my open palm, darling. A pucker of paradise. You remained still for a moment, fitting my cup. Then you rearranged your limbs and reknelt."

"Quick, quick, quick, collecting the flat shining cards again to build again, again slowly? We were abominably depraved, weren't we?"

"All bright kids are depraved. I see you do recollect——"

"Not that particular occasion, but the apple tree, and when you kissed my neck, *et tout le reste*. And then—*zdravstvuyte: apofeos*, the Night of the Burning Barn!"

• • •

A sort of hoary riddle (*Les Sophismes de Sophie* by Mlle Stopchin, in the Bibliothèque Vieux Rose series): did the Burning Barn come before the Cockloft or the Cockloft come first? Oh, first! We had long been kissing cousins when the fire started. In fact, I was getting some Château Baignet cold cream from Ladore for my poor chapped lips. And we both were roused in our separate rooms by her crying *au feu!* July 28? August 4?

Who cried? Stopchin cried? Larivière cried? Larivière? Answer! Crying that the barn *flambait*?

No, she was fast ablaze—I mean, asleep. I know, said Van, it was she, the hand-painted handmaid, who used your water colors to touch up her eyes, or so Larivière said, who accused her and Blanche of fantastic sins.

Oh, of course! But not Marina's poor French—it was our little goose Blanche. Yes, she rushed down the corridor and lost a miniver-trimmed slipper on the grand staircase, like Ashette in the English version.

"And do you remember, Van, how warm the night was?"

"*Eshcho bī!* (as if I did not!) That night, because of the blink——"

That night, because of the bothersome blink of remote sheet lightning through the black hearts of his sleeping arbor, Van had abandoned his two tulip trees and gone to bed in his room. The tumult in the house and the maid's shriek interrupted a rare, brilliant, dramatic dream, whose subject he was unable to recollect later, although he still held it in a saved jewel box. As usual, he slept naked, and wavered now between pulling on a pair of shorts or draping himself in his tartan lap robe. He chose the second course, rattled a matchbox, lit his bedside candle and swept out of his room, ready to save Ada and all her larvae. The corridor was dark, somewhere the dachshund was barking ecstatically. Van gleaned from subsiding cries that the so-called "baronial barn," a huge beloved structure three miles away, was on fire. Fifty cows would have been without hay and Larivière without her morning coffee cream, had it happened later in the season. Van felt slighted. They've all gone and left me behind, as old Fierce mumbles at the end of *The Cherry Orchard* (Marina was an adequate Mme Ranevski).

With the tartan toga around him, he accompanied his black double down the accessory spiral stairs leading to the library. Placing a bare knee on the shaggy divan under the window, Van drew back the heavy red curtains.

Uncle Dan, a cigar in his teeth, and kerchiefed Marina, with Dack in her clutch deriding the watchdogs, were in the process of setting out between raised arms and swinging lanterns in the runabout—as red as a fire engine!—only to be overtaken at the crunching curve of the drive by three English footmen on horseback with three French maids *en croupe*. The entire domestic staff seemed to be taking off to enjoy the fire (an infrequent event in our damp windless region), using every contraption available or imaginable: telegas, teleseats, roadboats, tandem bicycles and even the clockwork luggage carts with which the stationmaster supplied the family in memory of Erasmus Veen, their inventor. Only the governess (as Ada, not Van, had by then discovered) slept on through everything, snoring with a wheeze and a harkle, in the room adjacent to the old nursery where little Lucette lay for a minute awake before running after her dream and jumping into the last furniture van.

Van, kneeling at the picture window, watched the inflamed eye of the cigar recede and vanish. That multiple departure. . . . Take over.

That multiple departure really presented a marvelous sight against the pale star-dusted firmament of practically subtropical Ardis, tinted between the black trees with a distant flamingo flush at the spot where the Barn was Burning. To reach it, one had to drive round a large reservoir, which I could make out breaking into scaly light here and there every time some adventurous hostler or pantry boy crossed it on water skis or in a Rob Roy or by means of a raft—typical raft ripples like fire snakes in Japan; and one could now follow with an artist's eye the

"Do I believe in Original Sin? It depends—how original do you want to be?"

motorcar's lamps, fore and aft, progressing east along the AB bank of that rectangular lake, then turning sharply upon reaching its B corner, trailing away up the short side and creeping back west, in a dim and diminished aspect, to a middle point on the far margin where they swung north and disappeared.

As two last retainers, the cook and the night watchman, scurried across the lawn toward a horseless trap or break that stood beckoning them with erected thills (or was it a rickshaw? Uncle Dan once had a Japanese valet), Van was delighted and shocked to distinguish, right there in the inky shrubbery, Ada in her long nightgown passing by with a lighted candle in one hand and a shoe in the other as if stealing after the belated ignicolists. It was only her reflection in the glass. She dropped the found shoe in a wastepaper basket and joined Van on the divan.

"Can one see anything, oh, can one see?" the dark-haired child kept repeating, and a hundred barns blazed in her amber-black eyes, as she beamed and peered in blissful curiosity. Van relieved her of her candlestick, placing it near his own longer one on the window ledge. "You are naked, you are dreadfully indecent," she observed without looking and without any emphasis or reproof, whereupon he cloaked himself tighter, Ramses the Scotsman, as she knelt beside him. For a moment they both contemplated the romantic night piece framed in the window. He had started to stroke her, shivering, staring ahead, following with a blind man's hand the dip of her spine through the batiste.

"Look, gypsies," she whispered, pointing at three shadowy forms—two men, one with a ladder, and a child or dwarf—circumspectly moving across the gray lawn. They saw the candlelit window and decamped, the smaller one walking *à reculons*, as if taking pictures.

"I stayed home on purpose, because I hoped you would, too—it was a contrived coincidence," she said, or said later she'd said—while he continued to fondle the flow of her hair and to massage and rumple her nightdress, not daring yet to go under and up, daring, however, to mold her nates until, with a little hiss, she sat down on his hand and her heels, as the burning castle of cards collapsed. She turned to him and next moment he was kissing her bare shoulder and pushing against her like that soldier behind in the queue.

First time I hear about him. I thought old Mr. Nymphobottomus had been my only predecessor.

Last spring. Trip to town. French theater matinee. *Mademoiselle* had mislaid the tickets. The poor fellow probably thought "Tartuffe" was a tart or a stripteaser.

Ce qui n'est pas si bête, au fond. Which was not so dumb after all. OK. In that scene of the Burning Barn——

Yes?

Nothing. Go on.

Oh, Van, that night, that moment as we knelt side by side in the candlelight like Praying Children in a very bad picture, showing two pairs of soft-wrinkled, once arboreal-animal, soles—not to Grandma, who gets the Xmas card, but to the surprised and pleased Serpent—I remember wanting so badly to ask you for a bit of purely scientific information, because my sidelong glance——

Not now, it's not a nice sight right now and it will be worse in a moment (or words to that effect).

Van could not decide whether she really was utterly ignorant and as pure as the night sky—now drained of its fire color—or whether total experience advised her to indulge in a cold game. It did not really matter.

Wait, not right now, he replied in a half-muffled mutter.

She insisted: I wannask, I wanna-no——

He caressed and parted with his fleshy folds, *parties très charnues*, in the case of our passionate siblings, her lank loose, nearly lumbus-length (when she threw back her head as now) black silks as he tried to get at her bed-warm splenius. (It is not necessary, here or elsewhere, there was another similar passage, to blotch a reasonably pure style with vague anatomical terms that a psychiatrist remembers from his student days. In Ada's late hand.)

"I wannask," she repeated as he greedily reached his hot pale goal.

"I want to ask you," she said quite distinctly, but also quite beside herself because his ramping palm had now worked its way through at the armpit, and his thumb on a nipplet made her palate tingle: ringing for the maid in Georgian novels—inconceivable without the presence of elettricità—

(I protest. You cannot. It is banned even in Lithuanian and Latin. Ada's note.)

"—to ask you. . . ."

"Ask," cried Van, "but don't spoil everything" (such as feeding upon you, writhing against you).

"Well, why," she asked (demanded, challenged, one flame crepitated, one cushion was on the floor), "why do you get so fat and hard there when you——"

"Get where? When I what?"

In order to explain, tactfully, tactually, she belly-danced against him, still more or less kneeling, her long hair getting in the way, one eye staring into his ear (their reciprocal positions had become rather muddled by then).

"Repeat!" he cried as if she were far away, a reflection in a dark window.

"You will show me at once," said Ada firmly.

He discarded his makeshift kilt, and her tone of voice changed immediately.

"Oh, dear," she said as one child to another. "It's all skinned and raw. Does it hurt? Does it hurt horribly?"

"Touch it quick," he implored.

"Van, poor Van," she went on in the narrow voice the sweet girl used when speaking to cats, caterpillars, pupating puppies. "Yes, I'm sure, it smarts, would it help if I'd touch, are you sure?"

"You bet," said Van, *"on n'est pas bête à ce point"* ("there are limits to stupidity," colloquial and rude).

"Relief map," said the primrose prig, "the rivers of Africa." Her index traced the blue Nile down into its jungle and traveled up again. "Now what's this? The cap of the Red Bolete is not half as plushy. In fact" (positively chattering), "I'm reminded of geranium or, rather, pelargonium bloom."

"God, we all are," said Van.

"Oh, I like this texture, Van, I like it! Really I do!"

"Squeeze, you goose, can't you see I'm dying."

But our young botanist had not the faintest idea how to handle the thing properly—and Van, now *in extremis*, driving it roughly against the hem of her nightdress, could not help groaning as he dissolved in a puddle of pleasure.

She looked down in dismay.

"Not what you think," remarked Van calmly. "This is *not* number one. Actually, it's as clean as grass sap. Well, now the Nile is settled stop Stanley."

(I wonder, Van, *why* you are doing your best to transform our poetical and unique past into a dirty farce? Honestly, Van! Oh, I *am* honest, that's how it went. I wasn't sure of my ground, hence the sauciness and the simper. *Ah, parlez pour vous: I*, dear, can affirm that those famous finger trips up your Africa and to the edge of the world came considerably later when I knew the itinerary by heart. Sorry, no—if people remembered the same, they would not be different people. That's-how-it-went. But we are not "different"! Think and dream are the same in French. Think of the *douceur*, Van! Oh, I am thinking of it, of course, I am—it was all *douceur*, my child, my rhyme. That's better, said Ada.)

Please, take over.

Van stretched himself naked in the now motionless candlelight.

"Let us sleep here," he said. "They won't be back before dawn relights Uncle's cigar."

"My nightie is *trempée*," she whispered.

"Take it off, this plaid sleeps two."

"Don't look, Van."

"That's not fair," he said and helped her to slip it up and over her hair-shaking head. She was shaded with a mere touch of coal at the mystery point of her chalk-white body. A bad boil had left a

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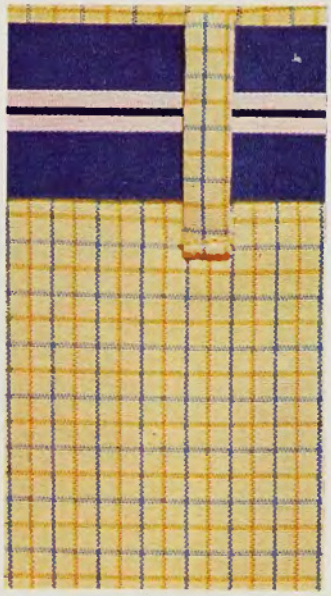

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pink scar between two ribs. He kissed it and lay back on his clasped hands. She was inspecting from above his tanned body the ant caravan to the oasis of the navel; he was decidedly hirsute for so young a boy. Her young round breasts were just above his face. I denounce the Philistine's postcoital cigarette both as a doctor and as an artist. It is, however, true that Van was not unaware of a glass box of Turkish Traumatis on a console too far to be reached with an indolent stretch. The tall clock struck an anonymous quarter and Ada was presently watching, cheek on fist, the impressive, though oddly morose, stirrings, steady clockwise launch and ponderous upswing of virile revival.

But the shag of the couch was as tickly as the star-dusted sky. Before anything new happened, Ada went on all fours to rearrange the lap robe and cushions. Native girl imitating rabbit. He groped for and cupped her hot little slew from behind, then frantically scrambled into a boy's sand-castle-molding position; but she turned over, naïvely ready to embrace him the way Juliet is recommended to receive her Romeo. She was right. For the first time in their love story, the blessing, the genius of lyrical speech descended upon the rough lad, he murmured and moaned, kissing her face with voluble tenderness, crying out in three languages—the three greatest in all the world—pet words upon which a dictionary of secret diminutives was to be based and go through many revisions till the definitive edition of 1967. When he grew too loud, she shushed, shushingly breathing into his mouth, and now her four limbs were frankly around him as if she had been lovemaking for years in all our dreams—but impatient young passion (brimming like Van's overflowing bath while he is reworking this, a crotchety gray old word man on the edge of a hotel bed) did not survive the first few blind thrusts; it burst at the lip of the orchid, and a bluebird uttered a warning warble, and the lights were now stealing back under a rugged dawn, the firefly signals were circumscribing the reservoir, the dots of the carriage lamps became stars, wheels rasped on the gravel, all the dogs returned well pleased with the night treat, the cook's niece Blanche jumped out of a pumpkin-hued police van in her stockinged feet (long, long after midnight, alas)—and our two naked children, grabbing lap robe and nightdress and giving the couch a parting pat, pattered back with their candlesticks to their innocent bedrooms.

"And do you remember," said gray-mustached Van as he took a Cannabina cigarette from the bedside table and rattled a yellow-blue matchbox, "how reckless we were, and how Larivière stopped snoring but a moment later went on shaking the house, and how cold the iron steps were, and how disconcerted I was—by your—how shall I put it?—lack of restraint?"

"Idiot," said Ada, from the wall side, without turning her head.

Summer 1960? Crowded hotel somewhere between Ex and Ardez?

Ought to begin dating every page of the manuscript: Should be kinder to my unknown dreamers.

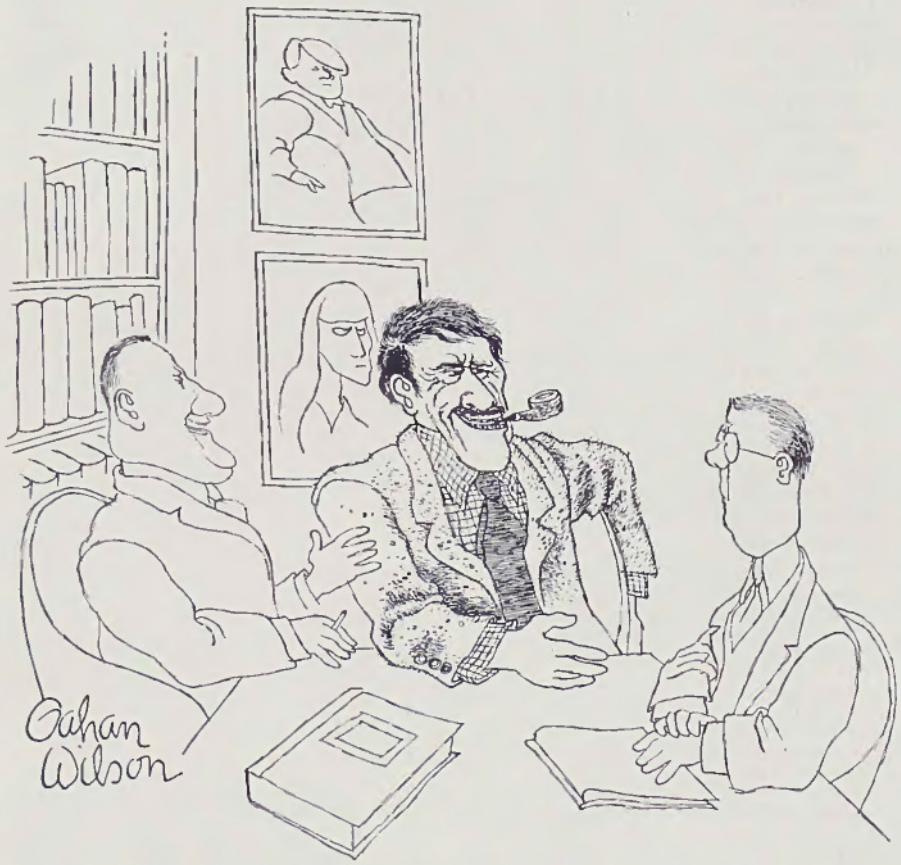
• • •

Next morning, his nose still in the dreambag of a deep pillow contributed to his otherwise austere bed by sweet Blanche (with whom, by the parlor-game rules of sleep, he had been holding hands in a heartbreaking nightmare—or perhaps it was just her cheap perfume), the boy was at once aware of the happiness knocking to be let in. He deliberately endeavored to prolong the glow of its incognito by dwelling on the last vestiges of jasmine and tears in a silly dream; but the tiger of happiness fairly leaped into being.

That exhilaration of a newly acquired franchise! A shade of it he seemed to have kept in his sleep, in that last part of his recent dream in which he had told Blanche that he had learned to levitate and that his ability to tread air with magic ease would allow him to break all records for the long jump by strolling, as it were, a few inches above the ground for a stretch of, say, 30 or 40 feet (too great a length might be suspicious) while the stands went wild, and Zambovsky of Zambia stared, arms akimbo, in consternation and disbelief.

Tenderness rounds out true triumph, gentleness lubricates genuine liberation: emotions that are not diagnostic of glory or passion in dreams. One half of the fantastic joy Van was to taste from now on (forever, he hoped) owed its force to the certainty that he could lavish on Ada, openly and at leisure, all the puerile petting that social shame, male selfishness and moral apprehension had prevented him from envisaging before.

On weekends, all three meals of the day were heralded by three gongs, small, medium and big. The first now announced breakfast in the dining room. Its vibration suscitated the thought that in 26 steps Van would join his young accomplice, whose delicate musk he still preserved in the hollow of his hand—and affected Van with a kind of radiant amazement: Had it *really* happened? Are we *really* free? Certain caged birds, say Chinese amateurs shaking with fat-man mirth, knock themselves out against the bars (and lie unconscious for a few minutes) every blessed morning, right upon awakening, in an automatic,



"Phil, I'd like you to meet Brian. Brian will be posing for the picture on the jacket of your new novel."

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 105-E ©1969, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS APRIL 1969

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dream-continuing, dreamlined dash—although they are, those iridescent prisoners, quite perky and docile and talkative the rest of the time.

Van thrust his bare toe into a sneaker, retrieving the while its mate from under the bed; he hurried down, past a pleased-looking Prince Zemski and a grim Vincent Veen, Bishop of Balticomore and Como.

But she was not down yet. In the bright dining room, full of yellow flowers in drooping clusters of sunshine, Uncle Dan was feeding. He wore suitable clothes for a suitably hot day in the country—namely, a candy-striped suit over a mauve flannel shirt and piqué waistcoat, with a blue-and-red club tie and a safety-goldpinned very high soft collar (all his trim stripes and colors were a little displaced, though, in the process of comic-strip printing, because it was Sunday). He had just finished his first buttered toast, with a dab of ye-old Orange Marmalade, and was making turkey sounds as he rinsed his dentures orally with a mouthful of coffee prior to swallowing it and the flavorous flotsam. Being, as I had reason to believe, plucky, I could make myself suffer a direct view of the man's pink face with its (rotating) red "tashy," but I was not obliged (mused Van, in 1922, when he saw those *baguenaudier* flowers again) to stand his chinless profile with its curly red sideburn. So Van considered, not without appetite, the blue jugs of hot chocolate and baton segments of bread prepared for the hungry children. Marina had her breakfast in bed, the butler and Price ate in a recess of the pantry (a pleasing thought, somehow) and Mlle Larivière did not touch any food till noon, being a doom-fearing "*midinette*" (the sect, not the shop), and had actually made her father-confessor join her group.

"You could have taken us to see the fire, Uncle, dear," remarked Van, pouring himself a cup of chocolate.

"Ada will tell you all about it," replied Uncle Dan, lovingly buttering and marmalading another toast. "She greatly enjoyed the excursion."

"Oh, she went with you, did she?"

"Yes—in the black charabanc, with all the butlers. Jolly good fun, rally" (pseudo-British pronunciation).

"But that must have been one of the scullery maids, not Ada," remarked Van. "I didn't realize," he added, "we had several here—I mean, butlers."

"Oh, I imagine so," said Uncle Dan vaguely. He repeated the internal rinsing process and, with a slight cough, put on his spectacles, but no morning paper had come—and he took them off again.

Suddenly, Van heard her lovely dark voice on the staircase saying in an upward direction, "*Je l'ai vu dans une des corbeilles de la bibliothèque*"—presumably in reference to some geranium or violet or slipper orchid. There was a "banister pause," as photographers say, and after the maid's distant glad cry had come from the library, Ada's voice added: "*Je me demande*, I wonder *qui l'a mis là*, who put it there." *Aussitôt après* she entered the dining room.

She wore—though not in collusion with him—black shorts, a white jersey and sneakers. Her hair was drawn back from her big round brow and thickly pig-tailed. The rose of a rash under her lower lip glistened with glycerine through the patchily dabbed-on powder. She was too pale to be really pretty. She carried a book of verse. My elder is rather plain but has nice hair, and my younger is pretty but foxy red, Marina used to say. Ungrateful age, ungrateful light, ungrateful artist, but *not* ungrateful lover. A veritable wave of adoration buoyed him up from the pit of the stomach to heaven. The thrill of seeing her, and knowing she knew, and knowing nobody else knew what they had so freely, and dirtily, and delightfully indulged in, less than six hours ago, turned out to be too much for our green lover, despite his trying to trivialize it with the moral corrective of an opprobrious adverb. Fluffing badly a halfhearted "hello," not a habitual morning greeting (which, besides, she ignored), he bent over his breakfast while watching with a secret polyphemic organ her every movement. She slapped lightly Mr. Veen's bald head with her book in passing behind him and noisily moved the chair next to him on the other side from Van. Blinking, doll-lashing daintily, she poured herself a big cup of chocolate. Though it had been thoroughly sweetened, the child placed a lump of sugar on her spoon and eased it into the cup, relishing the way the hot brown liquid suffused and dissolved one crystal-grained crumbling corner and then the entire piece.

Meanwhile, Uncle Dan, in delayed action, chased an imaginary insect off his pate, looked up, looked around and at last acknowledged the newcomer.

"Oh yes, Ada," he said, "Van here is anxious to know something. What were you doing, my dear, while he and I were taking care of the fire?"

Its reflection invaded Ada. Van had never seen a girl (as translucently white-skinned as she) or, indeed, anybody else, porcelain or peach, blush so substantially and habitually, and the habit distressed him as being much more improper than any act that might cause it. She stole a foolish glance at the somber boy and began saying something about having been fast ablaze in her bedroom.

"You were not," interrupted Van harshly, "you were with me looking at the blaze from the library window. Uncle Dan is all wet."

"*Ménagez vos américanismes*," said the latter—and then opened his arms wide in paternal welcome as guileless Lucette trotted into the room with a child's pink, stiff-bagged butterfly net in her little fist, like an oriflamme.

Van shook his head disapprovingly at Ada. She showed him the sharp petal of her tongue, and with a shock of self-indignation, her lover felt himself flushing in his turn. So much for the franchise. He ringed his napkin and retired to the *mestechko* ("little place") off the front hall.

After she, too, had finished breakfasting, he waylaid her, gorged with sweet butter, on the landing. They had one moment to plan things; it was all, historically speaking, at the dawn of the novel that was still in the hands of parsonage ladies and French academicians, so such moments were precious. She stood scratching one raised knee. They agreed to go for a walk before lunch and find a secluded place. She had to finish a translation for Mlle Larivière. She showed him her draft. François Coppée? Yes.

Their fall is gentle. The woodchopper 5.5
Can tell, before they reach the mud,
The oak tree by its leaf of copper,
The maple by its leaf of blood.

"*Leur chute est lente*," said Van, "*on peut les suivre du regard en reconnaissant*—that paraphrastic touch of 'chopper' and 'mud' is, of course, pure Lowden (minor poet and translator, 1815–1895). Betraying the first half of the stanza to save the second is rather like that Russian nobleman who chucked his coachman to the wolves and then fell out of his sleigh."

"I think you are very cruel and stupid," said Ada. "This is not meant to be a work of art or a brilliant parody. It is the ransom exacted by a demented governess from a poor overworked schoolgirl. Wait for me in the Baguenaudier Bower," she added. "I'll be down in exactly sixty-three minutes."

Her hands were cold, her neck was hot; the postman's boy had rung the doorbell; Bout, a young footman, the butler's bastard, crossed the resonant flags of the hall.

On Sunday mornings the mail came late, because of the voluminous Sunday supplements of the papers from Balticomore, and Kaluga, and Luga, which Robin Sherwood, the old postman, in his bright-green uniform, distributed on horseback throughout the somnolent countryside. As Van, humming his school song—the only tune he could ever carry—skipped down the terrace steps, he saw Robin on his old bay holding the livelier black stallion of his Sunday helper, a handsome English lad whom, it was rumored behind the rose hedges, the old man loved more vigorously than his office required.

Van reached the third lawn, and the bower, and carefully inspected the stage

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prepared for the scene, "like a provincial come an hour too early to the opera after jogging all day along harvest roads with poppies and bluets catching and twinkle-twining in the wheels of his buggy" (Floeberg's *Ursula*).

Blue butterflies nearly the size of small whites, and likewise of European origin, were flitting swiftly around the shrubs and settling on the drooping clusters of yellow flowers. In less complex circumstances, 40 years hence, our lovers were to see again, with wonder and joy, the same insect and the same bladder senna along a forest trail near Susten in the Valais. At the present moment, he was looking forward to collecting what he would recollect later, and watched the big bold blues as he sprawled on the turf, burning with the evoked vision of Ada's pale limbs in the variegated light of the bower, and then coldly telling himself that fact could never quite match fancy. When he returned from a swim in the broad and deep brook beyond the *bosquet*, with wet hair and tingling skin, Van got the rare treat of finding his foreglimpse of live ivory accurately reproduced, except that she had loosened her hair and changed into the curtal frock of sun-bright cotton that he was so fond of and had so ardently yearned to soil in the so recent past.

He had resolved to deal first of all with her legs, which he felt he had not feted enough the previous night; to sheathe them in kisses from the A of arched instep to the V of velvet; and this Van accomplished as soon as Ada and he got sufficiently deep in the larchwood that closed the park on the steep side of the rocky rise between Ardis and Ladore.

Neither could establish in retrospect, nor, indeed, persisted in trying to do so, how, when and where he actually "deflowered" her—a vulgarism Ada in Wonderland had happened to find glossed in *Phrody's Encyclopedia* as: "to break a virgin's vaginal membrane by manly or mechanical means," with the example: "The sweetness of his soul was deflowered (Jeremy Taylor)." Was it that night on the lap robe? Or that day in the larchwood? Or later in the shooting gallery, or in the attic, or on the roof, or on a secluded balcony, or in the bathroom, or (not very comfortably) on the Magic Carpet? We do not know and do not care.

(You kissed and nibbled, and poked, and prodded, and worried me there so much and so often that my virginity was lost in the shuffle; but I do recall definitely that by midsummer the machine that our forefathers called "sex" was working as smoothly as later, in 1888, etc., darling. Marginal note in red ink.)

• • •

ON A SUNNY September morning, with the trees still green, but the asters and fleabanes already taking over in ditch and dalk, Van set out for Ladoga, N. A., to spend a fortnight there with his father and three tutors before returning to school in cold Luga, Mayne.

Van kissed Lucette on each dimple and then on the neck—and winked to prim Larivière, who looked at Marina.

It was time to go. They saw him off: Marina in her *shlafrok*, Lucette petting (substitutionally) Dack, Mlle Larivière, who did not know yet that Van had left behind an inscribed book she had given him on the eve, and a score of copiously tipped servants (among whom he noticed kitchen Kim with his camera)—practically the entire household, except Blanche, who had the headache, and dutiful Ada, who had asked to be excused, having promised to visit an infirm villager (she had a heart of gold, that child, really—as Marina so willingly, so wisely used to observe).

Van's black trunk and black suitcase, and black king-size dumbbells, were heaved into the back of the family motorcar; Bouteillan put on a captain's cap, too big for him, and grape-blue goggles; "*Remouvez votre* bottom, I will drive," said Van—and the summer of 1884 was over.

"She rolls sweetly, sir," remarked Bouteillan in his quaint old-fashioned English. "*Tous les pneus sont neufs*, but, alas, there are many stones on the way, and youth drives fast. Monsieur should be prudent. The winds of the wilderness are indiscreet. *Tel un lis sauvage confiant au désert*——"

"Quite the old comedy retainer, aren't you?" remarked Van dryly.

"*Non, Monsieur*," answered Bouteillan, holding onto his cap. "*Non. Tout simplement j'aime bien Monsieur et sa demoiselle.*"

"If," said Van, "you're thinking of little Blanche, then you'd better quote Delille not to me but to your son, who'll knock her up any day now."

The old Frenchman glanced at Van askance, *pozheval gubami* (chewed his lips) but said nothing.

"One will stop here for a few minutes," said Van, as they reached Forest Fork, just beyond Ardis. "I intend to pick some boletes for Father, to whom I shall certainly" (Bouteillan having sketched a courteous gesture) "transmit your salute. This hand brake must have been—damn it—in use before Louis the Sixteenth migrated to England."

"It needs to be greased," said Bouteillan and consulted his watch; "yes, we have ample time to catch the 9:04."

Van plunged into the dense undergrowth. He wore a silk shirt, a velvet jacket, black breeches, riding boots with star spurs—and this attire was hardly convenient for making his way through the brush and crossing a brook to reach Ada in a natural bower of aspens; they embraced, after which she said:

"Yes—so as not to forget. Here's the formula for our correspondence. Learn this by heart and then eat it up like a good little spy."

"*Poste restante* both ways; and I want at least three letters a week, my white love."

It was the first time he had seen her in that luminous frock nearly as flimsy as a nightgown. She had braided her hair, and he said she resembled the young soprano Maria Kuznetsova in the letter scene in Tschchaikow's opera *Onegin and Olga*.

Ada, doing her feminine best to restrain and divert her sobs by transforming them into emotional exclamations, pointed out some accursed insect that had settled on an aspen trunk.

(Accursed? *Accursed?* It was the newly described, fantastically rare vanessian, *Nymphalis danaus* Nab., orange-brown, with black-and-white foretips, mimicking, as its discoverer, Professor Nabonidus of Babylon College, Nebraska, realized, not the monarch butterfly directly but the monarch *through* the viceroy, one of the monarch's best-known imitators. In Ada's angry hand.)

"Tomorrow you'll come here with your green net," said Van bitterly, "my butterfly."

She kissed him all over the face, she kissed his hands, then again his lips, his eyelids, his soft black hair. He kissed her ankles, her knees, her soft black hair.

"When, my love, when again? In Luga? Kaluga? Ladoga? Where, when?"

"That's not the point," cried Van, "the point, the point, the point is—will you be faithful, will you be faithful to me?"

"You spit, love," said wan-smiling Ada, wiping off the Ps and the Fs. "I don't know. I adore you. I shall never love anybody in my life as I adore you, never and nowhere, neither in eternity, nor in terrenity, neither in Ladore, nor on Terra, where they say our souls go. But! But, my love, my Van, I'm physical, horribly physical, I don't know, I'm frank, *qu'y puis-je?* Oh, dear, don't ask me, there's a girl in my school who is in love with me, I don't know what I'm saying——"

"The girls don't matter," said Van, "it's the fellows I'll kill if they come near you. Last night I tried to make a poem about it for you, but I can't write verse; it begins, it only begins: Ada, our ardors and arbors—but the rest is all fog, try to fancy the rest."

They embraced one last time and, without looking back, he fled.

Stumbling on melons, fiercely beheading the tall arrogant fennels with his riding crop, Van returned to the Forest Fork. Morio, his favorite black horse, stood waiting for him, held by young Moore. He thanked the groom with a handful of stellas and galloped off, his gloves wet with tears.

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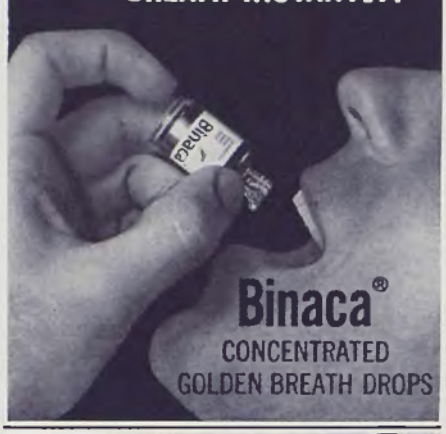

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PLAYING FOR KEEPS

(continued from page 148)

win," says Bruce Dotson, one of the game's promoters. "Players learn to understand how a city's functions interrelate at any given moment. But, unlike real life, the practical results of their decisions show up immediately." Perhaps more importantly, the game can be ended and a new round begun whenever things get too far out of hand. To a great extent, this is the central appeal of business gaming. The possibility that a trainee's errors will disrupt company performance is radically reduced.

If this is a vital consideration in business, where mistakes may be measured in dollars or markets lost, it is even more so in military science, where they are measured in human lives or even in national survival. It is not surprising, then, that simulation received its most intensive development and use in the military long before it was even thought of for civilian education. The concept of war as a game was articulated in the early 1800s by Prussian general and theoretician Karl von Clausewitz.

"There is a play of possibilities and probabilities, of good and bad luck," Von Clausewitz wrote, "which . . . makes war, of all branches of human activity, the most like a game of cards." Some 150 years later, it was said, "War is a game in which you choose up sides and kill each other." Today's training games for business and industry have evolved directly from games designed to teach peacetime officers the art of making wartime decisions.

The idea of using a game this way may ultimately be traced back to chess, which is believed to have developed from the Hindustani game *chaturanga*. The name *chaturanga* (four forces) refers to the four parts of a Hindu army —elephants, horses, chariots and foot soldiers. In modern chess, these have become pieces symbolizing the forces of power in a medieval state—king, queen, bishops, knights, castles and soldiers.

According to ancient Hindu tradition, *chaturanga* was invented by the wife of Ravan, king of Ceylon, in the second age of the world, when the monarch's capital city was under siege. Evidently, her idea was that by experimenting with model armies on a model terrain, the king would be able to think up a plan for repelling an invasion.

No record appears to have survived of the outcome of this first venture into military simulation; but as early as the 17th Century, there was a war game based on chess. In the early 1800s, the German staff was using map games, with movable markers representing opposing forces, to experiment with war plans.

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represent a war between Prussia and Austria became a real war in 1866, and the Prussian army astonished the world by winning. Three years later, the Prussians took on the "invincible" French army of Emperor Louis Napoleon and won again. Prussia, armed with war-game strategy and Krupp cannons, was becoming a world power.

Understandably enough, generals and statesmen throughout the world began to take an intense interest in the Prussian *Kriegsspiel*, or war game. Today, the military continues to be a prime market for training games, ranging from Monopolog, which teaches Air Force logistics, to Politica, a simulation of a revolutionary situation in South America.

It is unlikely that there are many games more austere than Monopolog, in which, according to the Air Force's own description, the players manage "a simplified version of the complex Air Force supply system, comprising one depot and five two-wing bases which are phased in during the game. The player, in his role as inventory manager, must make management decisions each month on the following: (1) procurement of new parts; (2) repair of reparable parts; (3) distribution of serviceable parts among the bases. It allows students to experiment with Air Force supply and management."

Politica, designed by Abt Associates, centers on the problems of the Benevolent Republic of Inertia, a benighted mythical country located on the northeast coast of South America. Inertia, its geography, inhabitants and leaders are described in great detail in the materials supplied to the players at the beginning of each game. There is a complete history of the country, which is said to have been discovered by "Luysantserengiin Bymbodorge, a wandering 13th Century Mongolian monk . . . who left an account of a 'vile and foul-smelling land' which is almost certainly Inertia."

The 43 players, whose roles and power are spelled out in personality profiles, are led by El Caudillo, Inertia's Supreme and Benevolent Military Leader. In addition to El Caudillo, individuals represent the middle class, urban workers, slum dwellers, students, sugar workers, fishermen and the Sarakhanese sugar workers—Oriental immigrants who occupy the lowest rung of the ladder. The profile of *Señora* Dulcinea Cervantes tells the player:

> Your husband, Don Carlos de Velasquez Cervantes, is the Inertian ambassador to the U. S. A. You voluntarily remained behind in Inertia, ostensibly to look after the vast Cervantes family holdings and to pursue your studies of Inertia's piratical past. In fact, you stayed because you are in the employ of Brigadier General Navarro, the head of F. A. N. G., the secret police, and are one of his most trusted and loyal employees. You were recruited by Navarro himself after the Second World War. He is an extremely charming man.

"I'd refuse to pay that portion of my taxes that goes to pay for war, too, but, unfortunately, I'm one of those millionaires who manage not to pay any income tax."

Politica is one of several games used to train military and diplomatic personnel. Other strategy exercises deal with higher stakes—nuclear war. Perhaps the most chilling are played in the soundproofed conference rooms of those beautifully appointed scholarly retreats known as think tanks. Resembling universities without students, think tanks are filled with top-level sociologists, economists, political scientists, nuclear physicists and other experts, some from academic disciplines too new even to have names. Some are a permanent cadre; others are visitors. All are specialists in far-out thinking, which the think tanks supply to industrial, Government and military clients for a total of two billion dollars annually.

The most famous think tank is the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, California, set up by the Air Force in 1948 to provide a source of advanced ideas. An offshoot of Rand is Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute near White Plains, New York, where people think about the unthinkable—thermonuclear war. Gaming is a favorite think-tank technique. During lunch at Rand, resident intellectuals sometimes relax at a fast round of *Kriegsspiel*, complete with kibitzers who prefer to look on and comment rather than compete. After lunch, there occasionally are modern war games in greater earnest.

War games are played in a study area in the basement of the principal Rand building overlooking the Pacific. About the only clue that something important goes on in this suite of offices is at the entrance: a four-inch-thick steel bank-vault door that can be locked after working hours to protect the classified source materials used in play.

There are two bull pens, each equipped to house three or four staff members. A 40-foot-long seminar room is furnished with blackboards, wall maps overlaid with acetate and a conference table for laying out charts and other working materials. Although the area has not been used for war gaming in the past year and a half, it can be converted in a matter of hours.

Sometimes, the arrangements are highly formal. Opposing teams designated Red and Blue meet in separate rooms. Information is passed back and forth through a rotating "Judas" door. Troop movements and aerial attacks are marked

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on maps. When casualties and damage have been evaluated, each team is called in separately and shown the results. The referees reveal the new options available and the cycle begins again.

The referees may decide that Red has lost some of its bases but no cities. Red must then decide whether to use its remaining weapons against Blue's missile sites or industrial targets.

Like other simulations, the Rand war games teach something about the elusive business of making complex decisions, but they also have more immediately practical benefits. Frequently, during the play, there are problems that have not so much to do with creating strategy as with executing it. Weak links are revealed. Holes are plugged.

In one game, Lieutenant General George Good, Jr. (U.S.M.C., Ret.), lost troops because allied soldiers who could not speak English were unable to call in air strikes by American pilots. Good subsequently helped invent the Taclator, a hand-held radio transmitter operated by numbered keys standing for soldiers, tanks and other targets. The Taclator could be used to signal air support without the help of an interpreter.

The approach typified by the gaming method has frequently come under fire by those who believe there is grave danger in reducing power situations to games, because the human element may be eliminated; and that if the elegantly rational solutions produced in this way are applied inflexibly, they will conflict tragically with stubbornly irrational reality. Those who use the simulation method are aware of this. The games are not expected to turn out completely skilled professionals but, rather, to provide the beginnings of a feel for the work, as well as an outline framework of the kinds of strategies, tactics and rules of thumb that are likely to pay off. Experience will fill this in with the kind of practical and largely intuitive grasp of detail that is unlikely ever to be expressed—or expressible—in any rational form.

There is a natural human tendency to forget, however, that most rules and systems work only if they are loose enough to accommodate unexpected but inevitable deviations. Refusal to face failure can result in disaster. It has been suggested that the bloody stalemate that followed the opening moves of World War One was partly caused by both sides' dedication to game-room strategies that failed to pay off on the battlefield. Similarly, today there are those who believe that the American predicament in Vietnam was compounded by the Pentagon's unwillingness to admit that the reality of counterinsurgency has turned out to be different from the game of counterinsurgency.

Be that as it may, the games go on, and not without some benefit. Participation in them dramatizes the far-reaching and frequently unexpected effects of decisions that otherwise might appear to be relatively safe and uncomplicated. The intense pressure of play seems to enhance the production of novel insights, some of which occasionally have practical value.

From the psychological standpoint, war games appear to satisfy certain emotional needs. For one thing, they are fun to play. For the unusually gifted and creative thinkers who are attracted to Rand and to the Hudson Institute, they undoubtedly provide an extremely challenging form of entertainment. At a deeper level, war games seem to be a relatively harmless way of fulfilling the desire to play God that infects many men. By manipulating the destinies of fantasy empires, would-be supreme beings may possibly purge their obsessions. Certainly, at least, they learn that the job of running the world is likely to be considerably more difficult than they might have imagined. If all a man learns in the game room is humility, he has learned a lot.

Finally, a game of nuclear war can be a metaphor for externalizing the struggle between death wish and life wish that goes on relentlessly in every human soul. Herman Kahn calls the top rung of the nuclear-warfare ladder "insensate" or "spasm war," an appropriate image for the suicide of humanity. Whoever approaches this level of the game is forced to realize that if he orders the final attack, he almost certainly ensures not only his enemy's destruction but also, inevitably, his own. The price of absolute power is death.

Unfortunately, there always seem to be people who do not understand this. They can hardly wait to play for real. Even so, it has been suggested that computerized simulations might eventually eliminate the necessity for actually waging physical war. In a 1967 article in *Technology Review*, George A. W. Boehm wrote:

> World War One was fought with chemistry, and World War Two with physics. . . . World War Three, if it ever occurs, may be fought bloodlessly with mathematics.
>
> That is to say, both sides may agree to simulate the war, instead of actually launching missiles and sending troops into action. They will mathematically formulate strategies and counterstrategies and let computers do the "fighting" until a conclusion is reached. Then, figuring that their side cannot do much better than the computer, and the other

side is not likely to do much worse, military leaders might be willing to abide by the electronic referee's decision.

It is not wholly inconceivable that two opposing general staffs will gather some day . . . for a morning's war at an international computer center. At preliminary low-level conferences, they will have already agreed on a computer program and, like attorneys at a pretrial hearing, stipulated essential input data. All that will remain to be done on the fateful morning will be to push the "start" button and wait for the computer to wage the war 10,000 times. We can envision one commander-in-chief pushing aside a sheaf of printouts that he has been poring over. "OK," he says. "You wiped us out 9327 times. I'll tell my Prime Minister to pull out of the Balkans. Now, how about a martini before lunch?"

"Though this setting is altogether fanciful," Boehm added, "the prospect of settling major international arguments by the outcomes of unfought wars is real. Indeed, it is not at all farfetched to suppose that, at this writing, the first phase of World War Three is being contested much along these lines."

Boehm wrote this article during our negotiations with the Soviet Union on the question of antimissile systems, in the course of which then–Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara presented a closely reasoned argument exploring the possible results of decisions to build or not to build various kinds of antimissile systems. His report concluded that neither side could benefit enough to warrant the expense of the race and is said to have had considerable influence on Soviet policy in the matter. This was, in a sense, paper war played for real.

Whatever the immediate prospect might be that governments will give up real war in favor of computer simulations, there is a certain amount of historical background supporting the belief that games can replace killing as an outlet for the human aggressive instinct. In Roman times, when the force of law was extended to millions of people among whom killing had been a favorite game, gladiatorial contests grew ever more popular as civilization increased. For the bulk of the population, killing became a spectator sport, rather than one in which they could participate. Boxing and bullfighting and football appear to be survivals of this practice.

The trend continues toward the elimination of all killing, whether by state or by individual. Capital punishment is becoming rarer and rarer, as one state after another gives up the practice. There was not a single execution in the U.S. last year. Before long, it is clear, capital punishment will be a curiosity of our barbaric past, gone the way of human sacrifice. Perhaps war will follow.

What is likely to replace it? It could be the same thing that replaced human sacrifice and cannibalism—a symbolic drama such as the Easter ritual, which is based on early pre-Christian rites in which tribal kings were killed to ensure the fertility of man, beast and crop. The sacrament of the Eucharist, in which wine and bread symbolizing Christ's blood and flesh are eaten, is a survival of even earlier times, when the sacrificial human victim was not only killed but eaten.

Already the nuclear-war-game drama is enacted almost every day by the intellectuals in our think-tank temples. All that remains is to invite the public to join them. Not long ago, viewers of WGBX-TV, a Boston educational station, participated in a foreign-policy simulation, *The Most Dangerous Game*. Volunteers in the studio acted out the roles of leaders and spokesmen of Transania (which stood for Russia), New Zenith (United States), Nordo (India), Inland (North Korea), Outland (South Korea) and Hamil (Red China). Periodically, questions of negotiations were posed to the television audience (representing the political elite), which was asked to phone in its suggestions.

"Transania generally followed their advice," reported journalist Laura R. Benjamin, who was on the Transanian team, "making them active participants in a real sense. And the television viewers got almost as involved as the players; the one time when their advice was disregarded, they phoned in and demanded impeachment of their ministers."

A similar war game was enacted on Australian television. In both Australia and Boston, the outcome was the same. After several weeks of indeterminate conflict, players and audience grew bored with peace. To those with any faith in the judgment of the masses, these nuclear war games will have proved terribly disenchanting. Free to choose at last, the civilians and their leaders, by accident or by design, consciously or unconsciously, chose war.

"*The Most Dangerous Game* ended with a moment of silence for the world that had been before the players brought a nuclear holocaust upon themselves," wrote Miss Benjamin in *The Harvard Crimson*. "As the TV cameras blinked off, I felt a curious letdown. . . . In four weeks, we had gotten no further than a large inconclusive war; and then, in one final week, we had brought the world to an end."

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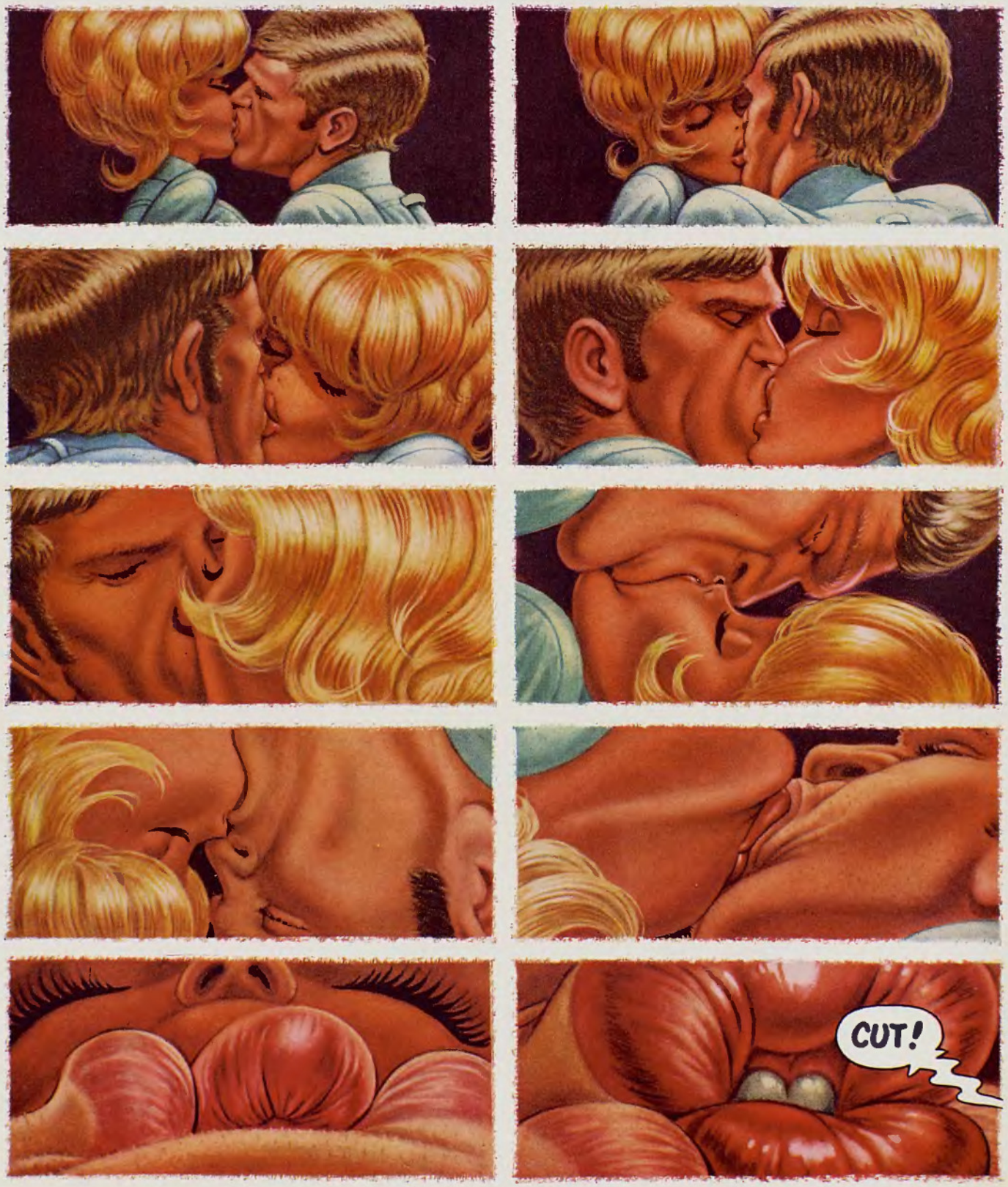
Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH LARRY SIEGEL

REMEMBER THE OLD HOLLYWOOD FILMS WHERE THE GIRL WAS A VIRGIN UNTIL SHE GOT MARRIED (EXCEPT DORIS DAY, WHO WAS A VIRGIN **AFTER** SHE GOT MARRIED)? REMEMBER HOW, WHEN THE CLIMAX OF THE LOVE SCENE WOULD APPROACH, THE CAMERA WOULD PAN TO THE SKY?-- FADE OUT! CUT TO BREAKFAST! -- WELL, IN TODAY'S FILMS, NOBODY'S A VIRGIN, THE CAMERA NEVER PANS TO THE SKY AND NO ONE HAS **TIME** FOR BREAKFAST, AS FOR EXAMPLE: OUR HEROINE ACTING IN A NEW MOD FLICK UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GROOVY RICHARD LUSTER —



PRINT THAT!
BEAUTIFUL, DICKIE, BABE ... BEAU-TI-FUL!
USTER
THAT'S THE MOST ROMANTIC KISSING SCENE EVER PUT ON FILM.
OK, TWO TYPICAL NEIGHBORS IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT HOUSE MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME WHILE TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE! SO MUCH FOR THE OPENING SCENE—
WHILE ANNIE CHANGES FOR THE NEXT SCENE, LET'S WALK THROUGH THE PART WHERE WE DEVELOP THE STORY LINE AND EXPLORE CHARACTER NUANCES.
MR. LUSTER? MY NEXT SCENE IS THE ONE WHERE I WALK DOWN THE HALL TO MAIL A LETTER, RIGHT? I DROP IT IN THE CHUTE AND GO BACK TO THE APARTMENT, RIGHT?
RIGHT! EVERYBODY ON THE SET FOR THE BIG ELEVATOR RAPE!
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD THAT THIS SCENE ISN'T A SEX SCENE ... RIGHT?
WRONG! WE HAVE TO BUILD FROM THE EXCITEMENT OF THE TAKING-OUT-THE-GARBAGE SCENE. I WANT YOU TO REMOVE YOUR BLOUSE AND BRA.
DRESSING ROOM
(SIGH) ... IT SEEMS THAT ALL THERE IS IN TODAY'S PICTURES IS SEX, SEX, SEX —
OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.
TELL THE PROP DEPARTMENT THAT THE LETTER SHE'S CARRYING ISN'T EROTIC ENOUGH. I WANT POINTIER CORNERS... FRILLIER EDGES—
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE? IT'S GOT A PLUNGING FLAP LINE!
HOW'S ABOUT AN AIRMAIL STAMP? RED IS SUCH A PASSIONATE COLOR.
NO, NO! A FIRST-CLASS STAMP! F.D.R. JUST REEKS SEX. ONLY MAKE HIS SIDEBURNS LONGER.
SOLLY! YOU SAID THIS WAS GOING TO BE A FAMILY PICTURE!
BELIEVE ME, MY FAMILY WILL LOVE IT!

HMMM. I SEE WHERE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL IS FINALLY GOING TO SHOW A FILM WITH NUDITY. DONALD DUCK WITHOUT HIS SAILOR SUIT—
WELL, I GUESS THEY HAVE TO START SLOW.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
EXCUSE ME—
VARIETY
— HERE ARE MISS FANNY'S PROPS FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE.
THAT'S FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE?
JUST WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE BIG LOVE SCENE, SWEETIE?
WELL, THE SITUATION IS, I'M DOING MY WASH IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM... MR. LUSTER WANTS ME TO PLAY IT NUDE. THE SCENE OPENS WITH A SURPRISE PARTY.
A SURPRISE PARTY IN A LAUNDRY ROOM? WHO DO YOU MAKE LOVE TO?
I DON'T KNOW! THAT'S PART OF THE SURPRISE.
ON THE SET FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE!
WHICH WAY TO THE LAUNDRY-ROOM SET? I HAVE MORE PROPS FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE. ...HEEL, MURRAY!
EXCUSE ME. COULD I TOUCH UP MY MASCARA IN HERE? I'M IN A RUSH! I'M DOING THE BIG LOVE SCENE.
THAT'S FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE?
ARF!
THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE. MY CLIENT IS DOING THE BIG LOVE SCENE.
WELL, WHO DO YOU THINK SHE'S DOING IT WITH?
EXCUSE ME. WHERE'LL I TAKE THESE CANTALOUPES FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE?

ALL THAT'S FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE?
ROLL 'EM!
KISS! KISS!
ARF!
LASH!
HEEL, MURRAY!
SQUOOSH!
IS THIS JUST A CITY ROMANCE OR ARE YOU GOING TO SEE ME BACK IN THE COUNTRY?
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHIPS! TRAPEZES! SQUASHED CANTALOUPES AND VIBRATING DRYERS—
-VIBRATING DRYERS?
-AND CHAINS AND TRAMPOLINES-
SUGGESTED FOR IMMATURE AUDIENCES
-THAT WAS THE WILDEST SEX SCENE PUT ON FILM EVER! THANK GOODNESS IT'S ALL OVER.
ON THE SET, ANNIE! WE'RE READY TO DO THE EUROPEAN VERSION.
END

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